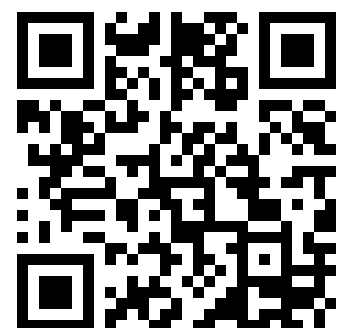


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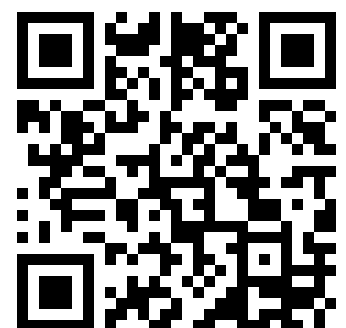


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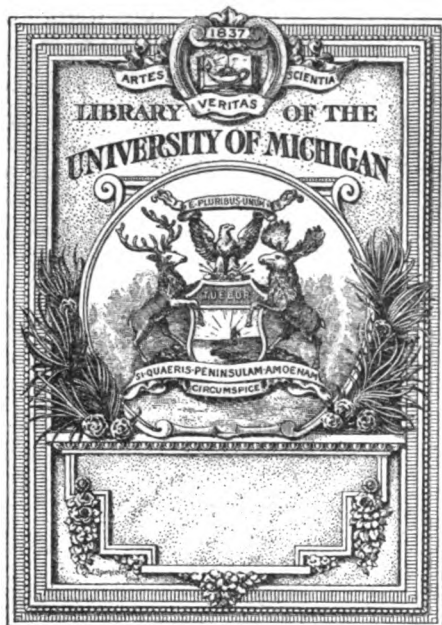






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## REVIEWS.

## WEST ARYAN MIGRATIONS AND CULTURE.

*The Evolution of the Aryan.* By Rudolph von Ihering. Translated from the German by C. A. A. Drucker, M.P. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

THE regret with which the news of the early death of Prof. von Ihering was received in England will be revived by a study of this English edition of his *Vorgeschichte der Indo-Europäer*. Fragmentary though it be, with some deplorable gaps in the body of the text—the fourth book left unfinished, the fifth scarcely begun, the sixth and seventh untouched, the whole unrevised and published posthumously—this last product of a singularly active literary career forms none the less a contribution of permanent value to the slowly expanding field of primitive Aryan research. Among the numerous essays that have appeared in recent years on the many difficult problems connected with the origin and development of the Indo-European peoples it takes a distinctly independent position. These problems are here attacked from quite a novel standpoint, while the inquiry itself is prosecuted for a different and, it may be added, a more practical purpose.

Stated briefly, the aim of the learned jurist is to seek an explanation of many later (historical) Aryan institutions, not in the Aryan cradleland itself, but rather in the hitherto neglected period of the early migrations. During the course of these wanderings, which must have lasted for many generations, numerous practices and social habits, it is argued with much force and plausibility, must have arisen from time to time to meet the requirements of the new and ever shifting environment. Such practices, owing to the conservative spirit of all primitive peoples, would tend to survive into later times, and, long after their original

purpose had been forgotten, many usages which were at first merely practical devices, might thus easily acquire tribal or racial significance, and even a sacred character.

In the prosecution of this deeply suggestive vein of thought, preference for purposes of comparison is naturally given to the early institutions of the Romans, most conservative of all the West Aryan peoples.

"Nothing of special interest can be gathered from other Indo-European nations; they teach us nothing fresh; their evidence becomes of value only in as far as it confirms the facts deduced from Roman antiquity" (p. 310).

Hence the dominant position occupied in these pages by the Roman world, many of whose social customs and ceremonial rites here receive a fresh and unexpected explanation. It was already known that the *Pontifices* must have originally been in some way connected with the mundane art of bridge-building. Our author is now able to account in a most satisfactory manner for this strange association.

"All the branches of the pontifical duties may be traced back to the original demands laid upon the technical bridge makers of the migratory period; their priestly office, to the necessity of the expiatory sacrifice to the river-god, which could not be offered by the *Flamines*, who were the priests of the national deities only; their skill in writing, to the drawing of the plan of the bridge; their chronology, to the estimation of the proportions of the bridge; their relation to the law, to the claim of the river-god upon the bridge-toll. I leave it to the reader's judgment whether a view which focuses in this manner all the different phases of the pontifical offices into one historical issue, supported by practical reasons and the evidence of language, can lay claim to probability or not" (p. 360).

So with the *ver sacrum*, the vestal virgins, the *feralia*, the augurs, the observation of the *exta* and the flight of birds, lucky and unlucky days, and omens generally, things which had originally nothing to do with religion but were intimately associated with the circumstances attending the first and later Aryan dispersions and the intervening periods of migration. Thus the conclusions regarding the practical origin of religious customs, which anthropologists had long ago arrived at from the study of savage races, receive unexpected confirmation from the rites and ceremonies of the more advanced nations of antiquity.

"It is familiarity and long usage alone which have caused the originally non-moral motive to be converted into a moral motive; it is the same process which I have above applied to religion, and which to my mind holds good without exception for all standards of law, morality, and custom, in the widest sense of these words. Practical motives have called every one of them into existence" (p. 339).

In working out the details of such a theory for the first time, all sorts of assumptions have naturally to be made, and it is here that the author feels he lays himself open to the attacks of criticism. It is, however, fair to state that his general line of argument is not seriously affected, even though a few bricks may have to be removed here and there from the superstructure. Thus he may be wrong in maintaining against Schrader, and most other living

anthropologists, that the Aryan cradleland lay in Baktriana, or about the northern slopes of the Hindu Kush, rather than in the South Russian or the Eurasian steppe lands anywhere between the Carpathians and the Pamir uplands. Nevertheless, the foundations of his theory remain unshaken, because nobody denies that the migrations did actually take place, wherever the centre of dispersion is to be located. These migrations, on which everything depends, are aptly compared to a stream, which disappears underground and then after a long interval (the prehistoric migration period) reappears on the surface, where it develops five or more independent rivers (Greeks, Teutons, Kelts, Letts, Slavs, Illyrians), all having something in common (primordial unity), while each has its own particular character, acquired partly during the underground meanderings, and, to a less degree, during their subsequent evolution in their new European settlements. Possibly too much weight is attached to the influence of the subterranean passage, and some will be disposed to question the statement that "it is not Europe which has made the European; it is the European that has made Europe" (xiv.)—that is to say, that the European *cachet* was already impressed upon the several branches before they reached their present homes in the West. But the general contention can scarcely be gainsaid, and whether more is due to one environment than to another is a question of secondary importance.

More disputable is the assumption that the primitive Aryans must have had their primæval home in a hilly region because they were pastors, and "mountains are the natural foster-places for the herdsman, plains for the agriculturist" (p. 391). The very reverse would seem to be the case, as we see in Arabia, where the Himyarites of the Yemen uplands have been skilful husbandmen throughout all recorded time, while the kindred Bedouins of the Nejd plains still remain nomad pastors; in Africa, where the Tibbu cultivators of the Tibesti range are surrounded by the nomad Tauregs of the Saharan oases; in the New World, where agriculture was highly developed on the Peruvian highlands, but almost unknown to the redskins of the Mississippi prairies; lastly, in Asia itself, where the Aralo-Caspian steppes continue to be roamed by the Kirghiz and other Turki nomads, while tillage is mainly confined to the Fergana and Bokhara uplands. And, it may be asked, were the primitive Aryans themselves such exclusive nomads as they are here represented? They certainly had the *yoke*, as shown by the root *yug*, *ζεύ*, &c., common to all the Indo-European tongues, Sanskrit not excepted. It may, no doubt, be true that it was applied not to the plough but to the wain or cart. But the wheeled vehicle was surely the invention, not of a pastoral, but of an agricultural people—unless, indeed, it was borrowed before the first dispersion from the neighbouring Babylonians.

This last suggestion is not made by Prof. von Ihering, who in the unfortunately unfinished second book ascribes almost all the other elements of culture possessed by the primitive Aryans either directly to the Baby-

lonian Semites, or else indirectly to them through their Phœnician kinsfolk. This important section, which would not appear at first sight to be necessarily connected with the subject in hand, has been introduced, the author tells us, partly for the "direct interest of the task itself," and partly for "the historic interest that exists in the contrast between Aryans and Semites." In any case, no one would wish it omitted, and if its general conclusions can be accepted, they will go far to solve a great difficulty in connexion with the development of Aryan culture itself. The apparently sudden transformation of the rude Hellenic hordes after their irruption into Thessaly, the Peloponnesus and Ionia, has always seemed a somewhat inexplicable phenomenon, especially when contrasted with the state of sheer barbarism which continued to prevail for ages afterwards among all the other Indo-European tribes who occupied the rest of Europe. Greece, all things considered, cannot be regarded as a much more favoured land than Italy, or even Gaul. But, as we are here reminded, it lay nearer to the earliest seats of human culture in the Nile and Euphrates basins, and it was mainly from the latter region that the Hellenes received nearly all the elements of that civilisation which they rapidly developed in their new homes. From them these elements were passed on, either directly or again through the enterprising Phœnician navigators, to the other Aryan settlers along the shores of the Mediterranean, and so on eventually to the Kelts and Teutons of Central Europe. Less is said about Egyptian influences, but this is obviously due to the fact that the author accepts without reserve Hommel's views regarding the Babylonian origin of Egyptian culture itself. Hence, everything is ultimately traceable to Babylonia, which was "the first seat of civilisation," and "the model nation of historic causality," in which respect "it stands alone in the world." Of course, much of this has been told before, and much is still *sub judice*. But the whole subject is here treated with singular learning and acumen, while fresh light is thrown on many interesting features of early Mesopotamian culture.

The translation is on the whole fairly well done. But there are numerous misprints and errors, for which the author's unrevised proof sheets cannot be held wholly responsible. Thus, at p. 275, the Latin *porcus* is made cognate to an Iran. *orc*, where *Iran* presumably stands for *Ir*. (that is, *Irish*) in the original. Again, we have "Iberians in Armorica" (p. 87); "Spanish *grandexa*," which is good Italian, but impossible Spanish; *modo* for *modo*; *singulus* for *singulis*; *juga* (Sanskrit) for *yuga*; *bajit* (Hebrew) for *bayit*, and the German *j* generally left untranslated. But far more serious is the misuse of the terms *Aryan* and *Indo-European*, which in English philological and ethnological works are universally taken as synonymous, but which are here used, the former as the general name of the Asiatic, the latter as that of the European division of the family. The result is all the more confusing since the distinction is not consistently adhered to, so that we have *Aryan* in the

title itself, where we should expect *Indo-European*, and elsewhere such perplexing expressions as "the descent of the Indo-Europeans from the Aryans"; and "how was the Indo-European evolved from the Aryan?" In future editions it might be well to conform to the prevailing English use, and where a distinction is needed, *Western Aryans* or *Western Indo-Europeans* might be applied to the European division, and *Aryans* to the Asiatic, in accordance with German usage.

#### PLACE AUX DAMES.

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There is no criticism one half so instructive as that of the practitioner of the art which is criticised. The expert, the man or woman who knows the pains and pleasures and difficulties of the trade by actual experience, must always speak with more authority than the irresponsible smatterer. So one turns with some interest to the first two essays in the book, where two writers of eminence are commented upon by two women who in their time have written excellent fiction. Perhaps a more sympathetic critic could have been found for Charlotte Brontë than the late Mrs. Oliphant. This lamented author was of a somewhat different temper from the impetuous morbid creator of *Jane Eyre*. Mrs. Oliphant, too, as a critic, was apt to be carried captive by momentary dislikes, by prejudices, and by her own love for robust writing. The *laudator temporis acti* is a difficult character to sustain, and if it is once assumed a certain narrowness and unfairness is apt to follow. The present writer did not often find himself in agreement with Mrs. Oliphant; all the more reason, then, why he should commend this essay as a singularly fair, reasonable, and satisfactory piece of work. It is easy to recognise the greatness of the Brontës' work, but it is not quite so easy to see reasons for the idolatry of which the two sisters are at present the centre. Beginning with Mr. Swinburne's panegyric, we have had a flood of eulogies, minute biographical details, and unimportant essays in criticism. *Jane Eyre*, *Villette*, *Wuthering Heights* are in their way masterpieces, but this is no reason why they should be declared perfect and set on a pinnacle which only makes their imperfection seem more obtrusive. The books have that final quality of excellence—a profound emotional effect; they exhibit life harshly, crudely, often incorrectly, but

always with vigour; and the atmosphere of bleak moors has so penetrated to their fibre that they have something akin to high poetic imagining. But let us recognise the plain fact—they are abundantly faulty. It is life, but life viewed from the narrowest standpoint, a groping after a real world which was always imaged in the light of the writer's sombre and restricted vision. Hence come the ugliness of so much of it, the frequent lack of insight, the lapses into the strained and the grotesque. Mrs. Oliphant's own words on the matter seem to us to be not far from the truth:

"The books upon which this tremendous reputation is founded, though vivid, original, and striking in the highest degree, are not great books. Their philosophy of life is that of a school-girl, their knowledge of the world almost *nil*, their conclusions confused by the haste and passion of a mind self-centred and working in the narrowest orbit. It is rather the most incisive and realistic art of portraiture than any exercise of the nobler arts of fiction—imagination, combination, construction—or humorous survey of life or deep apprehension of its problems—upon which the fame is built."

The nobler arts were indeed there, but the major factor was the faculty of deft portraiture, the setting-down of a number of cruelly exact observations, the harvest of a quiet eye. When, as in the character of Rochester, Charlotte Brontë passes beyond her experience she has recourse either to conventional exaggerations or unreal heroics.

Of Charlotte Brontë, the woman, Mrs. Oliphant writes with truth and sympathy. The small, fiery little governess was the precursor of a new era of thought and feeling. A realist in art, before men began to talk of realism, she is the first sign of the revolt from the Early Victorian *sancta simplicitas*—the age of the Mrs. Gores and Mrs. Marshs, and "heroines in white muslin," to a more wholesome criticism of life. Almost unconsciously, certainly with no clear intellectual perception of the results implied, she gave voice to the craving of her sex for more equality and freedom. Herself prim, self-contained, old-fashioned, demure and shy before strangers, she had the curious fortune to figure before the world as the prophet of a new cause. It was little that she asked for, but that little was demanded with such fierce importunity that the world awoke and began uneasily to look at the matter for itself. Here, again, Mrs. Oliphant is excellent:

"There was, however, one subject of less absolute realism which Charlotte Brontë had at her command, having experienced in her own person, and seen her nearest friends under the experience of, that solitude and longing of women of which she had made so remarkable an exposition. The long silence of life without an adventure or a change; the forlorn gaze out of windows which never show any one coming who can rouse the slightest interest in the mind; the endless years and days which pass and pass carrying away the bloom, extinguishing the lights of youth, bringing a dreary middle age before which the very soul shrinks, while yet the sufferer feels how strong is the current of life within her own veins, and how capable she is of all the active duties of existence—this was the essence and soul of the existence she knew best."

Mrs. Lynn Linton, like Mrs. Oliphant, is a lover of old fashions in literature, a great advocate of the sensible and the rational, and a sworn foe to the morbid. Her criticism of George Eliot is sane, and on the whole adequate. She is a little too fond of finding petty errors in her author, small anachronisms and little faults of spelling. But she does ample justice to the qualities of insight, knowledge, and an excellent gift in narration which make the greater novels a perpetual delight. It has been the fashion to contrast George Eliot with Charlotte Brontë, and though the comparison has led many—notably Mr. Swinburne—into exaggeration, it is instructive to note how the merits of the one are the defects of the other. George Eliot was a great intelligence, highly cultured, reasonable, and well-balanced, with a kindly, tolerant view of life and a strong disposition to work out all her scenes and characters as illustrations of certain ethical and philosophical principles. When her knowledge failed she fell to sermonising, with the result that when she is obviously forced and unreal, her unreality is that of the moral allegorist, the maker of cosmic parables. Charlotte Brontë was far inferior both in training and primary intellectual power, and when she became extravagant she fell into the sentimental. But in all her faults she preserved one quality, which George Eliot only attained to at rare intervals and by arduous and conscious art. She had the gift of direct emotional effect—a gift which defies exact analysis, but seems to consist in an extraordinary vividness of fancy by which the very essence and atmosphere of a scene or landscape is projected upon the reader's mind. Now great narrative must have other attributes, but it must have this also—in the words of Hilda Wangel, it must be "frightfully thrilling." George Eliot at her best attained it, and then we have the very perfection of the quality, for it is joined with the more purely intellectual qualities of subtlety, insight, and breadth of view. But it is a curious fact that the former, and in many ways inferior, writer has the gift always at her command, which the well-equipped scholar has to strive hard to attain.

The remaining essays in the book are shorter and of less importance. We are glad to find Mrs. Marshall saying a good word for the author of *Lob lie by the Fire* and *Jackanapes*—books of which at least one child was a devoted admirer. It is only fair, too, that Mrs. Henry Wood should be treated with some respect, for her industry was phenomenal and she had some notion of constructing a story. As for Mrs. Norton, we always found the character of the author more interesting than her work; and though in one respect, as Lord Dufferin has recently told us, she was not the prototype of Diana of the Crossways, there remains the figure of a brilliant, capable woman. Mrs. Macquoid writes pleasantly of Julia Kavanagh and Miss Edwards, and Mrs. Parr of the author of *John Halifax*. But why was so incompetent a critic as Miss Edna Lyall allowed to write on Mrs. Gaskell? "Sorrowfully true to life," "tender, noble, and womanly" are epithets that fly about with such terrible frequency

that the reader is bewildered. The essay is in its way amiably appreciative, but a writer of such rare quality as the author of *Cranford* deserved more competent treatment.

The book has also notices of lesser writers: of Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Archer Clive, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Miss Pardoe, Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the friend of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and of "A.L.O.E." Distinguished authors none of these were, but they found their way into many homes in their day, and a strong sentimental interest attaches to most of them, which warrants their inclusion here.

### THE VINDICATION OF JOHN CABOT.

*Cabot's Discovery of North America.* By S. E. Weare. (John Macquenn.)

A SINGULAR fate has dogged the footsteps of the men who won the way to the Western world. When Columbus set foot on one of the Bahamas, probably Cat Island, he thought himself off the coast of Cathay. He had brought with him gracious letters from Ferdinand and Isabella for delivery at the Court of the great Khan, and to the day of his death thought his discoveries were off the Asiatic main. So persistent was this belief, that even on his fourth voyage, after he had already touched the continent at the Gulf of Paria, he took with him interpreters skilled in Arabic as likely to be useful in securing the favour of so great a potentate as Kublai Khan. He was looking for India and blundered upon America, and thought till the last that it was Asia. In the mind of Columbus the lands he found—San Domingo, Cuba, and Jamaica—occupied the place which geography assigns to the islands of Japan. He had broken in upon a new world, and thought he had landed only on an unfamiliar side of the old. He added the two Americas to the world, and was within touch of the Pacific, and never was aware of either. It is in keeping with this irony of things that the new world he found for Europe should bear the name of a traveller who came later when he had shown the way, and that they should be called Americans who dwell in a land upon which neither he nor Vespucci ever set eyes.

In life as after his death the fates dealt strangely with the fortunes of Columbus, and few more striking vicissitudes are told of anywhere than the change by which the disgraced Viceroy was set in irons in his own Domingo, and so sent to Spain across the very ocean which had yielded her secret to him, fettered in the bottom of a caravel. He had added a hemisphere to the dominions of the Spaniard, and his latest biographer tells us that his death was a relief to the king; while

"the world at large thought no more of the mournful procession which bore that wayworn body to the grave, than it did of any poor creature journeying in his bier to the potter's field."

But perhaps the saddest contrast of all is that between the fervent hopes which Columbus undoubtedly formed for the con-

version of the natives to Christianity, and the fact that at his death the absolute annihilation of the whole race of the Antilles was already well within view. And it is among the revenges of time that the most important colony which Columbus founded for the Spanish Monarchy should now be the black republic of Hayti.

And if this was the fate of Columbus, what of Cabot, the true discoverer of what is now Canada and the United States? Mr. John Fiske writes:

"In the drama of maritime discovery, as glimpses of new worlds were beginning to reward the enterprising crowns of Spain and Portugal, for a moment there came from the North a few brief notes fraught with ominous portent. The Power for whom Destiny had reserved the world-empire of which these Southern nations were dreaming stretched forth her hand, in quiet disregard of papal bulls, and laid it upon the western shore of the ocean. It was only for a moment, and long years were to pass before the consequences were developed. But in truth the first fateful note that heralded the coming English supremacy was sounded when John Cabot's tiny craft sailed out from the Bristol Channel on a bright May morning of 1497."

These be swelling words; but, in truth, for ages the very existence of John Cabot was forgotten, and this volume is written solely to vindicate the claims of the great discoverer against the pretensions of his son. In neither of the ancient English chronicles—Barrett's *History of Bristol* and the *Fust MS.*—in which mention is made of the discovery of North America, does Cabot's name even occur. We learn, indeed, from Barrett that, on June 24, 1497, "was Newfoundland found by Bristol men in a ship called the *Mathew*." Again, according to the *Fust MS.*,

"this year 1497, on St. John the Baptist's Day, the land of America was found by the Merchants of Bristow in a shippe of Bristowe called the *Mathew*, the which said ship departed from the port of Bristowe the second day of May, and came home again the sixth of August next following."

Both these records agree as to the dates, and the name of the vessel, and the consequent glory of Bristol, and also in ignoring the gallant explorer who led the expedition. This may probably have been due to mere insular jealousy of the foreign adventurer. Thus we find Raimondo de Soncino, in a letter written in the year of the discovery to the Duke of Milan, after describing John Cabot as a Venetian, saying, "The said Messer Joanne, as he is a foreigner and poor, would not be believed if his partners, who are all Englishmen and from Bristol, did not testify to the truth of what he tells." And so little was the fame of the poor Venetian esteemed in England that until some thirty years ago it was confidently taken for granted that the real discoverer of North America was his son Sebastian. Whether Sebastian Cabot ever led an independent expedition, or even if he accompanied his father in the true voyage of discovery, is uncertain, but we know that for over forty years he took credit to himself among the Spaniards for the work which his father achieved. The world was for ages led astray by state-

ments made by men like Peter Martyr and Ramusio, who were personal friends of Sebastian and wrote as he directed. Peter Martyr even goes so far as to speak of John Cabot as dead at the time when the discovery was made. Happily in recent years the Spanish and Italian archives have redressed the balance and made known the truth. The evidence here supplied is of the most convincing sort, and comes to us in the shape of letters written by the Spanish and Venetian and Milanese envoys immediately after the return of the *Mathew* in 1497. These representatives of rival commercial Powers naturally felt it their duty to keep their respective courts thoroughly well informed as to what was being done by the English adventurers, and fortunately their testimony in all essential points is unanimous.

John Cabot had little to show as the result of his discovery of North America. Touching land probably somewhere off Cape Breton,

"he saw," says the Venetian Lorenzo Pasqualigo, "no human beings, but he has brought here to the king certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets; he also found some felled trees, by which he judged there were inhabitants."

Raimondo de Soncino, writing to the Duke of Milan in December, 1497, announces that the king was so pleased with what he regarded as the acquisition of a part of Asia for the British Crown, that he meant to give Cabot ships for a new expedition in the spring,

"and will give him all the criminals, so that he may go to this country and plant a colony there. And in this way he hopes to make London a greater place for spices than Alexandria."

We know that this second expedition actually sailed, and that one of the vessels had to put back into an Irish port through stress of weather—the rest is silence. When Cabot and his companions returned, or whether they returned at all, is simply not known. John Cabot disappears from our view. Even his name does not appear as the discoverer of North America until a comparatively recent date. What did Bristol care for the fame of the mere Venetian so long as the name of the Bristol vessel was remembered? and Sebastian Cabot, settled in Spain, had obvious reasons for being reticent and even unvarnished about his father.

Mr. Weare has set out the evidence which demonstrates the validity of John Cabot's claim with abundant care. But was it necessary at this time of day to give Alexander's Bull *in extenso*, and in English as well as in Latin? The book is also somewhat needlessly bulked by a preliminary chapter and long introduction about the current beliefs of the Middle Ages as to what lay beyond the Atlantic. It was the known success of Columbus, and not legends about St. Brandon and the seven cities, which caused John Cabot to sail into the West.

## LIBEL AND LITERATURE.

*An Outline of the Law of Libel.* By W. Blake Odgers, Q.C., LL.D. (Macmillan.)

*The Law of Libel and Slander.* By Hugh Fraser, LL.D. Second Edition. (Wm. Clowes & Sons.)

THE distinction between libel and slander being, broadly, that libel is a written statement, and slander a spoken, the intimate connexion between libel and literature is evident. It is highly important that every writer should be thoroughly acquainted with the law of libel. To the journalist it is vital, but the novelist requires knowledge no less. Actions have been frequently brought for identifiable fiction which libelled a living person; and in these days of outspoken criticism, it is as necessary for the novelist as for his reviewers to know how far a critic may go safely, and for how much malice he can be mulcted in damages. The public, too, who are both readers and juries, may as well be "up-to-date" as to the relations between libel and literature. Dr. Blake Odgers, in his admirable and neatly bound little manual, just issued, which looks almost like a book of poems, has done no little service both to literary men and the public by his excellent and concise exposition of the law. For lawyers, the law has to be put technically, and Mr. Fraser, in the second edition of his well-arranged text-book, gives the profession the benefit of a clear summary of the leading and latest cases. But Dr. Blake Odgers, in the reprint of his more popular lectures, has treated the theory and practice of libel so that he who runs, or rather sits at his desk, can read. The writer, who is not a barrister, will have no excuse for ignorance of the main issues in the special sort of legal risk to which he exposes himself. He must not do an injury to the reputation of any person, unless he can prove either that his statements are true (a complete answer) or that his criticism is a fair comment on a matter of public interest. If he has said only what can be proved to be true, *cadit questio*. But "fair comment" is often a difficult matter to define. Let him remember, then, that (a) it is immaterial whether he honestly believes that his words are true—that will not absolve him; (b) it is also immaterial how poignant or severe or exaggerated his ridicule or his reproaches may be, if they are justified at all; (c) all statements of fact must be absolutely accurate; (d) it is his statements of opinion only which are protected; (e) the criticism must be relevant to some matter of public, and not of merely personal, interest; (f) and his attack must not be "malicious" in the ordinary sense of the word. Dr. Blake Odgers illustrates all these points with considerable wit as well as learning. He sometimes goes a little far, however, in his *obiter dicta*. For instance, on the question of malice:

"Suppose that A. and B. are both suitors for the hand of the same young lady. A. writes a book or a play which is severely criticised in the *Times*. The criticism, though severe, is, nevertheless, a fair comment on the play. It honestly expresses what the critic really thought

of the production. B. reads this, and is delighted, and he sends a copy of that issue of the *Times* to the mother of the young lady, hoping and intending thus to injure his rival. Will an action lie for malicious publication? I think it will."

But surely *non constat* that the opposition of a mother would ruin his rival with the daughter! However, the point illustrates the fact that malice is often a thorny question. Or, take another instance, as to publication:

"Suppose the defendant is a German merchant, and the plaintiff a German too, a clerk in the office of an English merchant. The defendant considers that he has some cause of complaint against the plaintiff, so he writes a letter in German to the employer of the plaintiff. The envelope is properly fastened down, and addressed to the English merchant, who opens it; he sees it is in German, so he calls for the German clerk, the plaintiff, and hands it to him, saying, 'Tell me what this is about.' Thereupon it becomes the duty of the plaintiff to translate this German letter to his employer, and in so doing he, the plaintiff, necessarily publishes to his employer a libel on himself. Can it be said that this is a publication by the defendant? Can the principal be the agent of the defendant to create a cause of action against him? The defendant compelled the plaintiff to injure his own reputation, and it seems hard he should escape liability."

Dr. Odgers will be happy to argue this case in the courts on either side if it arises. But the decision would surely depend partly upon whether the letter was a libel at all, and also, if privilege were pleaded, upon the question of malice. The privilege resulting if the defendant and his correspondent have common interest in the subject-matter of the communication is destroyed if malice can be proved, and here it probably could be. This German instance recalls the many curious cases where everything turns on the meaning of the words. "Thou art a daffodowndilly" of a lawyer was formerly actionable. "You are a bunter," of Mrs. Rawlings (in 1858), was not. But it might have been if the proper innuendo had been set out. Sometimes, however, the Courts will put off their judicial nescience. In these literary days the judges know more than they did. In 1848 a lady recovered damages from a man who wrote that "her warmest friends had realised the fable of the Frozen Snake"; and when a newspaper said of a solicitor that "Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap were fairly equalled, if not outdone," a copy of *Ten Thousand a Year* was put in at the trial and taken as read.

"I myself," says Dr. Blake Odgers, "was once paid to read *The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; some one had compared a virtuous plaintiff to Mr. Hyde; and a copy of Mr. Stevenson's book accompanied my instructions."

So that it is dangerous to compare people with characters out of books. By the way, it is rather odd to reflect, after noting how interesting and dramatic Dr. Odgers makes the law of libel, that no novelist, so far as we know, has brought a libel action into his plot. Breach of promise and divorce we have had, but who has depicted a libel action? Our space is, however, exhausted. Dr.



Odgers has much that is of value to discuss as to the history of reporting, the present unsatisfactory law of newspaper libel, and the development of "the liberty of the Press" (which Lord Kenyon defined to mean that "a man might publish anything which twelve of his countrymen think not blamable"). He might with advantage have discussed some of the cases where novelists have been sued for defaming living persons under a pseudonym. This is the only omission we notice in his useful, concise, and really delightful volume.

### THE RACE OF CROMWELL.

*Waylen's House of Cromwell.* Edited by J. G. Cromwell. (Elliot Stock.)

CANON CROMWELL'S revised edition of *Waylen's book* is very welcome. It contains a considerable amount of new matter, and is altogether a distinct improvement on the original work, although in the absence of consistent and systematic references it cannot be regarded as wholly satisfactory. Among many points of interest space will only allow us to indicate a few. In the account of the Cromwells of America we are warned that American citizens of a certain class (whom philanthropists that know them not are fond of claiming as their "black brethren"), in lieu of bedecking themselves after the fashion of their forefathers with the borrowed finery of cocked-hats and epaulettes, are in these latter days much addicted to proclaiming their freedom and independence by appropriating the name of the great Protector. The common early practice of naming children after a deceased brother or sister is abundantly illustrated in these pages; though there is no instance that quite rivals one which we remember to have seen in the *Visitation of Suffolke*, where the attempt of a parent to perpetuate his own Christian name had to be repeated four times before persistence won success. The old, but always improving, tale is told of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, the *roué* baronet who was converted from his evil ways by the earthquake of Lisbon. Everyone knows how, in the twinkling of an eye, he turned, figuratively speaking, from devil to monk; how, in the new-found fervour engendered by the "horrors of the hour," he forthwith made an honest woman of the lady under his protection by going through a brace of marriage ceremonies with her—one Roman and one Anglican; and how from that hour the "now sobered and chastened," and very much married, couple lived virtuous ever afterwards, and eventually died respected by all who did not know them. Two good anecdotes are reproduced—the one about Napoleon and Sir James Macintosh, and the one about Frances Cromwell and Jerry White.

The latter is perhaps worth telling yet again. Frances was the Protector's youngest daughter, and the Rev. Jeremiah White, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was one of his chaplains. The divine sought to better his fortunes by securing, apprentice-

fashion, the hand of his master's daughter. Her father, however, had more exalted aims for her establishment in life.

"Having been given reason to suspect that his aspiring chaplain had carried his amatory professions too far, Cromwell managed to entrap the couple just at a moment when Jerry was on his knees, caressing the Lady Frances's hand. 'What is the meaning of that posture before my daughter?' demanded he. Here Jerry's wit came to his aid. 'May it please your Highness, I have long unsuccessfully courted the young gentlewoman yonder, my lady's waiting-maid, and I was now therefore humbly praying her ladyship to say a word in my behalf.' Turning to the waiting-maid, Oliver went on: 'Well, hussey, and why should you refuse Mr. White's offers? You must know that he is my friend, and I expect that you will treat him as such.' Here the ready wit of the maiden proved smarter even than Jerry's. 'If Mr. White,' says she, 'intends me that honour, I shall not oppose him.' 'Sayest thou so, lass?' rejoined Cromwell. 'Call Goodwyn; this business shall be finished at once.' Mr. Chaplain Goodwyn arrived; the parties were married on the spot, and Cromwell, by way of solatium, made them a present of £500."

The chapter on Cromwell's Church policy, though obscured by mystical jargon, contains some really valuable observations. The section that treats of the problem concerning his remains does not profess to be more than a sketch; still, even so, it is curious that there is no allusion to the strange story recorded in the *Harleian Miscellany* (ii. 285) to the effect that the body hanged at Tyburn was really that of Charles I., which, in the anticipation that the Protector's tomb would be violated, had been substituted, not without a *souppçon* of pleasantry, in the coffin of the latter. In respect of accuracy there is little enough to complain of in the book, but a statement on p. 7 needs emendation. To say that

"it is next to impossible to give the exact date of the birth, marriage, or death of anybody in England prior to 1538, because before that time there was no regular and systematic registration of births, marriages and deaths kept in this country,"

is incorrect in two ways. On the one hand, in the case of tenants-in-chief, the *Inquisitiones post mortem* furnish us with a mass of such dates as regards that class of landholders; on the other hand, though it is true that Thomas Cromwell started the parochial registers in 1538, they were anything but "regular and systematic" till after 1660. The vulgar delusion that Alexander Borgia died from poison should not have been permitted to disfigure p. 11. In conclusion we present Canon Cromwell with a reference or two which may be useful for a subsequent edition of his book: to p. 356 of Nicolas' *Siege of Carlsberg*, where there is an important note on John de Cromwell, and to pp. 400-402 of vol. i. of Gairdner's *Letters, &c., of Richard III. and Henry VII.* ("Rolls Series"), where additional information will be found anent John Williams, and, among other things, how he "honorably and valiantly acquitted himself" at the Westminster Tournament of November, 1494.

### THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ILLUSTRATORS.

*English Illustrations in the Sixties.* By Gleeson White. (Constable & Co.)

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL and Mr. Gleeson White have between them succeeded in diverting collectors into a new channel. By this time they must—with lecture, with article, and with book—have sent scores of keen young men to Farringdon-street and Aldgate, where the literary barrows most do congregate, on the search for odd numbers of the illustrated magazines of what Mr. Pennell has called the "Golden Age of Illustrators"—namely, the sixties. For the moment the first editions of Stevenson and Lang have no charm, large-paper minor poets are without interest, three-volume Merediths cease to attract, Dickens and Thackeray monthly parts have lost fascination. The new quarry is back numbers of *Cornhill* and *Good Words*, *Once a Week* and the *Sunday Magazine*. For such collectors Mr. Gleeson White has prepared a comprehensive work, which needs only to be reprinted without plates in the form of a handbook to be quite invaluable. In its present handsome form, enriched by some excellent reproductions of the best drawings of the great period (1857-1870), it is almost an end in itself: a beautiful monument raised to commemorate the strength and directness of English black and white art at its best.

We say strength and directness, for these were the leading characteristics of the artists whom Mr. Gleeson White has worked so hard to honour. Here and there among them was one who added grace and beauty to his equipment, notably Frederick Walker, Mr. Whistler, and occasionally Millais and Sandys, but in the main they were strong and direct before anything. And how strong and direct; how faithful to the fact! When we compare the illustrations of *Once a Week* with the most popular of those which had gone before—the hideous extravagances of Cruikshank, the tiresome caricatures of Phiz, the mass of unobserved and unthinking work which did duty for illustrations in the thirties and forties—and then when we look at the majority of process blocks of today and the hurried, unthinking work which they perpetuate, we understand the enthusiasm of critics like Mr. White and Mr. Pennell.

Of the giants of the sixties, Millais and Frederick Sandys were the greatest. Millais's "Prodigal Son," "The Tares," and, in another manner, "Grandmother's Apology"; Sandys' "The Old Chartist," "If," "Until Her Death," "Life's Journey," and "Little Mourner"—these are among the finest things in the book. Mr. Whistler's early drawings from *Once a Week* are miracles of grace, and Mr. White shows us what an artist was lost when the late George Du Maurier threw in his lot with *Punch*. The late Lord Leighton and Charles Keene are misrepresented: there is nothing from "Romola" in the *Cornhill*, and only one of the illustrations to *The Cloister and the Hearth*. We could well have spared the examples of Simeon Solomon, E. H. Pickersgill, and Mr. Du Maurier

in his comic mood, to make room for these. We should also have liked more Walkers. Where, for instance, is "Philip in Church"? Instead of this we have several drawings by Arthur Hughes, to whom we refuse to give a tithe of Mr. White's admiration, and a positively repellant design by J. Leighton. The landscapes of Mr. J. W. North and the figure studies of Mr. H. S. Marks lead us to regret that there is to-day no inducement to artists to put black-and-white work before colour. It is sad, indeed, to reflect what ravages photography is working with the art

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Coriolanus*. Edited by R. F. Cholmeley.  
*King John*. Edited by F. P. Barnard.  
 ("Arnold's School Shakespeare.")

WE have received two new volumes of this excellent and rapidly growing series. Mr. Cholmeley's *Coriolanus* is a useful piece of work, very much on the lines of the *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night* for which he is already responsible. *Coriolanus* is at best a difficult play for young students, owing to its compressed and contorted style, but Mr. Cholmeley's paraphrases will do something to lighten their task. The notes on scansion do not always command our assent; and surely it is not correct to say that Alexandrines are "very rare," for *Coriolanus* happens to be one of the plays in which they are most frequent.

Mr. Barnard's *King John* is a somewhat elaborate edition, with a longer introduction and fuller notes than we remember to have seen in any earlier number of the series. It is perhaps fitted for a more advanced type of student than that aimed at by its fellows. The notes are exceedingly good and interesting, and are evidently written with a wide knowledge of heraldry and kindred archaeological lore. An especial feature of the Introduction is the long historical account of the *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Barnard gives a noteworthy explanation of that important and, from an historical point of view, enigmatic character, Philip Faulconbridge.

"Just as Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff is a medley of Sir John Oldcastle and Sir John Fastolf, in like manner the Bastard of *The Troublesome Raigne* and of *King John* is a composite character, to form which three several historical personages have been laid under contribution. All three were bastards, all three performed notable actions, all three possessed the common feature of conspicuous valour."

These three bastards, according to Mr. Barnard, are Philip Fitz-Richard, Fawkes de Breauté, and a fifteenth century bastard of Faulconbridge, Thomas Neville. The theory is plausible, and accords well enough with the spirit of Elizabethan play-writing. It requires, we think, to be supported by passages from Hall, Holinshed, or any other chronicler whom the author of *The Troublesome Raigne* may be supposed to have used, showing what information as to each of these three worthies appears to have been at that writer's disposal. It is not safe to assume in an Elizabethan author a modern

knowledge of minor historical detail. We observe that an impossible statement, to which we have previously taken exception, still appears in the Life of Shakespeare appended to the Introductions of these volumes. It is that Shakespeare was a member of the Chamberlain's Company in 1593. The company referred to began its career in 1594.

\* \* \*  
*Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland*. By T. O. Russell. (Kegan Paul.)

MR. RUSSELL's book will be very useful to tourists who have projected visits to the romantic and beautiful spots he describes, and it will make others wish to see them. It is not, strictly speaking, a guide-book, as described in its sub-title. Mr. Russell gives but few particulars of hotels, conveyances, and other details of travel. For these the tourist can go to the ordinary manuals; Mr. Russell's aim is to supply his higher wants. He writes as a student of Irish history, and an enthusiastic admirer of Irish scenery; and it is to spots which history and scenery unite to make remarkable, such as Tara Hill, Uisneach Hill, Cashel, Dunluce Castle, and Glendaloch, that Mr. Russell invites his readers. Steeped himself in the myths and the more or less authentic history of the early Irish kings, and glorying in every rath, lise, cromlech, and round tower that remains to support those bright legends, Mr. Russell makes a pleasant companion. We wish that in dropping guide-book formality, he had dropped guide-book phraseology when describing scenery. Phrases like "a brilliant gem of nature," "a gem of scenic loveliness," and "scenic attractions" are too frequent. Mr. Russell discusses anew the interesting question whether our Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey is the very Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, on which the over-Kings of Ireland were crowned; and he decides, in opposition to Dr. Petrie (who thinks that the pillar stone now at Tara is the true Lia Fail), that it is. He is so satisfied of this that he would carry the pedigree of the stone, if possible, farther back. He suggests a scientific examination with a view to determining whether the precious relic which has come to us *vid* Tara and Scone was not, originally, a meteorite from space.

\* \* \*  
*My Father as I Recall Him*. By Mamie Dickens. (The Roxburghe Press.)

THE death of Miss Dickens while her book was in the press lends a pathetic interest to her graceful and affectionate tribute to her father's memory. Miss Dickens has not so much added to our knowledge of Charles Dickens, even in his private life, as she has renewed and deepened it. Naturally she has dwelt much on her father's home-loving nature, his gaiety at his own hearth, his splendid achievements as a playmate. We will quote, however, a reminiscence which has literary interest. Miss Dickens had been seriously ill, and her father liked to have her carried into his study, to remain with him while he wrote:

"On one of these mornings I was lying on

the sofa endeavouring to keep perfectly quiet, while my father wrote busily and rapidly at his desk, when he suddenly jumped from his chair and rushed to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few moments, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then turning toward, but evidently not seeing, me, he began talking rapidly in a low voice. Ceasing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time. It was a most curious experience for me, and one of which I did not, until later years, fully appreciate the purport. Then I knew that, with his natural intensity, he had thrown himself completely into the character that he was creating, and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the creature of his pen."

Miss Dickens has scattered through her pages many a trifling memory that we can welcome: even so elusive a circumstance as this, that one day, on the road from Rochester to Cobham, her father pointed out to her "the exact spot where Mr. Winkle called out: 'Whoa; I have dropped my whip!'"

\* \* \*  
*Wrekin Sketches*. By Emma Boore. (Elliot Stock.)

MISS BOORE has done what we should like to see other village ladies do. She has studied, and written down in an unassuming way, the history of her own neighbourhood. There is no fear of such a record proving dull or valueless provided it has been constructed with care, Miss Boore's being a case in point. Wisely, she has given most of her space to her own little Shropshire village of Uppington, the Opetone of the Domesday Book, and to the villages around it. She plunges into the early English lore of the neighbourhood, finding suggestive facts in the Domesday Book, in Pipe Rolls, and Hundred Rolls, and church accounts. And she has stories of those elusive days which the very old can just remember to have seen, or to have heard of. One of these stories concerns the Uppington gibbet, which Miss Boore herself recollects as a harmless gate-post. Even then she would gallop past it when riding that way in the evening. The most trivial, inconsequential story of village life seems to have a nameless charm, and though Miss Boore has really nothing particular to tell us about one "Tailor Locky," who flourished in the village a hundred years ago, yet it is pleasant to know that he kept seven 'prentices and several journeymen, and that he rode out of Uppington every morning to meet the newspaper, and that he wore a pigtail, which the boys played with in church. Miss Boore has a chapter on Gronow Owen, the Welsh bard, and on parson Richard Allestree, who was born at Uppington in 1619, and is one of the writers to whom *The Whole Duty of Man* is still attributed. We doubt if it was wise of Miss Boore to include Shrewsbury in her book, but as a village annalist she has done a service to her neighbourhood and its occasional students.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

No. 1313, New Series.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

NOT many books have been published this week. Yet the stream that was dammed begins to flow. A trickle of new editions—rather than new books—shows the change. We have, for instance, a new and revised edition, in one volume, of Mr. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*. As a rule, books of exploration have their day and cease, and we confess that we had thought of Mr. Stanley's work, important though it is, as a book of the past. It reappears in a cheap one-volume edition. Mr. Stanley remarks that the issue of his work at the present price cannot be profitable to either author or publisher, but he consents to this edition in the belief that his readers may thereby be better able "to follow intelligently the developments that are being constantly made there by the Congo State, Great Britain, and Germany, the three Powers that are now in possession of the regions traversed by our Expedition."

We have received from Messrs. A. & C. Black a new edition of *Sartor Resartus* adapted to school use. The editor, Mr. J. A. S. Barrett, has supplied the most copious notes and an introduction of nearly fifty pages in length. *Sartor Resartus*, he thinks, "is fitted to be a class-book of the greatest usefulness to junior students, stimulating to their thought and formation of their character." We hesitate to endorse this, and feel rather sorry for the junior students who will soon be tackling these 350 pages of text and notes. Undoubtedly it is true that "to the more serious student" *Sartor Resartus* "becomes in many cases a guide, philosopher and friend, directing him to the wisdom of Goethe and the beauties of Jean Paul, and

proving itself the wine as well as the food of life." But wine and food, to be enjoyed, and to be nutritious, must be approached with the natural appetite. The reading of *Sartor* should be one of the divine accidents in every youth's life. However, the whole question of the adaptation of standard books to schoolroom use is, we think, in need of consideration, and we shall perhaps return to this subject.

Messrs. Macmillan persevere in doing justice, and perhaps more than justice, to Capt. Marryat. They have added *Frank Mildmay* to their series of standard novels. Mr. H. R. Millar illustrates, and Mr. David Hannay, as usual, edits. It was *Frank Mildmay* that gave Marryat his first taste of fame. But Mr. Hannay points out that the story is inferior to *Peter Simple*, *Midshipman Easy*, or *Masterman Ready*, and that it cannot escape the charge of coarseness. Yet the British sailor of the eighteenth century could not be drawn in delicate lines; and Mr. Hannay remarks that "on the few occasions when the writers of the century looked at the existence on board ship it filled them with horror." He continues, in a passage which we quote as being of interest just now:

"The vein of Cockneyism which is to be found all through them accounts for much. Smollett and Fielding were assuredly not squeamish, yet they both appear to have shared the disgust which filled Dr. Johnson when he stood at the break of the quarter-deck, and looked down on the overcrowding below, and was offended by the foul language and the fouler smells. From all this they recoiled. Smollett's picture of the Navy was overcharged with effect; but he would not have painted it so fiercely, all in black as he did, if it had not revolted him."

From Messrs. Henry & Co. come three new editions in their new "Random Series": two of them are Mr. Barry Pain's *The Kindness of the Celestial* and *In a Canadian Canoe*, the third is a new edition of the translation of Louis Couperus' novel, *Ecstasy*, by Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos and Mr. John Gray.

Mr. Edward Bellamy, the author of *Looking Backward*, is known in this country practically by that work alone; and thousands of readers have probably wondered when they would next hear of him. He has now written a sequel to *Looking Backward*, which he entitles *Equality*. *Looking Backward*, he writes,

"was a small book, and I was not able to get into it all I wished to say on the subject. Since it was published what was left out of it has loomed up so much more important than what it contained that I have been constrained to write another book. I have taken the date of *Looking Backward*, the year 2000, as that of *Equality*, and have utilised the framework of the former story as a starting-point for this which I now offer."

Mr. Bellamy then summarises the plot of *Looking Backward*, and the new story begins from the point where Julian West, having awaked from his dream in Dr. Leete's house, goes downstairs to tell it all to Edith, who is gathering flowers in the garden on which "the morning sun of the twentieth century" is shining. *Equality* is a much

longer story than its forerunner, filling, indeed, more than three hundred and fifty closely printed pages.

Maeterlinck again and already! His book of essays, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, was a conversational success only a month or two ago, and, to a few people, something much better. Now we have Maeterlinck the dramatist presented to us by the translator of the essays, Mr. Alfred Sutro. *Aglavaine et Sélysette* is the tinkling title of Maeterlinck's new five-act drama. Mr. J. W. Mackail, whose literary activity, we notice, takes rather a wide range, writes an introduction. He says:

"For the play, which is here presented in an English dress, no special words of preface are required. It may be left to make its own impression. Some of its indefinable charm of language must no doubt be lost in a translation; and the rounded completeness of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the finished repose in which it ends, are scarcely rivalled here. *Aglavaine et Sélysette* ends on a cry, haunting indeed, but not satisfying. In the *Trésor des Humbles* M. Maeterlinck appeared as a professed Neo-Platonist, a thinker and mystic, saturated in Emerson, and finding inspiration from Plotinus and Swedenborg. This growing philosophic passion may involve a certain expense of dramatic quality. But there is here an even higher attainment in delicate insight, and in the power of expressing by simple words some of the subtlest and most elusive shades of emotion."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones issues, through Messrs. Macmillan, his comedy, *The Case of Rebellious Susan*. "My comedy isn't a comedy at all; it's a tragedy dressed up as a comedy," he tells Mrs. Grundy, in a pleasant, bantering letter of dedication. And as for the moral of the play, he anticipates Mrs. Grundy's demand for one:

"If I dare hint so much to you, dear lady, it is well at times not to be too ferociously moral. There is a time to be ferociously moral and a time to refrain. The present, my dear Mrs. Grundy, is an eminently suitable time to refrain. Let us not be always worrying books and plays for their morals. Let us not worry even life itself for too plain or too severe a moral. Let us look with a wise, sane, wide-open eye upon all these things, and if a moral rises naturally from them let us cheerfully accept it, however shocking it may be; if not, let us not distress ourselves. . . . Refrain, my dear lady! Refrain! Refrain! And if you must have a moral in my comedy, suppose it to be this—'That as women cannot retaliate openly, they may retaliate secretly—and lie.' And a thoroughly shocking moral it is, now we have got it. But, oh! my dear Mrs. Grundy, Nature's morality is not your morality nor mine. Nature has ten thousand various morals, all of them as shocking as truth itself. The very least of them would fright our tale from its propriety if it were once guessed at."

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE QUEEN. By One of Her Majesty's Servants. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 2s. 6d.  
ARNOLD OF RUSSY: HIS SCHOOL LIFE AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDUCATION. Edited by J. J. Findlay, M.A. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Hereford. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

## BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, DRAMA, ETC.

THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: THE MEKEV DEVIL OF EDMONTON: A COMEDY. Edited by Hugh Walker, M.A. J.M. Dent & Co. 1s.

SARTOR RESARTUS. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited, with Notes, by J. A. S. Barrett, M.A. A. & C. Black. 6s.

THE MERMAID, AND OTHER POEMS. By E. Patterson. Published by the Author (Cardiff).

SHAKESPEARE: A REVOLUTION. Anonymous. Skeffington & Son.

DIES DOMINICA. By Margaret Evans and Isabel Southall. Elliot Stock.

AGLAVAINNE AND SÉLYSETTE: A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Grant Richards.

## FICTION.

A AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE. By Grant Allen. Grant Richards.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT. By John Kendrick Bange. Osgood, Mollvaine & Co. 2s.

EMPTY POCKETS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mildred Berkeley. Edwin, Vaughan & Co.

EQUALITY. By Edward Bellamy. William Heinemann.

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS. By Henry Lawson. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

## TRAVEL, TOPOGRAPHY, ETC.

HANDY GUIDE-BOOK TO ENGLAND AND WALES. By Edward Smith. George Allen.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. By J. Wells, M.A. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. Methuen & Co.

NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1897. By Rev. M. Harvey. Sampson Low.

JOURNES AMONG THE GENTLE JAPS. By Rev. J. Li. Thomas. Sampson Low.

IN DARKEST AFRICA. New edition, corrected and revised. By H. M. Stanley. Sampson Low.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO NORTH WALES. A. & C. Black. 3s. 6d.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE late Mrs. Oliphant had been a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* for over half a century, and we are informed by the publishers that during the whole of that period her contributions averaged one to each number of the magazine.

A TOUCHING notice of Mrs. Oliphant's connexion with "Maga" appears in its current number. "More than half a century ago," we read,

"Mrs. Oliphant, as a young girl of remarkable literary promise, was led by the gentle 'Delta' tremblingly before the dread tribunal of Christopher North. 'So long as she is young and happy, work will do her no harm,' said the sage, who little knew that he was addressing one who more than any other was to maintain unimpaired the traditions of his beloved 'Maga,' and to find the crowning work of her life in recording its not uneventful annals. She was already an old contributor when she wrote her first 'Christmas Tale' for the memorable number in which George Eliot began the 'Scenes of Clerical Life'; and that faithful, loyal, brilliant work was destined to long outlive the young and happy years of which the 'Professor' spoke, and which, alas! were all too few; and literature, instead of being the joy of a happy leisure, became the unflinching solace of a life that knew many and bitter sorrows."

Mrs. Oliphant always wrote anonymously in the magazine, but her personality had long been seen between the lines of "The Old Saloon," and "The Looker On."

THE mention of Mrs. Oliphant's "crowning work" is, of course, an allusion to the history of the "House of Blackwood," on

which she was engaged in her last days. This work was, we believe, completed by her, but in a touching farewell letter to Mr. Blackwood Mrs. Oliphant expressed her regret—one that every writer will understand—that she could never hope to see its proof-sheets. The following paragraph, in this, as yet unpublished, work, is quoted by Mr. Blackwood:

"It has been the fate of *Blackwood's Magazine* to secure a genuine attachment from its contributors more than any other literary organ has ever had: the same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own personality, though they know very well what is their own share in them, and maintaining a generous pride in the vessel, which would be but a paltry feeling were it translated into a mere self-complacence as to their own achievements. I hope this is being kept up in the younger generation; it certainly was very strong in the past."

It is not surprising that so long and close a literary connexion ripened into one of intimate friendship between author and publisher, one of those friendships which, as Mr. Blackwood says, "go to preserve all that is best and most inspiring in the traditions of letters."

WE are informed that Mrs. Oliphant, who had exceptional advantages for such a task, completed shortly before her death a personal life of Her Majesty, which will be issued in due course by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

THE American papers reported the Jubilee procession very fully. The *New York Journal* engaged Mark Twain to cable a short account. We take from his article a few sentences:

"I was not dreaming of so stunning a show. All the nations seemed to be filing by. They all seemed to be represented. It was a sort of allegorical suggestion of the Last Day, and some who live to see that day will probably recall this one if they are not too much disturbed in mind at the time. . . . The feature of high romance was not wanting, for among them rode Prince Rupert of Bavaria, who would be Prince of Wales now and future King of England and Emperor of India if his Stuart ancestors had conducted their royal affairs more wisely than they did. He came as a peaceful guest to represent his mother, Princess Ludwig, heiress of the house of Stuart, to whom English Jacobites still pay unavailing homage as the rightful queen of England. The house of Stuart was formally and officially shelved nearly two centuries ago, but the microbe of Jacobite loyalty is a thing which is not exterminable by time, force or argument. . . . The Queen Empress was come. She was received with great enthusiasm. It was realisable that she was the procession herself; that all the rest of it was mere embroidery; that in her the public saw the British Empire itself. She was a symbol, an allegory of England's grandeur and the might of the British name. . . . It was a memorable display, and must live in history. It suggested the material glories of the reign finely and adequately. The absence of the chief creators of them was perhaps not a serious disadvantage. One could supply the vacancies by imagination, and thus fill out the procession very effectively. One can enjoy a rainbow without necessarily forgetting the forces that made it."

THE tribute to the late Laureate from a little band of Montenegrin poets was not the least noteworthy feature of the Jubilee. In the storm and stress of such an occasion there is a tendency to forget the past in the present. Hence we can the more appreciate the action of the few foreigners who laid a wreath of flowers on Tennyson's tomb in the Abbey in recognition of his stirring words in praise of the Montenegrin pluck and independence, and the part played by him in glorifying the Queen's reign.

THE absence of Mr. Rudyard Kipling from the band of poets who have sung the Diamond Jubilee has been much commented upon. Mr. Kipling, however, knows best, and we may rest assured that if he wrote nothing for the occasion it was because he had nothing to add to *The Seven Seas*. Meanwhile, we notice in the *Saturday Review*, in an article on the omissions from the list of Jubilee honours, this fine tribute of praise to the author of "The Song of the Banjo":

"There is one name in literature which, from the special point of view of the growth of the Imperial idea, might have well received recognition—we mean Mr. Rudyard Kipling. There is no question that it is he who has chiefly implanted in English minds the idea of the vast federal empire around the globe, the central idea which has made this Jubilee different from anything ever witnessed before. In this sense Kipling is greater than Wolsey, greater than Roberts, greater than both combined. Yet he has been given no honour. Verily, the administrators and defenders of the empire have been exalted at the expense of its extenders, of its real makers."

Our own view, as expressed last week, is that Jubilee honours are not ennobling; but we are glad to see Mr. Kipling thus spoken of.

MUCH interest attaches to the *Logia*, or Sayings of Christ, which Mr. Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press) is about to publish for the Egypt Exploration Fund. The papyrus leaf on which the sayings are written in uncials was found on the borders of the Libyan desert in January last, by Messrs. B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, and it has been jealously guarded ever since. The collection of sayings may have been made even earlier than the beginning of the second century, and it is affirmed that at any rate the writing itself cannot be later than the third, or a hundred years prior to any existing MS. of the Gospels. The *Logia* are detached sayings, without context, emphatic and precise in character. Each verse begins with the words "Jesus saith."

Two illustrated editions of the book will be issued, one for a few pence with the design of placing the treasure within the reach of everybody. In the better edition the papyrus page will be reproduced by colotype process, which shows the colour of the papyrus, and renders the writing clearer; and even in the cheaper edition the sayings will be reproduced by means of a tone block. In both editions Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, will append translations and notes, and give parallel passages, &c., and the



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Choir Invisible.* By James Lane Allen.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

Heralded by trumpets Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel comes to us from America. I have no hesitation in saying that *The Choir Invisible* is a book to read, and a book to keep after reading. Mr. Allen's gifts are many—a style pellucid and picturesque, a vivid and disciplined power of characterisation, and an intimate knowledge of a striking epoch and an alluring country. He transports us to Kentucky in the year 1795. The plot is not novel, Mr. Allen lays bare no sore, he develops no problem: it is just the story of a man who loved an attractive woman who was unworthy, intertwined with the history of another who was pure gold. That is all, but so magical is the wilderness environment, so fresh the characters, so buoyant the life they lead, so companionable, so well balanced, and so touched with humanity the author's personality, that I hereby send him greeting and thanks for a brave book. Mr. Allen is not so well known in this country as in the United States, but *The Choir Invisible* will remedy that. He has already written several novels, including *Summer in Aroady*, and *A Kentucky Cardinal*. I have not read either of those books—in fact (here is a frank confession), before I began upon *The Choir Invisible* I had not read one line of Mr. Allen's writings, and knew him only through appreciations in the American press. But it is clear he is a man who has worked long and diligently at his art, and that while he was chastening and controlling a manner, his matter was increasing in volume and quality.

What would he make of a modern story, I wonder. Here he has as background a glorious and undiscovered country, where the imagination is fired by mere descriptions of nature, and by pen pictures of the looks and dress of pioneer men. It is all so fresh, so new, so right, so sane, so different from the tired life that encompasses us. Does not this stir the imagination?—

"On the outskirts of the town lay the wilderness, undulating away for hundreds of miles like a vast green robe, with scarce a rift of human making."

Or this?—

"Seated on the roots of an oak were a group of young backwoodsmen—swarthy, lean, tall, wild and reckless of bearing—their long rifles propped against the tree or held fondly across the knees; the gray smoke of their pipes mingling with the gray of their jauntily worn raccoon-skin caps; the rifts of yellow sunlight blending with the yellow of their hunting shirts and tunics; their knives and powder-horns fastened in the belts that girt in their gaunt waists: the heroic youthful sinew of the old border folk. One among them, larger and handsomer than the others, had pleased his fancy by donning more nearly the Indian dress. His breech-clout was of dappled fawn-skin; his long thigh boots of thin deer-hide were open at the hips, leaving exposed the clear whiteness of his flesh; below the knees they were ornamented by a scarlet fringe tipped with the hoofs of fawns and the spurs of the wild turkey; and in his cap he wore intertwined wings of the hawk and the scarlet tanager."

Or this description of the side-tracks through the primeval forest?—

"Into this high road of the mastodon and the bison smaller pathways entered from each side, as lesser watercourses run into a river; the avenues of the round-horned elk, narrow, yet broad enough for the tossing of his lordly antlers; the track of the countless migrating shuffling bear; the slender woodland alleys along which buck and doe and fawn had sought the springs or crept tenderly from their breeding coverts or fled like shadows in the race for life; the devious wolf-runs of the maddened packs as they had sprang to the kill; the threadlike passages of the stealthy fox; the tiny trickle of the squirrel, crossing

and recrossing without number; and ever close beside all these, unseen, the grass-path or the tree-path of the cougar."

As I have said, the plot of the story is of the slightest; but apart altogether from its engaging setting the story is told extremely well, and the objectivity of the characters will please the most fastidious. Amy Falconer is a fascinating creation, and the scene between her and John Gray, wherein this pretty minx does not explain why she cannot accompany him to the ball, is told with a delightful touch, and in the vein of the finest comedy.

Mr. Allen has a wide range, and from passages of summer-day philandering turns easily to such a vigorous chapter as that describing John Gray's fight with a cougar, the dreaded panther of the backwoodsman, which has for its kindred the royal tiger and the fatal leopard of the old world. The episode is too long to quote in full, but I must find room for the passage where the man first discovers the near, the very near, presence of the beast. It is early dawn, a fine drizzling rain has set in, and in a mood of deep dejection he has wandered into the schoolhouse.

"He sat at the upper end of the room, gazing blankly through the doorway at the gray light and clouds of white mist trailing. Once an object came into the field of his vision. At the first glimpse he thought it a dog—long, lean, skulking, prowling, tawny—on the scent of his tracks. Then the mist passed over it. When he beheld it again it had approached nearer, and was creeping rapidly toward the door. His listless eyes grew fascinated by its motions—its litheness, suppleness, grace, stealth, exquisite caution. Never before had he seen a dog with the step of a cat. A second time the fog closed over it, and then, advancing right out of the cloud with more swiftness, more cunning, its large feet falling as lightly as flakes of snow, the weight of its huge body borne forward as noiselessly as the trailing mist, it came straight on. It reached the hickory block which formed the doorstep; it paused there an instant, with its fore-quarters in the doorway, one forefoot raised, the end of its long tail waving; and then it stole just over the doorway and crouched, its head pressed down until its long, whitish throat lay on the floor; its short, jagged ears set forward stiffly like the broken points of a javelin; its dilated eye blazing with steady green fire—as still as death. And then, with his blood become as ice in his veins from horror, and all the strength gone out from him in a death-like faintness, the schoolmaster realised that he was face to face unarmed with a cougar, gaunt with famine and come for its kill."

Mr. Allen's narrative skill is but one of the many qualities of a ripe, vigorous, and sympathetic nature. *The Choir Invisible* is a fine achievement.

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*An African Millionaire.* By Grant Allen.  
(Grant Richards.)

This is not a hill-top novel. *An African Millionaire* belongs to Mr. Grant Allen's other fictional manner—his derivative manner. It owes its existence, I should conjecture, to Mr. Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. Mr. Grant Allen was too wise to attempt to invent another and better detective; so he decided upon the converse, and has given us a series of the great frauds practised by the notorious Colonel Clay upon Sir Charles Vandrift, the African millionaire. The book purports to be written by Sir Charles Vandrift's brother-in-law and secretary, who, after the manner of Watson in Mr. Grant Allen's model, does his best to cheapen himself. These self-effacing chroniclers can become very tiresome! I have read Mr. Allen's book through, but I cannot admit ever to feeling genuine interest, so obviously manufactured are the stories. Every story of crime or deception is, of course, manufactured—even the matchless mosaics of Gaboriau were manufactured—but there is all the difference in the world between the detective stories of a man with a natural bent towards mystification and the stories of a man who produces them merely

because they are the fashion. Mr. Grant Allen is a literary opportunist. He is a very clever one, but he is not painstaking enough to carry me away with any of his inventions.

For less exacting readers, for readers who demand less verisimilitude, *An African Millionaire* may be exciting. But even they will find hard nuts to crack. Such a young woman, for example, as Colonel Clay's wife could not have reappeared in half-a-dozen different roles in broad daylight, as she is made to do, and never be detected. Only where false beards or whiskers can be worn would such deception be possible, especially with men whose suspicions are aroused. Again, no one possessing Colonel Clay's intelligence would ever dare to assume in New York the name and personality of a well-known English man of letters. The interchange of authors between the two countries has long been too brisk. Again, Mr. Allen has not sufficiently carefully co-ordinated the episodes. In the first story Colonel Clay is made the height of Sir Charles Vandrift—that is to say, middle height; subsequently he becomes on one occasion "a little parson"; on another, a German professor, of long, thin build; on another, a detective described as a small man. Let Colonel Clay disguise his features as he will, his stature must remain practically unaltered. There are other discrepancies disquieting to a reader who, like myself, loves a good story of crime above everything: the total results being that I cannot recommend *An African Millionaire* to specialists in this kind of fiction. Nor is it possible to quote from it.

\* \* \* \*

*Darab's Wine-Cup, and Other Tales.* By Bart Kennedy.  
(Sidney Oliff.)

Mr. Kennedy has a wild and whirling imagination, a lurid imagination, an imagination that revels in tragedy. Also he has declared war against the principal verb. The result resembles the horror and confusion of primal chaos:

"She fell asleep and she dreamed of gold. Bright, yellow, terrible gold. Gold that glittered, that flashed, that shone with shine unutterable. Gold. Gold that slimed, that crushed, that choked. The unspeakable transmuter that changed all things even to gold. That brought all things to its own level. That weighed all things. That moved all things. That slew all things. That was at once as life and death. Frightful paradox—Gold."

Here you have a picture of the thinker and the poet:

"He had attained to the full flower of his individuality. He was a king by the divine right of his intellect. Thoughts sublime, pictures vivid, truths potent, came from him. Flowers of wisdom grew in the garden of his imagination. Through him spoke the varied phases of Nature—of life. Dashings of waters, songs of birds, thrills of love, subtleties of feeling, and the trend and complexities of civilisation were revealed in his pictures."

A glance at the portrait at the beginning of the volume, with its upreared head, scornful lip, and flashing eye, with the trend and complexities of civilisation indicated by a *pince-nez*, will leave no doubt as to the original from which this stirring description was drawn.

Finally, I may cull from the garden of Mr. Bart Kennedy's imagination an admirable and penetrating criticism of his own romantic manner:

"He couldn't tell exactly where he was going, or why he was going, or where he would stop. He was just going. That was all."

\* \* \*

*The Romance of Golden Star.* By George Griffith.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

Mr. Griffith's leading character is a revived mummy from a primal South American civilisation. He was found by an exploring professor and restored to life after a sleep of 360 years by a doctor experienced in the occult. The story is essentially one of action and adventure, and except when the mummy croons about his lost kingdom and the glories of his former life, I have been able to read it with interest and attention. After so startling a beginning as the resurrection of Vilcaroya, one is, of course, prepared for an essay in the romantic manner, and, to do Mr. Griffith justice, his accounts of the old Incas and their treasure houses are very well done, and at least as plausible as were the jewel caves in *King Solomon's Mines* of yore. I can quite well imagine that an adventurous boy would

want to take his passage as a stowaway for South America on the strength of them. The women of the book, one of whom has also done time as a mummy, are superfluous, and impede the current of the narrative. Women naturally would be in the way on a treasure expedition. Here is one of Mr. Griffith's descriptions of Peruvian magnificence:

"From the cornice to the floor hung the bright-hued hangings, and against these were ranged along the floor on either side threescore seats of silver, and the floor was paved with diamond-shaped blocks of gold and silver set alternately. Behind the throne on which I sat rose from the floor to roof a sloping wall of golden ingots, and on either hand stood a great golden vase, heaped high with unset gems, emeralds and diamonds, pearls and sapphires and rubies, precious almost beyond price; and on the roof above my throne a great golden image of the sun, encircled by spreading rays of gems, glowed and sparkled in the light of the candles and torches."

The doctor becomes quite demoralised by the quantity of gold and jewels, and betrays his friends, so that he is shut up in a prison made of gold blocks, and then condemned to death:

"There is your house of gold. Go and dwell in it till it shall be safe for me to release you. Every day, as I have said, you shall eat and drink from plates and cups of gold, and you shall dream of gold until this gold-fever of yours is cured."

The manner of his death is consistent with his uncanny powers:

"Then with a soldier holding each of his arms, and two others grasping his shoulders, he drew a quick, deep, gasping breath. The blood rushed into his face till its pallor became purple. The next instant it became deathly white again. His jaw dropped, his eyes grew fixed and blindly staring, and then his shape seemed to shrink together like an empty bag, and he sank down between those who were holding him."

\* \* \* \*

*The Light of the Eye.* By H. J. Chaytor.  
(Digby, Long & Co.)

Whatever faults may be found with Mr. Chaytor as a writer of fiction, he certainly does not lack a daring imagination. *The Light of the Eye* carries one among all sorts of strange people. College dons who work miracles and penetrate, disguised, into Tibetan Lamaseries; detectives who read Kant's *Kritik* for relaxation, or rather for mental exercise; and a vampire of the most approved order who creates a panic in London, in this nineteenth century, by draining the vitality of casual people in the street, and leaving them in a dying condition to puzzle the hospital surgeons. When I add that the plot centres round a diamond, cigar-shaped and *three inches long*, I feel that I shall have roused my readers to the highest pitch of excitement, an excitement which they must allay for themselves by reading the book, for I can tell them no more of the plot. I believe that average readers do not go to the novel for style, and therefore Mr. Chaytor's deficiencies in that respect will not distress them, but if they do not expect style, its absence will doubtless be atoned for by the sprinkling of familiar Latin quotations which adorn Mr. Chaytor's pages. With what I am more inclined to quarrel is his dialogue. His undergraduates talk in this sort of way:

"'Comfortable place you have here,' he began, 'and a further advantage is Florence Athelstone's society. I made her acquaintance when I was on tour, as she probably told you.'"

"'She has,' said Carronar, with some show of indifference.

"'And you are a bit—eh?'"

"'I don't see why you should say so, you seem impressed yourself.'"

"'Not I, my dear chap; she is all very nice, but I prefer someone with a sense of humour. She has none absolutely. And I have orders to look out for an heiress, American dollars preferred.'"

"'Sense of humour is no drawback. One doesn't want to be always on the gag.'"

"'Exactly; she is your affinity, you know.'"

"'Don't talk such trash!' said Carronar with vehemence."

This rather tempts one to adapt Shakespeare, and sing "It was an 'Arry and his Lass." Again, the young lady in question, Miss Athelstone, strikes me as expressing herself oddly in conversation with Carronar. Speaking of the attitude of her family towards her engagement, she says:

"'I fancy they are all keen on it; he has been here a good deal since you went away; he lives close at hand too, and I don't dislike him.'"

"'Is that all you can say of him? When did he ask you?'"

"A week ago; he was going away then."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, I don't know. He is coming for his answer this afternoon, anyway."

"Well, it will be a wrench."

"It will indeed. You know I have always thought of you as a brother; there never was any restraint between us, or any of those idiotic compliments that so many fools think necessary."

I don't seem to recognise in this the gentle feminine accents of the daughter of a country vicar.

But these are faults of inexperience. At present Mr. Chaytor's dialogue, all his writing indeed, strikes me as not sufficiently painstaking. But his book is more readable than less faulty novels of the ordinary circulating library type.

\* \* \*

*God Save the Queen: a Tale of '37.* By Allen Upward.  
(Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Allen Upward's new book may be called a special Diamond Jubilee novel. It tells of a conspiracy hatched by the friends of the Duke of Cumberland sixty years ago to place that very unpopular prince on the throne instead of Her Gracious Majesty. The idea is a bold one, and Mr. Upward has treated it adroitly, though I think he is scarcely fair to the officers of the Household Brigade, *temp.* William IV. For not only do these gentlemen hatch treason freely under the auspices of a shady Hanoverian baron, but they do not scruple to murder, under the forms of a duel, those of their brother officers who are on the other side, while one of them resorts to cheating at cards in order to force the hero of the story, Hervey, to throw up his commission because he is opposed to the Duke of Cumberland's faction. But Mr. Upward may fairly plead that conspirators seldom pick and choose as to the means they employ for gaining an end.

*God Save the Queen* is full of exciting moments and perilous adventures, and its author's light-hearted contempt for historical facts prepossesses me in his favour. His loyalty is unquestionable, but at times I find it a little overwhelming. Listen to this:

"Don't say Alexandrina," Fanny interrupted. "Her Royal Highness herself told me that she prefers her second name. When she ascends the throne she means to reign as QUEEN VICTORIA."

"The young man bowed. The magic of the syllables sounded in his ear like a deep trumpet blast, and stirred his heart with a prophetic thrill, as if already he could feel the glamour of the sixty years of freedom and happiness and glory that were to make that name immortal in the annals of the world."

But though Mr. Upward is liable to occasional moments of hysterical exaltation, he is not always at these heights. For the rest, his book contains some clever sketches of the great men of 1837—the Iron Duke, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Lord George Bentinck, and so on. Indeed, one of the charms of a book of this kind is that it enables the author to prophesy gracefully after the event, as in the following remark of one of the characters about Palmerston:

"I believe he is an able man but without much principle. He has been in office for twenty years, but yet they say he wields no real influence. People don't take him seriously, and the Radicals don't trust him because he was lukewarm over Reform. But he is a good debater, and has a great knowledge of the Continent. I shouldn't wonder if he came to something yet."

Altogether, *God Save the Queen* is an ingenious piece of work, cleverly put together and eminently readable.

\* \* \*

*The Girls at the Grange.* By Florence Warden.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

I have not read a book of Miss Warden's since her clever detective story, *The House on the Marsh*. In the interval she seems to have pretty well exhausted her vein. *The Girls at the Grange* is a wonderfully improbable story—the first half being the more improbable and the second half the more wonderful. You jump from a demure household of four orthodox conventional girls and an obstinate, mouse-like mother to a gambling hell located in a Kent country-house. The ladies are invited to the country-house by a Jew money-lender; and as the invitation is apparently given for no consideration received, and out of pure gaiety of heart, one

naturally suspects its motives. In the meantime one gets rather tired of Mrs. Drew's wax-like hand and her little shawl. Presently young men begin to turn up, and it appears that the respectable family are intended to throw a halo around the place, while the gambling goes on undisturbed. Of character-drawing there is but little. The eldest Miss Drew is a mere puppet, who tosses her head languidly, buries it in her book or breaks her eye-glasses. She is quite unnecessary to the story.

"In a corner of the room, with a reading-table beside her, sat Julia, the eldest daughter, who had not yet spoken. She was tall and thin, dark-haired and sallow, and she held a very high place in the family estimation on account of her intellectual qualities. She read a great deal, and she wore glasses to read with; and she let the family affairs trickle on for the most part without interference and without comment. It was understood that these things were beneath her."

The most amusing personage is Miss Doris. Her demure way of refusing a proposal is almost the only humorous touch in a wearisome book.

"Doris said nothing. She was always economical of words."

"You don't care for me, I suppose?" said he at last, in a low voice.

"I like you," replied Doris, very deliberately. "I have always found you very nice."

"But not nice enough for Manitoba?" suggested Sutton mournfully. "I was afraid you wouldn't!"

"It isn't Manitoba that I object to," replied she, after a long pause, "nor Florida either. I like oranges. But—you see, you would not go there of your own free will, but because you had to hide me away somewhere. Now, I won't marry to be hidden away!"

\* \* \*

*The Craftsman.* By Rowland Grey.  
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

One is perhaps getting a little weary of the literary person as a subject for fiction. And nearly all the characters in *The Craftsman* are engaged in writing, or in acting, or at least in type-writing plays. Rowland Grey writes freshly, and as if she took her work seriously. I should not be surprised if she gave us an excellent story some day. The present one is slight, but it contains two or three excellent studies of character. The best is Markham Le Mesurier, the playwright. The book begins with the failure of his "Repentance of Miriam," and ends with the success of his "Remembrance," and his happy marriage with Melita Frayne. Contrasted with him is Hawtrey Sharron, the superficial writer of popular comedies. It is the contrast of the artist and the charlatan. In the moment of success Mesurier realises his love for the woman to whose influence over him that success is mainly due:

"It has been a great night. If life never holds another like it, it will still have been worth living to the utmost. What do you think was the supreme moment?"

"When they called for you again and again with all their might, when the whole theatre rang with applause, when you knew you had conquered, made your name?"

"There was a pause, broken only by the merry jingle of the time-keeping bells."

"No, not then."

"When Vane Tillotson thrilled us all so in the third act, when it was so still you might have heard a pin fall?"

"No, not then. Melita, the happiest moment of all was when, in the last act, I saw your face as you watched. How tender it grew! How you listened!—listened as if you, too—Then I heard another voice within me speaking clearly. It told me that in all the world there was only one woman I could love. I am poor and faulty, unworthy of your utter purity, but I love you—I love you."

The story ends with a charming little idyll of the honeymoon.

"Como in spring sunset, with an April sky flushing the gleaming lake with rose and traces of lucent gold. Judas trees, all in imperial purple, on the cool, green shores. In the lush meadows, millions of poets' narcissus, keeping rare company with spotted orchis and the cowslips we vainly fancy to be England's pride. The angelus softly calling from the white churches perched in the misty hills. And upon the water a gaily painted boat."

"Is it only in fairy tales they live happily ever after? They had waited a year to be married when spring came back again, and found it worth their patience. Three days ago London in a grey fog; and now all this splendour of budding life, this scented air, this encompassing enchantment."

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Guy's Tonic acts immediately upon the Stomach, Liver, and entire Intestinal Tract.

"22, Oxford Road,  
"Finsbury Park, N.

"I have now taken Guy's Tonic, and unhesitatingly testify to its worth. Guy's Tonic acts immediately upon the Digestive Organs.

"A. B. COPE."

Guy's Tonic, by causing thorough Digestion, Absorption, and Assimilation, insures good Blood-making, thus removing Debility and Emaciation.

"Woolhara, Morthoe,  
"North Devon.

"Since I commenced to take Guy's Tonic my Appetite has improved, and I am putting on Flesh.

"LAWSON COAD."

Guy's Tonic, by regulating the Functions of the Liver, Kidneys, and other Glands, keeps the Blood pure and the Body in good Health.

"20, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

"I really feel quite vexed with myself for not letting you know long ago how very much benefited I feel from your valuable Guy's Tonic. I have not felt so well for years. I shall ever be grateful to Guy's Tonic for the good, robust Health I am now enjoying.

"MARIA BAYNE."

Guy's Tonic being a Nervine Nutrient invigorates and revitalises the Brain and nervous System, and through these acts specifically upon every Organ and Tissue in the economy of man.

"The Quay, East Loos, Cornwall.

"I have taken two bottles of Guy's Tonic. It is doing me good, I sleep better, and do not suffer so much in my Stomach and Nerves as I did. I have been so weak at times that I could neither eat, work, nor sleep.

"M. PEARCE."

Guy's Tonic should be instantly resorted to

When Digestion is accompanied by Flatulency;

When Pain, Weight, Fulness or Distension is felt after Eating;

When there is Drowsiness after Meals;

When there is Distaste for Food of all kinds;

When there is a Dull, Weak, Failing Appetite;

When there is a Loss of Flesh, and Strength is gradually diminishing.

All Chemists and Stores sell Guy's Tonic.





ALEXANDER POPE

*From the Drawing by W. Hoare, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery*



*Logia* themselves will also be transcribed in ordinary Greek characters.

It may be mentioned that the explorers in the course of four months' work at Oxyrhynchus, aided by upwards of 120 men and boys, discovered sufficient papyri to fill twenty-four large packing-cases. The Egyptian Government has retained 150 large and complete rolls, and Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt will examine and edit some of these, and the fragments that they have brought home, with a view to subsequent publication.

In 1894, Mr. George Smith was the guest at a dinner given in his honour by the contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. This month Mr. Smith intends to return the compliment, and entertain those gentlemen who have helped to make that work the monument of usefulness it is. Some of the lady biographers who have assisted in the task are, we understand, not a little hurt at their exclusion from this banquet. But possibly Mr. Smith has a little plan of his own for their peculiar benefit.

In commenting upon the ignorance of the best English fiction displayed by the modern undergraduate, who is alleged by a writer in the *Granta* to read nothing but the trashiest novels of the day, the *Spectator* drops into prophecy, and does it, we think, a little clumsily. It is a difficult matter to prove a prediction erroneous at the time it is made, and yet we feel that the *Spectator* must be wrong when it deprecates the taste of undergraduates, because "from this class of young men are shortly to come our novelists, our journalists, our poets." It is not from this class of young men that have come our novelists, our journalists, our poets heretofore, and we doubt if the condition of affairs is about to alter.

TRADITION is with the *Spectator* in the matter of poets, although the most illustrious of the younger poets of to-day are not university men. Browning and Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were once undergraduates. But Mr. Kipling was not, nor Mr. Francis Thompson, nor Mr. Yeats, nor Mr. Watson. Among novelists of distinction it has been the exception to be a university man. Thackeray was, it is true. But Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Dickens, Trollope, Ainsworth, Lever, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, "Mark Rutherford"—none of these were university men. As for journalism, the school for journalists is not the universities but the world.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in correcting a misprint a little while since, said "the title of Mr. S. Levett-Yeats's new story was given in our columns the other day as 'A Galahad of the Greeks.' It should, of course, have been 'A Galahad of the Creeks.'" This "of course" seems yet another slight on Turkey's luckless victims,

MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER's last novel, *The Martian*, ends in the July number of *Harper's*. The closing chapters have that playful yet pathetic tenderness of which Mr. Du Maurier was a master. This little song, from the French of Sully-Prudhomme, is printed in the final chapter:

If you but knew what tears, alas!  
One weeps for kinship unbested,  
In pity you would sometimes pass  
My poor abode!

If you but knew what balm, for all  
Despond, lies in an angel's glance,  
Your looks would on my window fall  
As though by chance!

If you but knew the heart's delight  
To feel its fellow-heart is by,  
You'd linger, as a sister might,  
These gates anigh!

If you but knew how oft I yearn  
For one sweet voice, one presence dear,  
Perhaps you'd even simply turn  
And enter here!

MR. BIRRELL, in an article on Johnson in the *Speaker*, incidentally offers counsel concerning dust. "Dust," says he, "is a delusion. You should never dust books. There let it lie until the rare hour arrives when you want to read a particular volume; then warily approach it with a snow-white napkin, take it down from its shelf, and, withdrawing to some back apartment, proceed to cleanse the tome." Yet we think the habit of dusting books regularly is one to be encouraged. The man who dusts his books often may now and then go so far as to open one.

SOME time ago Miss Kate Sanborn, the American authoress, wrote a book describing her experiment with an old farm which she rescued from decay to fruitfulness. The book became very popular. An American paper now contains the following advertisement:

"'ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM.'—The scene of, and the former home of, the popular novelist, Kate Sanborn; 3 minutes from station, post-office and electric cars; now offered at an abandoned farm price; 1150-lb. horse, cow, hens, pung, sleigh, double and single harnesses, farm wagon, new democrat, tipcart, wheelbarrow, grindstone, all farming tools, &c."

MR. GEORGE ALLEN has just sent to press *The Free Library: its History and Present Condition*, from the pen of Mr. J. J. Ogle, the librarian of the Bootle Free Library. The volume is edited by Dr. Richard Garnett.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE & Co. will shortly publish a work dealing with "The Siege of Delhi in the Indian Mutiny." The author, Colonel H. M. Vibart, endeavours to show that the fall of Delhi was principally due to Colonel Richard Baird-Smith. In all the mass of Mutiny literature Colonel Baird-Smith's great services have been but scantily recognised, and it is Colonel Vibart's wish to place before the public the true positions of the various actors in the scene.

## ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

### XXXIV.—POPE.

THERE was born in eighteenth century England a pale little diseased wretch of a boy. Since it was evident that he would never be fit for any healthy and vigorous trade, and that he must all his life be sickly and burdensome to himself, and since it is the usual way of such unhappy beings to add to their unhappiness by their own perversities of choice, he naturally became a poet. And after living for long in a certain miserable state called glory, reviled and worshipped and laughed at and courted, despised by the women he loved, very ill looked after, amid the fear and malignity of many and the affection of very few, the wizened little suffering monstrosity died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, by way of encouraging others to follow in his footsteps. And though a large number of others have done so with due and proper misfortune, in all the melancholy line there is, perhaps, no such destined a wretch as Alexander Pope. What fame can do to still the cravings of such a poor prodigal of song, in the beggarly raiment of his tattered body, that it did for him. The husks of renown he had in plenty, and had them all his life, as no other poet has had. But Voltaire testified that the author of that famous piece of philosophy, "Whatever is, is right," was the most miserable man he had ever known.

This king of the eighteenth century is still the king of the eighteenth century by general consent. Dryden was a greater poet, *meo judicio*, but he did not represent the eighteenth century so well as Pope. All that was elegant and airy in the polished artificiality of that age reaches its apotheosis in the "Rape of the Lock." It is Pope's masterpiece, a Watteau in verse. The poetry of manners could no further go than in this boudoir epic, unmatched in any literature. It is useless, I may here say, to renew the old dispute whether Pope was a poet. Call his verse poetry or what you will, it is work in verse which could not have been done in prose, and, of its kind, never equalled. Then the sylph machinery in "The Rape of the Lock" is undoubted work of fancy: the fairyland of powder and patches, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" seen through chocolate-fumes. The "Essay on Man" is nought to us nowadays, as a whole. It has brilliant artificial passages. It has homely aphorisms such as only Pope and Shakespeare could produce—the quintessence of pointed common sense: many of them have passed into the language, and are put down, by three out of five who quote them, to Shakespeare. But, as a piece of reasoning in verse, the "Essay on Man" is utterly inferior to Dryden's "Hind and Panther." Even that brilliant achievement could not escape the doom which hangs over the didactic poem pure and simple; and certain, therefore, was the fate of the "Essay on Man."

The "Dunciad" De Quincey ranked even above the "Rape of the Lock." At my peril I venture to question a judgment backed by all the ages. The superb satire

of parts of the poem I admit; I admit the exceedingly fine close, in which Pope touched a height he never touched before or after; I admit the completeness of the scheme. But from that completeness comes the essential defect of the poem. He adapted the scheme from Dryden's "Mac-Flecknoe." But Dryden's satire is at once complete and succinct: Pope has built upon the scheme an edifice greater than it will bear; has extended a witty and ingenious idea to a portentous extent at which it ceases to be amusing. The mock solemnity of Dryden's idea becomes a very real and dull solemnity when it is extended to literal epic proportions. A serious epic is apt to nod, with the force of a Milton behind it; an epic satire fairly goes to sleep. A pleasantry in several books is past a pleasantry. And it is bolstered out with a great deal which is sheer greasy scurrility. The mock-heroic games of the poets are in large part as dully dirty as the waters into which Pope makes them plunge. If the poem had been half as long, it might have been a masterpiece. As it is, unless we are to reckon masterpieces by avoirdupois weight, or to assign undue value to mere symmetry of scheme, I think we must look for Pope's satirical masterpiece elsewhere. Not in the satire on women, where Pope seems hardly to have his heart in his work; but in the imitations from Horace, those generally known as Pope's "Satires." Here he is at his very best and tersest. They are as brilliant as anything in the "Dunciad," and they are brilliant right through; the mordant pen never flags. It matters not that they are imitated from Horace. They gain by it: their limits are circumscribed, their lines laid down, and Pope writes the better for having these limits set him, this tissue on which to work. Not a whit does he lose in essential originality: nowhere is he so much himself. It is very different from Horace, say the critics. Surely that is exactly the thing for which to thank poetry and praise Pope. It has not the pleasant urbane good humour of the Horatian spirit. No, it has the spirit of Pope—and satire is the gainer. Horace is the more charming companion; Pope is the greater satirist. In place of an echo of Horace (and no verse translation was ever anything but feeble which attempted merely to echo the original), we have a new spirit in satire; a fine series of English satirical poems, which in their kind are unapproached by the Roman, and in his kind wisely avoid the attempt to approach him. "Satires after Horace" would have been a better title than "Imitations"; for less imitative poems in essence were never written. These and the "Rape of the Lock" are Pope's finest title to fame. The "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," has at least one part which shows a pathos, little to have been surmised from his later work; and so, perhaps (in a much less degree, I think), have fragments of the once famous "Eloisa to Abelard." But the "Pastorals," and the "Windsor Forest," and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and other things in which Pope tried the serious or natural vein, are only fit to be remembered with Macpherson's Ossian and the classical enormities of the French painter David.

On the whole, it is as a satirist we must think of him, and the second greatest in the language. The gods are in pairs, male and female; and if Dryden was the Mars of English satire, Pope was the Venus—a very eighteenth century Venus, quite as conspicuous for malice as for elegance. If a woman's satire were informed with genius, and cultivated to the utmost perfection of form by lifelong and exclusive literary practice, one imagines it would be much like Pope's. His style seems to me feminine in what it lacks; the absence of any geniality, any softening humour to abate its mortal thrust. It is feminine in what it has, the malice, the cruel dexterity, the delicate needle point which hardly betrays its light and swift entry, yet stings like a bee. Even in his coarseness—as in the "Dunciad"—Pope appears to me female. It is the coarseness of the fine ladies of that material time, the Lady Maries and the rest of them. Dryden is a rough and thick-natured man, cudgelling his adversaries with coarse speech in the heat of brawl and the bluntness of his sensibilities; a country squire, who is apt at times to use the heavy end of his cutting whip; but when Pope is coarse he is coarse with effort, he goes out of his way to be nasty, in the evident endeavour to imitate a man. It is a girl airing the slang of her schoolboy brother. The one thing, perhaps, which differentiates him from a woman, and makes it possible to read his verse with a certain pleasure, without that sense of unrelieved cruelty which repels one in much female satire, is his artist's delight in the exercise of his power. You feel that, if there be malice, intent to wound, even spite, yet none of these count for so much with him as the exercise of his superb dexterity in fence. He is like Ortheris fondly patting his rifle after that long shot which knocked over the deserter, in Mr. Kipling's story. After all, you reflect, it is fair fight; if his hand was against many men, many men's hands were against him. So you give yourself up to admire the shell-like epigram, the rocketing and dazzling antithesis, the exquisitely deft play of point, by which the little invalid kept in terror his encompassing cloud of enemies—many of them adroit and formidable wits themselves. And you think, also, that the man who was loved by Swift, the professional hater, was not a man without a heart; though he wrote the most finished and brilliant satire in the language. FRANCIS THOMPSON.

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. GABRIEL MONOD's volume of *Portraits et Souvenirs* is interesting and instructive. The first, Victor Hugo, is the slightest, but M. Monod writes of Michelet at first hand. He owes his vocation as historian to this incomparable master, and enthusiastically repays his debt. On Michelet's flagrant defects he is silent, shows his evocative, impassioned, unexpected moods, the intensity of his vision and interpretative genius, but conceals what irritates the sober foreigner in his tempestuous character, his excessive picturesqueness, his sentimentality,

the too French, rhetorical and hysterical note, with the prolonged Hugoesque strain that runs through his most erudite work. But there is a charm in the logical *naïveté* of such a scholar as M. Michelet, and this M. Monod reveals. His study of J. R. Green, our own historian, is judicious and sympathetic. He concludes with a noble tribute to the English race:

"No other people has ever raised to such a height the sentiment of human dignity as the English race has done. It may have deserved hate—it has always commanded esteem. It has given admirable examples to the world not only of work, of perseverance, of individual initiative, but also of the love of liberty, of resistance to oppression, of immovable fidelity to duty. The ruin of England would not only mean the defeat of freedom in the world, the world itself would lose something of its nobility."

A fine phrase of the German historian Georges Waitz he records:

"My best works are my pupils; I hold to them the most, and believe I have best succeeded with them. My books will be surpassed and forgotten, but they will have served to form *savants* who will produce better ones."

Women should esteem Victor Duruy if only because, in the teeth of clerical opposition, he was the first minister to establish lecture courses for French young girls. The pages on James Darmesteter are full of tenderness and delicate sympathy, not however equal to the exquisite and luminous essay of Gaston Paris, but worth reading. The most interesting essays are those on the Russian explorer Mikluho-Maclay, and on the Bayreuth Festival. Of Wagner's personality he writes:

"He was not a man, he was an element, a force of nature, a force guided by sovereign will and intelligence. Those who assisted at this evocation of a world of form and sound at the master's voice have before them an unforgettable vision of the creative spirit ordaining chaos to draw therefrom the Universe."

A strain of diabolical cleverness runs through all the *Dernières Lettres de Femmes* of M. Marcel Prévost. This brilliant writer's study of women is exclusively concerned with matters of "temperament." Sex is too insistent, but within its limitations it is confoundingly cruel and true. The pity is that so probing and analytical a regard as his should so persistently pass by the woman without "a temperament." For there are many, and their characters, lives, and purposes are not the least happy and interesting. So century-end an author could not be expected to understand or consider such a naïve and old-fashioned an affair as a sentimental passion, yet a large study of the feminine heart should embrace this purer view of passion, for sentiment did not really disappear with the *Keepsake* period. M. Prévost inters it with the Tulleries. Adultery then covered its tear-bedewed face with the veil of honest remorse, and evoked irresistible passion as an excuse; now a young woman of society visits her old-fashioned godmother and cries radiantly:

"'You know, godmother, it's for to-morrow.' 'What's for to-morrow, dearest?' 'Why—Maurice. . . . I try a dress at Blanchet's at six, and, if I can get away in time, I'll come and tell you all about it, that will be an alibi.'"



And the sentimental godmother of Empire days, who betrayed her husband in the romantic way years ago, sits and muses tearfully on this new-fashioned method of besmattering the matron's honest robe between a visit and trial of a gown. "In those days," she reflects, "it was not the fashion to make fun of love between lovers. We only laughed at wedded love." May not the hard, cynical, new manner be a sensible step toward improved morals? The Empire state of affairs was by no means the best. In spite of the viciousness, wilful and boastful, gaining thereby a shadow of innocence, is there not a fresh little point of wisdom and sound cool reason in Aline's concluding remark, after she has, in the manner of our cynical "Jeunes," described the affair:

"'Are you happy at least?' asks the sentimental godmother, ready to pardon frailty if it implied happiness. 'Oh, it is less of a bore being forbidden fruit. But really that women should find it worth risking their tranquillity for so little! . . . But just think of my husband's face if he knew!'"

A young widow of society invades her brother's *appartement* one evening, and hearing that he sups in the equivocal world, insists that he shall take her as "a young person" making her official *début* in Paris. The ladies of the party, all lovely and well dressed, maintain a provincial correctness of deportment, talk rents, affairs of change, social questions, dramatic art, music, &c. The aristocrat believing the conversation to run on these correct lines on her account, begins to tell an anecdote of the great world, with virtuous consternation as a result. Her brother blushes and explains to the ladies of the other world, "You see, she does not know. In a little while she will behave better." He explains afterwards to his sister: "It is always like that. You see for yourself what going on a spree means. It isn't very funny, but one must pass one's evenings somehow." Meditating on what she has seen, the aristocrat cries: "How well I understand that they should play at respectable women in the hours of repose, as we of our world reverse the game in our provincial leisure." The idea has been worked at greater length in that amusing piece *Paris Fin-de-Siècle*.

M. André Theuriot's new novel, *Boisfleury*, is a well-written, readable, insignificant book. The landscape is agreeable that surrounds a dull little town among the mountains, but not a character interests us. We are asked to follow the futile flirtation and still more futile *liaison* of an extremely futile young man, who, had he not been French, and consequently condemned to look for a *dot*, might have married the girl he preferred first to jilt tearfully, or the widow he preferred afterwards to seduce joyously, and breaks what we are asked to regard as his heart, an organ of no account whatever.

H. L.

#### NEW BOOKS.

*Dernières Lettres de Femmes.* Marcel Prévost.  
*Les Jeunes.* Henri Lavedan.  
*Nos Fils.* Hugues Le Roux.  
*Dans la Brume.* Léon de Tinseau.  
*Autour de Balzac.* Vicomte de Spoelberch de Louvenjoul.

#### MRS. OLIPHANT,

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

It is difficult to realise that one who was so full of life and mental vigour has passed away. The name of Mrs. Oliphant is so well known wherever English is read that it seems almost useless to enumerate the works which have made her name a household word among us. If she had only written the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, *The Beleaguered City*, and *The Life of Edward Irving* she would have taken her place among the best writers of the century.

Margaret Wilson was born at Wallingford, near Musselburgh, in 1828, and in 1849 her first book, *Margaret Mailland*, was published. In 1852 she married her cousin, and from that time until three weeks ago she never ceased from writing. In health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in weal and in woe that indefatigable brain and pen worked on. Her husband, Francis Oliphant, was an artist, and some of his designs for glass windows gave promise of much success. But he only lived seven years after their marriage, during most of which he was in delicate health, ultimately dying of consumption in Italy.

Children were born, and the mother's hands and head were kept busily employed, while her heart ached sadly as three of the five babies died, leaving her at her husband's death with one boy and one girl, to whom, six weeks later, a little delicate boy was added. The last to come to her, he was the last to leave her, and when he, too, died, after years of ceaseless care and watching, she felt she had no further reason for living on. Burden upon burden was laid upon her willing shoulders, and not one was cast off by herself; she bore them kindly and tenderly, till they were lifted from her by no act or wish of her own. Her brother and his family were her welcome honoured guests, and at his death his children became as near as possible to her own; nor were these the only children to whom she became a second mother. Never was there a woman who gave so generously or who worked so hard for what she gave; never was she too busy to receive guests—to converse delightfully on the most trivial subjects; to sympathise and help in every trouble that was brought to her. She was a most tender and efficient nurse in sickness, as many a friend now mourning her can testify. Wonderfully dainty and womanly in all her ways; her sewing was a delight to see, and she could never tolerate the idea of machine-made clothes on babies or ladies. Her indignation was always roused by cheap clothing, and when she was shown or heard of any "bargain" she fired up at once, calling the material "coarse and rough," and the work either "abominably bad or shamefully underpaid, and in either case not fit for any gentlewoman to wear." Many and many an evening have I spent in her house at Windsor, but never once have I seen her occupied in any way but in forwarding the entertainment of the family circle. A hand at whist or a game of patience were her favourite pastimes, and she played both

with the eagerness of a child. When the rest of the party retired the second part of her working day began, for she wrote steadily from about 11 p.m. till 2 or 3 a.m. The first half of her working day was the forenoon, and no pressure of work ever took her away from the family or social circle during the afternoon or evening. It will hardly be believed that during her long life she never had a study of her own. She seemed to read everything, but was seldom seen with a book in her hand. She delighted in stories of all kinds, and listened to or read them with the avidity of a girl; but gossip and scandal of any kind was abhorrent to her, and checked by her severely. She had no taste nor desire for what is called Society, but good company was her greatest pleasure, and, till the death of her eldest son, no more cheerful house than hers could be found in all England, though even then the burden of life was very heavy on the shoulders of the brave woman, for the large household was expensive, and all outgoings had to be met by unflagging, never-ceasing work. Her life is a record of astounding industry, too often pursued under the stress of hard necessity.

Mrs. Oliphant wrote her first work, *Margaret Mailland*, in her teens; it was published and went through three editions in the year she came of age. The delicate husband and an increasing family very soon drove her to continue the literary work, begun as a girl's recreation, as the one means of subsistence for her husband and children. At one time during Mr. Oliphant's long illness she wrote a three-volume novel in six weeks, nursing him day and night the while; perhaps only a woman can fully appreciate the quiet heroism of this. Six weeks after his death her youngest child, her much-loved "Cecoo," was born. Left with three children, Mrs. Oliphant returned to her native Scotland to maintain the heroic struggle with the cruellest fate, which hereafter made up her whole life. Of the novels which she poured out ceaselessly from that time until a few months ago, some are already forgotten, others will live as long as there is any interest in the Victorian age. It was not possible for a writer so prolific to be always at her best. If she had written less she would have written masterpieces. Occupied as she was with her children and her home, she could not afford to write masterpieces always; but the loss of the artist is to the honour of the woman. Mrs. Oliphant seldom went very deep for the subjects of her fiction; she purposely avoided the more violent passions of humanity, and shrank from working out situations to the bitter end. Yet her vision of life was singularly clear, her observation wonderfully keen and true; her characters are seldom extraordinary men or women, but they are always men and women. Unlike many of her female contemporaries in fiction, she always wrote the purest English. Novels with a purpose were unattractive, and problems of sex hateful to her. Realistic novels she disliked, because the simplicity and purity of her own nature prevented her from believing in conscious vice and wickedness. "My dear," she would say, "there must be some mistake,

people are not so bad as that; there must have been some misunderstanding."

But the work she most loved was the strangely beautiful allegories of which *The Beleaguered City* and *The Land of Darkness* are good types. *The Little Pilgrim* has been a true help and comfort to many thousands of aching hearts, and to write these weird and lovely stories gave her real pleasure, and was rest not toil to her.

In biographies she was also prolific, and of these *The Life of Edward Irving* and of her kinsman *Laurence Oliphant* are perhaps the most widely known. Then there is the series of books on Florence, Venice, Rome, Edinburgh, and Jerusalem; episodes in her life of astonishing energy, though they would have been a life's work for anybody else.

The inner history of this wonderful productiveness is unspeakably sad. Her brother's health broke down; she added him and his three children to her own family, but no sooner had she come to love his son as her own than he too died, just as he had started on a most promising career. Of the two nieces one married and the other remained with her, watching and waiting on her to the very end, with the tenderness and devotion she so richly deserved. For the last three months the married one and her children were also with her.

Her own three children, who remained to her at her husband's death, left her one after another, in spite of the tenderest care and watching. Maggie, her only daughter, went first, dying in Rome, at eleven years old, leaving an aching void which time never filled. Cyril, the eldest, died next, after a very short illness, in the prime of life. And, at last, after years of delicate health, literally kept alive by constant care and watching, her youngest boy—her adored "Cecco"—was laid near his brother. Fate seemed to take a delight in torturing her; yet no suffering could break her gallant spirit or sour her gracious kindness. She bore her acutely painful illness with unflinching courage, and died with as brave dignity as she had lived. Within a few days of her death she wrote to her old friend Mr. Blackwood, and whatever his answer to that letter was it set her mind at rest. She said to me a few days before her death: "I have no anxiety now, for the first time since I left my mother. I am in perfect peace."

To her last published story, *The Ways of Life*, a pathetic interest attaches by reason of its preface, entitled "On the Ebb-Tide"; which may now be read as a kind of prophetic farewell to her literary work. As pathetic is the fact that her last written work was a "Jubilee Ode" in the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. There she bade farewell to the Victorian era, with which so nearly her work coincides. But Mrs. Oliphant was very much greater than all her work. Generous, loyal, tireless, dauntless, and upright in all her ways, yet always sweetly charitable, she was at once the most womanly of women and as manly as the manliest of men. She rests, at last, between her two boys in Eton Cemetery.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### BOOK SALES AND REPORTS.

WE last week reported, in interview form, on the effects of the Jubilee celebrations upon Book-selling and the prospects of the autumn season. Some further reports reach us this week from the provinces. Mr. Charles Linnell, of the firm of Messrs. Cornish Bros., Birmingham, writes as follows:

"The Spring Publishing Season of 1897 was more successful than that of 1895, or of 1896. Seldom, if ever, have we had such good books as those by Dr. Nansen, Lord Roberts and Captain Mahan; these three works have had a steady and a continuous sale—and are still selling. It is most fortunate that these three important books were issued in the Spring—fortunate for the Publishers and for the Booksellers, for had these books appeared in the autumn they would have prevented the sale of other books which only 'catch on' at Christmas-tide. As it is, they have not checked the sale of other books, they have had an elevated and dignified time to themselves, and they have stood quite apart from the common rush of Christmas literature. It is a lesson to the publishers—good sterling literature should be kept for the spring season. In fiction we had no literary novelty. The novel of 'real life' has been done to death. Our friends are weary of the romantic treatise on social evils, bearing the form of fiction, unpleasant as a novel, and intolerable as a long pamphlet. It is singular that while a keen appetite has been stimulated and gratified for romances of many lands, few writers have turned to Anglo-Saxon history for incident and historical portraits.

"The Jubilee literature has sold splendidly. Books on the Queen's reign have been in great demand. The first place must be given to Mr. McCarthy's new volume, then comes Mr. Escott's *Social Transformations*, and then the more personal Lives by Mr. Knight, Miss Tooley and Mr. Tullock. Mr. Stead's *Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign* is much praised. The effect of the Jubilee on bookselling has been most favourable.

"It is too early to write about the hopes and the fears of the autumn publishing season: Mr. Holmes' *Queen Victoria* will be the book. We are told that three new editions of the 'Waverley Novels' are to come. Each, doubtless, will have its particular merits; and the fame of Scott is wide enough for all these editions. No edition of his works, if worthily produced, will ever lack purchasers. We are glad to welcome new editions and new illustrations in rapid and prosperous succession. How we have prayed that Dickens may some day have the loving care like unto that given to Scott, and that Thackeray will ere long be seen in a format which will please and delight the reader!"

Messrs. D. B. Friend & Co., of Brighton, also favour us with a careful report as follows:

"The Spring Bookselling Season, especially the early part, has been about an

average one, and a steady demand has been maintained for the better class of New Fiction and good reprints of Standard Novels. But perhaps the most noteworthy point in regard to current literature has been the issue of two such high-priced books so close together as Col. Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* and Nansen's *Farthest North*, both of which have been so deservedly popular, not to speak of a third—viz., Capt. Mahan's *Life of Nelson*, which followed so quickly in the wake of the other two. The enormous sale which these have had surely points to the fact that there is still a large public who do care for, and will buy, good books, irrespective of price.

"The effect of the Diamond Jubilee on the Bookselling Trade, however, has been decidedly adverse on the whole, though it goes without saying that the various books on Her Majesty the Queen have been greatly in demand; in many cases, however, both for presents and prizes, they have been substituted for other books rather than purchased additionally.

"The prospects for the coming season do not seem particularly bright at present, though we are 'promised' a good season by various prophets, who unfortunately, however, are not in a position to guarantee the fulfilment of their predictions. Still, if the number of books announced is any criterion as to the business to be done, it will undoubtedly be a good season."

OUR Bristol correspondents, Messrs. Georges Sons, are unable to report even sales in Fiction, and they add in explanation: "The shadow of the Jubilee hung over the 'spring season' and deadened sales. During the past month all spare cash of ordinary bookbuyers appeared to be saved for London expenses; and the book trade has been as nearly at a standstill as we have ever known it."

MESSRS. BUMPUS (Holborn, W.C.) report: "Trade during the last week has been very brisk, our sales being principally of standard works, well bound."

### THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING. LONDON.

#### FICTION.

Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.  
The Whirlpool. By George Gissing.  
The Plattner Story. By H. G. Wells.  
A Rose of Yesterday. By Marion Crawford.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Sixty Years a Queen. By Sir Herbert Maxwell.  
Social Transformations in the Victorian Age.  
By T. H. S. Escott.  
Social England. Vol. VI. By H. D. Traill.

#### POETRY.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson.  
Barrack-Room Ballads. By Rudyard Kipling.  
The Battle of the Bays. Owen Seaman.

## TRAVEL.

In Darkest Africa. New cheap edition. By H. M. Stanley.

## BELLES LETTRES.

The House of Dreams. By Laurence Housmann.  
The Temple Classics and Dramatists.

## BIRMINGHAM.

## FICTION.

Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.  
The Plattner Story. By H. G. Wells.  
The Massarenes. By Ouida.  
Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Forty one Years in India. By Gen. Roberts.  
Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.  
Lectures on Oliver Cromwell. By Prof. Gardiner.  
Social England. Vol. II. By H. D. Traill.  
The Renaissance in Italy. New edition. By J. A. Symonds.

## POETRY.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson.

## NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

## FICTION.

Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.  
The Green Book. By Maurus Jókai.  
A Rose of Yesterday. By Marion Crawford.  
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker.  
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steele.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Nelson. By Captain Mahan.  
Forty-one Years in India. By Gen. Roberts.

## TRAVEL.

Through Finland in Carts. By Mrs. Alec. Tweedie.

## BRISTOL.

## FICTION.

No movement.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cabot's Discovery of America. By S. E. Weare.  
The Renaissance in Italy. New edition. By J. A. Symonds.  
History of the Papacy (Reissue). By Bishop Creighton.

## BRIGHTON.

## FICTION.

Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle.  
Phroso. By Anthony Hope.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By Miss Tooley.  
Victoria, Her Life and Reign. By Knight.

## POETRY, ETC.

New Poems. By Francis Thompson.  
Temple Classics.

## SALE OF THE ASHBURNHAM LIBRARY.

WHEN the summary of the Book Sales for the year 1897 comes to be made, it will be found that the sale of the collection of books from Ashburnham-place will distinguish this year from that of any other of the last two decades. For a comparison we must go back to the days of Heber, Roxburgh, and Sunderland.

Within the past few days, one half of the "lots" described in the present catalogue have been sold; while the catalogue itself consists only of about one-fourth of the entire collection. The rest is to be placed on the market at a later date, but some idea of what is to come may be formed when we state that there is a Pliny of 1472, printed on vellum; a unique set of the first five editions of Walton's "Angler," "in the finest condition, and in the original sheep binding"; a number of very rare works on Witchcraft and kindred subjects, published in the time of Elizabeth and James I.; and several important works relating to the discovery and early history of America. It is now well known that the library was formed by the fourth Earl, between the years 1815 and 1877. Within that period, the Earl devoted himself to the "art of collecting," and whether his efforts were towards the acquisition of manuscripts, pictures, coins, or books, his taste was always excellent. With books, in particular, he was careful to a degree; and the copies of the rarer items are often in the finest condition. For this the library has acquired a special reputation; and this consideration, coupled with the fact that large commissions have been sent from American buyers, must account for the truly phenomenal prices which the books have so far realised.

The sale commenced on Friday last (June 25), and this first day produced a competition of an exciting nature. The *editio princeps* of Aristotle's "Opera" (1483), illustrated with exquisite illuminations, and printed upon vellum, fell at last to Mr. Quaritch; but he had to pay £800 for it. The Oxford edition of Aretino's Latin translation of the same writer's "Ethics" (1479, and the second book with the Oxford imprint) realised £121. This also Mr. Quaritch acquired. The price paid for a little work of nine leaves which, apparently, was printed from Caxton's type, and perhaps by Machlinia, was absurd. It is by Arusiens, and dealt with the treatment of a "grete sekenesse called Pestilence." The same copy sold in the White Knight's sale for £9; Messrs. Sotheman & Co. paid £147 for it! Three editions of "The Story of Kyng Arthur" sold well. The first was Copland's (1557) for which Mr. Quaritch gave £39. The second, Castell's edition, Mr. Quaritch acquired for £29 10s. For the third Mr. Leighton gave £24. It bore Redborne's imprint, and was Utterson's copy.

Other items of note were: Aretino's "Historia del Popolo Fiorentino" (1476), printed on vellum, £74 (Murray); Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" (1534), in a fine sixteenth century Italian binding, £22 (Bain); Harrington's translation of "Orlando" (1591), on large paper, £36 (Ellis). It transpired that this copy had belonged to Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Arnold's "Chronicle" (1502?), a very imperfect copy, £9 15s. (Quaritch); the second edition of 1521 Mr. Quaritch also bought for £15 15s.; Ascham's "Scholemaster" (1570) £17 (Pickering); Ascham's "Toxophilus" (1545), £18 10s. (Maggs). For another copy of the same edition Mr. Quaritch gave £12 15s., and for a presentation copy from the author to the Earl of Essex he gave £30 10s.

The second day furnished buyers with a remarkable collection of various editions of Dame Juliana Berners' treatise on "Hawking." The

first edition, known as "The Book of St. Albans," was printed in 1486. The present copy had belonged to the Duke of Roxburgh, and when in his possession was imperfect. The Earl of Ashburnham perfected it, and Mr. Quaritch paid £385 for its 89 leaves. The other editions sold as follows:

Wynkyn de Worde (1496), £160; Vele and Copland for Toye, n.d., £61; Wyllyam Powell, n.d., £76; John Waley, n.d., £62. The book of "Fysshynge with an Angle," by Dame Berners, which Wynkyn de Worde printed in Fleet-street sometime about the year 1532 was sold for £360. In an unbound state it cost the late earl £19 19s. Bale's "Illustrium Maioris Britanniae Scriptorum" (1548), which is the first book printed at Ipswich, was bought for £50 (Townley). This particular copy had belonged to King Edward VI. Bacon's "Essaies" (1598), the rare second edition, Mr. Bain acquired for £32, and Mr. Ellis paid £20 for a large paper copy of the first edition of the "Advancement of Learning" (1605).

The third day might be called "The Bible Day." A hint of the exceptionally high prices which were to rule was obtained on the very first "lot." It was the rare block book, "Biblia Pauperum" (1430?), with rude woodcuts on one side of each of the forty leaves. This copy was last sold for £36 15s. It now brought £1,050, and Mr. Quaritch, senior, placed it carefully on the table before him.

The event of the day was the sale of the famous so-called "Mazarine Bible" (1450-55), printed by Gutenberg and Fust with metal types. Although Mr. Quaritch paid £4,000 for it, the bidding was not at all brisk. It commenced at £500; the next bid was £1,000, and Mr. Quaritch made it £2,000. From that to the final amount the bids came timorously. No doubt it would have brought more had there been a certainty about the two leaves which were presumed to be in facsimile. The auctioneer informed the company that all the four copies of this famous work sold in these rooms had gone to Mr. Quaritch's bids; this, however, was the first copy on vellum.

Other Bibles sold as follows: Libri Moysi Quinque (Paris, 1541), £30 (Quaritch); Biblia Sacra Polyglotta (Plantin, 1570-1), £79 (Murray); Biblia Sacra Latina, Editionis Vulgatæ (1462), £1,500 (Quaritch); The Pentateuch, Tyndall's Translation, Hans Luft (1534), £492 (Quaritch)—this was Lord Aston's copy, which realised £121 in 1845—Coverdale's Translation of the Bible (Antwerp, 1535), £820 (Quaritch)—first edition in English—this copy was, of course, imperfect; Cranmer's Bible (1539), £73 (Tregaskis), (1550) £53 (Quaritch); (1553)—Queen Elizabeth's copy—£93 (Quaritch); Bishop's Bible (1568)—first edition—£70 (Quaritch).

Up to the time of our going to press we are only able to deal with the fourth day's sale, which began with a few Bibles of lesser importance, and was followed by some rare books of woodcut illustrations of Biblical subjects: Holy Bible (1680), £20 (Bain); Biblicæ Historiæ (Sebald Beham), £15 15s. (Quaritch); Hans Holbein's Bible Illustrations (1539), £12 10s. (Bain); (1543) £9 5s. (Bain); (1549) £8 5s. (Pickering).

Two books distinguished this day. The first was Colard Mansion's edition (1476) of Boccaccio's "De la Ruine des Nobles Hommes et Femmes." Unfortunately, it transpired that it had all the preliminary leaves, to the number of six, in facsimile, and two other leaves were also suspected. Although the Sunderland copy, which had no painted miniatures, had realised £960, this copy with these miniatures Mr. Quaritch obtained easily for £695. The second book was the first of the Caxtons in the catalogue—Boethius's "Consolations" (1479?). Mr. Tregaskis paid for it the abnormally high

price of £510. Among the more interesting of the remaining "lots" may be mentioned: Bidpay's "Directorium Humane Vite" (1480?), £18 10s. (Leighton); Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation" (1686), £10 5s. (Tregaskis), £10 15s. (Quaritch), and £9 (Ellis); Blundeville's "Fower Chiefest Offices of Horsemanshippe" (W. Seres, n.d.), £13 (Quaritch); Boccaccio's "De Cercaldi Historiographi" (*Éditio princeps*), £22 (Edwards); Boccaccio's "Falles of Sondry . . . Princes and Princesses" (1554), £27 (Bain); "De Mulieribus Claris" (1473), £71 (Quaritch) and £73 (Quaritch); "Decameron" (Maçon's first French translation, 1545), £33 (Quaritch); "Decameron" (first English translation, 1620), £49 (Quaritch); Boece's "Chronicles of Scotland" (Edinburgh, 1536), £58 (Ellis).

## DRAMA.

THE foreign invasion of the West-end theatres has assumed remarkable proportions. Both Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Réjane, who are old friends, and Mme. Odilon, of the Vienna stage, a newcomer, have been in full blast; so that it becomes a matter of difficulty to sort out one's impressions of so polyglottous a week. What stands out strongest in my retrospect, perhaps, is the pleasure with which I made Mme. Odilon's acquaintance. The German drama has much less attraction for the English public than the French, not merely because the language is less familiar, but from a difference in the artistic and literary sympathies of the Teuton and the Englishman. Almost the one dramatic link between the two great northern races is their belief in Shakespeare, and that, perhaps, is more academic and less vital among playgoers in this country than in Germany. In France, Shakespeare, though accepted as one of the world's classics, is hardly known. Somehow the German translations of him are as good as the French are poor, and this may help to explain why Shakespeare is in some sort an exception to the rule we have been considering—namely, that our dramatic affinities are far more French than German. Certainly all German companies visiting this country hitherto have had a somewhat unfavourable tale to tell. The Saxe-Meiningen company were admired for their stage-management mainly; the Coburg company, who played at Drury Lane a year or two ago, having only their repertory and their acting to recommend them, were, I fear, rather severely cold-shouldered by the paying public. Has it been reserved for Mme. Odilon and her colleagues of the Volkstheater, Vienna, to "change the luck," as they say, in the most superstitious of all the professions? Apparently so. At all events, they are the first of the German-speaking companies within my experience of the stage, extending over twenty years, who have been able favourably to impress English opinion. For one thing, their repertory is light and, if one may so say, exceedingly un-German, and for another, Mme. Odilon is able to win a personal triumph by reason of the brightness of her style, her vivacity, her beauty, her charm. One need not, for that reason, set her down

as a great actress. Her admirers call her "the Austrian Réjane," and the phrase expresses her limitations, not to say her inferiority; since we do not hear of Mme. Réjane being described as "the French Odilon." It is not the happiest of phrases. Mme. Odilon reflects fairly well one aspect of Réjane's talent. She is sunny, playful, coquettish; but her personal charm, embodying a voluptuousness, a fund of animal spirits, a *grisorio* of a singularly attractive character, carries her further than the French actress in that direction. Mme. Réjane is a product of art; Mme. Odilon, with her hoydenish *abandon*, impresses one as a pure effusion of nature. The Austrian actress is cast for light comedy, but if she could sing, which probably she does not, she would assuredly excel in *opéra-bouffe*. She possesses a most captivating sort of stage beauty. Short, perhaps, according to English notions, she is admirably moulded, on the opulent scale, and moves with kittenish grace. The piece in which she made her *début* at Daly's, "Untreu," an adaptation from the Italian, brought out all her best qualities. She had to read a lesson in manners to a dolt of a husband on the one hand, and to a too presumptive lady-killer on the other, and right merrily she did it, with never a lapse into the serious vein, except when adding a touch of scorn to the raillery that she poured upon her ill-starred admirer. The company supporting Mme. Odilon is adequate, without being as polished as that of a Parisian playhouse of corresponding rank to the Volkstheater.

In dramatic instinct unquestionably the French excel. This was once more proved by the manner in which Mme. Réjane and her company interpreted that remarkably cynical and, in the derogatory sense of the phrase, up-to-date play "La Douleureuse," which has been the most striking success of the past season in Paris. With its audacious negation of principle, truth, honour, loyalty, so far as the chief *dramatis personæ* are concerned, such a piece, if played in a tactless fashion could not fail to ruffle the sensibilities of the public. The Vaudeville company skate over the thin ice of the story with an unfailing dexterity, which almost amounts to an instinct. They possess the art of the *demi-mot*; a shrug of the shoulders, a look or an intonation suffices to save the situation from vulgarity. Dialogue divorced from action in an English play tends to drag, and our dramatists have contracted the habit of cutting down every scene, so to speak, to its bare poles, so that the audience may escape tedium. To a greater extent than is generally suspected, this is due to the inability of the English actor to render the niceties of diction. He carries no small change with him. He studies only broad and palpable effects. But a couple of French actors will carry on a purely literary conversation with such a mastery of light and shade that they hold the attention of their audience as closely as if they were discussing matters of dramatic moment. In the first two acts of "La Douleureuse" this peculiarly French art

—*l'art de bien dire*—is strikingly illustrated, for here the author is engaged in depicting, by dialogue mainly, the character of the money-worshipping, heartless, soulless society of the Bourse and the Boulevard, there being as yet no necessary question of the play to be considered. That develops, properly speaking, in the third act, where the significance of the slangy title of the play—the reckoning—becomes apparent. M. Maurice Donnay is one of the *les jeunes*, and wedded accordingly to the pessimistic; but he writes in this instance with a moral purpose, which is to show that every evil deed has to be paid for, and that society, nature, Providence, or what you will, inexorably exacts its price for the same—i.e., *la douleur*. The swindling financier who gives his *soirées* in the first act shoots himself as the police come to arrest him. That is his reckoning. Deceiving husbands are in turn deceived by their wives. That is their reckoning. The dramatic interest of the story develops when the principle comes to be applied to the lovers who occupy the foreground of the picture—Hélène, widow of the financier above mentioned, and her friend, the fashionable sculptor Philippe. In this disloyal *monde* they have vowed each other fidelity, but the lover in due time deceives his mistress with her bosom friend, and learns, to his undoing, that the woman he has so fully trusted has had a previous lover of whose existence she never breathed a word.

That is their Nemesis at last, and consistently treated the story ought to finish there; but the exigencies of the happy ending, from which even authors of the new school do not escape, has induced M. Donnay to add a scene of reconciliation for the disillusioned lovers, upon the prospect of whose marriage the curtain falls. The great scene of the play is that where Mme. Réjane, as Hélène, has her past brutally flung in her teeth by her lover, who, of all men, is least entitled to reproach her, seeing that it is through an infidelity on his own part that he has learnt her guilty secret. With what infinite delicacy does Mme. Réjane treat the wounded feelings of the false wife, and, in a sense, the disingenuous mistress too, in this her hour of reckoning! The squalid facts of the situation have a glamour thrown round them with which there is nothing comparable in the entire range of the drama, except the magic displayed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in rehabilitating her sentimental courtesan, Marguerite Gautier. It is art, this, of the highest kind; and not even Mme. Sarah Bernhardt could equal the essential tenderness and true womanliness of Mme. Réjane's interpretation. "La Douleureuse" is a play which could hardly be written in English, and which could not be acted if it were—I mean from the purely artistic point of view. Neither our dramatists nor our actors cultivate the nicety of touch displayed in this performance, both on its literary and its histrionic side. Their work may be as truthful, but it is done with a bigger brush.

J. F. N.



## MUSIC.

"WHY revive 'Faust' after the failure last year of 'La Reine de Saba'?" Thus wrote a well-known French critic in 1864, referring to the *repris* of the opera at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique. The strong points of the work were recognised by Berlioz and other writers when it was produced in 1859, yet not one of them seems to have had an inkling of the great popularity which it was destined to achieve. Wagner's music-dramas have killed many an opera, but "Faust" still lives. The librettists, MM. Barbier and Carré, certainly did not rise to the height of the argument of the German poet and philosopher, but that in no way interferes with the success of the work; their book was cleverly constructed, and, moreover, eminently suited to display the composer's gifts at their fullest. There is something in "Faust" to suit all tastes; and though the music may at times be superficial, or even commonplace, there is many a page in which the most carping critic must acknowledge merit of a very high order. The successful performance of the opera at Covent Garden on Monday night shows that it still lives. But, then, Mme. Melba played the part of Marguerite, and with her lovely voice and perfect method of production she makes all her music sound so fresh, so natural, so insinuating. This great artist has been reproached with a certain coldness in her acting and facial expression, and, certainly, judged by the most lenient standard, one could scarcely speak of her as a born actress. Her Marguerite on Monday displayed, however, surprising movement and warmth. M. Alvarez, the Faust, as usual, sang and acted well; yet, after all, he is a stage figure rather than a human being. M. Ancona was a good Valentin, and M. Plançon played Mephistopheles with his usual ability. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

LAST week I paid a visit to the music section of the Victorian Era Exhibition, Earl's Court, and although, perhaps, it is not as large as one could wish, there are many objects of interest in it. The musical fashions of this world change rapidly, and Mendelssohn is not thought so much of now as he was in the early years of the Queen's reign; but he has been an important figure in the period which the Exhibition seeks to illustrate. The autograph pianoforte score of "Elijah," the greatest of modern oratorios, is exhibited by his daughter, Mrs. Benecke. There is another *souvenir* of the composer—viz., the assignment to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. of the "Hymn of Praise," and near to it the assignment to the same firm of Gounod's "Mors et Vita." For the one was paid £31 10s; for the other £4,000. The difference is enormous, and all the more striking seeing that the earlier work has probably proved a far richer mine; and of the two it is by far the finer. The world-wide popularity of Gounod as the composer of "Faust," and the success, in this country at any rate, of "The Redemption," explains in large measure the high price paid for a work which, many attractive pages

notwithstanding, cannot be pronounced great. The Mozart corrections of the harmony exercises of his pupil Attwood, a composer who just lived to see the commencement of the Queen's reign, will of course prove specially attractive to musicians.

There are many autograph scores of living composers: Sir A. Sullivan, Drs. Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford, Bridge, &c. Of the first named there are the "sketches" for the popular "Mikado" and the score of the work itself. Among the portraits, nearly 200 in number, the one of Paderewski, painted by the Princess Louise, is a prominent object. Of others I would mention those of Joachim, Sarasate, Dr. Hubert Parry, and Sir Walter Paratt.

Of musical instruments may be named a very fine Erard pianoforte presented by George the Fourth to Princess Victoria; the tone is still good, and the touch excellent. There is also the pianoforte on which Rubinstein played at Windsor in 1857. A list, by the way, of all the distinguished vocalists and instrumentalists who have appeared at Windsor during the sixty years of the Queen's reign would have been welcome.

The exhibits have been carefully arranged and catalogued by Mr. William Barclay Squire of the British Museum.

J. S. S.

## SCIENCE.

IN spite of the rapid and unparalleled advances which we have all been boasting about, science does not seem to have lost its Tithonus-like activity at the close of the Queen's long reign. On one hand the *Turbinia*, the new model torpedo boat fitted with Parsons' steam-turbines, has been cutting records and capers at Cowes, among the long lines of stately warships, that defied all attempts at pursuit, and must have seriously upset the complacency of the Admiralty Constructive Department. The *Turbinia* is a good ten knots faster than any vessel of her size and tonnage ever made, and is besides the fastest vessel now afloat. Having just experienced a day on board of her at Spithead, I can testify that when running thirty-three knots an hour she is perfectly free from vibration and the other discomforts usual on torpedo boats. What her full speed may be I do not know, for she has never steamed at full pressure yet, and blows off even at the speed mentioned. Probably she has another two knots in hand. The space occupied by her machinery is extremely small and free from moving parts. The boiler space is less for the power than would be the case with other forms of machinery, and three screw valves control the whole navigation. The length of the boat is 100 feet, beam 9 feet, displacement a little over 44 tons, and she develops 2,200 horse power. She has nine screws, on three separate shafts, which revolve at over 2,000 revolutions per minute.

THIS is the latest word in marine engineering, and it may have an important bearing

on our light navy during the next few years. Side by side with this, however, there has been creeping up a new form of navigation altogether, that of the air; and before the Queen's reign is done we may see this long-dreamt-of achievement placed upon a practical footing. I have beside me the *third* volume of an American publication, *The Aeronautical Annual* for 1897, which contains some extremely interesting matter. To begin with, it sketches the history of Samuel Pierpont Langley, the popular secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and his successive "aerodromes" or flying machines, the latest form of which was made familiar to readers of the *Strand Magazine* last month. Prof. Langley's machines are only models, weighing, with fuel and water sufficient for a short flight, about 30 lb. The weight of the machinery for driving them is 7 lb. This consists of a small 1 h.p. piston engine with two cylinders, and a copper-coil boiler heated by a sort of naphtha blow-flame. Propulsion is got by two propellers working in opposite directions. To this extent the aerodrome recalls the flying-machine of Mr. Hiram Maxim, on which also I once enjoyed a memorable ride, in company with Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, and a number of other scientific experts. The difference between the two machines is probably this: Mr. Maxim's engineering skill has enabled him to produce a more perfect mechanical combination than the "aerodrome," whereas Prof. Langley's long study and unique knowledge of aerial conditions has produced a machine better adapted to suit itself to wind pressure, and more capable of flight. Mr. Maxim's, on the other hand, is a full-sized machine, while Prof. Langley's is a model.

THERE is another branch of aeronautics which consists in gliding with wings, instead of being propelled through the air by machinery. This is associated chiefly with the name of Otto Lilienthal, who did more than any man living to master the conditions of equilibrium in the air, and whose untimely death from a fall was a great loss to science. Lilienthal, however, has his followers, one of whom, an Englishman named Pilcher, has made considerable strides towards success. His soaring machine is described as a single plane machine (it was the addition of a second plane above, in many people's opinion, that caused the accident to Lilienthal), with two long, bat-like wings fitted to a central frame shaped like a boat. The wing surface is 23 ft. from tip to tip, and 8 ft. across, giving an area of 180 sq. ft. Mr. Chanute, of Chicago, another old student of gliding flight, or soaring, uses much more complicated machines than this, some having six or eight pairs of wings. In a business-like way he has been in the habit of retiring to a camp among some deserted sand-hills with his assistants, and there trying flights from a summit under every condition of opposing wind. His experiments are worth reading, and form a not unimportant contribution to the literature of soaring compiled by Lilienthal.

H. C. M.

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No preconceived theory, therefore, directs Mr. Lee's attempt to date the Sonnets, which, like every sensible man, he takes to be autobiographical. Consequently he looks straight at the facts, and the facts lead him to a conclusion which is novel. The Sonnets were published in 1609. Shakespeare in them speaks of himself frequently as being past his prime:

"That time of year thou mayest in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon the boughs."

And many critics have been tempted to associate the emotional crisis which the Sonnets describe with the mood that generated "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure," "Timon of Athens," "Antony and Cleopatra." Yet in 1602-3, when the first of these plays was written, the story was already an old one. As early as 1599, Jaggard published piratically, in the "Pamphleteer's Pilgrim," two of the Sonnets, one of which (cxliv.) is the plainest statement of the tragic situation:

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair  
Which, like two spirits do suggest me still,  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

The rest of this poem states the further complication. Moreover, in 1598, Meres mentions the poet's "sugred sonnets among his private friends." It is certain, then, that some of the sonnets were written eleven years before the date of publication, and that the love story dated, at latest, from Shakespeare's thirty-fifth year. The question of age raises no difficulty; a man halfway through the thirties, who had lived Shakespeare's laborious existence, would feel battered enough beside such a radiant young Apollo as he describes. But Mr. Lee wishes to push the date still further back, to the period when Shakespeare was best known as the poet of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." In 1595 "Edward III." was ready for publication, and it contains a line from Sonnet xciv. Further back still, in 1594—Shakespeare's thirtieth year—there was published "Willobie his Avisa," in which the writer relates how, in search of a cure for unhappy love, he appealed to "his familiar friend, W. S. (an old player), who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion, and was now nearly recovered of the like infection." Here Mr. Lee does not command our assent. If all else fitted in, we should not stick at the identification of W. S. with Shakespeare. But, in the first place, we hold that the man who speaks in the Sonnets is a man at least verging on middle age; whereas, if W. S. were Shakespeare, he could not be thirty. Secondly, as to the line in "Edward III.," the sonnet may quote the play as naturally as the play the sonnet. At most, it proves that Sonnet xciv. was written before 1595; and this sonnet, which begins—

"They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
That do not do the things they most do show"—

is the hardest of the whole series to interpret. Does it refer to the youth or the lady

of the Sonnets? It is by no means an unlikely conjecture that the series, as published in 1609, includes, besides those directly connected with the love-story, such other poems of the same form as Shakespeare had at any time written. We do not place the Sonnets, therefore, so early as Mr. Lee does; but he has proved to demonstration that the story cannot be placed later in Shakespeare's life than his thirty-fifth year; and, consequently, that when he sketched in Cleopatra such a woman as he wrote of in the Sonnets he was going back on ten-year-old memories.

As to the persons, Mr. Lee makes short work of the view that Mr. W. H. was William Herbert. Not taking his view of the date, we attach little importance to the fact that Herbert was only fourteen in 1594. The important thing is, that in 1609 he was not Mr. W. H. but the Earl of Pembroke. T. T., Thomas Thorpe the publisher, had previously dedicated works to him, in which, as was natural, he gave to his patron full benefit of his titles. With Herbert disappears Mary Fitton. Even if the identification were otherwise probable, dates forbid it. Herbert's entanglement with that lady dates from 1600, a year after Sonnet cxliv. was well known enough to be pirated by Jaggard. Who then was the youth? Mr. Lee answers, on grounds of general probability, Southampton, the only noble with whom Shakespeare is known to have been on friendly terms, and whom he addresses in the preface to *Lucrece* in phrases that recall the tone of the Sonnets. Mr. W. H. the "only begetter" is, he thinks, the gentleman who "begot" or procured them for publication. "Beget" certainly has this sense in Elizabethan English, but we doubt this interpretation.

In the way of disagreement we have to suggest that Mr. Lee hardly allows enough weight to the influence of Lyly, who was the model for Shakespeare's prose style. In his interesting history of foreign opinion he does not emphasise sufficiently the epoch making production of De Vigny's "Othello" in 1829, the year before "Hernani," and Shakespeare's relation to the whole romantic school.

One interesting point is, we think new; but who can say what has not been said before in Shakesperian criticism? Ben Jonson in the *Poetaster* calls himself Horace. He speaks episodically of another poet whom he names Virgil, and thus describes his talent:

"His learning labours not the school-like gloss  
That most consists in echoing words and terms . . .

Nor any long or far-fetched circumstance—  
Wrapt in the curious generalities of arts—  
But a direct and analytical sum  
Of all the worth and first effect of arts.  
And, for his poetry, 'tis so rammed with life  
That it shall gather strength of life with being,  
And live hereafter, more admired than now.

The resemblance to Jonson's lines prefixed to the folio of 1623 is striking, and if the line we have italicised does not apply to Shakespeare, to whom does it apply?

The article is a masterly piece of workmanship, well worthy of the monumental publication in which it appears.

## BAD WOMEN.

*Lives of Twelve Bad Women.* Illustrations and Reviews of Feminine Turpitude set forth by Impartial Hands. Edited by Arthur Vincent. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is a book for cynics; but the cynic "as is a cynic," we imagine, will find it somewhat mild and disappointing. To the true-hearted cynic human wickedness is a matter of such day-by-day banality that a fresh specimen, to pique his interest, must either be rare in kind or excessive in degree. But of these poor twelve bad women celebrated by Mr. Arthur Vincent and his colleagues the honest cynic will feel that many were not much worse than the average of their sex, and that as for the others their badness was of a deplorably trite and uninspiring pattern.

Alice Perrers, for example, the favourite of King Edward III., and the first on the list of Mr. Vincent's "illustrations," appears, when all is said, to have done nothing more extraordinary than seize occasion by the forelock and put by a bit of money. Who will blame her for that? She understood, with fine feminine intuition, that an aged monarch could scarce be counted on to live for ever, and that for herself the situation was certainly one of "After him, the deluge." Rainy days would be sure to fall thick and fast; so Alice gathered her rosebuds while the sun shone. Her methods, it might be objected, were a trifle brusque and lacking in restraint; but then, it may be counterclaimed, they had a bold and noble picturesqueness. When Edward lay a-dying, for an instance, she drew the rings from his fingers and slipped them into her pocket. Other times other ways. Alice, though sprung of base ancestry enough, had not enjoyed the refining influences of a Board school education.

The second heroine presented to us by Mr. Vincent was likewise by name an Alice: Alice Arden, stepdaughter of Sir Edward North and wife to Thomas Arden, of Faversham, gent. "As malignant fate would have it, Alice became enamoured of a certain low-bred fellow, one Richard Mosby, a tailor by trade, and a servant in the North family—an ill-featured, odious rascal, of a swarthy complexion." And she and her tailor hired a couple of professional bullies to stab superfluous Thomas Arden in the back. To your cynic mere murder is a commonplace; he finds it every morning in his penny paper. But that a gentlewoman should bestow her affection upon a swarthy, low-bred mechanic is more serious. So we are glad to read that Alice was burned at Canterbury on March 14, 1551.

Mary Frith, *alias* Moll Cutpurse, who flourished from 1584 to 1659, was chiefly remarkable for the fact that she "walked in man's apparel," and could by no means be persuaded to embarrass herself with skirts. She was haled for this eccentricity before the Court of Arches, and "sentenced to do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross." She did her penance like the very man she would simulate, being maudlin drunk the while; and immediately afterwards resumed her breeches. For the rest,

as her sobriquet implies, she was a common pickpocket, which signifies nothing to the cynic, who has schooled himself to regard pocket-picking as simply one of a hundred inevitable trades. Though harassed times enough by an inquisitive police, Moll always contrived somehow to cheat the gallows. She died a natural death, and left a will (if you please) "with a special provision that twenty pounds were to be set aside, that Fleet-street Conduit might run with wine at her expense when the King came home." The loyal soul! Another common, necessary pickpocket, to whom a chapter of this volume is devoted, was Jenny Diver, born about 1700. But Jenny had nothing like Moll's luck, being hanged at Tyburn in 1741.

The story of the doing to death of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, by the machinations of Lady Frances Howard, is not a pretty story, nor yet, to our thinking, an interesting story. Mere murder, we have ventured to protest before, is a commonplace. Lady Frances, it will be remembered, was the divorced wife of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and the affianced bride of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. Overbury was Carr's friend, and endeavoured to dissuade him from the projected marriage. "Will you never leave the company of that base woman?" was his blunt inquiry. Shortly thereafter Overbury found himself a close prisoner in the Tower, whither Lady Frances, anonymously, sent him poisoned tarts and jellies, while the under-keeper Weston, at Lady Frances's instigation, "mixed rosaker with his broth" (whatever rosaker may be; it sounds like something rather nice). The result was that Sir Thomas Overbury died. A couple of years later the Earl and Countess of Somerset were put to their trial for this ungenial crime, condemned to death, and finally, by the King's grace, pardoned. A tedious history, and a horrid.

That merry old soul, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, seems to us to have no right or title to a place in a galaxy of women typically bad. She was a termagant, if you like, and she improved her opportunities as the King's mistress to "make her pile." But if every woman with a tongue in her head is to be accounted bad, how many good women shall we have left in the world? And as for her money-hunger, that, after all, in the circumstances, was no more than human nature. We confess we have ever had a sneaking fondness for Barbara. She was exceedingly handsome, for one thing; and for another, she managed and hectored poor Old Rowley in a fashion that makes one want to hug her. As a literary portrait of her, that given by Mr. Alfred Kalisch in this volume strikes us as far too sombre and ascetic. We prefer Mr. Marriott Watson's brilliant sketch in "Galloping Dick."

Elizabeth Brownrigg (1720-1767) was, indeed, a thorough "bad 'un." "Cruelty personified" is Mr. Vincent's description of her. But the story of how she beat and tortured her apprentices is again, to our thinking, a story as dull as it is horrid—a story to be skipped. Dull, too, is the story of Elizabeth Canning. Elizabeth Canning

was a housemaid and a liar. Well, most housemaids (if you doubt it, ask the cook) are liars, even if most liars are not housemaids; and Elizabeth expiated her perjury by seven years' transportation.

A third Elizabeth, Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, was a mercenary lady, of elastic virtue, who succeeded in muddling up her marriage relations to such a degree that she was at last convicted of bigamy, and, to the "great satisfaction" of Hannah More, "undignified and unduchessed, while she very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand." "This unprincipled, wilful, licentious woman," Hannah More called her; which only proves that, whether a prig or not, Hannah More was certainly no cynic. We remember another judgment of Hannah More's—to wit, that the theatre, she considered, was an institution "not becoming the countenance of a Christian." So perhaps she was generally a thought too austere.

Mary Bateman (1768-1809) did a lively business for a while as a witch and wonder-worker in various parts of Yorkshire. But, her most notable "miracle," and the process whereby she accomplished it, are matters a little too nauseous to be repeated. 'Twas all anent an egg her hen had laid, "bearing inscribed on it the words, 'Crist is coming.'" For this alone she more than deserved the gallows. It was, however, for the poisoning of Rebecca Perigo that she was hanged. Mr. Vincent shows a fine sense of the *mot juste* when he qualifies her as "a beastly woman." But why anyone should care to read of her beastliness is a puzzle for the cynic.

The head and front of the offending of Teresia Constantia Phillips seems to have been her inability to learn from experience the elemental truth that men were deceivers ever. Her first husband, Mynheer Muilman, treated her disgustingly enough in all conscience; yet, nothing daunted, she went on marrying and re-marrying to the end of her days, so that her last husband, if we reckon right, was her fifth. Between her marriages, no doubt, there were parentheses in which the place of husband was filled by a "protector"; but the cynic recognises necessity as the mother of many things besides invention, and forbears to cast a stone. Mr. Gilbert Burgess, who tells Constantia's story, holds that "no other ground of excuse and forgiveness can be found for her than that of *quia multum amavit*." We ourselves should be disposed to admit, as further softening circumstances, her pretty face and her pretty handwriting. Her autograph, as reproduced beneath her portrait, at the beginning of Mr. Burgess's article, is quite beautiful.

The twelfth and last of the ladies here commemorated is that sprightly and charming Mary Anne Clarke who, in the early years of this century, gained celebrity and excited envy as the extravagant favourite of the Duke of York. The Duke being Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces, and Mrs. Clarke commandress-in-chief of the Duke, young gentlemen desiring commissions, and officers pining for promotion, knew where to go "to be suited." Mrs. Clarke charged something like half the

regulation prices. By and by the Duke tired of her and abandoned her, and of course forgot to pay the pension he had promised. We quite agree with George the Gorgeous, who "said that he thought his brother's conduct very shabby." Mrs. Clarke, however, had her revenge: she was the principal witness against the Duke, in Colonel Wardle's impeachment of him to the House of Commons. And what though the House, perfunctorily enough, acquitted His Royal Highness of "personal corruption," most of us "hae our doots" on that score. Anyhow, Mrs. Clarke went to Paris, and "there lived a quiet and reputable life, devoting her undoubted talents to the education of her children"—till she died in 1852. It seems to us rather unfair and unhumorous to include her in a book of twelve "bad" women. She was no saint, indeed; but one should be tried by the standards of one's class and period, by one's temptations and opportunities. No, we can't think it right to include Mary Anne Clarke in a catalogue of women distinctively bad.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN THE MATOPPOS.

*With Plumer in Matabeleland.* By Frank W. Sykes. (Constable.)

This bright, breezy book is the best account which has yet appeared of the recent fighting in Matabeleland. Mr. Sykes served as a trooper in the M.R.F., and this story of his experiences gives us an excellent idea of the difficult conditions under which the war was waged, and explains very clearly why its operations were indecisive to the end. The military arrangements throughout had to be governed by two paramount considerations—distance and the difficulties of transport. Buluwayo was 585 miles away from the railway terminus at Mafeking, and the rinderpest was working wholesale havoc among the draught cattle. Indeed, the horror of that long march quite eclipsed anything which the relieving force had to put up with when it came to the actual scene of the rebellion. And the cattle plague did more than make the movement of troops exceedingly difficult, it regulated the scale on which the campaign could be conducted. More men might have been got to the front, but it would have been impossible to feed them; and this is the reason why a mere handful were set the impossible task of harrying the natives out of their strongholds in the Matoppos, and why a campaign which seemed likely to end in a "draw" had to be brought to a close by a peace made at the risk of Mr. Rhodes's life.

The march to the front was often through miles of putrefaction. The road was lined with dead oxen, the victims of the rinderpest. "It was a common occurrence to see the remains of whole spans, twenty or thirty, lying about within a radius of 100 yards." Often beside the rotting carcasses of the oxen were found the still laden wagons which their owners had been forced to abandon. These derelicts of the veldt, deserted and stranded, were a terrible temptation to thirsty and tired men not yet accustomed to military or

any other discipline. The common excuse was: "If we don't, someone else will"; and the suggestion that such desirable stores might as well benefit British troopers as be left to be appropriated by Dutch transport riders from across the Transvaal border made every conscience easy. In many cases, accordingly, the men of the relieving force

"freely plundered whatever they found on or near the wagons, breaking open cases of liquor, provisions, clothing, &c., and wantonly destroying or exposing to the weather what they were not in a position to make use of. American clocks were set up as targets. Hats, ties and other articles of clothing were hung about on trees. All kinds of liquor were broached and consumed on the premises. Champagne and liqueurs were drained out of tin mugs, while whisky, brandy and other spirits were tossed down by the bottle."

What wonder if the poor traders in Buluwayo when they heard of these things bitterly declared that the force which had been sent to relieve them had certainly relieved them of their goods. In many instances, however—indeed, whenever proofs were forthcoming—the Chartered Company paid compensation.

We get many glimpses of the ruthless way in which this avenging war was carried on. Thus we are told quite simply that when flanking parties on the march came across stragglers they were "either ridden down and shot on sight, or made prisoners and despatched by a firing party on the confines of the laager." The description of the fighting in the hills is graphic and effective, and helps us to understand what a murderous sort of "hide and seek" game it was. The superior arms of the whites were largely balanced by the superior agility of the natives and their knowledge of the country, the nature of which often enabled them to fire with deadly certainty, at close range, from behind rocks. Smoking the rebels out of their caves, and then shooting them as they bolted, was comparatively safe work; and occasionally the raiders were rewarded by the capture of great numbers of cattle and goats, but more often they would have to mourn the loss of half a dozen comrades, and then wonder whether that of the enemy had been at all greater in proportion. The inadequate numbers at the disposal of the British commanders led to the adoption of radically wrong tactics. The weak point of the plan adopted was clearly pointed out by a native critic when he said,

"the column would march into the hills and have a fight, and then at night go back to camp. That is no way to fight the Matabele. You must sleep in the hills after the battle, and keep on following the enemy from one kopje to another, and kill so many that you break his heart. But instead of that you go back to camp, the Matabele thinks you have had enough of it, and soon they collect together again, and are more confident than ever again."

In fact, it became apparent that a much larger force would have to be got together, and that, with the difficulties of transport, meant a long delay, or else a chain of forts would have to be built, by means of which the rebels might in time be starved into surrender. It was left to Mr. Rhodes to suggest a third alternative—that of

securing peace by direct negotiations. It is an old story now how Mr. Rhodes carried out his own suggestion and induced the rebel chiefs to lay down their arms. It is an old story, but it is excellently well told in these pages. And it is impossible not to feel something of sympathy with these savage chiefs who so honourably respected the confidence the white man had placed in them, and who, addressing Mr. Rhodes, as he sat in their midst upon an ant-hill bare-headed and unarmed, said, "We are the nation. We have submitted to you, our father and great chief. Only remain in the country to look after us, and do not come and go."

In describing the causes which led to the massacres of the white settlers in the early stages of the rebellion our author lays stress upon the action of the Company in claiming Lobengula's cattle by right of conquest after the war of 1893. Obviously in the case of an absolute and savage despot it was difficult to distinguish between the royal herds and those which were the property of the subordinate chiefs. This led to a system by which the Native Commissioners were authorised to collect and send in a certain number of head each month according to the size of their respective districts. This system of appropriation was in force for eleven months, but as it was necessarily carried out in a rough and arbitrary manner, it led to much friction. Subsequently, at a meeting of the head-men of the nation, it was agreed that the Government should take 45 per cent. of the cattle, and that the remaining 55 per cent. should be branded N. C. (native cattle) and returned to the natives for their own use. Then came the rinderpest; and the enforced shooting of the animals so given back made the natives desperate. After that it seemed useless to trust the good faith of the white man any more. However, peace is now once more established, and confidence to some extent restored, and the approach of the railway to Buluwayo has revolutionised the conditions of any future struggle.

It only remains to say that Mr. Sykes's volume is freely illustrated with photographs and with some very spirited sketches.

### A COLLECTOR'S CONFESSIONS.

*The Confessions of a Collector.* By William G. Hazlitt. (Ward & Downey.)

Book-lovers may be divided into two classes: those who love books for their matter, and those who love books for their form. One of the most voracious and retentive readers we ever knew never had more than a score or so of books in his rooms at Oxford. He bought, read, digested and sold; having made his mental meal, he did not care to see the relics of yesterday's dinner littering the place. He belonged to the former of the two classes. Mr. Hazlitt, into whose "Confessions" we have been dipping, is as typical a member of the latter class as you could wish to find. For years he has been a well-known frequenter of sale-rooms; he has burrowed among

bookshelves, and spent a considerable portion of his life in handling the products of other men's brains. And yet from his confessions one may gather that in his view a book is not a thing to read, but a thing to pick up cheap and sell at a profit. And the impression left on our mind after reading this book, is that the true bibliophile stands on precisely the same level as the speculator in wheat-futures.

It is true that Mr. Hazlitt apologises for the commercial tone which leaves so unpleasant a taste in the mouth of the reader of his book. The *res angusta domi* compelled him to look after the pence, and his ambition was to draw up a catalogue of our earlier national literature. Wherefore he entered into engagements with certain private collectors, and also the British Museum, to seek for rarities and pass them on at a profit. One of his earliest clients appears to have been Mr. Henry Huth, whose library Mr. Hazlitt engaged to complete, and thereupon entered on a search for anything that could be bought at a reasonable price, described in his catalogue, and then resold to one or other of the wealthy collectors with whom he had relations. Forty years or so dealing in rare books has certainly supplied Mr. Hazlitt with an intimate knowledge of the varying values of editions and the tactics which are necessary to leave an auction room with a coveted work and the certainty of profit. For example, here is Mr. Hazlitt's description of his method at Arthur's, a shop which used to be found in Holywell-street:

"While Arthur was in business, there was a grammatical tract in English printed by De Worde in his catalogue at £3 3s. I went in to ask for it, and Ridler said that I could not have it. (Ridler was Arthur's assistant.) 'Is it out of the house?' I inquired. 'No,' said he, 'but it is put aside for a gentleman who always gives me something for myself.' 'What does he give you?' said I. 'A shilling,' quoth he. 'I will give you two.' The lot left the shop in my pocket."

This same Ridler must have been a quaint study. He described a certain volume as "difficult of procuration." It is pleasant to be able to record that Ridler had his reward in this world. The passage in which Mr. Hazlitt describes this is worth quoting as an illustration of his style and the chaotic state of his punctuation, which in the rest of our quotations we take the liberty of correcting:

"There are many among us, who remember Arthur in Holywell-street. He was a singular character, and had been a porter, I think, at one of the auction-rooms. My purchases of him were very numerous; and they were always right and reasonable, or I should not have been his client. He left £400 to Mr. Ridler his assistant, who, called in Reeves to appraise the stock, and obtained it within that amount."

It seems clear that Ridler got something; but we cannot decide whether it was the stock or the £400, and, if so, within what amount. At all events, if Arthur was always as fortunate as in the following transaction, he could afford to be generous to his assistant, so we hope it was the stock.

"It was Arthur who had the only copy ever been [surely the author wrote 'seen'] with the colophon of Slatyer's *Palæobion*, 1621; he got it for a few shillings of Lazarus in the same street, and sold it to Sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middle Hill, for £15."

Only for a few years, however, did Mr. Hazlitt confine his attention to books. He is a born collector, though a collector who values his find not for its intrinsic interest, but for its potential price in the market. The slightest impulse turned his energies to a new field. Someone gave his little son a bag of coins, forthwith Mr. Hazlitt was seized with numismania. He caught philately by seeing a collection of stamps in Reynolds's shop, but relinquished the pursuit because he "was advised that the liability to deception was excessive." Old china and pictures, too, engaged his attention; and you will find, if you can suppress your irritation at Mr. Hazlitt's style, his punctuation, and his all-pervading egotism, many curious glimpses of the underside of the curiosity market. Did you ever hear of the "circular system" which appears to be adopted by dealers in old china? It is the system "by which curiosities go the round of the watering-places and spas in quest of homes. I saw a Worcester jug at Bournemouth which had visited nearly every resort in the kingdom, and still awaited an admirer."

The picture market, as many of Mr. Hazlitt's stories prove, is beset with traps for the unwary. At Sotheby's, some years ago, a portrait of Charles I. appeared. "It was," says Mr. Hazlitt,

"a likeness of Charles the II. in the first instance; but an ingenious person, judging that the Martyred monarch was more negotiable than the Merry one, and unwittingly oblivious of the discordant costume, had painted in a head of Charles the First."

The collector of books, as you will find from these Confessions, has his ups and downs, his profits and his losses, just as those who speculate in pork. "I am perhaps entitled," says the author in his concluding chapter,

"to pay myself a few compliments on the singular rarity of occasions which have found me on the losing and victimised side. Thrice have I suffered for my sins; for it was always my own fault. I handled things which I did not understand; it is an error against which I should urge everyone to guard most strenuously."

And one of those errors Mr. Hazlitt managed to repair to some extent at the expense of a younger and more ignorant collector. It was a little matter of a xylographic block in which he found himself deceived. Here are the closing words of his Confessions, in which the commercial note of the book is well sustained:

"How grateful I was to the enthusiast in his teens who, when I had wasted a five-pound note on a worm-eaten xylographic block, put down a couple of guineas for it, and left me only poorer by the difference!"

## SUPERFLUOUS CRITICISM.

*The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings.*  
By K. Deighton. (Constable & Co.)

A LITTLE more than a century ago few subjects were of keener interest to scholars all the world over than the possibility of amending a doubtful or corrupt reading in any given classic. It was a game that suited the large leisure and considered ingenuity of our great-great-grandfathers. But to us whose days can never be described as spacious, whose eager panting existences are hedged in by vital problems that never touched those unpopulous days, such a pastime seems idle in its very essence. The taste for such things has gradually disappeared from the land; it lingered perhaps in some degree down to the death of Macaulay, who took a curious pleasure in the scholastic quibbles of the eighteenth century, and who was never so happy as when he was describing the history of the Battle of the Books, and carefully distinguishing between Bentley, the editor of Horace, and Bentley, the editor of Milton. When, therefore, in this year of grace, you come across a book of conjectural readings on the texts, not even of world-wide classics, but of old dramatists who, however extensively they may be admired, are certainly not often read—Marston, Marlowe, Heywood, Dekker, and Webster among others—you feel that it is a work born out of due season. This should be no volume in green cloth cover printed in clearest and most modern types; it should come bound in solid calf, with a rippling gold margin on the covers, with yellow leaves and heavy, solemn type. The date on its title-page should be MDCCXVII., not this gay and sprightly 1896; you cannot associate it, in a word, with the present condition of Hyde Park Corner or the modern London aspect, say, of the New North Road.

But if the book seems idle in its essence we know no epithet wherewith to describe the idleness of its details. Let us consider a few of the examples. In *The Fawn* the following rather absurd observation is made:

"No, let my wise, aged, learned, intelligent father—that can interpret eyes, understand the language of birds, interpret the grumbling of dogs, &c."

"For 'interpret eyes'" calmly comments Mr. Deighton, "I think we should read 'penetrate eyes,' the word 'interpret' being caught from the line below." He gives no further reason for the substitution of that meaningless phrase "penetrate eyes," being evidently persuaded that no writer could possibly use the same word twice intelligently in one sentence when it was possible to use another word unintelligently.

In *Sophonisba* the perfectly straightforward line occurs:

"Close the vault's mouth lest we do slip in drink."

"Probably *sleep*," says Mr. Deighton, although he kindly allows that *slip* may mean "be guilty of carelessness." Of course it is not sleep, nor does slip mean "guilty



of carelessness." The word is "slip," and the meaning is the obvious one; men slip when they are in drink, though perhaps Mr. Deighton is unaware of it, as a casual walk down London streets on a Saturday night would prove to him; besides, only by reading the line as it stands is the warning made clear. It would be impossible, and, indeed, if it were possible, it would be unnecessary to accumulate examples of this kind; but one or two further emendations of a peculiarly unprovoked nature may be selected. In *Eastward Ho!* occurs the line,

"Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water  
has wasted away his strength."

"The second *weak*," says Mr. Deighton, should, I think, be omitted; and perhaps we should read *washed for wasted*." We leave that without comment; it appeals to us as the very superfluity of idleness. The following, however, goes one better still. This passage occurs in *Valentinian*:

"The wingéd feet of flying enemies  
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like  
rushes  
And still kill the killer."

They are not very glorious lines, but their meaning is perfectly plain. "I have viewed thee mow away flying enemies," the speaker says, "and at the same time kill the enemies who were not flying, but killed as they advanced." Now observe Mr. Deighton's amazing correction. "I would read," he says:

"And still *toil* kill the killer":

i.e., though you mowed them down like rushes, so great was their number that you were almost dead with the mere labour of slaying. The word *toil* is sufficiently like *kill* to have been accidentally omitted." How "still toil kill the killer" could ever come on earth to mean "you were almost dead with the labour of slaying," human ingenuity will never be able to explain to us; if it meant anything—and we have our doubts if it ever could mean anything—it would imply that the man was dead outright, a ridiculous conclusion; but the introduction of the word "toil" is itself a monstrous assumption, and is not really justified by possessing the illumination of one shred of meaning. Perhaps, however, the most unconsciously humorous passage in this curious book is apropos of the following lines from *The Woman's Prize*:

"They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main-  
pot-lids  
Like massy rocks, dart ladles, tossing irons,  
And tongs like thunderbolts."

Nares, it appears, thinks that "tossing irons" means pokers; but Mr. Deighton is not to be ruled by a mere Nares; "rather, I fancy," says he—"shovels."

With that quotation we may cease. In that last unfortunate emendation the significance, the aims, and the ambitions of all such labours are summed up. Mr. Deighton may complain that we regard the matter from too utilitarian a point of view, and that he concerns himself less with railways and shares than with art; but we will not even leave him that vantage-ground. If he had

really taken up some hopelessly corrupt M.S. of beautiful literary art, and, by his shining inspiration, had brought it back to the loveliness of its creation, he would have deserved well of the world. This has, however, been neither his ambition nor, certainly, his achievement. He has potted over little lines of poetry about which, for the most part, it does not matter whether they were written thus or thus, and which do not seem to us much to be bettered even by a change from darkness into twilight. We may summarise the whole matter by declaring it as our honest opinion that it would probably be of the highest importance to Mr. Deighton to know (if any doubt on the matter existed) whether the missiles which the cook threw at the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland* were pokers or shovels; he might never have guessed that they were frying-pans.

### COMPACT BIOGRAPHY.

*Norman Macleod.* By John Wellwood.  
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE "Famous Scots Series," of which this is the latest volume, is a lesson to biographers in the matter of brevity. The volumes comprising it each fill about 150 pages, and they prove how possible it is to give within those limits a life-like portrait of a remarkable personage. The length of modern biographies is their bane. Many a good man's memory has been smothered of late years in the pages written to keep it alive. We have seen this again and again. And if, as we hold is mournfully true, biography has become largely dissociated from fine literary work, is it not due to this passion for length? The abandonment of selection and condensation which reigns in biography would wreck any literary art. In most cases a long biography is an unfair tax. We have few years in which to live our own lives, and write our own letters. We do not say that a biographer should give us, in place of an oil portrait, only a sketch; rather let him paint us a miniature that we can look closely into, and even fondle. If only when a man of note—not of the very first fame—passes from us, we could look to have in a year's time a short biography, written with as much art as goes to many a second-rate story!

Well, here is a life of Norman Macleod in 150 pages. We have enjoyed it very much. Macleod seems remote now, like all early Victorian men and things; but he was a fine fellow, and we have not been bored even by his ancestry. The Macleods issued from the cool, bare Hebrides, where the first of three Norman Macleods met Dr. Johnson at Dunvegan Castle. This Norman Macleod's grandson, the Norman, grew up in Campbeltown, a free and fearless lad, to whom "the beauty and the mystery, the ships and the magic of the sea," were a daily joy. At Glasgow Old College he was known as "the sailor." He assiduously neglected his studies in favour of mimicry and an ebullient sense of fun. Then the voice of Chalmers reached him; and the

death of a brother sobered him; and a visit to Weimar broadened him; and he came back to Glasgow a serious student. But never did a certain reckless humour cease to startle and educate his brethren.

The sober story of Macleod's maturer life and his ministry, kindles into interest at several points. There was his intimate connexion with Her Majesty the Queen, both before and after the death of the Prince Consort. He first preached before the Queen in 1854 at Balmoral, and it is amusing to find the Queen describing his sermon in her diary as "extempore"; Macleod had preached it only fifteen times! Five months after the death of the Prince Consort the Queen came to Balmoral and sent for Norman Macleod. It is well-known that his ministry to Her Majesty at this sad period was such as to win her deepest regard. Macleod became a great favourite at the Queen's Scottish court, but we wish Mr. Wellwood did not labour so hard to convince us of it. One incident is mentioned by him as "a crowning instance" of Macleod's intimacy with the Queen. It should have been given on its merits. "The Queen," wrote Macleod, "sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her, 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'A man's a man for a' that,' her favourite." What do our Kailyard precisians think of Macleod writing "*Scotch*"? Macleod was a Kailyard-writer himself, but we need not pause to discuss his stories: they were honest stuff, and they are forgotten. Mr. Wellwood wants to know why they are forgotten—"when work similar to his, only duller, is boomed over all the earth." Well, it isn't duller, and in those days booms were reserved for Thackeray and Dickens. Besides, Macleod's stories are thirty years old, and thirty years from now they will not be more forgotten than some stories we could name.

Macleod's storm and stress period was connected with the Sunday question. As late as 1834 the General Assembly had gravely entered on its minutes: "Multitudes, forgetful of their immortal interests, are accustomed to wander in the fields." Macleod believed in wandering in the fields, and when the Glasgow presbytery issued a pastoral letter about Sunday trains, basing the sanctity of Sunday on the Decalogue, Macleod read it from his pulpit, and then proceeded to demolish it. "Christians," he said, "had nothing to do with the Sabbath." "The Decalogue had been nailed to the cross of Christ," &c. There was an earth-shaking outcry. Macleod was cut dead by his clerical brethren, and hissed in the streets by one of them. Says Mr. Wellwood:

"With the common folk it was probably the word Decalogue that did all the mischief. What it was they did not exactly know, but it was an awful thing, the Decalogue, like the Equator; and 'Norman Macleod was for daein' awa' wi't,' as, with scared face and bated breath, they told one another in the streets."

But in the same streets an old woman, "blinking in the brilliant weather, was overheard saying to herself"—one day long after this—"Eh, but Providence has been kind to Norman, g'ien him sic a grand day for his funeral." That tells much.

## QUEEN AND PRINCESS.

*The Mirror of the Sinful Soul.* Translated from the French of Margaret of Navarre by the Princess Elizabeth. Edited for the Royal Society of Literature by Percy W. Ames. (Asher.)

THE facsimile which the Royal Society of Literature has given to the world is an interesting memorial of two remarkable women. It is taken from a MS. translation of *Le Miroir de l'Âme Pécheresse* of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, written by the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England. Elizabeth was only eleven years old at the time and in disgrace at court, and her task appears to have been performed as a New Year's gift for her stepmother and consistent friend, Queen Katharine Parr. The MS. is written in Elizabeth's own hand, a childish unformed hand, but beautifully clear, and already showing traces of the exquisite calligraphy of her later years. And the elaborately embroidered cover is probably the work of Elizabeth's own needle. It is wrought in gold and silver wire on a ground of blue silk, and the device includes the Queen's initials in the centre and a heartsease or pansy at each corner. Needlework, handwriting, and translation alike testify to the talents and accomplishments which all the chroniclers unite in ascribing to Elizabeth's childhood.

It is curious to find the future champion of the English Reformation already busied with one of the most characteristic products of the early reforming spirit in France. Mr. Ames suggests, plausibly enough, that the copy of the *Miroir* with which Elizabeth worked may have been a relic of her own mother, the light and ill-starred Anne Boleyn. For Anne Boleyn had gone to France in the train of Mary Tudor, and had then passed into the service of Queen Claude, and, finally, into that of Margaret herself, at that time Duchess of Alençon. Mr. Ames also points out that Margaret might well, on two occasions, have been in a position to exercise a far more important influence on English history. Her hand was sought in marriage by Henry VII. in 1503, and again by Henry VIII., when doubts as to the union with Catherine of Arragon first began to trouble his tender conscience. Well might it have been for England if this large-brained, high-spirited, deep-souled woman, and not Anne Boleyn, had become her queen. For surely the whole pageant of European history during the fifteenth century presents no more sympathetic figure than her whom her royal brother loved to call "the pearl of Valois." "Mysister Margaret," said Francis the First, "is the only woman I ever knew who has every virtue and every grace without one mixture of vice"; and even Henry the Second, not guiltless in his conduct toward his aunt, had no less gracious an eulogy for her virtue: "If it were not for my aunt Margaret, I should doubt the existence of such a thing as genuine goodness on the earth, but never have I been disappointed in her." Brantôme's ribald pen was not above laying scandal—undeserved, we may be sure—to Margaret's name; but Brantôme, in his better moods, was not proof against

the influence of so much purity and gaiety of spirit. He says:

"She chose for her emblem the marigold, which by its rays and leaves has a seeming affinity with the sun, and turns wherever he goes. She added the device, 'I seek not things below,' as a sign that she directed all her actions, thoughts, desires, and affections to that great Sun which is God: and hence she was suspected of being attached to the Lutheran religion."

A naive and innocent confession, this last; but it scarcely gives the real measure of Margaret's enlightenment. Her keen spirit overpassed many of the limitations of her age, and found its true home, not with Luther or with Calvin, but with Dante and with Plato. The witty, secular side of Margaret's disposition is well known to many in that sunshiny book which she composed or compiled, *The Heptameron*; for her real self you must plumb the depths of her spiritual verse, and especially of that wonderful autobiographical poem, lately rescued from oblivion by M. Abel Lefranc, *Les Prisons de la Reine de Navarre*. Far inferior in interest is the *Miroir de l'Âme Pécheresse*, which fell into the hands of the child Elizabeth; but, unlike the *Prisons*, it was published in Margaret's lifetime, and had an eventful history. The Sorbonne condemned it as heretical, and it took the personal intervention of Francis to save it from the flames, while the students of the College of Navarre were inspired to act a comedy wherein the queen was represented as a Fury of Hell. The poem, says Beza,

"was composed in a strain very unusual in the Church of Rome, there being no mention made in it either of male or female saints, or of merits, or of any other purgatory than the blood of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Ames deserves great credit for the careful introduction which he has written for this volume, for the excellence of the facsimile, and for the charming portrait of Elizabeth as a girl which serves as frontispiece. It is taken from a picture in the collection at Windsor Castle, and is attributed in the official catalogue to Holbein. By Holbein, however, it cannot be, for that artist died in 1543, when Elizabeth was ten years of age, and the picture represents her at about thirteen or fourteen. It is certainly more attractive with its demure, gentle, serious expression than any of the later portraits.

## A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE.

*Gabriele von Bülow, Daughter of Wilhelm von Humboldt: a Memoir.* Translated by Clara Nordlinger. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE memoir of Gabriele von Bülow, which has just been translated into English, is, unhappily, an example of the unsuccessful class of biography. It is extremely long; much of the matter which it contains is of a kind to interest none save the personal friends of its subject; the great majority of the letters which are reprinted in it, some of them dating back fifty, sixty, seventy years, deal with purely family matters which are totally devoid of significance at this distance of time, while those which touch

on public events are, for the most part, too slight and sketchy to have any historical value. Indeed, it does not seem as if the compiler of the memoir intended to rely on these for the interest of the book. The idea was rather to attempt to give to the world, by means of extracts from letters with just enough of explanatory matter to make a coherent story, a picture of a beautiful and amiable woman, whom the accidents of her position threw into contact with the Great World of her time. Such a memoir could only have been interesting in so far as it gave a series of clear and vivid pictures of that World and its inhabitants. The opportunity was there if Frau von Bülow and her husband had been the kind of people whose letters contained brilliant sketches of the various interesting people whom they met, but unhappily they were not.

During his career as Prussian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's from 1827 to 1841, Heinrich von Bülow was in a position to meet, and did meet, an enormous number of men and women of note. With his sovereign, Frederick William of Prussia, he was on terms of affectionate intimacy. During his career in London he came in contact with three English monarchs, George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. With William IV. and Queen Adelaide, both as Duke and Duchess of Clarence and afterwards, he and his wife were evidently on exceptionally friendly terms. Of famous Englishmen, you meet in his book such names as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, Lord and Lady Holland; but you do not find any illuminating sentence, any vital criticism, any vivid piece of description or analysis. You do not even find any anecdote or story worth remembering. In fact, the author does not seem to have intended that you should. Instead, you have a vast number of letters dealing with the ordinary incidents of family life, the births of children, the deaths of relatives, with servants, parties, visits. And even these are for the most part touched upon too cursorily to be of any value as documents. One looks in vain for the kind of detail, the completeness, which is the essential glory of Boswell. The memoir, in fact, should have been privately printed if it was desirable to print it at all: a remark which applies, indeed, to a number of the biographical volumes that appear every year. The public ought not to be called upon to buy works of this nature, which deal either with the lives of unimportant persons or are indistinct and diffuse. Men and women, there is no doubt, enter too lightly upon the task of biography. On the other hand, if published purely for private circulation among friends and acquaintances, there is little to be said against a book which sins against every sound biographical law.

The weakness of the book before us is particularly unfortunate, because it stretches over a long period of history, and one full of exciting incidents and great events. Beginning with the marriage of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Gabriele's father, in 1791, it covers the period of the great events of the Napoleonic

Wars, while Gabriele herself, who lived from 1802 to 1887, must have had cognisance of all that was going on in Europe during a considerable portion of the present century. But any one who expects to find any new lights thrown upon this long period of history in this book will be greatly disappointed. Excepting the settlement of the Hollando-Belgian question, after years of wrangling, in 1839, in which Bülow had a considerable share, no events of public importance receive more than a passing mention. In place of these we have extracts from letters dealing with household matters of furnishing and upholstery, snatches of travel to this place and that, a smattering of art and artists. Frau von Bülow, in fact, was not sufficiently a public character to make her historically interesting, while her qualities were too negative, too much like the ordinary run of ordinary good women in a certain position in society, to provide an engrossing psychological study. Occasionally you get in the letters a good piece of description. Here is one of Ischia:

"A divine stillness reigns over the island; only a few lights here and there betoken the presence of man; from afar comes the sound of the sea beating in rhythmic measure upon the crags below; high above the mountains stands the clear pale moon, shedding its silvery light upon the white houses, while Vesuvius opposite emits a steady column of flame."

But these are few and far between, and the book as a whole deals with matters which will not greatly interest the general reader.

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

"COUNTY HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND."—*Moray and Nairn*. By Charles Rampini, LL.D. (Blackwood & Sons.)

SHERIFF RAMPINI tells a plain tale with no embellishments. His style is not always perfect, and sometimes the wilderness of detail becomes confused, but he has a fairly intelligible general plan, and he has the primary advantage of intimate acquaintance with his subject. Not only is he well read in the history of the place, but his knowledge of local customs and old tales is that of the loving enthusiast. Out of it all he has made an admirable book of reference, and a piece of history of some general interest.

Few countries in proportion to their size possess such a wealth of local literature as Scotland. Every village of Threepdaile and parish of Kilmaclavers has its chronicler, and from the Statistical Accounts to this new series of county histories we have a wealth of records. Not the least interesting are those of the northern province of Moray, for the history of the county is the history of Scotland in little. A haunt of ancient wars, it was harried by Northmen under Sigurd, Earl of Orkney; and when alien settlers from the South filled the land, the Celts of the hills kept their swords from rusting. Then came the Church, and the cathedral of Elgin and the beautiful priory of Pluscarden rose among the wilds. But the days of battle were only beginning.

Comyns, Buchans, Dunbars, and Gordons fought their battles in its boundaries. "Morayland, quhair all men taks thair prey," wrote Lochiel, the chief of the Camerons; and, says Mr. Rampini, "it is the testimony of an expert." Few earldoms have such a roll of famous names as this, from Earl Randolph the first to the great Regent and the "Bonnie Earl of Moray," who was slain by Huntly on the Fife shore. It was the land of the Laird of Grant, "that Hieland sant," of the Duffs, Earls of Fife, and the wizard, Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, who sold his soul to the devil and played havoc with the countryside. Montrose conducted part of his campaign there, and Charles Edward made his last stand in its near neighbourhood. Even so late as 1820 the King's law "came little above the pass of Balmaha," for in an election contest the Grants sent round the fiery cross to summon their men, and the Fife faction came armed to meet them. A strange scene this for days so near to Cobdenism and Reform.

The place has another claim to distinction, for in the early part of the century it was swept by the most terrible flood of modern times. He who would read of the "Moray Floods" will find the tale in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's pages. But here is one story of Mr. Rampini's worth repeating:

"A man who had been saving the furniture of a poor neighbour fell over a bridge and was carried down by the stream, and then cast on the bank by the mere force of the torrent.

"What did you think of when you were in the water?" demanded a bystander.

"Think of?" replied the other. "I was thinking how I could get out and how I could catch my bonnet."

There, too, old customs and traditions seem to have long lingered. Here is a verse from the "Thiggars' Chant," which young men sang on Hogmanay night before their neighbours' houses:

"If ye hae plenty and winna gie,  
Besouthen, Besouthen!  
The Deil will get ye when ye dee,  
An' awa' by Southron toun.  
Our shoon are made o' th' red coo's hide,  
Besouthen, Besouthen!  
Our feet are cauld, we canna bide,  
An' awa' by Southron toun."

There was a strange custom of stopping the clock and shutting up the cat whenever an inmate of a house died, apparently lest the animal should walk over the body. Lastly, Morayland had its Bcoitia, a place called Mavistoun, where a certain fisherman, seeing a cow for the first time, with its horns and cloven hoofs, guessed that he stood before the Accuser of the Brethren, and fled incontinent through the thatch.

The book is a favourable specimen of its industrious and sober class. We recommend it to natives of the countryside, and to others who love a record of old feuds and follies.

*The Apocalypse of St. John*. By John Gwynn, D.D., &c. (Longmans & Co.)

A work by the Regius Professor of Divinity at Dublin and noticeable as the first Syriac book issued by the University Press. It is

in form the reproduction of a unique Syriac MS. belonging to the Earl of Crawford, which, according to Dr. Gwynn, was written towards the end of the twelfth century in a Jacobite monastery of Kurdistan in the district now known as Jebul Tûr. He thinks the text on which it was founded is that made by Polycarp "the chorepiscopus" (choir-master?) for Philoxenus of Mabug in A.D. 508, and is therefore earlier in date than the revision of the same text by Thomas of Harkel which has hitherto been the only form of it known to us. The care with which the MS. has been worked over by the editor is apparent on every page, and neither pains nor expense have been spared in its reproduction. To the Syriac text, beautifully printed by the University Press, Dr. Gwynn has prefixed a dissertation on all the known Syriac versions of the New Testament, an exhaustive discussion on the present MS., and a complete reconstruction of the Greek text from which he supposes its original to have been made. The labour involved in this must have been as extraordinary as the accuracy and lucidity of the result, and the publication makes good Dr. Gwynn's claim to a place in the very first rank of Syriac scholars.

For the general reader the chief interest of the book will doubtless lie in the variations from the Revised Version which it presents. In some of these, as in the omission of the words, "And he opened the pit of the abyss," in Rev. ix. 2, the Crawford has the support of the Sinaitic, the Basilean, and of some other versions. In others it stands alone. Among these last it may be noticed that it is not "God" but "the Lamb" who is here said in vii. 17 to "wipe away every tear"; in xii. 10 the words, "and the authority of his Christ," are omitted from the angelic proclamation, as is the statement that "the harvest of the earth is over-ripe," in xiv. 15. So we find that the voice in x. 4 is said to come "from the seventh heaven," that the beast "which was and is not" (or in other words, Nero) is called the Dragon as well as the Beast, that in xix. 19 he is described as having armies of his own, and in xi. 7 as coming from the sea and not from the abyss, while in xvi. 3 the sea itself is said to become "as a dead man," a figure which reminds Dr. Gwynn of "the very deep did rot" of Coleridge. We wish we had more space to discuss these and other various readings. Some of them certainly make better sense than the Revised Version, and go a long way to support the theory that the Apocalypse was originally written, not in Greek, but in some Aramaean dialect.

*The Private Life of the Queen*. By One of Her Majesty's Servants. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

VERILY, it is a fierce light that beats upon a throne. Here it lights up Her Majesty's smallest daily acts; it penetrates into every room of her palaces, into the kitchens, and the Gold-pantry, and the Silver-pantry, and the linen-rooms, and the china-cupboards, and into the cellars in which George IV., privileged to import wine duty free, laid down ports and sherries and Madeiras in such quantities that time has mellowed



what it could hardly deplete. No such complete picture of the Queen's daily life, her tastes, habits, pastimes, and "fads and fancies," has yet been given to a loyal reading public. The Queen as Artist, Musician, Dancer, Writer, Hostess, House-keeper, and Worker is portrayed in separate chapters of this interesting book.

We have an account of the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, and here is the Queen's taste in reading in a nutshell:

"Almost first in Her Majesty's favour come the works of Scott, those she likes most being *The Antiquary*, *The Talisman*, and *Peveril of the Peak*. Of his poems she is extremely fond, and she possesses a copy of them with his own emendations of them on the margin, while her love of Scotland has frequently been expressed by her to her friends in apt quotations from *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The Queen's admiration for Scott's work has induced her to have one room at Balmoral entirely decorated with scenes from his poems and books. Jane Austen's novels have also been very popular with the Queen. A few of Lord Beaconsfield's works are here, and a handsome copy of *Lothair*, in three volumes and bound in royal blue, contains the inscription: 'For the Queen, from a faithful servant'; Kingsley's *Saints' Tragedy* and *Two Years Ago*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, a complete set of Thackeray's works, some of the Brontës' and Edna Lyall's books, many of R. L. Stevenson's romances, Rudyard Kipling's stories, Edmund Yates' *Reminiscences*, and nearly all of Mrs. Oliphant's novels; Rider Haggard's *She* and *Jess*; Sponge's *Sporting Tour* and two full editions of Dickens' books . . . are all conspicuous on these characteristically filled shelves. The Queen also possesses and values greatly an original unpublished MS. of Charles Dickens."

The worth of a book like this depends upon its minute fidelity to fact. We are bound to say that these pages bear the stamp of matter-of-fact truth. They are evidently not from the pen of a trained writer. "A strong decorative note is struck by the organ" is a whimsical sentence, for in these days of mixed metaphors one has to look twice to see whether the note is one of sound or colour.

*America and the Americans.* From a French Point of View. (W. Heinemann.)

It would not be amiss if there were fewer books written about America and the Americans. One a year should be full allowance, and Mr. Stevens's *Land of the Dollar* ought to have made another impossible until 1898. Yet it did not, for here is a matter of three hundred pages offering up the Transatlantic people from a French point of view, in spite of the fact that M. Bourget's *Outre-mer* may be said already to have accomplished that pretty effectually. We should not mind so much if the anonymous author of the work before us had anything new to say, or a peculiarly attractive way of saying what is old; but he has not. He merely ticks off the well-known characteristics of the Eastern states one by one, pads his remarks with statistics, and that is all. M. Bourget's penetrative eyes and delicate sensorium, Max O'Rell's crisp generalities and witty audacities, Mr. Stevens's unemotional interest and cynical

amusement—these are all lacking. We have instead the exceedingly matter-of-fact record of the short visit to America of a stolid, conservative Frenchman, whose very conservatism makes him a poor judge of so progressive and young a nation. He offers, it is true, only his own impressions; but impressionists to win us must be very delightful persons. There is no doubt that the author of *America and the Americans* says many true things, but most of them, if not all, have been said before.

*Billy and Hans.* By W. J. Stillman. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

MR. STILLMAN'S last book was, we believe, a dissertation on the nude in art. He is also, we are informed on the title-page of this little volume, the author of works on the Cretan insurrection of 1866 and the late uprising in Herzegovina. His public may therefore admit to being a little unprepared for *Billy and Hans*, which is the record of two tame squirrels. But no lover of animals who reads the book will be disappointed. Mr. Stillman writes about his pets with a depth of affection and appreciation not usually associated with squirrels, although in this case, we feel assured, not misplaced. He seems to have established closer relations with these timid creatures than we ever remember to have read of before; and no fear of looking ridiculous has deterred him from setting down in plain English his belief in their powers of sympathy and understanding and the grief their death caused him. It is this frank statement of emotions which, rarely felt by those who keep pets, and, when felt, almost never admitted, that gives Mr. Stillman's little book its peculiar value and stamps it as literature. We might add that the kernel of the volume appeared in the form of an article in the *Century*, and has been reprinted, with additions, for the benefit of a home for poor children requiring surgical treatment. We wish all good to this home, yet we would prefer that another book had been secured to swell its revenue, and Mr. Stillman's little history circulated free of charge by the R.S.P.C.A. It is a most eloquent and touching appeal for wide humanity to wild creatures.

*Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy, from Roman Times to Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon.* By General Meredith Read. In 2 vols., with Illustrations. (Chatto & Windus.)

It was enthusiasm for the historian of the *Decline and Fall* that drew General Read to Lausanne, where Gibbon is either forgotten or vaguely apotheosised as a member of the British Royal Family; and there he spent eighteen laborious years in the investigation of a vast number of documents heaped up in one of the rooms of La Grotte, in the tireless search after local legends, and in examining any scrap of paper that he could persuade the families of the neighbourhood to place in his hands. The result is a couple of volumes of a surprising bigness, stuffed with the matter out of which history is made. The author's work

was cut short by death; otherwise it would not be easy to forgive the absence of chapter-headings and a table of contents, without which aids it is not easy to read intelligently a book of so miscellaneous a character. Still, such as it is, the work is a treasury of curious and diverse entertainment; it is not lightly to be enterprised for consecutive reading, but to be opened here and there with a confident hope of lighting on a plum.

*Ferrets.* By Nicholas Everitt. (A. & C. Black.)

WE do not keep ferrets ourselves, and Mr. Everitt's book decides us never to begin. To own such a white ferret as that photographed on p. 58 of this book would, of course, be a distinction, but the care of it when resting and the recovery of it when working seem to promise more anxiety than the ordinary man ought to undertake. Yet for level-headed persons whose time hangs heavily upon their hands, ferrets should offer attractive occupation, and Mr. Everitt's book be invaluable. The author, we might remark, is known also as "H. R. E." and as "Will o' the Wisp," although we are unacquainted with him in these characters. In his own person, as Nicholas Everitt, he is able to write practical English, which, combined with his special knowledge, is his strength. When departing from unadorned facts, as he does in the appendix on a day's rabbiting, he is less admirable.

*The Procession of the Flowers.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Longmans & Co.)

THE essays by Col. Higginson, which are collected in this little volume, are well known in America, but have not hitherto been published here. They are pleasant, rambling dissertations on flowers and birds and the open air generally, which, to readers that do not know the work of Mr. John Burroughs (who has done the same thing much better), may be interesting. To our mind the author seems to fall between two stools: he has not observed enough or read enough for the naturalist, nor is he fanciful and engaging enough for the essayist.

*A Bibliography of the Works of William Morris.* By Temple Scott. (George Bell & Sons.)

THIS bibliography will be a great assistance to the professed student of the writings of William Morris and to many who have occasional reason to consult them. The number of entries is astonishing until one perceives the proportion of magazine articles, and letters to newspapers, to books. All are entered and classified under the headings: "Original Poems," "Romances," "Art," "Socialist Writings," &c. Even articles on the late Mr. Morris and his work are noticed. Mr. Scott has brought his catalogue well up to date, as we easily perceive in the fact that the article which we published a few months ago on "The End of the Kelmscott Press" is duly noticed. The book makes a very attractive little octavo, with its Chiswick Press type, its hand-made paper, and its blue canvas covers.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Father Hilarion.* By K. Douglas King.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

I know few modern authors who can handle the greater passions with the dignity and power displayed in this book. Its note throughout is one of intensity, which becomes more and more tragic till the final scene, when the three lovers of Lorraine watch her deathbed, while the nuns chant in the distance. Father Hilarion—wrongly so called, for he is only gatekeeper at the Priory of the Sacred Heart—is himself a striking character. After an unhappy marriage and some years of riotous living, remorse drove him to a life of humiliation:

"The humility of his bearing was thought by some excessive; but with his gentleness they had no fault to find. Deep down in his heart smouldered perpetually the fires of unconquerable pride, bitterness and passion. No one guessed with what agonised efforts and infinite anguish he pursued his steadfast self-control.

No menial work was too hard for this servant of the Sacred Heart, who came to the community with hands white and delicate as a woman's. No den was too foul for him to enter; no sickness too loathsome to receive his ministering care.

Yet his whole being revolted in invincible abhorrence of squalor and disease. Sometimes, while tending some stricken wretch, a passion of hatred and disgust would arise and shake his very soul. The only outward sign he gave would be an increase of tenderness in his ministrations."

In the community it was said that Hilarion "was too lenient towards the fallen." His lenity, however, is not obtruded in the early chapters of the novel. He is appealed to by Lady Janet Charteris, his cousin, to extricate her son, Sir Jamie, from an affection into which he had fallen for the village schoolmistress, Lorraine Keppel. Hilarion, a patrician to his finger tips, dislikes the idea of the plebeian match as much as his cousin does, and throws himself into the conflict. His abstract objections to the girl grow into fierce resentment when he meets her accidentally, and, in the heat of a moment, he offers her an outrageous insult. Here follows a fine study in psychology. Hilarion's dislike grows more and more intense. But, one night, he rescues the girl from the importunities of an unwelcome suitor.

"Hilarion's passionate hatred of this girl had burned so long and steadily that it had become now a living, vital force that dominated his whole person. It was like a great all-embracing presence of fire in whose enfolding he was a prisoner, bound hand and foot, and unable to move or to resist; and with every movement he felt its hold upon him stronger, and he, himself, more powerless to break away from it. But he still called it 'hate,' and with a pang of intolerable humiliation he wondered why the sight of Lorraine, standing trembling, and with averted eyes and pale cheeks, should fill him with such yearning pity on her behalf.

She raised her eyes when he took her hand, and he saw in them a strange new fear and hesitation. He felt her hand tremble as his own clasped over it, and a deep crimson flushed his cheek and brow, leaving them the next moment a deathly white.

A sudden light flooded his mind's obscurity and brought him face to face at last with the unimaginable truth. Realisation, like an arrow to its goal, went straight home to his soul. The poignant terror of that moment was like the terror of hell."

By this time, however, Lorraine had become engaged to Sir Jamie; and presently Hilarion's wife reappears. The tragic situation is developed with a fine sense of effect, and Miss King is artist enough not to spoil her admirable story by an impossible conclusion. The style of the book is distinguished by a curious strenuousness. There are episodes which for brutal realism remind one, not a little, of "Mean Streets." Take this story of the East End:

"She stayed where he had left her, staring straight before her, as though dazed and stupefied, until another fit of coughing overcame her.

She put her hand to her lips, and when she drew it away the fingers were streaming with blood. But she did not look at them. She stared steadily before her into the darkness of the landing.

Another door opened, and a man thrust out a matted head and a pale disordered face, out of which gleamed two wild burning eyes. He was an opium-eater, and he was trying with the drug to kill his body and soul as speedily as possible. But he was terribly poor, and though he stole all he could lay hands upon in order to turn it into money with which to purchase his poison, the work of his destruction was a lengthy process.

'Go and die—in your den!' he exclaimed hoarsely, with an indescribable epithet. His voice was less human than a wolfish snarl.

She paid no heed to him. She did not seem to have heard him. The next minute she began again to cough more violently than before.

He shook his fist at her. Suddenly the woman's body swayed forward, until she was nearly bent double, and with a loud choking noise blood spurted out from her strained convulsive throat.

He sent a savage inarticulate cry down the stairs, and quickly drew back his head again into the room, and slammed the door behind him.

Wild, wolfish cries were common to that house and that street, so no one paid any attention to the opium-eater's call. The woman fell prone upon the landing. . . .

It seemed to her as though she lay there a long, long while, although the time could be counted by minutes. She was quite conscious. She remembered suddenly that she was twenty-six years old, and the curious thought came to her that sixteen years ago she had been called 'Polly,' and had with a haypole made hay in the fields around her country home, and had worn a little short pink frock, a straw hat trimmed with a blue ribbon and a white pinafore.

A sudden agonising pain through her body forced some burning tears out of her eyes. They trickled down her face and mingled with her life's blood. The opium-eater's door opened a chink, and he peered furtively out.

Having satisfied himself she was alone, he crept across the landing and into her room opposite, stepping gingerly over her prostrate body to do so.

He guessed she was dying, and he meant to take something of hers which he could sell or pawn for opium, before her things were confiscated by the other people in the house. One glance around showed him that her room was empty and bare of the smallest thing that he could coin into money.

With a snarl he groped his way out again, and stepping back over her, he gave her a kick in his resentment and disappointment.

He had been a tender-hearted, honourable man until opium had sapped his very soul's vitality. . . .

No one came to her. When an hour or two later came Hilarion, accompanied by two nursing sisters, she was still lying there where she had died with his own prayer to her upon her lips:

'Pray for me, Hilarion!'

\* \* \*

*Equality.* By Edward Bellamy.  
(William Heinemann.)

Men have been "looking backward" a great deal lately, but the last sixty years of actuality have seemed enough for their contemplation and thankfulness. Now comes Mr. Bellamy, leading in Julian West again, and Dr. Leete and Edith, with the year 2000 written all over them. This is not nearly such a good book as *Looking Backward*. It is, to begin with, a sequel, and a sequel is usually like a equire toiling following his knight, bearing his arms and some of his baggage. That is what this book is to *Looking Backward*. Mr. Bellamy has had afterthoughts. He has projected himself yet more thoroughly into the world in which Julian West awoke after his long hypnotic sleep, and he has found a great deal more to tell and explain, but chiefly to explain. The city life of 2000 A.D. is not greatly developed before our eyes in these pages. That bright Utopia is not pictured to us much more clearly. Instead, West and Edith and Leete talk interminably about the way the revolution was effected. Here we are really looking

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## FOR HOLIDAY READING.

backward: in *Looking Backward* we were mostly looking round. There we were shown things, here we only listen. We are afraid that many readers will tire of listening to serious conversations filling 350 pages. It is significant that Mr. Bellamy could flash his vision of a happier world upon us in half as many. Still, there are passages of description and detail that help us to skip long talks on the "Economic Suicide of the Profit System," or "How Inequality of Wealth Destroys Liberty," or "Why the Revolution did not Come Earlier"—talks which are not talks at all, but articles cut into lengths. Here is one of the oases: Julian has noticed the delicate tints and texture of Edith's clothing, and she has explained that she is, so to speak, in paper covers.

"Talking of paper," said Edith, extending a very trim foot by way of attracting attention to its gear, "what do you think of our modern shoes?"

"Do you mean that they also are made of paper?" I exclaimed.

"Of course."

"I noticed the shoes your father gave me were very light as compared with anything I had ever worn before. Really that is a great idea, for lightness in footwear is the first necessity. Scamp shoemakers used to put paper soles in shoes in my day. It is evident that instead of prosecuting them for rascals we should have revered them as unconscious prophets. But, for that matter, how do you prepare soles of paper that will last?"

"There are plenty of solutions which will make paper as hard as iron."

"And do not these shoes leak in winter?"

"We have different kinds for different weathers. All are seamless, and the wet weather sort are coated outside with a lacquer impervious to moisture."

"That means, I suppose, that rubbers, too, as articles of wear have been sent to the museum?"

"We use rubber, but not for wear. Our waterproof paper is much lighter and better every way."

"After all this it is easy to believe that your hats and caps are also paper-made."

"And so they are to a great extent," said Edith; "the heavy headgear that made your men bald, yours would not endure. We want as little as possible on our heads, and that as light as may be."

"Go on!" I exclaimed. "I suppose I am next to be told that the delicious but mysterious articles of food which come by the pneumatic carrier from the restaurant or are served there are likewise made out of paper. Proceed—I am prepared to believe it!"

"Not quite so bad as that," laughed my companion, "but really the next thing to it, for the dishes you eat them from are made of paper. The crash of crockery and glass, which seems to have been a sort of running accompaniment to housekeeping in your day, is no more heard in the land. Our dishes and kettles for eating or cooking, when they need cleaning, are thrown away, or rather, as in the case of all these rejected materials I have spoken of, sent back to the factories to be reduced again to pulp and made over into other forms."

"But you certainly do not use paper kettles? Fire will still burn, I fancy, although you seem to have changed most of the other rules we went by."

"Fire will still burn, indeed, but the electrical heat has been adopted for cooking as well as for all other purposes. We no longer heat our vessels from without but from within, and the consequence is that we do our cooking in paper vessels on wooden stoves."

But Edith's beautiful paper clothes are a bit of a fraud. Edith and her mother have been wearing nineteenth century skirts for Julian's benefit, and one day Edith confesses that they have done it merely to avoid shocking him on his awaking from his great trance. Julian has, indeed, been struck by the fact that all other women around him go skirtless. After her confession Edith runs into the house and reappears in the skirtless costume of 2000. Surely it was unnecessary for Mr. Bellamy to call this chapter "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense."

In 2000 A.D. fashions have ceased, or have come under the domain of reason and common sense. Jewellery has clean disappeared, but it is appalling to find Dr. Leete launching out on the reasons for this, which, it appears, "go rather deeply into the direct and indirect consequences of our present economic system." Decidedly Mr. Bellamy has put a strain on his story greater than it can bear. The names of Julian and Dr. Leete and Edith are here; but they only flash behind thickets of arguments; they do not make a tale. The jam is spread too thin on bread that, to say the truth, is often very dry; and this absence of drama and succulence does not make you any readier to accept, as a nineteenth century reader, the eternal condescension and lecturing which every character in this book metes out to your own age. You are inclined to detest Julian for his meekness and his

readiness to be converted to every new idea after ten minutes' talk. And there are things which you positively resent. One day even Julian, tired of novelty, asks Edith to show him something that has *not* changed; and she shows him a building unlike anything else in the city. The explanation is simple.

"I found myself," says Julian, "face to face with a typical nineteenth century tenement house of the worst sort—one of the rookeries, in fact, that used to abound in the North End and other parts of the city. The environment was indeed in strong enough contrast with that of such buildings in my time, shut in as they generally were by a labyrinth of noisome alleys, and dark damp courtyards, which were reeking reservoirs of fetid odours, kept in by lofty, light-excluding walls. . . . These words I read, above the central doorway: 'This habitation of cruelty is preserved as a memento to coming generations of the rule of the rich.'"

"This is one of the ghost buildings," said Edith, "kept to scare the people with, so that they may never risk anything that looks like bringing back the old order of things by allowing any one on any plea to obtain an economic advantage over another. I think they had much better be torn down, for there is no more danger of the world's going back to the old order than there is of the globe reversing its rotation."

A band of children, accompanied by a young woman, came across the square as we stood before the building, and filed into the doorway and up the black and narrow stairway. The faces of the little ones were very serious, and they spoke in whispers.

"They are school children," said Edith. "We are all taken through this building, or some other like it, when we are in the schools, and the teacher explains what manner of things used to be done and endured there."

This is not a good touch. A generation that shall need to discipline its children thus in the year 2000 will not, we think, by any means have achieved the happiness which Mr. Bellamy puts so lavishly to its credit.

\* \* \* \*

*A Peakland Faggot.* By R. Murray Gilchrist.  
(Grant Richards.)

Of the eighteen sketches which make up this little volume quite a dozen are good and were worth reprinting; the other six might have been omitted to the advantage of the remainder. They are all interesting, but the similarity of endings makes the general effect monotonous. After reading the first I amused myself by forecasting the conclusion of each story when I had reached the second page, and I was always right. However, having said so much, I have nothing left but praise. These glimpses of a simple people are true and vivid. My knowledge of the Peak-country is of the smallest; but Mr. Gilchrist's stories give just that prick to memory which is so pleasant and profitable. The humour is unforced and happy, and there are passages of genuine pathos. In the first story, "A Strolling Player," we have a poor farmer who is driving across the moors at nightfall, on a frosty road, with the coffin for his dead daughter—a daughter who had wandered away and returned with her child to die. He meets a weary and dishevelled actress who is toiling to the nearest town on the chance of an engagement. He gives her a lift, and she keeps the coffin from being scratched by the joltings of the cart. The player, of course, finally remains with the old people. But first she is taken by the wife to see the dead girl.

"Johanna peered into Violetty's hollow eyes before drawing down the counterpane and showing her the baby lying in its embroidered gown, like a doll, with its head resting between the mother's left breast and arm.

Violetty's face worked; she turned aside.

"Eena hoo a pretty yen?" Johanna said. "Twenty-one year, but et's just as ef hoo were ten or 'leven, and hoo'd gone to sleep wi' her moppet."

The history of "Lady Golightly," a curate's dancing monkey which scandalised the parish on the occasion of a fancy fair, is very funny. Lady Golightly steps upon the stage:

"By jowks, but hoo took on! They clapped an' clapped till et seemed as ef th' ramshackle pasteboard haases'ed all tum'le daan. When et were a bit quieter, hoo lifted her paader-box an' did her face over, an' fanned hersen, an' stood a-caantin th' music notes, so as to know when to step in.

"Then et looked as ef hoo'd forgot th' daunce, for hoo scratted her yead an' pondered. An' i' another moment hoo ups wi' her petticoat an' began a jig, the like o' which had ne'er been seen i' th' Peak afore. I

wunna tell yo' haa hoo carried on, but I heerd after as et were a can-can, such as they perform i' Fraunce!

"Parson's wife hoo screeted an' went off i' a sway, an' all th' gentry i' front got up an' went aat, but th' common sort i' th' sixpenny seats fairly bent double wi' laughin'. Th' best o' et were as th' curate 'peared so put aat as he hedna nerve to stop her.'"

One word as to the binding of the volume. It is most unpleasant to handle, the heavy brown of the lower part of the cover being as sticky and irritating as new paint. I would earnestly ask Mr. Grant Richards to clothe his "Sylvan Series" in a less objectionable dress.

\* \* \* \*

*Mallerton.* By A. B. Louis.  
(Bliss, Sands, & Co.)

*Mallerton* is distinctly a tantalising novel. I have read it through twice in search of its *raison d'être*, and have thereby, I feel sure, placed myself in an unique position among the readers of books. But at the end of the second perusal I had to acknowledge myself baffled. If *Mallerton* has any reason for existence at all it must be hidden far away in the dark recesses of its author's brain, which it is not given to the reviewer to fathom.

*Mallerton* is a town situate in an indefinite region and inhabited by very indefinite people. Mrs. or Miss A. B. Louis has endeavoured to portray the commonplace life of a commonplace town, and as a picture of every-day vulgarity, I have only one fault to find with it—it is not interesting. Take, for instance, the following bit of conversation culled at random from the book:

"When they reached Mrs. Estcourt's rooms they found her ready, and waiting with some impatience. 'My dear girls, what a time you have been dressing!' she exclaimed, 'at least Judith has, for Isabel was dressed already. What have you been about?'

'I found George there, Auntie, and we got talking, and it was not Judith's fault. We were to start at half-past one o'clock, and it has not struck the half-hour yet.'

'I hear it at this moment,' said Mrs. Estcourt, 'and unless we start at once we shall be too late. I don't see now how we can get back in time for lunch.'"

Now all this is mere waste of good paper and ink, it explains nothing and leads nowhere; it is utterly irrelevant and useless. Of course it is phonographically accurate enough, but then the phonograph is not a literary machine.

With the possible exception of M. Lacroix, a noisy but well-meaning Frenchman, the characters are but very dimly realised. The tragedy, which is, I suppose, the *pièce de résistance* of the novel, is managed in a very primitive way, and it passes understanding to know why the Salvation Army is dragged in to solve a mystery which needs no solution.

\* \* \* \*

*The Gift of Life.* By James Cassidy.  
(Chapman & Hall.)

This book may have been suggested by a paragraph which appeared in the papers some months ago about an American doctor who had discovered what he called the "microbe of death." The Herr Schneider of Mr. Cassidy's imagination had invented a "Lymph of Life," and the book is a study of the effects of his elixir on patients of various sorts and conditions. Naturally, the world at large was much agitated by the news:

"The life assurance companies proclaimed their disinterestedness by setting forth the hardships such a discovery must mean to would-be widows. Multitudes of poor relations sent in a petition to Parliament, requesting that under the new order of things estates and property generally might be redistributed every twenty-five years.

"The School of Advanced Thought sent forth a circular absolving the young from honour to parents, contending that inasmuch as 'length of days' was now independent of that practice it was superfluous. . . .

"The geologists alone appeared charmed with the discovery, because they realised that whole millenniums were before them for observational work; but in spite of their satisfaction as a class, they decided at a monster meeting, held in the Goldsmiths' Hall, that there were certain drawbacks to the discovery, as its application might lead to a failure in the supply of fossils.

"The Pope in Council decreed that wax candles should henceforth be burned at a birth instead of a death. The Worshipful Company of



Wax Candle Makers gave in their allegiance in a body, presenting his Holiness with several tons for use in the Vatican."

Unfortunately, Herr Schneider omits to inoculate himself, and in the end commits suicide. The excellent aim of the author is to enforce the old lesson that death is a blessing and not a curse. He drives it home in one of the closing chapters in a somewhat prosy sermon by "the Bishop of St. Adam's." *The Gift of Life* is a curiously unequal book.

\* \* \* \*

*Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green.* By Jerome K. Jerome.  
(Longmans & Co.)

Mr. Jerome made his reputation as a practitioner of that humour which set out to be up-to-date, and only succeeded in being middle-class, and the ghost of *Three Men in a Boat* lies in wait to handicap him even in his most serious moods. For his set grin I have no grin in response: his farcical types—"The Man who would Manage," "The Absent-Minded Man," "The Man who went Wrong," and the like—awake but the faintest echo of a cachinnation. On the stage, in a thoroughly artificial atmosphere, they might be amusing, but surely not in the broad daylight of print.

"It has been told me by those in a position to know—and I can believe it—that at nineteen months of age he wept because his grandmother would not allow him to feed her with a spoon; and that at three and a half he was fished, in an exhausted condition, out of the water-butt, whither he had climbed for the purpose of teaching a frog to swim.

Two years later he permanently injured his left eye, showing the cat how to carry kittens without hurting them; and about the same period was dangerously stung by a bee while conveying it from a flower where, as it seemed to him, it was only wasting its time, to one more rich in honey-making properties.

His desire was always to help others. He would spend whole mornings explaining to elderly hens how to hatch eggs, and would give up an afternoon's blackberrying to sit at home and crack nuts for his pet squirrel. Before he was seven he would argue with his mother upon the management of children, and reprove his father for the way he was bringing him up."

Mr. Jerome, like a Theophrastus of the comic press, pursues his hero remorselessly through his whole career.

"So far as intention went he was the kindest man alive. He never visited poor sick persons without taking with him in his pocket some little delicacy calculated to disagree with them and make them worse. He arranged yachting excursions for bad sailors, entirely at his own expense, and seemed to regard their subsequent agonies as ingratitude."

It is a damnable iteration. The worst of it is that Mr. Jerome knows very well how to write, and, when he chooses to lay aside the cap and bells, can give one a very good story. "Dick Dunkerman's Cat" contains an excellent touch of *diablerie*, as well as a distinct human interest.

\* \* \* \*

*Cousin Jem.* A Sepia Sketch. By L. Higgin.  
(Hurst & Blackett.)

What the author means by calling this book a "Sepia Sketch" I have not the faintest notion. But it will not deter one reviewer, at any rate, from remarking that "Cousin Jem" is a very poor story, as uninteresting as it is colourless. There is evidence in it that the author might do better with a fuller palette. But it is only the rankest amateur who imagines that he can sketch before he can paint. Mr. or Miss Higgin must work harder at fiction before he or she should have the audacity to attempt what a master like Mr. Thomas Hardy has only tried, in his "Well-Beloved," in the autumn of a long and brilliant career. The author has added to the impertinence of the sub-title by quoting as the motto to the story, "There is [*sic*] no art to find the mind's construction in the face." But the plain intention to depict in Miss Beryl Fane a sort of understudy to a certain Miss Becky Sharp is not to be reinforced by a misquotation from Macbeth. This is one of the novels which are a puzzle to both readers and critics. The wonder is how they ever get published.

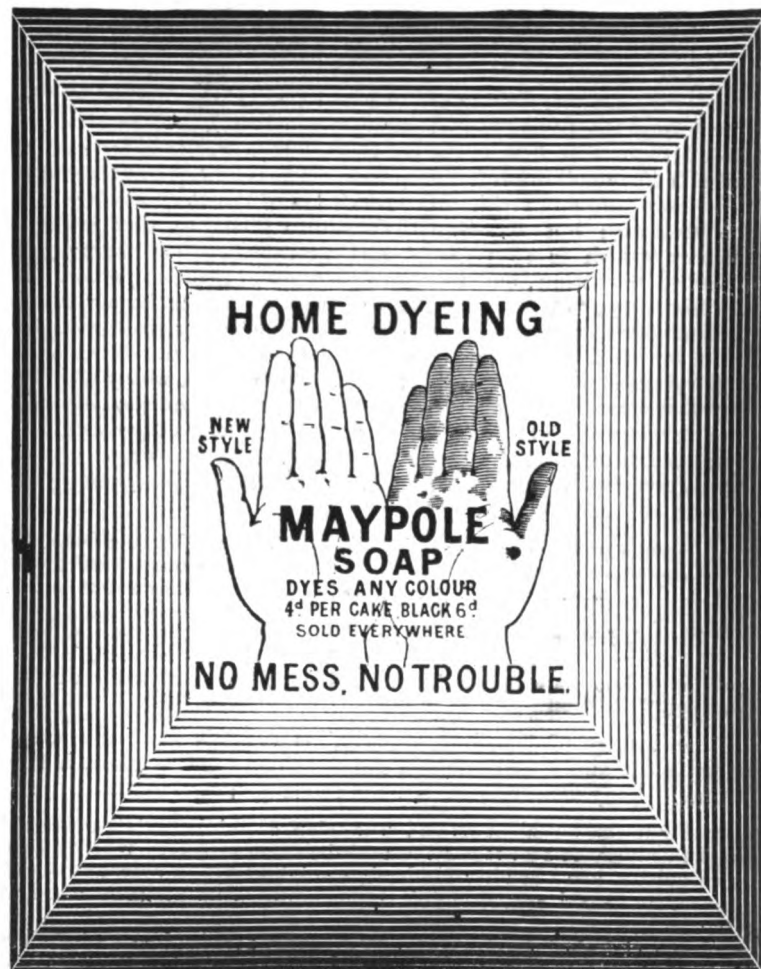
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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

NEW books still hang fire. The volumes on our table are chiefly new editions, and new volumes of works already undertaken. But two works of interest call for notice. The first is Sir Harry H. Johnston's *British Central Africa*. This work is "an attempt to give some account of a portion of the territories under British influence north of the Zambesi." Even at a first glance the book astonishes by its thoroughness. It is fitted with Maps, Tables, Appendices, and Photographs. British Central Africa centres round Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, and the book deals mainly with this area. Sir Harry Johnston writes:

"Although for seven years I have been connected with these countries, and have been gathering notes all that time, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the results of my work which I now publish deal more than partially with the many aspects and problems of this small section of Central Africa. The careful reader will be conscious of gaps in my knowledge; but I think he will not find his time wasted by vague generalisations. Such information as I have to give is definite and practical."

The book is well-turned out by Messrs. Methuen, the covers being tropical in their blaze of yellow.

Gunpowder Plot is not in such danger of being forgotten as the popular ditty would suggest. Its celebration by squib and rocket may have declined in many districts; but here is Prof. Gardiner with a book on it. Prof. Gardiner would not have written his book if Father John Gerard had not written one first. It will be remembered

that in his *What was the Gunpowder Plot?* Father Gerard recently sought to prove that no reliance can be placed on the generally accepted story of the Plot, and that whatever was plotted was well known to the Government, and that the Government falsified the story to the grave prejudice of Roman Catholics. Prof. Gardiner refuses to accept these conclusions, and replies to them in a book of 200 octavo pages. The work gains in interest by the fact that Prof. Gardiner does not despise his opponent. On the contrary, he admits that Father Gerard "gives us hard nuts to crack," and that his conclusions "at least call for patient inquiry."

Mr. H. D. Traill is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of the great work on Social England, which he has been editing for so long. The final volume, which is before us, extends from 1815 to 1885. A noteworthy feature of this monumental work is the generous lists of authorities which Mr. Traill gives the reader. The work is not only a host in itself, but it is a great collection of clues to knowledge.

"Doom to Dziggetai" is the scope of the latest issued part of Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary*. We know something about doom; but what is a dziggetai? It sounds to us like a weapon, a lance for preference, hurled from a savage hand. But it is not that. A dziggetai is a kind of mule that "lives in troops, in the sandy deserts of Central Asia." We hope to air this information at an early opportunity. Mr. Murray is quite reasonably proud of his great work, and his satisfaction finds vent in the following table, in which the *New Dictionary* is compared with some of its predecessors:

	Johnson.	Cassell's Encyclopedia.	"Century" Dict.	Funk's "Standard."	The New English Dictionary.
Words recorded	448	2335	2302	2477	4535
Words illustrated by quotations	384	1021	946	267	3312
Number of illustrative quotations	1421	2050	2088	388	17,460

Our readers are doubtless aware that many of the illustrative quotations in the *New English Dictionary* are of very recent extraction. A glance at these pages shows quotations from the books of Rolf Boldrewood, Mr. Seaton Merriman, and many others.

The "Famous Scots Series" makes strong headway. This week we review *Norman Macleod*, and we are now in receipt of *Sir Walter Scott*, which Prof. George Saintsbury has written.

A book that looks useful is *A Key to English Antiquities*, by Ella S. Armitage.

Guide-books multiply. Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. send us shilling guides to North Wales and to the favourite Derbyshire resorts. Each is profusely illustrated with maps and photographs, and how they can be sold at the price we scarcely understand.

## NEW EDITIONS.

*Dombey & Son*, in two volumes, is added to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Gadshill Dickens." In a facile introduction Mr. Andrew Lang relates the circumstances under which Dickens wrote the story at Lausanne. This novel cost him more than usual effort, but it was also more than usually successful; the sales of the first part exceeded *Chuzzlewit* by 12,000.

"Among the characters," says Mr. Lang, "Mr. Toots is probably the greatest favourite. Mr. Toots, 'perfectly sore with loving her,' puts with direct and simple force a very usual sensation, seldom as directly expressed. Mr. Toots's flashes of style may hardly be in character, but how good they are! He proposes to Florence, repents, and describes his conduct as 'more like a parricide than a person of property.' 'Chicken, your expressions are coarse, and your meaning is obscure.' He could scarcely have said that, but we are delighted that he did."

Mr. Lang reckons *Dombey* in the second rank of Dickens's works, but

"few English people can sleep at the excellent Hôtel de la Cloche, at Dijon, without blending their memories of Burgundian greatness with those of Edith and the disappointment of Mr. Carker."

The fourth volume is published in Mr. Nimmo's new edition of Mr. Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints*. No saints of the very first importance fall within this volume, which, however, contains the *Lives of St. Leo the Great and St. Anselm*.

The interest excited in the writings of Colonel John Hay by his recent appointment in London has led Mr. John Lane to issue a charming new edition of *Castilian Days*. Colonel Hay went to Madrid in 1869 as Secretary of Legation, and this book was a record of his impressions of Spain at that period. We observe that Mr. Lane promises an edition of Colonel Hay's poems, uniform with this volume.

The "Temple Classics" are always with us, and they do not pall. With the third, and final, volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution* comes the first volume of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. This work, like the *Montaigne*, will run to six volumes.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Takisara* arrives in a new one-volume edition.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGY.

THE OXFORD DEBATE ON THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. George Bell & Sons.

HEAR OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: THE ECUMENICAL COUNCILS. By William P. du Boe, S.T.D. Second edition. T. & T. Clark. 6s.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

SOCIAL ENGLAND. Vol. VI. Edited by H. D. Traill. Cassell & Co. 18s.

VICTORIA THE GOOD, QUEEN AND EMPRESS. Anon. Gardiner, Darton & Co.

HISTORY OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD. By Douglas Macleod. Oxford Historical Society.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New edition. Vol. IV. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. John C. Nimmo. 6s.

THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. Boswell's Life of Johnson. Vol. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d. each.



FAMOUS SCOTS' SERIES: SIR WALTER SCOTT. By George Saintsbury. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1s. 6d.  
 DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Vol. II. Edited by Sidney Lee. Smith, Elder & Co. 15s.  
 WHEAT GUNPOWDER PLOT WAR. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Longmans, Green & Co.  
 THE ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS, WEAPONS, AND ORNAMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Sir John Evans. Second edition. Longmans, Green & Co. 28s.

## POETRY, BELLES LETTRES, ETC.

VICTORIA: REGINA ET IMPERATRIX, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Wymtville. Cornish Bros. (Birmingham).  
 THE ATTITUDE OF THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS TOWARD NATURE. By H. Rushton Fairclough. Rowse & Hutchinson. (Toronto.)

## FICTION.

THE QUEST OF THE GILT-EDGED GIRL. By Richard de Lyrienne. John Lane. 1s.  
 THE STORY OF MOLLIE. By Marian Bower. Wm. Andrews & Co.  
 THE QUEER FOLK OF LIFE: TALES FROM THE KINGDOM. By David Pryde, M.A. Morison Bros. (Glasgow).  
 ETHICS OF THE SURFACE SERIES: THE RUDENESS OF THE HONOURABLE MR. LEATHERHEAD (new edition), and A HOMBURG STORY. Both by Gordon Seymour. Grant Richards. 2s. each.  
 CAMERA LUCIDA. By Bertha Thames. Sampson Low & Co.  
 A MAN'S UNDOING. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. F. V. White & Co.  
 THE STEPMOTHER. By Gregory Xenopoulos. John Lane.  
 CROOKED PATHS. By Francis Allingham. Longmans & Co.  
 DOWNEY & SON. New edition. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 12s.  
 TAQUISARA. By F. Marion Crawford. New edition. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

## GEOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, ETC.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. By Sir Harry H. Johnston. K.C.B. Methuen & Co. 30s.  
 BRITISH NEW GUINEA'S COUNTRY AND PEOPLE. By Sir William Macgregor, K.C.M.G. John Murray. 4s.  
 GUIDE TO NORTH WALES. Pictorial and Descriptive.  
 GUIDE TO MALLOW, DERRY AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. Ward, Lock & Co. 1s. each.  
 WAR AND A WHEEL: THE GREECO-TURKISH WAR AS SEEN FROM A BICYCLE. By Wilfrid Pollock. Chatto & Windus.  
 WITH THE TURKISH ARMY IN THESALY. By Clive Bigham. Macmillan & Co. 6s. 6d.  
 CASTILIAN DAYS. By John Hay. New edition. John Lane. 4s. 6d.  
 CHAMONIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC: A GUIDE. By Edward Whympers. Second edition. John Murray. 8s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

THE LETTERS OF CICERO TO ATTICUS. Book I. Edited by Alfred Pretor, M.A. George Bell & Sons.  
 ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM FOR BEGINNERS. Macmillan & Co.  
 ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS (Cheap re-issue):  
 CICERO. By Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. SOPHOCLES. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1s. each.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

WORDS OF COUNSEL. Compiled by J. B. Pearson, D.D. Elliot Stock.  
 THE SPAS OF WALES. By T. R. Roberts. John Hogg. 1s.  
 GOLD AND SILVER: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON BI-METALLISM. By James Henry Hallard. Rivington, Percival & Co. 2s. 6d.  
 SPEECH OF JOHN HAY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, MARCH 21, 1897. John Lane. 1s.  
 NATIONAL DEFENCES. By Major-General Maurice, C.B. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.  
 THE JĀTAKA: OR, STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS. Vol. III. Translated from the Pāli by Various Hands. Edited by Prof. E. B. Cowell. Cambridge University Press.  
 THE VICTORIAN ERA IN SOUTH AFRICA. By H. A. Bryden. The African Critic Office.  
 POT-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.  
 A KEY TO ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SHEFFIELD AND ROTTERHAM DISTRICT. By Ella S. Armitage. William Townsend (Sheffield). 7s.  
 THE VICTORIA PAINTING BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Cassell & Co. 1s.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

MARK TWAIN, it seems, has refused, on behalf of himself and his family, to accept any monetary help: a fulfilment of the prediction of an American journalist that the *New York Herald's* fund would make the humorist "tired." Mark Twain, we have no doubt, has done the right thing; although, as a writer in the *Morning Post* points out, the proceeds of the author's books may well be held by his admirers not fully to recompense him, especially if the case of actors and musicians who gladly accept benefits be taken as analogous.

MEANWHILE Mark Twain has left London on a visit to the Continent.

THE scheme of the Women's Jubilee Dinner on July 14, which is to be followed by a reception in the Grafton Galleries, has now crystallised. Every branch of woman's work is to be represented fairly, which is the amended form of the original "distinguished women" idea. "The committee," we are told, "deprecates all suspicion of anything beyond the mere representation of these various branches"; it considers the representative women idea as "grotesque, for once you begin classification you must work scientifically, and that is impossible." The entertainment has no ulterior meaning. "It is no manifesto of woman's rights, except the right to prove her appreciation of the work men have done, to return their hospitalities in kind, and to show her loyalty to the Queen." Any woman who belongs to any profession can, at the recommendation of any member of the committee, join as a hostess. This gives her the right to take a male guest.

ON the death of Prof. Wallace last February, his MSS. were handed over to the care of the Master of Balliol and Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, his great friends. As a result of their examination of the papers, there is every cause to believe that no publication will be made, as these remains consist mainly of scattered notes. The output of these three friends has not been large, measured in quantity, and one is constantly hoping for further volumes from Dr. Caird, whose work at Balliol prevents him from completing for book form his sets of lectures. This only increases our regret at the fact that one valuable book which Prof. Wallace had thought out, and was mentally preparing for its final state, should now be lost to the world, since no written record survives beyond a few hints. Dealing with the English poets of the early part of this century, it is very probable that the book would have proved the most popular of the Professor's works, if such studies may ever be described as "popular."

MRS. MEYNELL has accepted the presidency of the Society of Women Journalists for the ensuing year. Her predecessors in this office include Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Henniker; and the Duchess of Sutherland

we understand, has promised to occupy the post next year. Among the lectures, which are a feature of the society's programme, one is likely to be delivered this winter by a distinguished poet who has never before appeared upon a platform.

THE Civil List pensions distributed during the year just closed include, as usual, several that have literary association, and, it is cheering to notice, none corresponding to the grant to Mr. Brooks. Mr. Balfour seems to have exercised sound judgment.

THE American *Bookman* has a sprightliness to which its English representative cannot attain. In the current number the correspondence page contains the following question from a Brooklyn gentleman: "I note in your columns adequate mention of most of the new writers, English and American, but I have seen nothing as yet about Mr. Silas K. Hocking. What do you think of Mr. Hocking?" The answer of the *Bookman* is cruel but amusing: "Mr. Silas K. Hocking," it says, "is not provocative of thought."

IN the same number is the following outspoken criticism, which, of course, goes too far, but is refreshing after the monotony of the average literary news-sheet:

"We should like to ask why *Cosmopolis*, which professes to be an international magazine in the widest sense of the word, has never yet published a line by an American writer, and does not mention the name of any such in its announcements for the future? It should get a new title more truly descriptive of its editorial attitude. How would *The Parish* do?"

THE success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* on the stage has led to the dramatisation of *Phroso*, which Mr. Rose, the adapter of the earlier romance, is undertaking in collaboration with Mr. H. V. Esmond.

MR. H. G. WELLS prides himself that while some of his fantastic creations may appear improbable none of them are impossible. He should therefore be glad to know that in two of the short stories in his latest book he anticipated actual events in almost every particular. One of the stories—*In the Abyss*—relates the experiences of a naval officer who designed a hollow steel ball, which would take him to the bottom of the sea, and in which he could live for a few hours, before returning to the surface. By a remarkable coincidence, a submarine balloon of precisely the same character as that which Mr. Wells's insight enabled him to describe has just been completed by a naval constructor at Vitry-sur-Seine, and will shortly be used for bringing up ships and cargoes lying at depths too great for ordinary diving work. The globe is about eleven feet in diameter, and will accommodate three persons. It will be let down from a ship, and grappling irons manipulated from the inside will be used for making connexions with things to be hauled to the surface. Count Piatti dal Pozzo, the inventor of this

submarine workman, has already descended to a depth of ninety fathoms in it, and he proposes to go as deep as three hundred fathoms.

ANOTHER instance of Mr. Wells's prophetic power is afforded by the regrettable accident to Dr. Wölfert and a companion while testing a navigable balloon at Tempelhof a few days ago. Mr. Wells described a very similar machine in his *Argonauts of the Air*; he manned it with two persons; he propelled it, like Wölfert, with a benzine motor, and he brought it to just the same kind of end. The incidents of the Tempelhof catastrophe are, indeed, almost identical with those given in the story.

THE parody of Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl*, which Mr. Lane has just issued under the title *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl*, demands from its readers a closer knowledge of the career of Mr. Le Gallienne and the inner life of current literature than most persons possess. To the initiated it will be very amusing, though not, we fancy, amusing enough. That is its fault; it is clever, agile, full of acrobatic, but it ought to have more sheer fun. The following verses, apropos of nothing in particular, are neat. They occur in a piece called *The Complaisant Angler*:

"And though he be of manners mild,  
The trait in him is odd;  
He certainly won't spare the child  
Who may have spoiled the rod.  
His sense of etiquette is fine—  
Politeness is his whim—  
He always drops the fish a line,  
To come and dine with him."

IN a review of *The Treasure of the Humble* Mr. W. B. Yeats makes a sound suggestion to publishers. Often they find it necessary from the business point of view to preface a book with an introduction which, written in popular terms, shall draw the attention of the public to a work that, if it went without any such patronage, might be overlooked. To the reader who already knows the author these introductions are very naturally an annoyance, and Mr. Yeats's suggestion is that it would be well to perforate the pages on which they are printed in order that they may be torn out or retained at pleasure. Merely to slip the introductions in like circulars, he adds rather maliciously, would be to go too far, for numbers will always prefer them to the books themselves!

THE edition of Sheridan which Mr. Fraser Rae is editing is likely to be a great surprise to playgoers. There is an old story of a man who set out to follow a performance of *Ici on parle Français* with the book of words in his hand, but succeeded in tracing no likeness whatever to Mr. Toole's remarks on the stage and the author's on the page. It seems that *The School for Scandal* as it was originally written and a modern acting version, or even literary version, contain similar disparities. We have, in fact, nothing quite as Sheridan wrote it, not even the songs in *The Duenna*. Mr. Fraser Rae has had special facilities for setting this tangle right, and

his edition of Sheridan's plays will be of very great interest.

SIR WALTER BESANT has used his knowledge of the history of the century to some purpose in connexion with the late Jubilee. He wrote the articles for the *Illustrated London News* and for the *Queen*, and also for a Chicago firm a short volume on the Sixty Years' Reign.

EVERY assistant at a circulating or public library has a collection of humorous misquotations of titles on the part of customers. But sometimes it is the assistant who is at fault. A customer recently asked for *The Lady of the Aroostook*. After consultation with another employee, the assistant returned with the reply: "Will you have *The Lady or the Tiger* instead? *The Lady or the Rooster* is not in."

APROPOS to Mr. Howells, it is stated that he was asked recently for his autograph, and thought to confound the applicant by replying with the question, "Have you bought my last book?" The answer came with admirable promptness: "I have not. I want to sell your autograph in order to get enough money to buy it."

Two interesting volumes by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger are in preparation. An account of the rise of our Empire in India will be closely followed by the life, now first written, of Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Java, and founder of Singapore. The account of our struggle for supremacy with the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago will be particularly appropriate at this time; while all those to whom British commercial enterprise is an interest will welcome this complete record of a remarkable man, who did a marvellous work in the early part of the century.

MAXWELL GRAY, who is known in private life as Miss Tuttielt, has finished a new novel, which, says Mr. Arthur Waugh, according to those who have had an opportunity of judging, is likely to be a serious rival in popularity of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*. The new book will appear in the autumn. *The Silence of Dean Maitland* still has a steady sale of some thousand copies a year.

TOLSTOI is said to be at work on a new novel, of which the Russian correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, gives the following account:

"The scene opens in a Russian law-court, where a young woman is tried for theft, and found guilty. During the trial one of the jury recognises her as one whom he had known some years before, and whom he had betrayed and then deserted. As the judge pronounces a sentence of imprisonment on the unfortunate woman, the juryman feels that he is really the guilty person, and determines to make what amends he can. He visits the prisoner's cell and tells her of his intention, but she repulses him, saying her love has turned to hatred. Notwithstanding this, he accompanies her into exile in Siberia, sharing her hardships, and thus doing penance for his own sin."

## ANATOLE FRANCE.

IN the choice, last autumn, of M. Anatole France for Academic glory, the immortality bestowed so rashly upon a living man by thirty-nine *confrères* is not futile. M. France bids fair to remain a classic, and it is fitting that a writer of so pure and limpid a style, of an erudition as exhaustive as it is quaint and rare, should find his career crowned with an honour that, in this case, is appropriate, while in so many others it is without significance or distinction. How many of all the Immortals introduced to their generation with pompous praise remain even for the next a memory, after the conventional eulogy pronounced by their successor before all Paris in its brightest array?

M. France is no mere modern man of letters (examples of which are so abundant), who writes polished prose and furnishes evidences of learning. However excellent and original his critical work may be considered, apart from taste and prejudice, it is not as a critic, or even as a charming writer, that he will appeal to the judgment of the future. For he is something considerably more. The exquisite fragrance and subtle simplicity of his prose reveal a quality more essential yet than charm for such permanence as he may claim. He has written, with a grace so artful as triumphantly to simulate unconsciousness and guilelessness, words as profound, as witty, and as wise as any the best classics of any land can offer. It is precisely this refinement of an incomparable art, the old-fashioned flavour of thought and delicate appreciation, the extreme subtlety of irony that recalls the bland false mediæval smile, and a captivating urbanity of wit and manner flowing through serene and temperate pages in modern language, that so completely fascinate us. There is the note of Sterne, —not affected, not imitated, not even reminiscent. It is the echo of a perfect affinity, whether unconscious or cultivated. Modern times, which M. France so clearly and caustically portrays, gather all the witchery of remote ages through the lucid and classical measure of his most perfect prose. There is no every-day picturesqueness, no vulgar brilliance, no cheap melodism to disturb us in our placid sensation of enchantment. His very obscenity is Pagan, and therefore, in some degree, endurable. His wit does not evoke laughter, but a smile, has more perfume than sparkle, yields a pervasive glow rather than hilarity.

M. France was born in 1844, and his first view of the world—Paris along the Seine—has been charmingly described in that innocent and attractive book—*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. His childhood is delightfully evoked in the sweetest of child's books—*Le Livre de mon ami*. Is it perversity or sincerity that forces from him the assertion that the writing of these pleasant pages bored him? For never was a heavy task more lightly done; never were the panoramic impressions of a little Parisian lad more delicately and faithfully reproduced by the pen of cynical man. Not even Stevenson in his *Child's Garden* has achieved more vivid and quainter veracity in returning to

the dim and evanescent phases of childish thought and sentiment.

M. France was educated at the old Stanilaus, in Thackeray's street of Our Lady of the Little Fields, kept by priests. He maintains that the old system of education was greatly superior to the modern *lycées*. There were greater chances of erudition; boys were taught less, but taught better; foreign languages and the varied accomplishments of our time were not cultivated, but classical lore was the basis of instruction, with less superficial and richer results. The method was more individual, less administrative; and, instead of leaving school machines overfilled with ill-digested knowledge, boys fronted life with a narrow, sound, and serviceable education. Are we to thank this system for the graceful, personal, and penetrative flavour of scholarship in the work of M. France, which, even in his most pedantic mood, never sinks into triviality or display? True, he can be pedantic enough, and in that drollest of eighteenth-century revivals, *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, pedantry and erudition often combine to stay the smile on his reader's lips: it is one of his own favourites, and he likes to recall the amusement the writing of it afforded him.

Of course he has his campaign to remember, like every other Frenchman of our days. His soldiering may not have greatly served poor France's cause or done much damage to the German army; but, if it did not help to arrest the Prussian advance, it at least enabled M. France to lie upon the ramparts in a noble attitude and recite for the benefit of a stupefied comrade the lamentable story of Dido. M. France is naturally very proud of this picturesque fact. Anyone may shoot an enemy down, but few, while bomb and shell are bursting in their ears, and the enemy's bayonets are pointed in their direction, would have mind left for the woes of Dido. Leaving these martial altitudes, it is less dizzy to follow M. France's modest literary career at this period. We find him more tranquilly, if less gloriously, helping to edit the *Dictionnaire d'Antiquité*, and blossoming into verse in a volume of *Poésies dorées*. Under Darwin's influence his chief article of faith, revealed in these gilded verses, is his belief in the survival of the fittest. There were, of course, other influences, notably that of Greek and Roman, to whom he owes chiselled phrase and clarity of idea. His devotion to these imperishable masters is the keynote of his intellectual individuality. Nearer home, first comes Racine, above all *Phèdre*. It delights him still to recite scenes from *Phèdre*, which he does well. Of foreign gods, Shakespeare is supreme. He greets him barbarian, as befits a polished Latin, but in the next breath devoutly murmurs that he is the only one. Shakespeare can hardly have influenced so French and unimaginative a nature, but such universal genius he qualifies as the greatest of all, then makes lighter mention of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Goethe in his intellectual training.

The solitude and silence of the *Bibliothèque du Sénat*, where unpretentious and impersonal labour supplied him with daily

bread, were a congenial atmosphere to a writer of learned bent, and until thirty he was content to mature without serious thought of production. It was then he wrote his first book, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, like M. Ludovic Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*, the delight of the French young person, habitually condemned to overseas fiction for propriety's sake. At forty he began to take himself gravely as the slave of ink, with the austere duty of producing a volume each year. This period he opened with that charming little book, *Le Livre de mon Ami*, precious because of its individual note and delicate humour. His four volumes of *Critiques Littéraires* are gathered articles contributed to the press, and reveal his gifts and qualities as a versatile journalist. Against the persistent personality of his criticism M. Brunetière has waged a ruthless war with his customary despotism of decision. But there is much to be said in favour of a "moi" so ironical and humorous as that of M. France. It may be the mission of the austere critic to lift a weightier official voice in judgment, but charm and grace dwell with M. France, who, for that matter, denies all value whatever to literary criticism. He regards it as purely a question of convention and prejudice. He leaves the rostrum to the ponderous editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and contents himself with chatting pleasantly to a public he does not take seriously, about books he takes less seriously, with no desire whatever to be taken too seriously himself.

Yet, strange to say of a writer who professes contempt of criticism, his own created work is to some extent marred by an excessive application of the critical method. He seems to count his words too rigidly, to watch too minutely the effect of each sentence, to exercise too ruthlessly the privilege of studied choice, with the result of a total lack of spontaneity. He is too careful, too measured a craftsman ever to carry away a single reader, too unimaginative ever to be carried away himself. Whatever he writes, he remains smilingly cold and unconvinced. The faintest touch of effervescence, a hint of impetuosity in restraint, would prove a bright relief against his mild, but implacable art. It would break refreshingly the temperate urbanity of his false and inscrutable smile. For he has too much the air of laughing at us artistically. His subtlety is too acquired, his humour too exquisitely literary to be sincere, too inhuman even despite its witchery and penetrative truth. And still the fascination of his irony remains irresistible. Instead of modern satire, he revives the vanished grace of mockery, the delicious frankness of mediæval perfidy, and envelopes sensualism in a decorative and suggestive quaintness. He can be offensive, as the love-scenes of that abominable masterpiece *Le Lys Rouge* prove. By such concessions to latter-day pornographic tastes he has marred what would otherwise have been a remarkable evocation of the old Florentine atmosphere of art and beauty, in splendid pages that have all the blinding brilliance and flash of jewels. Too learned, too artificial, but as fine and finished and

radiant as the best Florence in her glory has produced.

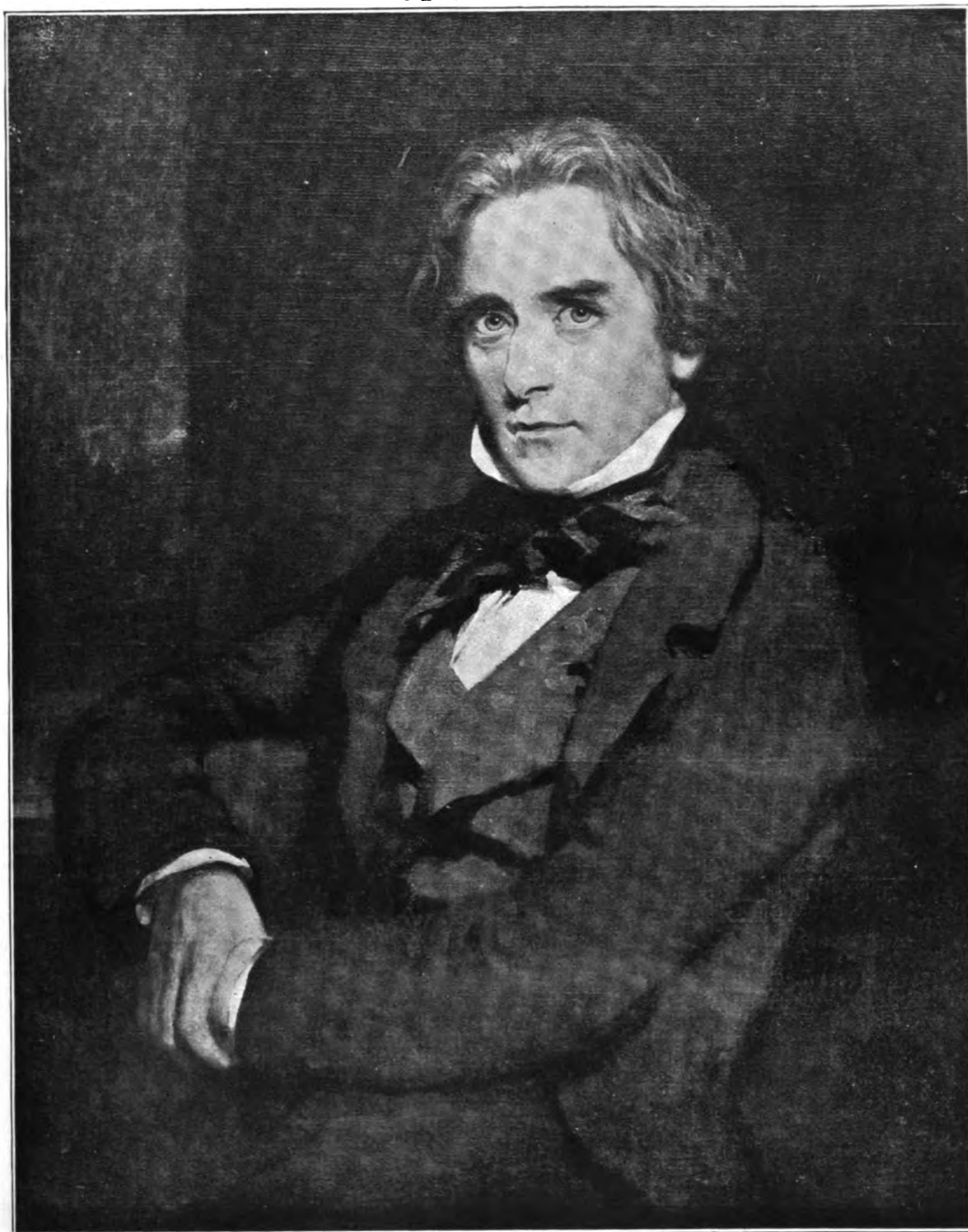
M. France's gifts are salient enough, though his supreme quality lies beyond casual survey. His charm is like the flavour of old wine, not meant for hurried appreciation nor to tempt the palate of the ordinary reader. His glamour is subdued, like the gentle fulgence of a late sunset, neither glowing nor glittering. If he lack conviction and sincerity, he is the least hypocritical of writers. Faithless he may be, but he smiles so winningly that we make light of his *je m'en fiche* air.

HANNAH LYNCH.

## ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

### XXXV.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

IF Douglas Jerrold's books are no longer read, his witticisms are still the salt of many books. This is his misfortune. Many of Jerrold's "best things" seem trivial or cruel. The trivial ones lie at the door of those who have reported them; yet enough is left to prove Jerrold a great wit. As for the charges of acridity and cruelty hurled at Jerrold, they cannot be made with any safety. There are men who can and do say the sharpest things without wounding. The look, the manner, the twinkle in the eye, the known character of the man—these turn bitterness to merry banter in the very utterance. It is told of Sir Richard Burton that he was once found making the most hideous grimaces (wherein he was a past master) to a bright lad of four or five years. The boy was fascinated, but unafraid; he saw, what Burton himself could not disguise, the true man behind the simulated demon. And it is always the individual that makes a jest cruel or harmless. Therefore, when we read of Jerrold's reply to the man who said that a certain air had completely carried him away, "Can nobody whistle it?" we are not entitled to impute to him any rudeness. When another man exclaims at dinner, "Well, sheep's head for ever, say I"—and Jerrold replies, "There's egotism!"—we need not suppose that the egotist's dinner was spoiled for him. These jokes, it is true, were barely worth reporting, but at least let us remember that they have probably been reported badly. Jerrold said many good things which were not of the destructive order. It was he who opined that "if an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere, just to celebrate the event." He admired Carlyle, but remarked, very truly, that his teaching contained no definite suggestions: "Here," he said, "is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I come running downstairs has nowhere for me to go." Jerrold may well have prided himself on sayings of this quality; but he was careless of his ordinary reputation as a wit. Like other wits, he was expected to be funny, and jokes were wrung from him that he could rate at their true worth. He was ambitious to be known as something better than a wit or a *farceur*, and it is to his credit that he wearied of making fun for *Punch*. It was into *The Story of a Feather*



DOUGLAS JERROLD

*From the Picture by Sir Daniel Macnee in the National Portrait Gallery*





(1844), *The Chronicles of Clovernook* (1846), and *A Man Made of Money* (1849), and into his best plays, that Jerrold put his heart. He would probably have gladly seen one of these acknowledged as his masterpiece, in place of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### A TALK WITH THE LIBRARIAN OF THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY.

"YOU seem to be considerably upset, Mr. Welch?"

"Yes; the ball on Monday night! You see, the Library is liable to be annexed on these occasions. I don't pretend I like it, but I have no legal ground of complaint. The Corporation spent an enormous sum on this Library building, and they resolved that on festive occasions it should contribute to the festivity."

"Well, but don't all these hoardings and boardings injure the furniture and fittings?"

"I'm afraid they do, but that can't be helped. Come into this little room, will you; we can talk quietly there. What can I tell you about the Library?"

"A great many things, if you will. For instance, how do you keep it up?"

"Well, I can tell you that. The Corporation allows us £1,000 a year to purchase new books. Of course, there are certain drains on this sum. We have to buy new volumes of works already begun; to pay for our magazines, and the annual reports of learned societies, and what not. In the end we have, perhaps, £550 a year, exclusive of any special subsidies, to spend on entirely new books."

"And do you buy important new books promptly—for instance, Mr. Traill's sixth and final volume of *Social England* is just out. Have you bought that?"

"Oh, yes, it is already available to readers. We buy books of first-rate importance at once, generally speaking. But we have to be shrewd. Many a good book, you know, comes into the remainder market."

"It does."

"Well, we anticipate and wait. Memoirs, for instance, are apt to come down, and one can often secure a 32s. book of that class for 6s. a year or two after publication."

"May I ask you from whom you buy your new books—I don't mean who precisely—but do you go to retail booksellers?"

"Oh, yes. The bulk of our books are supplied by two retail City firms. We get the usual discount and a little more off in consideration of the fact that we allow these booksellers to submit books on approval."

"And are you large purchasers from second-hand booksellers?"

"Yes, I think I may say so. For instance, I search all second-hand booksellers' lists for books on London that we do not possess. You know our collection of books on London is unrivalled."

"Unrivalled?"

"Unrivalled."

"Well, has the Ashburnham sale interested you?"

"Oh, yes; we made some interesting purchases. We are trying to collect books

printed at early London presses, and we had saved £300 to spend at the Ashburnham sale. We spent it to advantage. Unfortunately, we had no chance of securing any of the Caxtons or Wynkyn de Worde; the prices these fetched were terrible—terrible. At another great sale we recently spent over £200 on Elizabethan books, mostly having some connexion with London."

"Tell me, will you, what class of readers come here?"

"Certainly. Merchants and City men generally come to consult books on commercial subjects. It is one of our main objects to serve the purposes of the commerce of London. Therefore we provide Directories for every part of the world, books on commercial law, and handy reference books of all kinds. Secondly, we have original workers, especially literary men, who are working up London subjects. Thirdly, young men and women who are attending technical classes in the City, the Gresham Lectures, the University Extension Lectures, and the Birkbeck Institute. These come in the luncheon hour or the evenings. Fourthly, professional men, architects, solicitors, engineers, who may be preparing papers for learned societies, or keeping themselves abreast of the culture of the day."

"And you can satisfy the needs of all these people?"

"Yes. Ours is a very well-selected library; it is also of a most respectable size, and we can hand you a book in three minutes."

"Do many people drop in at mid-day to read for sheer recreation?"

"Oh, undoubtedly!"

"And they ask for fiction?"

"Yes, but they only get the best. Of current fiction we can offer them practically nothing. But Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Kingsley, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, Disraeli, and some dozen others are at their disposal."

"But no living novelists?"

"Hardly any; we have one or two of Kipling's books. We have no Merediths. We have all Stevenson's books."

"Do you analyse the reading done here?"

"Yes, I take one typical day in each month and report on it to the Committee. Here are some of my reports."

"I see that on May 17 your principal entries are: Fiction, 12.52 per cent.; topography, 10.87; biography, 9.69; magazines, 7.32; fine arts, 6.85; useful arts, 4.72; newspaper files, 4.01. It seems an excellent record, Mr. Welch; but I am struck with the fact that your repression of fiction leaves it still at the top."

"Well, we can at least say that we keep only standard novels; and you will see that even in the partial list you have taken down serious reading stands at 40 per cent. as compared with 12 per cent. The great bulk of our reading is serious. Indeed, this is a students' library."

"Your own connexion with the Library has been a very long one, I believe, Mr. Welch?"

"I came to it as a boy, in 1864."

"You must be greatly attached to it."

"I am."

### SALE OF THE ASHBURNHAM LIBRARY—(concluded).

THE first portion of this famous sale has realised, in all, £30,151 10s. It will be seen from the totals of each day that the third and sixth days alone brought almost half of this enormous sum: (1) £2,599 18s. 6d., (2) £1,930 6s. 6d., (3) £9,788 1s., (4) £2,779 6s. 6d., (5) £2,205 14s. 6d., (6) £5,259 4s., (7) £4,418 0s. 6d., and (8) £1,150 18s. 6d.

The items which swelled the sixth day's sale were all books printed either by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde. Caxton's first edition of Chaucer's "*Canterbury Tales*" (1478?), wanting fifteen leaves, was acquired by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto for £720. An almost perfect copy brought last year the large sum of £1,880; while the Barlston Hall copy, defective in nineteen leaves, fetched £1,020. Caxton's second edition of Chaucer's "*Tales*," also defective, was bought by Messrs. Pickering for £300. The other Chaucers sold as follows: Pynson's Edition (1493?), £233 (Pickering); another copy, very defective, £49 (Tregaskis); Wynkyn de Worde's second issue (1498), £1,000 (Pickering); Chaucer's "*Troilus and Criseyde*" (Pynson, 1528), £26 (Leighton); Chaucer's "*Workes*" (Godfray, 1532), £45 (Quaritch); (W. Bonham, 1542), £20 (Quaritch); (J. Kyngston, 1561), £31 (Bain); Pickering's edition of Chaucer's "*Tales*" (1830, on vellum), £34 (Leighton); Pickering's edition of Chaucer's "*Romaunt of the Rose*," &c. (1846, on vellum), £25 (Leighton); Wynkyn de Worde's edition of Chaucer's "*Troilus*" (1517), £110 (Quaritch).

Caxton's "*Ordre of Chivalry*" (1483-5) went to Messrs. Pickering for £345, and the same printer's edition of "*The Boke named Cordale*" (1479), the same purchaser acquired for £760, imperfect as it was in eight leaves. A fine copy from Wynkyn de Worde's press of "*The Foure of the Commandementes of God*," commanded £85 (Tregaskis); while the copy of Columna's "*Hypnerotomachia*," which had belonged to the Emperor Charles V., went to Mr. Quaritch for £151. Other noteworthy items of this day are: Champier's "*La Vie . . . des preux Chevalier Bayard*" (Jehan Bonfons), £35 (Bain); "*The Boke of the Cyte of Ladyes*" (Pepwell, 1521), £23 (Bain); the famous "*Chronicle of St. Albans*" (1483), £180 (Leighton); "*The Firste Part of Churchyardes Chippes*" (1578), £31 (Bain); "*Tullyes Offyces*" (De Worde, 1534), £35 (Bain); Cocker's "*Arithmetick*" (1678), £24 10s. (Townley); Commynes' "*Chronique et Histoire*," in a Groller binding, £38 (Quaritch); Thomas Danett's translation of the same (1601), £27 (Bain); Conrad von Megenberg's "*Das Buch der Natur*" (1478), £54 (Quaritch); Alexander Craig's "*Poetical Recreations*" (1609), a small volume of sixteen leaves, £49 (Townley); the first edition of Orammer's "*Catechism*" (1548), £36 (Bain); and Cunningham's "*Cosmographical Glasse*" (1559), £42 (Quaritch).

The remaining two days may be summarised as follows: Daniel's "*Works*" (1601, first complete edition), £28 (Bain); the first edition known with a date of the *whole* of Dante's "*Divina Comedia*" (1472), £142 (Quaritch); De Bry's "*Collectiones Peregrinationum*" (1598-1619), £40 (Quaritch); Decker's "*Villanies Discovered*" (1620), £24 (Bain); Defoe's "*Moll Flanders*" (1721), £22 10s. (Ellis); Gilles Dewes' "*Introduction for to Lerne to Rede*" (Nic. Bousman), £30 10s. (Hazlitt); Caxton's "*Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers*" (1477), £1,320 (Quaritch); Diodorus Siculus' "*Les Trois premiers Livres de l'Histoire*" (1535), £151 (Quaritch); Caxton's "*Doctrinal of Sypence*" (1489), £660 (Quaritch); Gawin Douglas's "*Palis of Honour*" (1553), £81 (Ellis); Drayton's "*Poems*" and "*Polyolbion*" (1619-22), £27 (Hazlitt); Durandus' "*Rationale*



*Divinorum Officiorum*" (1460, on vellum), £320 (Quaritch); Du Saix' "Lesperon de Discipline" (1532), £190 (Granville); Erasmus' "Exposition of the Crede" (1533), £24 10s. (Bain); Fletcher's "Purple Island" (1633), £20 10s. (Cotton); Florio's "Firste and second Fruites" (1578-81), £20 5s. (Quaritch); first edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" (1562-3), £150 (Quaritch); Froissart's "Chroniques" (illuminated), £190 (Leighton); Froissart's "Cronycles" (first edition of Berners' translation, 1523-5), £30 (Quaritch). The Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was sold as complete, which means that this copy is, perhaps, the only copy known which may be so described.

Space forbids us entering into further details, but very many most interesting items brought over £10 each. Without a doubt this has been the most sensational book sale within recent years.

## DRAMA.

WITH the two leading actresses of the French stage playing side by side, and in the case of "Frou-Frou" in direct contrast with each other, it was impossible that they could avoid some appearance of rivalry. Nor need it be supposed that they were anxious to do so. It is no secret that of late years the fickle public of the Boulevard have shown some inclination to depose the illustrious Sarah Bernhardt from her throne and to elect Mme. Réjane in her stead. That Mme. Sarah has been a good many years on the boards is true, and as the French proverb has it, "One cannot always be and have been." But she is a woman of remarkable vitality, as well as a wonderful actress, and though the curious profess to detect some falling off in her powers, it is probable that the waning of her popularity in Paris is mainly due to the occurrence of her long absences on tour, since she has made it pretty clear that *l'art pour l'art* is no longer, if, indeed, it ever was, the guiding principle of her life. On the other hand, Mme. Réjane has been faithful for many years to her Parisian public, and the latter extend to her a corresponding measure of patronage and goodwill. To compare the two actresses more closely than this with a view to determining which is the greater would be a vain task. Each has a style of her own, and each at her best is unapproachable. I imagine, however, that when all accounts are cast up the palm of excellence will be accorded to Mme. Sarah, who, on the score alike of force, versatility, and what, commercially speaking, may be called output, has no small claim to be regarded as the greatest actress of the century, perhaps the greatest actress that the world has ever known.

MME. RÉJANE works upon a smaller scale than her rival. Within the range of her powers her artistic achievement may be of a higher order than that which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been accustomed for many years to give to the world. But the latter sweeps the whole gamut of comedy and tragedy with sovereign ease, while the personality of the former adapts itself best to the portrayal of comedy characters having a basis of Bohemianism or vulgarity.

Hence the success of Mme. Réjane in "La Douleuse" and "Mme. Sans-Gêne," and her comparative failure in "Frou-Frou," where, greatly daring, she has directly measured herself against Mme. Sarah. What manner of woman is Gilberte de Sartorys, otherwise Frou-Frou? Mme. Sarah Bernhardt depicts her as a victim to nerves and hysteria, acting upon impulse, giddy, frivolous, irresponsible, but not at heart vicious, and never more appreciative of her husband's goodness or more sensible of her love for him, her child or her sister, than after her downfall. In Mme. Réjane's hands the heroine of Meilhac and Halévy's famous play develops upon wholly different lines. She is more deliberate in her wrongdoing, more inherently corrupt, the victim of an evil heredity, or so it would seem; and for the first time one feels there is a certain fitness in her being provided with a prodigal and profligate parent like Brigard. Doubtless, the second conception is not less true in its way than the first. It may even appeal to the student of character as the more likely. But as to the relative value of the two Frou-Frous in a dramatic sense there can be no question. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's is infinitely the more touching, the more poetic, the more beautiful, and it is inconceivable that the torrents of tears that have been shed over "pauvre Frou-Frou" at her instance could ever be evoked by such a minx as Mme. Réjane portrays.

In these different interpretations we see the effect of personality, which, after all, remains the greatest factor in the actor's art. However cleverly the actor may disguise himself, he is at his best when he suits his part, or the conception which the public, for some reason or other, may have formed of his part. I willingly grant that the Frou-Frou of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, all nerve and goodness, is not a very real character, or that it is less real than the other, who is clearly her father's daughter. Still, to the minds of the present generation, no other Frou-Frou is so acceptable as the one she has moulded. It is always dangerous to attempt to recast the public conception of a character. Nothing but commanding genius can do it with impunity, and if Mme. Réjane smarts a little under her defeat, she is merely paying the natural penalty of her rashness. On her own ground, as in "Mme. Sans-Gêne," this fine actress has no rivalry to fear. There her personality aids her, as much as in "Frou-Frou" it militates against her.

THE explosive, hysterical style of which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is so consummate a mistress finds further illustration in "Spiritisme," the latest and, in some respects, the least satisfactory work that has come from the prolific pen of M. Sardou. "Spiritisme" hardly contains material enough for a play. It consists of one great scene, the setting of which would be better suited to a Christmas story—a fact which explains the small degree of favour with which this latest specimen of M. Sardou's handiwork has been received. On the pretence of going on some innocent railway journey a married woman elopes with an admirer. The train by which she is sup-

posed to travel is wrecked in a collision and partly destroyed by fire, so that the bodies of the victims are in many cases unrecognisable. She is believed to be among the dead. Safe in her lover's retreat, she is free to begin life under new conditions; but she is painfully disillusioned when her lover shirks his responsibilities, and the outpouring of her contempt on this despicable person's head is checked only by her remorse as from her window she sees her husband bent with grief taking part in the obsequies of the victims of the railway disaster. From this combination of emotions is derived the great scene of the piece. But why the title "Spiritisme"? The betrayed husband is a spiritualist, as we gather from a table-rapping scene in the first act, and it is in the guise of a spirit that the repentant wife in the third act opens negotiations for a reconciliation. M. Sardou allows his characters to discuss the pros and cons of spiritualism in a manner which suggests that he has some personal sympathy with the doctrine, but in the end he employs it only as a device for bringing about an ineffective *dénouement*. He is a dramatist first and a spiritualist afterwards. For the sake of the one scene in which the actress rises to her full height in the manifestation of scorn and grief, it is a pity that the dramatist's hand should here, to some extent, have lost its cunning.

As another exemplification of the force of personality, I may mention the poor effect produced by the charming young Austrian actress, Mme. Odilon, in attempting what is technically known as a "breeches" part. She is much too feminine in style, physically as well as morally, to make a good stage boy. The experiment was an unfortunate one, and shows how readily the actress might have marred her London season had she chosen this character for her *début*. In fact, she has not succeeded in extending or deepening the highly favourable impression she created in "Untreu." The repertory of the "Volks-theater," so far as it has been exhibited at Daly's Theatre, is open to the reproach of being shallow and trivial. The pieces are pleasant drawing-room sketches that create no lasting impression. They are the entertainment theory of the drama pushed to an extreme. Better the problem play or musical farce than this dulcet monotony!

As a theatrical record, Mr. William Archer's compilation of his weekly dramatic criticisms for the past year (*The Theatrical World of 1896*: Walter Scott) will be welcomed; but he is too much out of sympathy with the theatrical tastes of the day to be an ideal chronicler, and it may be that the most valuable part of this volume will be the synopsis of play-bills given in the appendix. Mr. Archer lives in a little theatrical world of his own, and has no hesitation in banning everything which does not fit into it. The special object of his aversion appears to be the popular drama, governed by what he calls "the law of the hundred thousand." Accordingly, he pleads in an introduction for the endowment of a "non-commercial play-house"—i.e., a theatre where only such plays as afford Mr. Archer

pleasure should see the light. This is a right royal attitude for a dramatic critic to take up, and while he was about it Mr. Archer might also have put in a plea for the endowment of unpopular or unreadable criticism, especially as he could not, in that respect at least, be suspected of selfish motives. Mr. Archer's defects as a critic are the defects of his qualities. But why does he devote so much time and trouble to the worthless drama now in vogue. Can it be that he has the same secret regard for it as a husband is understood to entertain for the wife whom he is in the habit of beating once a week?

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

THE paper recently read by Dr. Russell before the Royal Society opens up some very perplexing problems as to the nature of the rays which appear to emanate from many familiar substances—rays capable, like those discovered by Lenard and Röntgen, of affecting a sensitive photographic plate. That an active source of energy such as a Crookes tube should give rise to these rays is not in itself surprising. We get to a more difficult stage of the phenomenon in Becquerel's experiments, which showed that various uranium compounds possess the power of leaving an image upon a sensitive plate if locked up with it in the dark. Even uranium, however, has marked fluorescent properties which might be responsible for this effect. In many of Dr. Russell's experiments one can trace no such evident reason for the action. Mercury, zinc, magnesium, cadmium, aluminium, nickel, pewter, bismuth, lead, tin, cobalt, antimony, among the metals, all appear to give out radiations capable of affecting a sensitive plate, and will leave images of themselves after standing upon one in the dark for about a week. Gold, platinum and iron, on the other hand, exhibit little or no power of the kind.

THAT the images are not due to mere contact appears from the fact that a figure scratched upon the polished face of a sheet of zinc reproduced itself. The interposition of a coat of varnish between the metal and the plate serves only to increase the effect. Glass, on the contrary, stops it in the case of Dr. Russell's experiments, whereas with uranium it does not. A further curious point is that many substances other than metals—*e.g.*, straw, wood, charcoal and printer's ink—possess the same property. A section of young larch was shown to print its formation clearly on a plate, so that the rings and bark could be made out. Charcoal would lose its power after heating in a crucible. An interesting point about the inks was that all were not equally active. Some newspapers would leave an impress of their characters, others would not. In many cases the activity was increased by heating the body, and diminished by cooling it. Such are the main facts announced by Dr. Russell, who has opened up a new field in this most fruitful branch of research. What the ultimate explanation of his discoveries may be we have yet to learn.

THE spirit of Layard might admire the completeness with which Mr. Haynes, in command of the American excavations at Niffer, in Southern Babylonia, has revealed the history of that great temple and fortress. The work itself is of an arduous character, not unattended with personal risk, but Mr. Haynes has continued at his post uninterruptedly since about 1890, and besides mapping the ruins of various dates which underlie each other on the site, has furnished Dr. Hilprecht at home with masses of inscriptions for decipherment. The upper temple and tower of Niffer, girt with a wall fifty feet in thickness, was built by Ur-gur about 2600 years B.C. Below this was another founded by Sargon I. and his son, whose names were stamped upon the bricks. Further down were still other temples of unknown antiquity. Judging by the height of the *débris* which covered them, Mr. Haynes conjectures that 6000 B.C. is about the date of these ruins. From the inscriptions Mr. Haynes has shown that Niffer was one of a number of important and flourishing cities between the years 4000 and 2500 B.C., and he has acquired a large amount of valuable information relating to the customs and religion of the Babylonians in those remote ages. A preliminary account of the work has already appeared in the *Transactions* of the American Philosophical Society, and has recently been reprinted by the University of Pennsylvania, which organised the excavations.

DR. FRANK H. CUSHING, in *Science*, relates a remarkable case of primitive surgery among the Zuñi Indians, of which he was a witness. The case was one of inflammation arising from a bruise on the foot, and spreading until the whole leg appeared to have mortified up to the point of blood poisoning. The operation, which was conducted with great skill so far as relates to avoidance of vein, artery and tendon, consisted in opening up the central wound with lancets made of glass and obsidian, clearing away all traces of disease from the bone, removing diseased tissue, and washing very thoroughly with an antiseptic fluid decocted from willow roots. Nothing could have been neater or more scientific than the whole proceeding, which ended in complete recovery; yet the theory which underlay it was of the most primitive possible kind. The belief was that bad blood must be removed and good blood infused, to form new flesh; that as blood is the source of new flesh, so water is the source of blood, or even of life; and as the willow grows in water, its roots must contain the source of life. The fact that an infusion of willow root is red strengthens this belief. Festering was attributed to the action of worms, and the careful removal of diseased tissue was intended to extirpate not only the worms, but the seed of them. Finally, at a critical point of the operation, a fetish was laid on the wound, and was supposed to dispel the last traces of malignance. Dr. Cushing's account of the proceedings forms a curious contribution to the history of medicine among primitive peoples, and should be looked up by those who are interested in the subject.

H. C. M.

## MUSIC.

THE "Evangelimann," words and music by Wilhelm Kienzl, was produced at Covent Garden last Friday week. The work came out about two years ago, in Germany, where it has enjoyed considerable popularity. The book has its strong and its weak points. I will tell the story as briefly as possible. Two brothers, Johann and Mathias, are in love with Martha, niece of the Justice and Principal of St. Othmar Monastery: the one is a teacher, the other a clerk. Mathias is the favoured one. Johann tells the Principal of his brother's boldness in aspiring to the hand of his niece. Mathias is dismissed from his post, and Johann, seeing the lovers meet for a last farewell, sets fire to the school-house, close by. Mathias is suspected of the deed, seized, and condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. Between the first and the second act thirty years are supposed to have elapsed. Mathias has suffered his long punishment, has come out of prison, and, after many wanderings and many rebuffs, turns "Evangelimann"—*i.e.*, he goes about singing texts of Scripture and hymns, in order to gain a scanty livelihood. All this he relates to Magdalena, Martha's friend in former days, who recognises him, in spite of his grey hairs and generally changed appearance. The singing of Mathias and of some children whom he gathers round him are heard by a man in a neighbouring house, who is dying. He is soothed by the gentle singing. He sends for Mathias, who recognises his brother Johann. The latter confesses his sin, and craves forgiveness, which is granted. He dies, and as the curtain falls the children are heard singing of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

The book has its strong and its weak points. A certain simplicity and earnestness make for strength, which is intensified by the Christian form in which it is presented. The semi-religious character of the drama might twenty or thirty years ago have proved distasteful. But now, thanks in large measure to Wagner, who breathed into his latest music-drama a Christian spirit of the purest, no such religious objections would be raised by any reasonable person. The story, however, is not developed with sufficient art. The "Evangelimann" is naturally the centre of attraction, yet for all that, if some of the other characters had been less of lay figures, the drama would have proved more powerful. The gentle manner in which Johann is forgiven by his brother offers a fine contrast to the fierce jealousy and fiendish conduct of the unsuccessful lover in the first act. Had Mathias learnt the truth at the time he would undoubtedly have sought immediate revenge; suffering softened his nature. But the composer seems to have fancied that some relief was necessary to the pervading sombreness of his drama. Hence he has introduced into the first act a tavern scene, which certainly shows considerable skill and a true vein of humour, yet it seems to me altogether out of the picture. The *tabernæ personæ*, once the scene over, are heard of no more.

The music of the "Evangelimann" is very much in the Wagner vein. There are many reminiscences, and throughout the composer indulges in phraseology which sounds very familiar. Up to a certain point the strong influence of a great master does no harm; nay, rather good. Is it thus with Kienzl? At present I feel unable to decide. After the second performance I shall feel better able to express an opinion. I confess that the work interested me. Anyhow, I determined to hear it again.

THE last Philharmonic Concert of the season took place on Thursday evening, July 1, when the programme opened with an Overture entitled "Spring and Youth," from the pen of Mr. Herbert Bunning. There is some good writing in this piece, but little inspiration. The overture may reflect credit on the composer, yet it does not—as is the case with all music likely to live—create a wish to hear it a second time. It is difficult to be fair to Mr. Bunning; the very fact of his Overture being performed by a society of a certain standing led one to expect something much above the common, but this expectation was not fulfilled. There was another novelty on the same evening—a Symphony in E flat (No. 4), by Alexander Glazounow, a Russian composer, of whom a later Symphony was recently played at one of Mr. Wood's concerts. At the Philharmonic he himself conducted his work. As in the Fifth Symphony, so here there are many signs of careful thought and skilful workmanship. I cannot say that the music made any deep impression. The composer is not a born conductor, and certainly did not present his work in the best light. Then, again, one cannot help comparing symphonies by Russian musicians with those of Tchaikowsky; and that is a hard comparison. Once more, Tchaikowsky is dead, and that alone makes one judge him more favourably: the grave is the true vestibule to fame. Of the three movements of the Glazounow Symphony I much prefer the middle one. M. Alexander Siloti played Beethoven's piano-forte Concerto in E flat. He is an exceedingly clever pianist, but his reading of the work lacked nobility—at times, indeed, in the last movement, it was coarse. Sir A. C. Mackenzie was apparently not pleased with the rendering; at any rate, he did not look after the orchestral parts with the care which they deserve.

J. S. S.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

London: June 23.

In the otherwise fair and accurate account which your reviewer has given of my book on the *History of Intellectual Development* in the ACADEMY there are one or two inaccuracies of such vital importance that were they left uncorrected they would give quite a false impression of the drift of the book as a whole. I trust, therefore, that you will give me space to set the matter right. The first is where your reviewer, in commenting on my appendix on Plato, says that the views of Plato "are set forth in such a way as to leave the reader in doubt whether Dr. Crozier himself still believes in the objective existence of the

Platonic essences, archetypes, affinities, hierarchies, bodiless but still spherical deities, transmigration of souls, and the rest of it," which are connected with that system. Of course, this is absurd. The system of Plato, both as a whole and in its parts, is for modern minds as dead as the Dodo, and would be as impossible to revive. It is one thing to believe in the superiority of Platonism over all other systems of ancient philosophy, and quite another to imagine that we could return to it to-day. I thought I had made that abundantly clear.

A second misconception of your reviewer is where, in commenting on the attempt which I make in the book to show from actual history that given the germs of a new religion or philosophy, it is possible to lay down the successive stages of its evolution beforehand; he asks in effect if I imagine that the discoveries of a Newton, a Darwin, or a Spencer could be so anticipated? But in my introductory chapter I expressly show that neither the discoveries of science, nor the evolution of any religion or philosophy which is liable to be affected by new scientific discoveries, can be foreseen by the human mind.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Francis Thompson's "New Poems" (Constable.) Of the less laudatory notices, that which appeared in the *Saturday* is the most severe. The poet is charged with "disorder": "These odes begin in one key, are shifted to another, take up a fresh subject, drop it, and at length, as if merely wearied of their aimless flight, drop suddenly or cease in the air." "The Mistress of Vision" (of which, in the *Speaker*, Mr. Quiller-Couch says that it is "the finest thing in this new volume," having "the full mystery of romantic beauty with little of that obscurity" which annoys him in some other ambitious poems) is taken as an example of obscurity. These, says the critic, after quoting the passage beginning "Her song said that no springing," "... are mere nonsense-verses, very melodious, and in a vague way distinguished; but the impression they leave behind them is purely sensuous, as of winds of words upon an Æolian harp." Having given instances of verbal innovations, and excused himself by considerations of space from commenting on the "confusion of syntax, the positive grammatical solecisms, the execrable rhymes," the writer concludes: "We hasten to admit that Mr. Thompson is a poet. He has elevation of fancy, richness of diction, and a touch of genuine sublimity. ... The output of his irregular and ill-trained talent should have been subjected to the severest tests." The following from Mr. Quiller-Couch's *causerie* in the following week's *Speaker* reads like a comment: "Undoubtedly Mr. Thompson's poetry has exasperating tricks which most of us believe to be blemishes. Undoubtedly the eulogies of his friends have been at once so precipitate and so defiant as to lead us to suspect that he is being shielded from frank criticism. ... On the other hand, to be stung into denying that he is a poet, and an extraordinarily fine poet, is to lose one's head just as wildly and less pardonably." The *Athenæum* allows that he "has the ecstasy; but unfortunately he has not realised that ecstasy, if it is to

be communicated from soul to soul and not merely from mouth to ear, must be whispered, not shouted." "He is a verbal intelligence. He thinks in words, he receives his emotions from words, and the rapture which he certainly attains is the rapture of the disembodied word." "He has a singular mastery of verse. ... No one can cause a more vague, ardent feeling in the sympathetic reader. ... There are times when the fire in him burns clear through its enveloping veils of smoke, and he writes passages of real splendour."

"The first thing to be done," writes the *Chronicle*, "and by far the most important, is to recognise and declare that we are here face to face with a poet of the first order, a man of imagination all compact, a seer and singer of rare genius. ... The intellectual note of Mr. Thompson's writings is, as we know, an ardent mysticism, passing over every now and then into devotional fervour." His "master-quality resides, no doubt, in the inexhaustible wealth and splendour of the imagery in which he expresses elemental and mystical facts. ... He, reveals indeed, in orgiastic imageries (the epithet be on his head, not on ours), and revelry implies excess. But when the excess is an excess of strength, the debauch a debauch of beauty, who can condemn or even regret it?" In reference to his verbal licences, "one's impulse is rather to say, 'Go on and prosper—play what pranks you please with the English language; Latinise, neologise, solecise as you will; make past participles from nouns and verbs transitive from adjectives; devise gins and springes for the tongue out of cunningly knotted sibilants and dental consonants; pause not to distinguish between grotesque conceits and noble images; only continue to write such lines ... and everything, everything shall be forgiven you.'" In a similar tone the *Daily News* writes: "It is not of the slightest use to whip the offender. He does not mind; he has had so much of it. And besides, his faults lie so completely on the surface that there is a sort of poverty of spirit in taking too much notice of them. On the contrary, you are tempted rather to make them a new ground of reverence. They are so obvious, they could be so easily avoided, that they suggest a sort of inevitableness of poetic possession."

"This book," says the *Pall Mall*, which writes itself down a "chastened admirer," "has a considerable variety of fare, and in certain poems Mr. Thompson is at his very best. But there is much tedious, some ill-considered, and not a little thoroughly inartistic work—Banjo-Browning, and, what is still worse, Crashaw-Kipling. ... The first poem ["The Mistress of Vision"] is quite superb in its solemn mysticism. It matters little what it means, but it is the very demon of poetry. ... There is a terrible poem called an 'Anthem of Earth' ["perhaps the noblest poem in the book."—*Chronicle*], without form and void, rhymeless, and like the work of a mediæval and pedantic Walt Whitman. The sonnets are crabbed and like a voice from the tomb. In the poem 'Assumpta Maria,' which we have already had occasion to mention, Mr. Thompson is at his lowest level."

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## REVIEWS.

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"Poems in Two Volumes" of 1807, together with much important matter in verse and prose, including "The Tinker," an entire poem of fifty lines, here printed for the first time. Between the copy and the letterpress of 1807 there are several interesting variations, which are given by the editor. Of these and of the new matter we propose to give some account.

Wordsworth was often taxed by his early critics with the use of imagery which, however striking it might be, lacked, so they alleged, the beauty and dignity befitting verse. "Le style le moins noble a pourtant sa noblesse," they would urge: even in the humblest ballad some standard or principle of selection must be observed. When, for instance, wishing to describe the Highlander's sudden flush of pride at the mention of Rob Roy, Wordsworth wrote that the man's face would "kindle, like a fire new stirred," at the sound of his hero's name; the image of the blaze starting up under the poker was lively enough, no doubt, but, said these judges, sadly wanting in distinction. Again, when, in the summer of 1802, desiring to convey an impression of the solemn hush of evening on Calais beach, he writes—

"The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration!"—

what could be more pregnant, what more noble, than this? But many years before he had recorded a similar impression—the pervading calm of evening twilight in the fields—under a very dissimilar figure indeed: "Calm is all Nature as—a resting wheel!" This is telling, certainly; but, argued the critics aforesaid, hardly congruent with the severe keeping, the uniform level of style and colour, which the very act of metrical composition implies. We who are emancipated from the tyranny of eighteenth century models are less fastidious; indeed, Mr. Hale White somewhere quotes this very line in *honorem* as a striking instance of Wordsworth's fearless use, in conveying recondite thought, of "the common things that round us lie." Had the text of 1807, however, everywhere strictly followed the MS., the critics of that day would have found far louder call for censure in respect of the imagery employed. In "The Horn of Egremont," for example, Hubert, according to the text, stands "pale and trembling"; in the copy, he stands "pale as ashes." In the (printed) "Solitude of Binnorie" the seven Campbells "run and, with a desperate leap, together plunge into the deep." In the copy, the sisters run "like Mountain Sheep." Again, had Wordsworth in the "Redbreast and Butterfly" stuck throughout to the copy, he would no doubt have escaped a torrent of abuse and derision of which Jeffrey opened the floodgates in the *Edinburgh* (October, 1807). Here the poet, addressing the Redbreast as "the bird whom, by some name or other, all men who know thee call their brother," observes respecting the Butterfly that "his beautiful wings in crimson are drest, a brother he seems of thine own." Thus the text of 1807. What! exclaims Jeffrey, he hails the robin as the brother of man, the butterfly as the brother

of the robin! *Quousque tandem, Axiologe, abuteris patientia nostra?* (We condense Jeffrey's somewhat diffuse rhetoric.) But what would the homunculus and his train have said had they seen the MS. reading here: "His beautiful wings in crimson are drest, as if he were bone of thy bone"? The stark directness and blunt realism of the language reminds us of the famous lines in the "Descriptive Sketches" (text of 1793):

"Haply the [chamois-hunter's] child in fearful  
doubt may gaze,  
Passing his father's bones in future days;  
Start at the reliques of that very thigh [thoi,  
Cumbrian]  
On which so oft he prattled when a boy."

Not many readers, probably, have noticed the metrical irregularity of the opening stanza of Wordsworth's first address "To the Daisy," and still fewer are aware of the cause:

"In youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent  
Of pleasure high and turbulant,  
Most pleased when most uneasy;  
But now my own delights I make,  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And gladly Nature's love partake  
Of thee, sweet Daisy!"

The sixth line here, we now learn, was an afterthought for the

"To gentle sympathies awake"

of the copy—an afterthought, it will interest the reader to learn, suggested by the second stanza of Drayton's "Nymphidia: The Court of Faerie." There are some folk, says Drayton, who will still be talking of the fairies:

"No tales of them their thirst can slake,  
So much delight therein they take,  
And some strange thing they fain would  
make,  
Knew they the way to do them."

Wordsworth started writing his verses in the metre of "Nymphidia," but before the first stanza was finished he seems to have changed his mind and forsaken Drayton for Ben Jonson, whose "Eupheme," No. 1, serves as model, in this respect, for the three "Daisy" poems of 1807. The first pendant, or wheel, in Wordsworth's stanza above quoted—"Most pleased," &c.—contains, as the reader will observe, three accents; all the others but two. The wheels in "Nymphidia" (in the stanza of which "The Green Linnet" is written) are all of a length, and contain three accents, those in "Eupheme" but two. William and Dorothy (as we know from her *Journal*) were studying Ben Jonson during the six weeks, February 11 to March 23, 1802, within, or soon after, which period the "Daisy" poems almost certainly were written. Instances of this stanza are rare. Charles Lamb, who, we may be sure, saw Wordsworth's three poems in MS. on the occasion of his visit to Grasmere in August, 1802, borrowed the measure for the exquisite lines in memory of Hester Savary which he wrote in March 1803; and Landor has used it in "Yes; I write verses now and then," and other pieces. In Wyatt's "Forget not yet" the lines correspond with those of the

"Daisy" poems in accent and order, but the stanzas are single ones of four lines, not doublets of eight. Wordsworth is indebted to Drayton for several happy thoughts and phrases. The famous passage describing the rebound of Joanna's laugh from height to height of the Cumberland mountains is borrowed from a passage in the *Polyolbion*. The Latin motto which appears on the title-page of the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1800—"Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!"—was found in the note prefixed to the *Polyolbion* by the learned Selden, who furnished the curious illustrations to that work. The pretty lines in "Stray Pleasures"—

"Each leaf, that and this,  
Its neighbour will kiss," &c.

—are inspired by ll. 5-8, Nymphal vi., of "The Muses' Elysium":

"The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss  
That closely by it grew."

And—to mention no other instances—the thrilling sonnet, "Vanguard of Liberty! Ye Men of Kent!" was suggested by ll. 323-4, bk. i., of "The Barons' Wars":

"Then those of Kent, unconquered of the rest,  
That to this day maintain their ancient right;  
For courage no whit second to the best," &c.

"The Affliction of Margaret" (*Mary* in the copy) was originally prefaced by six decasyllabic couplets, here printed—a sort of preliminary confidence from the poet to the reader, similar to those which precede the "Emigrant Mother" and the "Lover's Lament":

"Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!"

Wordsworth was well advised in suppressing this metrical Preface, for, like the forewords referred to, and that intolerable *aside* which in the editions of 1814 and 1820 of the "Excursion" interrupts the Solitary's description of the atmospheric effects of a storm amidst the mountains, it is egoistic and inartistically effusive. But the opening lines well deserve to be printed, for in them the poet explains the purpose and scope of the poems of 1807:

"This Book, which strives to express in tuneful sound  
The joys and sorrows which through life abound,  
—Some great, some small, some frequent and some rare,  
But all observed or felt, and truly there —"

"Mediation and sympathy," says Mr. Swinburne, "not action and passion, were the two mainstays of Wordsworth's serene and stormless lyre. As the poet of suffering, and of sympathy with suffering, his station is unequalled in its kind."

We must not discount the attractions of this beautiful book by quoting the heretofore unpublished "Tinker." Of small artistic merit, the little poem possesses some importance as illustrating that "reverence for man, that sympathy for him in his primary relations and his essential being, of which," observes Mr. F. W. H. Myers, "Wordsworth's poetry and prose present so many remarkable examples." A word,

however, must be added on the photographic reproductions, which include parts of "Ellen Irwin" and "The Brothers" in Dorothy's writing, punctuated by Humphry Davy, an autograph letter to the latter from Wordsworth in the poet's best style of penmanship, the entire poem of "Love" in the author's somewhat boyish hand, and the two opening stanzas of the "Immortality" Ode, copied by Sarah Hutchinson, and revised by Wordsworth. Many interesting questions, into which this is not the place to enter—e.g., how far Coleridge in 1800 concurred with the poetic theories of the Preface—are suggested by these facsimiles. It will be a surprise to many that Wordsworth should have seen fit in a note to the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800, which is reprinted by Mr. Hale White, to fall foul of the "Ancient Mariner." Wordsworth's purpose, however, was at least an honest one, whereas that of Southey in his critique of the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798 was malignant and discreditable. Southey, in the *Critical Review* of October, 1798, wrote of the "Ancient Mariner" that, viewed as a narrative, it is "absurd or unintelligible. Our readers may exercise their ingenuity in attempting to unriddle what follows." He then quotes ll. 301-322, and proceeds: "We do not sufficiently understand the story to analyse it. It is a Dutch attempt at German sublimity. Genius has here been employed in producing a poem of little merit." What Coleridge felt about Wordsworth's criticism we have no means of knowing; probably he expressed his hearty concurrence with it, for, as Mr. Hale White observes, he was always ready to depreciate his own poetry. But Southey's attack he received with amused scorn, inditing in reply the following lines: "To a critic who extracted a passage from a Poem without adding a word respecting the context, and then derided it as unintelligible":

"Most candid Critic, what if I,  
By way of joke, pull out your eye,  
And, holding up the fragment, cry  
'Ha! Ha! that men such fools should be!  
Behold this shapeless Dab!—and he  
Who own'd it, fancied it could see!  
The joke were mighty analytic,  
But—should you like it, candid Critic?"

So absurd was the rumour which represented the three poets—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey—as banded together for the purpose of overthrowing ancient authority, and enforcing a creed and a revelation of their own!

### THE HISTORY OF COMINES.

*The History of Comines.* Englished by Thomas Danett, anno 1596, with an Introduction by Charles Whibley. In 2 vols. "Tudor Translation Series." (David Nutt.)

In 1566 (according to his preface of November 1, 1596) Thomas Danett, a student of Continental history and a past master of the English tongue, rendered into our speech "The Historie of Philip de Commines, Knight, Lord of Argentan,"

which "rude translation perused anew and enlarged with such notes and pedigrees as seemed necessarie" at the request of Sir Christopher Hatton, was finally, after his death, again examined and corrected and put to the press by certain gentlemen who supposed it "a great dishonour to our nation that so woorthie an historie being extant in all languages almost in Christendom should be suppressed in ours," furnished with a biography and vindication of its author in answer to the accusations "wherewith Jacobus Meyerus, a Flemming, in his Annales of Flanders chargeth verie unjustlie both Commynes' history and his life," and dedicated to the Lord Burleigh.

"Danett's notes and supply of the historie from 1483 to 1493, of all which time Commynes, writes nothing," are as excellent as the pithy, vigorous, and competent style in which he renders the straightforward but classic French of the Lord of Argentan. Mr. Whibley's careful search has not been able to give us more information respecting him than that he put forth in 1593 a "Description of the Low Countries" epitomised from Guicciardini, and in 1600 a "Continuation of the Historie of France from the death of Charles the Eighth, when Comines endeth, till the death of Harry the Second (1559)." We would hope that time and chance may reveal to us more of this industrious and gifted Elizabethan. But at all events his masterpiece is here, well printed and warmly introduced, certainly one of the most useful and delightful of the many noble versions of notable books that the sixteenth century has given us.

As to Commynes himself, it is lawful to dally over him a little. Let us hear his translator first. He esteems him "the wisest and best acquainted with all manners of state of any man in his time," and holds that his life "is to be accounted rightly both honest and virtuous, the discourses wherewith he farceth out his book breathing nothing but virtue and sinceritie, and the book itself confirmed by good testimony and approved by the judgement of the noblest Princes that Europe bred these many hundred yeeres. . . . Wherefore our author's credit standeth upright, as well for good conversations of life as sincere report in historie." He describes him as

"a gentleman of a very ancient house, and joined by blood and alliance to the best of that nation. . . . He was of tall stature, faire complexion, and goodly personage. The French toong he spake perfectly and eloquently, the Italian, Duche, and Spanish reasonably well. He had read over verie diligently all histories written in French, especially of the Romaines, and bare them all in memorie. He much acquainted himself with strangers, thereby to increase his knowledge. He had great regard to the spending of his time, and abhorred all idleness. He was of an excellent, yea, an incredible memorie: for he often indited at one time to fower Secretaries, severall letters of waightie affaires appertaining to the state, with as great facilitie and readines, as if he had but one matter in hand. . . . In prosperitie he gave for his posie this sentence: 'He that will not labour let him not eate'; but in adversitie this: 'I sailed into the deepe of the seas, and a sudden tempest overwhelmed me.'"

His monument, set up in the Austin Friars Church at Paris, is now, as is well known,



in the government's possession, and gives in fine stern portrayal the images of the knight and his wife.

Philip de Commynes was well justified in undertaking those memoirs on which his fame rests, though it is probable that his practical talents were at least as great as his historical powers. He had experience; he had practised statecraft, as well as written about it; he had known the favour and disfavour of princes and tasted prison fare; he had travelled on his lord's errands, used diplomatic arts, and made his observations at home and abroad. He thought some record of such remembrances as he deemed fit to set down could not be useless to those that were to come after him. He reviewed his life politic as others of his countrymen have reviewed their lives curial or martial. He does not write in vanity, though he is quietly conscious of having assisted at great and pregnant events; and it is his honest pride to have given faithful and efficient help in his degree to the well-devised schemes of so great a master of governance as the French king whose service he had chosen. He attached some importance to the simple theories of life and fate he had gradually and laboriously worked out. But he must not, in spite of his sagacity, be treated as in any way the peer of his mighty contemporary Machiavel, nor, in spite of his downright skill at plain but dignified narrative and his occasional vivid glimpses of reality, can he be compared for skill in telling a story, or, indeed, for interest, to Froissart or Brantôme. He has but little of the Herodotean quality; it is as a Thucydidean he must be judged. Not his the pleasing though childish personality of men like Joinville; nor the zeal or judgment of D'Aubigné or De Thou, albeit he is far more practical than they in his aims and achievement. But in spite of his dryness, his narrowness of view, his obvious reticences, his common-place philosophy, we could ill afford to be without the hard but powerful portrait of his formidable and politic master of which Scott made such good use, or to miss the faithful but abrupt account of many deeds of moment in which the narrator himself took no small part. Commynes is often overpraised, he was not a great historian, he was not a philosopher, he was not a statesman of the first class, as some of his French panegyrists have tried to make out. He is often tiresome for pages, nay, sometimes whole chapters. But how much solid information we should lack concerning both the deeds he beheld and the doers thereof if these memoirs had untimely perished. Above all, we should miss the precious glimpses they give us into the heart and brain of an able Flemish gentleman of the end of the fifteenth century, one familiar with many of the shrewdest spirits of his day. For over Commynes, too, the breath of the Renaissance had passed. He had lost many of the infantile official mediæval beliefs, though he never broke or ever thought of breaking with the Church, or stepped upon the ways in which such as Machiavel boldly walked. He had a distinct idea of constitutional rule; he had a definite view of the importance the true statesman should attach to the *raison d'état*;

he sought for scientific theories that might interpret the hurly-burly of events and unravel the eternal scheme that lies behind the blind mask of Fate or Fortune. The boyhood of Europe was, indeed, over and its youth begun when to the generation of Valla and Pomponius succeed the generation of Louis IX. and Borgia, of Commynes and Machiavel.

It would be unfair to Danett not to give a few samples of what his happy talent could do in rendering idiomatic French into idiomatic English. Of his chosen hero, King Louis, he writes, following his author:

"Small trust ought meane and poore man to repose in worldly wealth and honours, seeing this mightie King, after so long trouble and travell for the obtaining of them, forsooke them all, and could not prolong his life one hower for all that he could do. I knew him and served him in the flower of his age and in his great prosperitie; yet never saw I him free from toile of bodie and trouble of mind. . . . Sure, in mine opinion, from his childhood till his death he was in continual toile and trouble, so that if all his pleasant and joyfull days were numbred I thinke they should be found but fewe; yea I am fully persuaded that for one pleasant there should be found twentie displeasent."

The *motif* is old. Henry of Huntingdon and many others had used it, but it is effective and authentic, and by no means least effective in Danett's rendering. The famous character of Duke Charles is thus rendered:

"I had known him in times past a mightie and honorable Prince, as much yea more esteemed and sought to of his neighbours, then any Prince in Christendome. Further, in mine opinion the greatest cause of God's indignation against him, was for that he attributed all his good successe, and all the great victories he obtained in this world, to his owne wisdom and vertue; and not to God, as he ought to have done. And undoubtedly he was endowed with many goodly vertues: for never was Prince more desirous to entertain noblemen, and keepe them in good order than he. His liberalitie seemed not great, because he made all men partakers thereof. Never Prince gave audience more willingly to his servants and subjects than he. While I served him he was not cruell, but grew marvellous cruell towards his end, which was a signe of short life. In his apparell and all other kinde of furniture he was wonderfull pompous, yea somewhat too excessive. He received very honorably all ambassadors and strangers, feasting them sumptuously, and entertaining them with great solemnitie. Covetous he was of glorie, which was the chiefe cause that made him moove so many wars: for he desired to imitate those ancient Princes, whose fame continueth till this present. Lastly, hardy he was and valiant, as any man that lived in his time: but all his great enterprises and attempts ended with himselfe, and turned to his owne losse and dishonor; for the honor goeth ever with the victorie."

So much may suffice, though there are not many lines throughout the two volumes without evident token of Danett's faithfulness and skill. He must, indeed, take rank with the foremost of English translators, for he has fitted himself admirably and exactly to his subject, knowing well that it did not permit or invite amplification by allusion or quaintness of conceit or over-homeliness of idiom, or the pompous opulence of addition that we welcome when

used in their appropriate places by Mabbe, North, or Urquhart, his sole worthy compeers.

And so with a thankful feeling toward the devisers and executors of this set of Tudor translations, and with a hope that future volumes may be as well chosen and as well edited as these, we may part for to-day with Danett's Commynes.

F. YORK POWELL.

#### M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY.

*Aglavaine and Selysette.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. (Grant Richards.)

M. MAETERLINCK's plays are not to be criticised. An attempt may be made to carry his thought a little farther, to expand it, to translate it into not simpler but more easily negotiable terms; but this mystical author is not to be criticised in the ordinary way. He has laws to himself; his philosophy is his own; his methods are his own; and you either believe in them and admire his work or you do not.

One feels that M. Maeterlinck writes nothing that does not give him intense pleasure. His dramas and essays are the expression of his fairest self, they are his most joyous form of play. He seeks recreation by creating another world in which idealised and transfigured human beings may fulfil themselves at his behest. Nothing ugly may happen there. Frustration and sorrow, old age and death, are the lot of all, there as here; but only through frustration and sorrow, M. Maeterlinck holds, can we attain to peace and loveliness of thought and deed, and no way leads so certainly to grief as the way of death. Old age is to him very piteous and plaintive; but he seems to think of it as second childhood, hardly less beautiful than childhood itself; and the old men and women of his plays have caught already some gleam of light from the land they are so soon to enter.

Mr. Mackail, in his luminous preface to this play—quite the wisest words we have read on M. Maeterlinck's genius—compares the Belgian writer with William Morris. Their imaginations certainly are akin; but Mr. Morris, once he had set foot in the fair land of romance where his dreams were laid, became (as, indeed, Mr. Mackail admits) too vivid, too robust, too objective for the analogy to hold. Malory is more akin to the modern mystic. But in seeking for a counterpart to M. Maeterlinck we must go not to literature but to music and art; we must go to Wagner and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. In the last act of "*Tristan and Isolde*," a shepherd plays a pipe on the ramparts of the castle, where Tristan lies a-dying. Much of M. Maeterlinck, it seems to us, if translated into music, would have just such wistful, melancholy beauty of sound. And were the youth and maiden in the picture "*Love among the Ruins*" to speak, they would speak as Meleander speaks to Aglavaine and Aglavaine to Meleander. Wagner, Maeterlinck, and Burne-Jones—to all three Beauty and Sorrow come hand in hand.



The surface story of *Aglavaine and Selysette* is very simple. Meleander and Selysette have been married four years. We find them, when the play opens, living in a castle of the strange Maeterlinck country, when and how we know not. They are happy, but it is not quite the highest happiness. Then comes Aglavaine, whom Meleander has known of old. She is more beautiful than Selysette, and Meleander forgets Selysette in her presence. Neither wishes to wound little Selysette, but what will you when destiny decrees? Aglavaine, pitying Selysette, determines to go away, but Selysette, lifted by grief to heights she knew not of before, is beforehand with her, and dies by her own hand, affirming to the end that she did not intend it, so that the love of Meleander and Aglavaine may blossom unchecked. On the surface, that is the story. But underneath there are lessons for all who can read, and the drama is unfolded with infinite beauty of thought, of word, and of deed, and mastery of dramatic technique. Besides Meleander, Selysette, and Aglavaine, there is Selysette's old grandmother, Meligrane, and Yssaline, Selysette's little sister.

The kernel of the tragedy being Selysette's great decision and the consequent awakening of her soul, let us quote a portion of the scene where Selysette, determined upon leaving the way clear for Meleander and Aglavaine, stands on the ruined tower by the sea with her little sister. She means to throw herself from the top. Yssaline is to prove it was an accident, and Selysette has told Yssaline a story of a wonderful bird that flies round the tower with green wings, "a strange, pale green, inconceivably strange and pale."

SELYSETTE.

Here we are, Yssaline, in the turret of the tower, and now we must know what we have to do. . . . Oh the brightness there is this morning over earth and sea and sky! Why is this day so much more beautiful than other days? . . .

YSSALINE.

Where is the green bird?

SELYSETTE.

He is there, but we cannot see him yet. . . . In a minute or two we will lean over the wall, but let us look around us first. One can see the castle and the courtyard, the woods and the gardens. All the flowers have opened on the water-banks. . . . How green the grass is this morning! . . . I cannot see Aglavaine. . . . Oh, look, there is Meleander. . . . He is waiting for her. . . . Bend down, we must hide; he must not know we are here. . . .

YSSALINE.

Little sister, little sister, look out here. . . . I can see the gardener planting flowers round the house.

SELYSETTE.

You will see them grow and you will see them open, Yssaline, and you will pluck them for me. . . . Come, come, it is more than I can bear. . . . Let us look from here; here there is only the sea, which is far away. . . . [They go to the other side of the tower.] How beautiful the sea is too! In not a single corner is sorrow to be found to-day. . . . The sea is so green, so deep, so beautiful, that one's courage goes. . . .

YSSALINE.

Oh, here are the gulls, little sister; the gulls are coming! Oh, how many there are! . . . how many! There must be two thousand! . . .

SELYSETTE.

They have all flown here together from the far end of the sea. . . . They look as though they were bringing us news.

YSSALINE.

No, no; it is fish they are bringing, little sister. . . . And their young ones are screaming, too, from their holes in the wall. . . . Their beaks are bigger than themselves. . . .

SELYSETTE.

What did I say to grandam, Yssaline?

YSSALINE.

Why are you crying, little sister?

SELYSETTE.

I am not crying, Yssaline—I am thinking, thinking. Did I kiss her before I went away? . . .

YSSALINE.

Yes, you kissed her as you said good-bye.

SELYSETTE.

How often did I kiss her?

YSSALINE.

Once, little sister, we had no time. . . .

SELYSETTE.

I fear I was not gentle enough.

YSSALINE.

We were in a great hurry, little sister.

SELYSETTE.

No, no; it must not be. . . . She will be quite alone, Yssaline, and this will ever linger in her mind. You see, if you have not been gentler than usual when you go away, they believe that you no longer love them. Whereas it is the contrary that they should believe; it is just when our love is too great that we are afraid to be gentle. . . . Though perhaps we are wrong; for whatever they do, and were they to live a thousand years, it is only the last word we said to them that they can remember. I saw that myself when my mother went. . . . At the last moment of all she did not smile at me, and it comes back to me again and again that she did not smile. . . . And the rest of life scarcely seems to count.

The skill of the dramatist in the foregoing passage could hardly be over praised. M. Maeterlinck can always, by sheer power of suggestion, compel everything to contribute to his desired effect, everything, animate and inanimate alike. Herein is a triumph of imagination over invention.

The book is a treasury of beautiful things. No one now writing loves beauty as M. Maeterlinck does. Sheer, essential beauty has no such lover. He will have nothing else. Gentleness, sweet reasonableness, patience, resignation under grief, self-sacrifice: the old beatitudes of the Evangelists are his too. Into the world which he has created no harshness may enter, no acerbity, no conscious pettiness; nothing, indeed, but beautiful thoughts, beautiful words, beautiful actions, and beautiful mistakes for which he has endless pity and charity. His names are sheer beauty: Pelleas and Melisanda; Aglavaine and Selysette; Meli-

grane and Yssaline—wistful, harmonious words.

Another quotation or two and we must end. Aglavaine is thus described by Meleander:

She is like no other woman. . . . Her beauty is different, that is all. . . . stranger and more ethereal; it is never the same—one might almost say it was more manifold. . . . it is a beauty along which the soul can pass unhindered. . . . and her hair is very strange. . . . You will see. . . . It seems to take part in everyone of her thoughts. . . . As she is happy or sad so does her hair smile or weep, and this even at times when she herself scarcely knows whether she should be happy or whether she should be sad. . . . I have never seen hair so full of life.

And this is Aglavaine's very wonderful declaration of love:

I go in search of myself, and it is in you that I am to be found: I seek you and discover you within myself. . . . Neither our hands, nor our souls, nor our lips seem to exist apart. . . . I can no longer tell whether you are the radiance of me or whether I am beaming your light. . . . So strangely does all blend within us that it is impossible to discover where the one begins and the other leaves off. . . . Your least gesture reveals me to myself; there is not a smile, not a silence, not a word that comes from you but links me to a newer being. . . . I feel that I flower in you as you flower in me; and we are ever springing to birth again in each other.

M. Maeterlinck gives us much of this half-uttered mysticism. He whispers his innermost convictions. One must read him very vigilantly. "Look you, Selysette," says Aglavaine, "by dint of hiding from others the self that is within us, we may end by being unable to find it ourselves." And Meleander, justifying her love for Aglavaine, says: "Our love lies far above ourselves, Selysette; there where we love each other we are pure and beautiful." "It is only when two people are alone together," says Aglavaine, "that truth descends from its very fairest heaven." And again: "So long as we know not what it opens nothing can be more beautiful than a key." These are notable sayings, and Mr. Sutro, the translator, has preserved their individuality with much skill.

## TWO WAR BOOKS.

*War and a Wheel.* By Wilfred Pollock. (Chatto & Windus.)

NOWADAYS the war correspondent reaps a double harvest. He draws the pay of an ambassador while upon the warpath, and makes a book to his profit as soon as he gets back to London. With others who have followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the Turks and the Greeks in the late war, Mr. Wilfred Pollock has put forth his experiences in book form, and the result is a most engaging little work. Mr. Pollock was, in the body, upon the side of the Greeks; but circumstances seem to have forbidden him to take a very favourable view of the fighting capacity of the Hellenic forces. "Except for General Smolenski's dignified stand for some days at Velesino,"

writes Mr. Pollock in "Some Notes on the Greek Army," "it was merely a discreditable retreat of the Greeks from one magnificent position to the other." One telegram of Mr. Pollock's, which apparently never got through the Athenian censure, sums up the whole campaign; it was sent after a journey towards Domoko, and contains this pregnant passage: "Immediately afterwards met Crown Prince and staff. Army apparently following."

But by this time we are fairly well acquainted with this campaign, in which the Greeks never saw the colour of their enemy's eyes. You will read with interest Mr. Pollock's encounters with Greek officers, peasants, journalists, and such like ordinary things, but you will be chiefly interested in his bicycle, the first of its kind to carry a man safely through a war. It did not claim to be a first-rate bicycle, but it did its duty; it bumped its way over ploughed fields, over the rocky passes of Thessaly, and up the cobbled roadway of Thebes, with never a puncture in its ragged tyres. Moreover, it enabled its rider to pass all the other correspondents on horse and in carriages, catch the steamer at Volo, and wire the news of the Larissa panic in time for the *Morning Post* to get well ahead of any other newspaper in the world. We have not space to quote the admirable account of that admirable ride—on a broken saddle too.

The bicycle, furthermore, faced unflinchingly the bullets of the "Great Assassin," to say nothing of its rider. Mr. Pollock did a spin of a mile or two in the direction of the Turks to see how they were getting on. He was not much surprised, he writes,

"to see the spit of a bullet in the dust of the road some forty yards in front of me. The report, a second or two later, showed me that the shot had been fired from the lofty slopes of the 'Dog's Head' on my right. As I looked up I saw the white puffs of half-a-dozen more rifles, and, after a few seconds' pause, heard the whistles of the approaching bullets. It was evident that the Turkish outposts on these mountains looked upon me as an interesting mark, long though the range was—certainly at least twelve hundred yards. The track was too narrow for turning round without dismounting, so I got off, and it occurred to me to wave a white handkerchief to see if it would have any effect. It merely drew a whistling volley, two bullets of which fell into the dust of the road within a foot of each other, and not ten feet from my front wheel. So I quickly remounted, and in a few instants was in rapid retreat. The Turkish soldiers, probably Albanians, had now fully entered into the fun of the thing, and for the two miles back to the fountain—in time, perhaps, six minutes—I had to run the gauntlet. Considering the big range the practice was by no means bad. Their sharpshooters were lining the hills, and no doubt every man among them had a pot-shot or two at the unlucky 'scorcher' within their line of fire. I was not at all sorry to regain the shelter of the solid marble fountain, and pause a minute or two for a drink of water and a mouthful of brandy."

War correspondents who are also cyclists should be popular with newspaper proprietors: they save expense. On another occasion there was a race between correspondents to Athens, and the bicycle won again. The others had to depend on and

pay for carriages, trains, and steamers. One of them ran into 400 drachmas. Mr. Pollock's employer was the poorer by a couple of drachmas for his correspondent's breakfast, and got his news first.

Altogether, *War and a Wheel* is a charming little book of stirring experience, and is well worth the shilling it costs; it has, moreover, its modesty and its literary skill to recommend it.

*With the Turkish Army in Thessaly.* By Clive Bigham. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. CLIVE BIGHAM, who acted as *The Times* correspondent in the recent war, briefly tells its story in this unpretentious little volume. If his accounts of the actual fighting add little to our knowledge, he is able to tell us much that is of value as to the general condition of the Turkish army as a fighting force. He draws a sharp contrast between that army as it might be, and that army as it is. Potentially the finest military machine in the world, in fact it was barely mobile. And led by a commander who understood that he was to be victorious, but not too victorious, who knew that even a trivial defeat would be fatal to him, but not more fatal than a splendid success, the Turkish troops were just thrown at the face of the foe wherever they could be got to stand.

"The Turks' tactics, as far as they had any, were to bang away at the enemy till they beat him. On one or two occasions some elementary movements, such as flank attacks, and once an envelopment were evolved from the commander's brains, but they never got much further and had little result to show."

Edhem Pasha never followed up an advantage, or pressed a pursuit, unwilling to risk a check of any sort, and calmly confident of the ability of his men to turn the Greeks out of their entrenchments at any time. This slowness to take advantage of success is attributed also in part to the necessity imposed upon the Commander-in-Chief of supervising every movement of his subordinates. Mr. Bigham says that with the exception of Edhem Pasha's immediate staff there were not twenty officers in the whole army which conquered Thessaly who could talk French or who had more than a most elementary military training. The bulk of the regimental officers were either poor Turkish gentlemen or else men who, through long service, had risen from the ranks, and these "were very like sergeants in their ideas and methods." But what did these things matter when the men who drove the bayonets and faced the guns were without fear? Over and over again the correspondent breaks out into expressions of astonished admiration at the way in which the Turks would advance in unhesitating and unwavering line in the teeth of the most murderous fire. The Greeks, on the other hand, are credited with courage of the defensive kind—"behind entrenchments they were excellent, but when it became a question of charging they appeared to lose their nerve." Mr. Bigham bears emphatic testimony to the strict discipline maintained by the Turks while he was in Thessaly.

In some quarters the success of the invaders has been freely attributed to the presence of German officers in their ranks. The Sultan's forces had certainly been largely organised upon the German system, and at different times Prussian officers had served on the general staff; but, as a matter of fact, only one German officer was present during the campaign. Grumbkov Pasha, Inspector-General of Artillery, was at the front for six days, and superintended the occupation of Larissa. A German military attaché (Captain von Morgen) is said to have been much in Edhem Pasha's confidence; but whether advice was asked or taken matters little—the war was not won by strategy. Mr. Bigham seems to think the Greek fleet might have done more if it had been more energetically handled. Its existence secured free transit upon the sea. It so fulfilled its true function, and as it was incapable of landing any considerable force, no other achievement could have had any lasting results.

### THE SCHOOLBOY MIND.

*Some Observations of a Foster-parent.* By John Charles Tarver. (Constable & Co.)

MR. TARVER has been an active schoolmaster, and is now an active journalist. But his interest in school life has, doubtless, the keenness and lastingness of a first love. Indeed, his eager and approving critique of *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, in his well-known study of Gustave Flaubert, might have led us to expect that Mr. Tarver would one day have his own fling at prevailing theories of education. He has it in this book, in which, taking Tommy as the typical schoolboy, and Tommy's parents as typical parents, he shows us what kind of a time the schoolmaster has between them.

Mr. Tarver pities the British schoolmaster from the bottom of his heart. He can only see him ridiculed in literature from Aristophanes to Dickens, disesteemed by parents, who grudge to pay his bill, and insulted by Governments, who assume that he will prove incompetent to do his own work. To be sure, the schoolmaster is loved by his old pupils, but only, Mr. Tarver thinks, as a man and a foster-parent. As a schoolmaster he is contemned right through. The contradiction is seen even at reunions like the Eton and Harrow match. The Old Boys

"do not on these occasions seek out their former teachers and abuse or rend them; they shake hands with them, and discourse pleasantly of old times and friends; then they go back to the House of Commons, and assist in the passing of laws, which, alike by omission and commission, condemn the schoolmaster as an imbecile or a thief."

It is easy to understand such bitterness in a mind imbued with the conviction that almost all the education now being thrust on young England aims to cram Tommy, not to train him. This is Mr. Tarver's ceaseless cry; it is far from new, but Mr. Tarver certainly utters it with a new and penetrating accent. He must be credited,

too, with knowing the mind of Tommy. Indeed, if for nothing else, his book should be read for its insight into that mysterious psychological region. Mr. Tarver knows both Tommy and Tommy's parents; and he has much the greater respect for Tommy. His case is that Tommy's parents know just enough about education to be ignorant of their ignorance. They will not share Tommy's training with the schoolmaster by sending him to a day school; they will be rid of him at all costs, but they have not faith or logic enough to trust the boarding-school foster-parent they have chosen for him:

"The mother or father of half a dozen children is usually prepared at a moment's notice to dictate to a person who has brought up several hundred children, and even to rush into print with brand new theories of education. Alike in private and in public, the ordinary citizen habitually tells the teacher his business, because we all know just enough of teaching not to know that we know nothing about it at all. The schoolmaster being thus always under tutelage, and unable to prescribe the conditions of his work, is subject to failure through no fault of his own. He most commonly is obliged to abandon methods which he knows to be sound in favour of processes which are totally unsound at the dictation of a governing body or a board of examiners, or pressure from parents; he is frequently required to teach subjects under conditions which render the effective teaching of those subjects impossible, or to abandon systems of moral or physical training which he knows to be of the highest value, because some amateur has been to Sweden or Germany."

One reason why Tommy's parents prove themselves educational marplots is that they do not, in Mr. Tarver's opinion, perceive the laws of Tommy's development. They do not understand his difficulties, which, after all, are different from their own. Tommy has a much severer race to run, and less time to do it in, than they had. They think, among other things, that Tommy ought very quickly to learn to read, write, and do sums. Mr. Tarver lays it down that the difficulties of reading, writing, and doing sums are universally underrated, and he does not hesitate to twit the adult reader, who does not practise these arts professionally, with his weakness in all three. "The so-called elements are not elementary at all," and in two interesting chapters Mr. Tarver seeks to show that Tommy's poor reading and spelling are due far more to defects in his sight and hearing than to his carelessness; while as for the power of calculation it is almost as much a special gift, and its absence almost as forgivable a defect, as the power to recognise and produce notes of music. Then, again, Tommy's parents are incorrigibly set on having results shown to them, instead of looking deeper and discovering a general development.

"It is," says Mr. Tarver, "impossible to dazzle a parent or the governor of a school by a display of Tommy grappling with the difficulties of a Latin exercise; but much honour may be gained by putting him on a platform spouting Shakespeare in studied attitudes."

In short, the show demanded of him compels Tommy to cultivate a rote memory as

distinct from a record memory, to remember words rather than facts. What makes matters worse is that Tommy refuses to reason for himself, and

"he has very little sensitiveness to inconsistency of statements. He will gravely tell you in the same breath that Edward the Black Prince was the son of Edward III., and that his father's name was Richard II., and that there are twelve inches in a foot, and that a foot is twenty-two inches long."

What, then, is Mr. Tarver's prescription for Tommy? It is a very old one; but we have rarely met with a better, because saner, defence of Latin, as a teaching instrument, than Mr. Tarver's. He makes the excellent point that this language puts nearly as much strain on Tommy's teacher as on Tommy:

"Nobody who has not been through it can picture to himself the skill and the patience which are demanded in the process of giving an ordinary English boy a sound grasp of Latin. It is really very little less than putting him into full possession of his intellectual faculties, always excepting the mathematical faculty."

The argument that Latin is itself of little use to the average man in later life is one which Mr. Tarver has answered in his chapter on "The Limited Power of Education." It is impossible to discuss, what Mr. Tarver himself does not discuss, the means by which a system of cramming can be converted into a system of training. Our own hope is that the faults of our present educational system are peculiar to the time, and will be eliminated. The prodigiousness of the educational movement which began in 1870 must be borne in mind. We have secured quantity and uniformity. If quality and flexibility have been temporarily excluded we may be confident that they will be recalled in proportion as their absence is noted and lamented. Mr. Tarver's protest is itself an augury of returning wisdom.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN HUMORIST.

*While the Billy Boils.* By Henry Lawson. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

CONCRETE facts about Colonial life were never likely to be read with more eagerness than just now. The old country has been doing her best to prove that the Colonies lie very near her heart, and any authentic records of our cousins over sea should find readers. Besides, we are so tired of the globe-trotter stuff that is not authentic. A little book of honest, direct, sympathetic, humorous writing about Australia from within is worth a library of travellers' tales; and such a little book is *While the Billy Boils*, by Mr. Henry Lawson, a collection of sketches and stories brought together from a number of Australian papers. We have, of course, Rolf Boldrewood's stories of bush life, we have Mr. Beake's vivid glimpses of Sydney, and we have the Sydney beach of *The Ebb Tide*; but Mr. Lawson's passion for unadorned veracity, and his genuine feeling for character, make him more trustworthy.

It is not, of course, of Australian city life that he tells—you gather that from his title—Mr. Lawson writes of the Wallaby track, of swagmen and landowners, of squatters and shearers. He shows us what living in the bush really means. By force of sketch, dialogue, story and yarn, he brings before us the Bohemians and wastrels of that vast island: their humour, their way of thought, their vocabulary, their comradeship. The result is a real book, a book in a hundred.

Mr. Lawson deals with honest men and rogues indiscriminately. Such a rogue as Steelman—such a spieler, as they would say in the bush—is worth remembering. You put him in your portrait gallery beside the Duke of Bilgewater and the Dolphin of France, in *Huckleberry Finn*. These are Steelman's instructions to a mate on the outskirts of a New Zealand township, delivered with emphasis before painting hectic spots on his cheeks:

"Remember, they're Scotch up at that house. You understand the Scotch barrack pretty well by now—if you don't, it ain't my fault. You were born in Aberdeen, but came out too young to remember much about the town. Your father's dead. You ran away to sea and came out in the *Bobbie Burns* to Sydney. Your poor old mother's in Aberdeen now—Bruce or Wallace Wynd will do. Your mother might be dead now—poor old soul!—any way, you'll never see her again. You wish you'd never run away from home. You wish you'd been a better son to your poor old mother; you wish you'd written to her and answered her last letter. You only want to live long enough to write home and ask for forgiveness and a blessing before you die. If you had a drop of spirits of some sort to brace you up you might get along the road better. (Put this delicately.) Get the whine out of your voice, and breathe with a wheeze—like this; get up the nearest approach to a death-rattle that you can. Move as if you were badly hurt in your wind—like this. (If you don't do it better'n that, I'll stonch you.) Make your face a bit longer and keep your lips dry—don't lick them, you damned fool!—breathe on them; make 'em dry as chips. That's the only decent pair of breeks you've got, and the only 'shoon.' You're a Presbyterian—not a U.P., the Auld Kirk. Your mate would have come up to the house, only—well, you'll have to use the stuffing in your head a bit; you can't expect me to do all the brain work. Remember it's consumption you've got—galloping consumption; you know all the symptoms—pain on top of your right lung, bad cough, and night-sweats. Something tells you that you won't see the new year—it's a week off Christmas now. And if you come back without anything, I'll blessed soon put you out of your misery."

Mr. Lawson has gone direct to facts. He does nothing himself but arrange and present; that done, he stands aside. You cannot gather his own opinion on anything. His feeling for style in his own person is poor, but when he makes another speak, his language is terse, supple, and richly idiomatic. He can tell a yarn with the best. One thinks naturally of Bret Harte when seeking a comparison; but the two men have little in common beyond a similarity of subject-matter. Both are concerned with rough and ready pioneers and struggle-for-lifers; but the Californian writer thinks of the story before anything else, the Australian of the human document.

Yet there are one or two stories in *While the Billy Boils* worthy to rank with the best of Bret Harte's. "Macquarie's Mate," for example, is not less admirable than "Tennessee's Partner." Here is the end of a vivid character sketch called "The Drover's Wife." She lives in the bush, nineteen miles from anywhere; her husband is away; she has four children; a snake has crawled under the house during the day, and the family have gone to the annexe kitchen for safety. The four children are asleep on the table; the mother, with a stick to her hand, and Alligator, the dog, watch for the enemy. Mr. Lawson makes the woman's thoughts reveal herself to you as she sits there, until by the time the climax is sighted you know her as you know yourselves. Here is the end:

"It must be near daylight now. The room is very close, hot because of the fire. Alligator still watches the wall from time to time. Suddenly he becomes greatly interested; he draws himself a few inches nearer the partition, and a thrill runs through his body. The hair on the back of his neck begins to bristle, and the battle light is in his yellow eyes. She knows what this means, and lays her hand on the stick. The lower end of one of the partition slabs has a large crack on both sides. An evil pair of small, bright, bead-like eyes glisten at one of these holes. The snake—a black one—comes slowly out about a foot, and moves its head up and down. The dog lies still, and the woman sits as one fascinated. The snake comes out a foot further. She lifts her stick, and the reptile, as though suddenly aware of danger, sticks his head in through the crack on the other side of the slab, and hurries to get his tail round after him. Alligator springs, and his jaws come together with a snap. He misses this time, for his nose is large, and the snake's body close down in the angle formed by the slabs and the floor. He snaps again as the tail comes round. He has the snake now, and tugs it out eighteen inches. Thud, thud, comes the woman's club on the ground. Alligator pulls again. Thud, thud. Alligator pulls some more. He has the snake out now—a black brute, five feet long. The head rises to dart about, but the dog has the enemy close to the neck. He is a big, heavy dog, but quick as a terrier. He shakes the snake as though he felt the original curse in common with mankind. The eldest boy wakes up, seizes his stick, and tries to get out of bed, but his mother forces him back with a grip of iron. Thud, thud—the snake's back is broken in several places. Thud, thud—its head is crushed, and Alligator's nose skinned again.

"She lifts the mangled reptile on the point of her stick, carries it to the fire, and throws it in; then piles on the wood, and watches the snake burn. The boy and dog watch too. She lays her hand on the dog's head, and all the fierce, angry light dies out of his yellow eyes. The younger children are quieted, and presently go to sleep. The dirty-legged boy stands for a moment, in his shirt, watching the fire. Presently he looks up at her, sees the tears in her eyes, and, throwing his arms round her neck, exclaims:

"Mother, I won't never go drovin'; blast me if I do!"

"And she hugs him to her worn-out breast and kisses him; and they sit thus together while the sickly daylight breaks over the bush."

*While the Billy Boils* can be recommended to every one who likes full-blooded, man-to-man writing. And reciters in want of new material should look at "His Country—After All," and "That there Dog o' Mine."

## SCOTTISH NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

*The Early History of the Scottish Union Question.* By G. W. T. Omond. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

WHAT is the explanation of the old Scots' sentiment towards England, which has added so much to the romance of history? The mere annals of events teach us much. The temporary subjection of the land by Edward I. and its hard-fought battle for freedom under Bruce gave the foundation for the hostility of centuries. Through the reign of the Scots Jameses a bitter warfare was kept up on the Border hills, till Flodden and Solway Moss played havoc with the best strength of the North. Then come attempts at a union by marriage—the marriage of the young Queen Mary to the son of Henry VIII.—and though the Scots would have none of the proposal, Somerset pressed it hard, offering even that the name of England should be abolished and "the indifferent old name of Britain taken again." But Mary married the Dauphin, and the friends of union sought a new alliance between Elizabeth and the young Earl of Arran, who, as successor to the dukedom of Chatelherault, was heir-presumptive to the throne of Scotland. How near the country came to being ruled by a dynasty of Hamiltons instead of Stuarts we see from the correspondence of the time. But the negotiations were broken off, the Scots took it as an insult, and Mary, in spite of her Romish leanings, was welcomed gladly to her own land. The doleful events of her reign, culminating in the tragedy of Fotheringhay, did not tend to soften international jealousy. "The manner of her trial and condemnation," says Mr. Omond, "was regarded as a national affront; and when the Estates met in July, 1587, the peers offered to give their lives and fortunes to avenge the fate of their Queen."

But behold the whirligig of history! James of Scotland succeeds to the English throne, the crowns are united, and the centre of national life for the North as well as the South is officially in London. The Edinburgh merchants were ruined; many of the nobles by their departure still further impoverished an already poor country; and, to crown all, the ancient palace of Holyrood was dismantled, and nothing remained in the royal apartments but some stray pieces of furniture and some yards of faded tapestry. And now the problem became more difficult, for the Scots grievances are inflicted by kings of their own race, against whom there is no appeal. They are hated by their Southern neighbours, their commerce is crippled, and their best men leave them. A Francis Bacon might talk of them as "a people in their capacities and undertakings ingenious, in labour industrious, in courage valiant, in body hard, active, and comely"; but the ordinary English attitude towards the land and its inhabitants was that of the nameless satirist, who declared that

"as for fruits, for their grandam Eve's sake they never planted any, and for other trees, had Christ been betrayed in this country, as doubtless He should have been had He come as

a stranger amongst them, Judas had sooner found the grace of repentance than one tree to hang himself on."

Then came the quarrel about the establishment of Episcopacy, which stiffened the back of a folk never remarkable for complaisance. The clique of Presbyterian lords led by Argyle in no way helped to improve the condition of the people; and it is possible to see in Montrose a democratic reformer, a champion of the proletariat against an aristocracy.

With the Commonwealth we find attempts at a real union based upon equal advantages. The end was admirable, but the methods and the men who used them were bad, and we find the same unconquerable distrust of the Englishman defeating all proposals. Lord Broghill, a son of Lord Cork, was a member of the Council of State, and his non-English birth seems to have gained him popularity. "He has won," Baillie writes, "more on the affections of the people than all the English that ever were among us." Scots commerce momentarily revived, only to be ruined once more at the Restoration. Indeed, the means employed by the Government of Charles II. seem to have been designed with infinite art to exasperate and ruin a people. Trade was hampered in every conceivable way, and penalties on the Presbyterian religion made the feeling in Scotland rise to fever point. But with the coming of William the old question of complete union was revived again. Statesmen on both sides saw that only thus could a source of strength be made out of what was a dangerous weakness. The Scots spirit had attempted of itself to right the national wrongs by various commercial schemes, and a patriotic party had arisen, composed of Hamilton, Tweeddale, Rothes, Roxburghe, and Fletcher of Saltoun (whose *Life* by Mr. Omond we lately reviewed in these columns)—a party which aimed at the creation of Scotland into a semi-republican form of government distinct from its neighbour. It was the growth of such a party, as well as the growing peril from the northern Jacobites, which forced English statesmen to advocate the Union or endure a dangerous civil war.

Such is the historical account of the relations which gave rise to the sentiment—a narrative of the disadvantages which a poor, proud, and ill-advised people suffered in its contest with a richer nation. But in addition there was another feeling—half-national, half-racial—which a people dwelling in a different air and very different natural surroundings, who were in great part of different blood, and whose whole traditions were those of struggling against odds, of poverty, pride, and fierce love of country, entertained towards a great alien nation, rich, unknown, settled upon its lees. The sentiment runs all through Scots history, and it is altogether apart from any hostility aroused by definite wrongs.

Mr. Omond's book is a handy summary of the history of such international relations, written with an orderly method and much clearness and good sense. Well printed and well bound, it is an excellent contribution to the literature of the subject.



# THE NATIONAL DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY.

## A TALK WITH MR. SIDNEY LEE.

I FOUND Mr. Sidney Lee at the offices of the *Dictionary* in Waterloo-place, and after congratulating him on the event of last week, I said: "Will you allow me, Mr. Lee, to run over the story of the *Dictionary* with you in question and answer?"

"Certainly. What is your first question?"

"The idea of the *Dictionary*—did it not originate with Mr. George Smith?"

"Yes; that is so. But Mr. Smith first thought of a *universal* biographical dictionary. It was Mr. Leslie Stephen, I think, who advised him that this was too magnificent a scheme."

"And so its scope was made British?"

"Oh, more than that! It is English, Scottish, Irish, and Colonial; and I may say that we have been scrupulously careful to see that Scottish, Irish, and Colonial biography should be fairly represented."

"Mr. Leslie Stephen was the first editor?"

"Yes, and he remained sole editor until our twenty-first volume was published. I had the honour of assisting him as sub-editor in the very early stages of the undertaking. We were at work two years before a line of the *Dictionary* was published."

"I suppose you were fixing the form of the whole work?"

"Well, yes; but we were going ahead with it. We set ourselves an ideal of punctuality, and the way to realise it seemed to be to be always well in advance of our publishing day. The publishers decided to issue a volume every quarter-day. We have since published fifty-one volumes on fifty-one quarter-days. We have never been late. That is a record of which we are naturally proud."

"You must have used the utmost method!"

"We had an elaborate machinery for commissioning authors to write articles and to get the articles into our hands. Every article was ordered for a certain date."

"And if it didn't come, you wanted to know why?"

"Yes, and we always left a margin of time in which to secure another article if, for any reason, that were necessary. But, as a rule, our writers were most punctual."

"At this moment, Mr. Lee, your work inside the office must be far ahead of what is published?"

"Oh, yes. I have allotted every article to the end of Z."

"And how many more volumes will take us there?"

"Nine. The sixtieth and last volume is due, I think you will find, in September, 1899."

"The 'T' volume will include Lord Tennyson, of course?"

"Yes; Canon Ainger has undertaken his life. James Watt, I may tell you, is in the hands of Sir Frederick Bramwell, and Wordsworth has gone to Mr. Leslie Stephen."

"I suppose verification of facts and dates has been a great part of your work?"

"It has; but the first thing has been to

choose a writer whose facts and dates could be trusted; to find the right man, and then watch him, has been the editorial task."

"You have employed many lady-writers. How have you been served by them?"

"Capitally. They have been most industrious, and in some cases their knowledge has proved most exhaustive."

"I am not asking my questions in the best order, Mr. Lee; but how did you compile and decide on the names to be included in any given volume?"

"We examined, as a matter of course, all existing biographical dictionaries. We searched the obituaries in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and in many newspapers, and we received suggestions from the public. When we had a list to which we could add nothing ourselves we published it, and asked a still wider public to supply omissions."

"And did this result in many suggestions?"

"Oh, yes, from the descendants of people omitted. We had often great pressure put upon us by well-meaning people with an enthusiasm for their ancestors' memories. Unfortunately, our estimate and theirs of a given individual's career were apt to differ."

"Now, as to the ideal article you aimed to obtain, Mr. Lee?"

"Well, you know that Mr. Leslie Stephen wrote the life of Addison as the model. We used to send it to early contributors in pamphlet form, but this became unnecessary as the work proceeded. What we wanted was a succinct, exhaustive, and intelligent statement of the facts of a man's life, divested of every taint of partiality. We wanted only a minimum of criticism. One of my printed instructions is this: 'No inventory of domestic virtues should be attempted.'"

"Did you, in allotting an article, give the writer a limit of length?"

"Not always. But I preached brevity in and out of season. I suppose I cannot claim to have practised it, for I must admit that the article on Shakespeare which I wrote for the last volume is far the longest in the *Dictionary*."

"Well, it ought to be. Is there any likelihood, Mr. Lee, that it will be given to the public in a separate form? It would make a nice little book."

"That I cannot say. But it would not make a very little book. The article contains 45,000 words."

"I suppose you look upon some articles in the *Dictionary* with special pride?"

"Naturally. In many cases the lives in the *Dictionary* contain new matter. The Life of Cardinal Pole is a case in point. The Life of Lord Halifax, who comes, like other peers, under his family name of George Savile, is another. Lord Halifax's part in the revolution which seated William and Mary on the throne has been much overlooked, except by Macaulay. The *Dictionary* Life of Halifax, containing as it does new facts and a new estimate of the man, is distinctly valuable. Then Prof. Jebb's Life of Porson and Mr. Firth's Life of Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, are strikingly careful and elaborate. Sir Edward Fry's Life of John Selden is equally so. But really I cannot in a moment recollect the more striking

biographies; and where so many have been excellent it is, perhaps, invidious to select. But I should like to mention the Life of Charles Stuart Parnell. For obvious reasons it presented many difficulties. Ultimately it was decided to entrust various sections of his career to various hands, and I am glad to say that the result justified this plan. We can point to that article as showing what strenuous efforts have been made to secure impartiality."

"You must have found your work very interesting, if very arduous, Mr. Lee?"

"Yes; and its variety has been not its least charm. To be considering one day where Priestley stood in Chemistry, and the next day where Pusey stood in Theology, has been an education in mental flexibility."

## AN OLD PARODY ON WHITMAN.

Books about Walt Whitman seem numerous just now. In one, entitled *Walt Whitman the Man*, which is announced by Messrs. Gay & Bird, there will appear a facsimile of an unpublished letter from Tennyson to Whitman. In it Tennyson refers to his son Lionel's marriage in Westminster Abbey to the daughter of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson. He also says: "Trübner wrote me this morning, stating that you wished to have a parody of yourself, which appeared among other parodies of modern authors in a paper called *London*. I have not a copy of it, otherwise I would send it you." This parody turns out to be one of four or five in which the wedding in the Abbey was supposed to be treated by various hands, namely: Whitman, Browning, William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Austin Dobson. They were the work of a hand that is still active, although insufficiently active, among us. Here is the skit on Whitman:

"1. This is a wedding. All right, then! I'm on it. Three cheers and a tiger!"

"2. (Marriage is not my game, but you mustn't take notice of that, I'm here because I'm everywhere.)"

"3. The parson goes for his glasses. I reckon he judges them misty. (Bully for you, old man! I guess it's a tear that you're wiping!)"

"4. I am the bride and the bridegroom. I know all about it much better than they do."

"5. I fumble with him for the ring, and blush with her while he's finding it."

"6. His boots are pinching me awful, and the thought of her back hair o'ercomes me!"

"7. My heart gives great throbs to his waistcoat, and I feel with her that someone has trodden on my frock and busted the gathers."

"8. I am here though you do not see me. I hear the organ rolling, the people susurrating, the feet shuffling, the silk sibillating, the boys laughing, the girls tittering, the old maids telling them they ought to be ashamed of it, the shoeblacks cheering, the corks popping, the comic man making speeches, the bride weeping, the page kissing the housemaid below stairs, the rice rattling on the carriage roof, the groan the bridegroom gives as a slipper better aimed than the rest strikes him on the nose and makes him see a hundred thousand candles."

"9. I hear, I see, I feel it all, I am Walt Whitman. I guess I know all about it."

Did Whitman ever see this?



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Le Journal de Liliane.* Par Comte à Wodzinaki. (Calmann Lévy : Paris.)

When a Pole writes a story in French about an Englishwoman the results of the international complication are remarkable.

Left to itself, it is to be feared that *Le Journal de Liliane* will, like many other novels, die without tears and without honour. It came to us with the strawberries; it will be forgotten before the peaches. There is not one word in it which the young girl might not read, nor is there anything whatever in it to make the young girl anxious to avail herself of the maternal permission—except Miss Gibson. Miss Gibson must be rescued. She must be drawn closer to us. There is a certain amount of joy in Miss Gibson.

She is not the heroine of the story. She is the governess of the heroine, the orphan Liliane. On the eve of their departure from Paris, to take up their abode in Poland with Lilian's grandmother, Miss Gibson in making her will writes down her name as Nelly Gibson.

On their arrival in Poland they encounter a mad woman who dances. It is too much for Nelly Gibson. She supplements her thick veil by covering her face with her two hands. "Un cri d'horreur et de dégoût s'échapper de ses lèvres; 'Aoh! very indecently, indeed!'" It is a pity—it is a thousand pities—that after this Miss Gibson rarely speaks a word of English. "Aoh! very indecently, indeed!" is so pleasant and comforting, and we feel so sure that there must be more English where that came from, that we are disappointed. But in some other respects Nelly Gibson remains good.

To them enter two heroes, one of whom is a villain. The villainous hero is Prince Paul Sreniawa; the heroic hero is M. Etienne Gordyan, the prince's guardian. As Liliane's grandmother wishes her to marry the prince, she naturally falls in love with the guardian. The prince is said to have a "British aspect," and in an affair of the heart any little infirmity like a "British aspect" must tell against one.

In the meantime, what is Miss Nelly Gibson doing? She also has not been idle. She also has fallen in love with the guardian. "Serai-je moi-même jalouse de Miss?" exclaims the perfervid diary-keeper, and answers herself, "Non, mille fois non!" Still Nelly Gibson is no despicable rival. "Miss est encore jeune. . . . Sans la couperose qui dépare son visage, Miss serait vraiment jolie." The question presents itself: "Pourquoi donc Miss ne pourrait-elle pas aimer?" Especially when we consider that M. Gordyan, the guardian, quotes "Tennysson." And, by the way, who was "Tennysson"?

M. Gordyan (he is once called Sir Gordyan, but the joke is not repeated) saves the life of Liliane, who is also addressed as Lili, Lily, and Lilienne, thereby reminding us of him who would "answer to Hi! or to any loud cry." Subsequently the guardian also saves the life of Miss Nelly Gibson. These heroes are heroic all right, but in their line of action a little monotonous. Miss and Mademoiselle have now scored one rescue each, and it is Miss's turn to play.

But before she plays there is a little complication about her name which requires to be cleared up. The bad prince, in order to gain favour with the governess, addresses her always as "my lady." We are told that he spoke English badly. "N'est-ce pas une lacune surprenante dans l'éducation d'un homme du monde?" asks the superior Liliane. Miss Gibson very properly refuses the title; she has not that honour. Then comes the astounding statement: "Je m'appelle Miss Hariett Gibson." Nobody notices the change, not even the author; nobody cares, except the reader; but he worries himself. Why has Nelly suddenly become "Hariett"?

"Une lacune surprenante dans l'éducation d'un homme du monde!" —"Hariett" is, of course, the abbreviated form of Nelly.

To return, Miss Nelly, or "Hariett," or compromise it and say Nelriett, at one time supposed that all was arranged between the bad prince and Liliane, thus leaving Miss a clear field with the good guardian. In her delight, says Liliane, "Miss me donna un *shake hand* énergique." Miss was deceived, and disillusion follows. She inherits "la modique somme de trente mille guinées" from an uncle, and is prompt to take advantage of her new independence. In the usual English way, she writes a letter to her adored, placing herself and her fortune at his disposal, and he refuses her. So she informs Liliane's grandmother: "Je pars demain"; and Liliane exclaims: "Adieu donc, Miss Gibson! la pensée unira toujours nos deux âmes." The pure-souled Liliane reads a letter which was not addressed to her, nor intended for her. This letter had been dropped accidentally by the bad prince, and contains the evidence of his badness, thus making all clear for Liliane's betrothal to the good guardian.

There seems to be only one comment possible upon the conduct of either Miss or Mademoiselle. It is best put in these words: "Aoh! very indecently indeed!"

This charming story has been published this year in Paris. Paris is the capital of France, and the French are a light-hearted people.

BARRY PAIN.

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*An Electric Shock, and Other Stories.* By E. Gerard (Mme. de Laszowska). (William Blackwood & Sons.)

The percentage of short stories which have enjoyed an ephemeral existence in the magazines and weekly newspapers and deserve a more prolonged life in volume form is small. But if in literature, as in biology, it is the fittest which survive, the struggle for existence is equally natural in both cases. With the exception of the first story, giving its name to the book, all the others have been published before. Mme. Laszowska writes, on the whole, with correctness, and possesses considerable powers of focussing the reader's attention, but she lacks the aptitude for character-drawing needed to give vitality to all creative work; and a less heavy touch in light comedy would be an advantage. "An Electric Shock" is of the "forcible-feeble" type. Written "explosively," it depends for interest on crude incident. A young Viennese doctor, in love with his patient's daughter, proposes to cure a certain Herr Querkopf—the name is scarcely a happy one—by electricity. Querkopf has fallen into the hands of a quack "bath physician" at an Austrian health resort, who has invented a ridiculous system for curing diseases with "pine-tree essence." Satirically treated, the story might have been made amusing, but the authoress has chosen instead a lugubrious and tragic key, with the result that it is lacking in sense of proportion as well as in sense of humour. Far and away the best effort in the volume is the tale from the Polish entitled "The Attaman: a Tale of the Kosaks"—our old friends the Cossacks in disguise. The adaptation is excellent, and the legend singularly touching and heroic. At an order from his "master, the king," the Attaman leads the Cossacks of the Dnieper against the Turks. They advance too daringly into Ottoman territory, and at the commencement of winter find themselves surrounded by a vast Tartar horde. The army is wrecked. Only the Attaman and 300 men return from the ill-fated expedition. But in the history of the Cossacks there has been no instance before of a chief returning without his army. What is to be done in this case? A council is summoned, and an ancient chief pronounces the leader's doom:

"A less noble man might be degraded from his office; but thou, Kunicki, shalt not be stripped of dignity in favour of any other man. Attaman thou shalt remain until thy death. Yet as the council in its

wisdom does not deem it to be seemly that an Attaman should survive the loss of his army, it will be advisable that thy noble life should come to a speedy termination. . . . Only to lay thy head on the block wilt thou put aside the crane's feather."

The Attaman accepts his fate as inevitable and just, but before his death wishes to see his wife and child:

"'Fix a day for my execution,' he says, 'and I swear to be punctual.'

'As much time as thou pleasest, Father Attaman,' is the answer."

He chooses one day, and returns to die on the block. How much of this fine story is original and how much has been translated I cannot pretend to say, but it is picturesquely told, and the heroic atmosphere throughout has been well sustained. The rest of the book suffers much by measurement with this standard. In "The Portrait of Conceta P—" the supernatural element has been employed with some ingenuity, but the idea of a man falling in love with the ancient portrait of a beautiful lady and finding his reward in the hand of the descendant who bears her likeness is not new. "A Drama in Blue" has but one good scene. A jilted lady in disguise, seeking to win back the affections of her former lover, offers for his recognition the withered forget-me-not which he has given her. He, mistaking her interest in the flower for merely a botanical curiosity, cures her of her infatuation by a pompous scientific dissertation. But for this lapse of memory the large fortune for which he hungered might have been his. As an attempt in humour, "My Wife's Christmas Supper" does not succeed, and "The Price of the Necklace," in which a surgeon amputates the breast of the woman he once loved, although told with some ability, is unpleasant without being startling. Neither of these stories is worth reprinting.

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*Crooked Paths.* By Francis Allingham.  
(Longmans, Green & Co.)

"... But my life has been recorded by the angel—it is all there; why expose me to the horror of it again?"

'The Recording Angel is none other than yourself. You will have no reason to doubt the correctness of your account, for you will yourself tell it. Your brain has retained all the impressions it has received, all the thoughts that have come to you, all the words you have spoken, all the actions you have done, all the scenes you have witnessed. All these will be unrolled before you, and you will see your life as it actually was.'

'Is there no escape—no death for me before this takes place?' I asked.

'No; you will see your life and its influence upon others. It is by this influence you will be judged, that is the balance that will weigh you.'

This conversation passes between the spirit, after death, of the writer of this chaotic book and another spirit, from another world, who appears to act as his guide and instructor; and this is the theme upon which a curiously inconclusive and muddled story is built. It is a theme which, in able hands, and treated with high imagination and human sympathy, might yield a notable result; but in *Crooked Paths* we have neither. It is the kind of book, possibly, to appeal to the commonplace imagination—a book of exclamations and of crude wailings, a mixture of undigested, semi-religious sentiment and weak melodrama. It has none of the balance of life, and, what is essential in such an effort, none of the logic of events. Briefly, it is the story of a man who, in extreme youth, has a very short and ordinarily vulgar *amour*—a passage which has an effect upon him out of all proportion to its importance. Then he falls in love, and, later, is temporarily led away by a girl of the casual sensual type, who plays so superbly on the violin that she has the power of suggesting to different hearers the kind of love which she wishes them to feel. This incident ends quite innocently—the man marries the right girl and dies young, leaving one son. Now if, in the after life, he had been compelled to see himself and the result of his actions in his child, and in the one or two lives intimately associated with his, there would at least have been a gleam of logic to serve as guide; but instead of this he is linked to the development of a farm labourer named Adam. It is true that the son of the dead witness seduces Adam's sister, but this only makes the confusion worse. Adam, finally, murders his light-of-love sweetheart, and allows himself to be knocked down and killed by a passing train. "And then there was utter darkness."

Thus, the story does not end at all; the conclusion of the whole matter is "utter darkness"; the problem is most inartistically shirked. It will be seen that no logical conclusion could have been arrived at on the lines indicated, but Mr. Allingham might at least have endeavoured to tie some kind of knot.

As I have said, the book is crude and ill-constructed. It is full of laborious hammerings of the commonplace; it has neither grace nor subtlety; it continually hovers between a tract written by a person ignorant of theology and a story written by a person ignorant of life. There are, indeed, passages not without some trace of skill, as, for instance, the scene between the two friends in the twelfth chapter of the second book, and that at the end of the eighth chapter of the third. But in the main the story is shadowy, vague, and wooden.

I am not inclined to be a severe critic of modern fiction—there is much that is excellent, a great deal that is good. But it seems to me that such books as *Crooked Paths* are superfluous. They serve no purpose that may not be found, more concisely set forth, in the "twopenny box"; they are full of deaths, burials, and, in this instance, of a pseudo-resurrection also; they set out as light-bearers, and leave the reader in—"utter darkness." If Mr. Allingham wishes to write let him try his hand at something nearer the ground; he will soon learn that farm labourers do not talk in just the same way as the folks at "the Manor House." When I see Mr. Allingham's name on the title-page of another book I will read it, in the hope that he may have turned to a more profitable theme.

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*My Bonnie Lady.* By Leslie Keith.  
(Jarrold & Sons.)

If Mr. Leslie Keith's new novel may be taken as representative of the Scots school of story-telling, the kailyard has become empty of suggestion. It has all the usual characters. There are the little minister, the elder, the dominie, the gossips, and the beautiful young maid, attractive from having been brought up among influences other than those of the sordid northern village.

Time hangs heavy on our hands as we peruse the book. That is because the plot is quite incredible. It deals with a feud between the Inglises and the Mintos. The one family had for generations been denying the claim of the other to certain lands, which at the beginning of the book seem to be a few arable acres, and a little later have dwindled into a footpath. Such a dispute is not impossible; but it cannot be made the basis of a romance. We are told that blood had been shed and fortunes squandered over it; which we do not believe. Like other rural people, the Scots, with time to waste and money to spend on the sport, are not averse from law pleas. We are sure that, if the family of Minto and that of Inglis did have any difference about rights of property, the question was settled by the Court of Session soon after it arose. According to Mr. Keith, the settlement was arrived at through other means. Night after night, at the bidding of his wife, Mr. Minto went forth to walk upon the disputed territory. Apparently he went out with the coffee and came in with the milk. There, at the very beginning, one finds that the story does not ring true. We are not alluding to the base uses to which ancient Scotsmen are put by shrewish wives. We are thinking of a fact in law. If you are the public, you can establish a right of property in land by walking on the land with persistence; but Mr. Minto was not the public, and, all Scots being notoriously well-informed, we refuse to believe that he acted as if he were. In the chronicles of Mr. Keith, one cold night he fell by the wayside in a faint. His wife, drawn by an opportune intuition, was there to see him. So was Captain Inglis, scion of the enemy, just home from the wars. The Captain tamed the shrew, who was very unwilling that he should lay a hand upon her husband, and he carried the poor man home. There, of course, he met "our bonnie lady," a damsel whom he had loved long since and lost awhile, who, in order to bring peace into the parish, had been induced by the little minister to become house-maid to Mrs. Minto. The minister, it is needless to say, also was in love with her.

How this unconscionable tangle is unravelled it would be unfair to say. It would be tedious also. Mr. Keith can write pretty well; but the artificiality of his theme dogs him to the end. There is scarcely a page in his book which produces an artistic illusion. In short, we do not believe a word of it. The words themselves are

often horrible. "The Captain, as he told me, was fair donnered for a moment to see her in such a tirrivee, and could do nothing but sit stock still trying to make out what kind of a randy wife he had fallen upon." That is a fair sample of Mr. Keith's manner. A story told in such language is a tirrivee that donners us too much.

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*A Trick of Fame.* By H. Hamilton Fyfe. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

Mr. Fyfe's novel is one of those which reward the persevering. The first few chapters led me to put it down as an inferior imitation of Mrs. Humphry Ward, a study on the lines of *Sir George Trevelyan*, with the incisiveness and the humanity of *Sir George Trevelyan* left out. Mr. Fyfe's knowledge of politics appears to be more to seek than even my own. I am sure that a young Tory member of Parliament could not suddenly begin to act as private secretary to a Liberal Minister of Labour, and I do not think that a Cabinet Minister who had only been in office two or three months would get an official pension. The comic relief, again, consists mainly in satire of a kind of affectation which I understand to be now extinct. This is the sort of thing:

"'Cecil and I have been contemplating the pagan ideals, and counter-acting the effects of country air, which would make one energetic but for some such antidote, by consuming cigarettes whose fragrance suggests all the most charming vices of every age.'

'You might have been better employed,' said Lady Beatrice curtly, examining the features of the landscape.

'Ah, dear lady, again the point of view. But I fancy luncheon is at hand—luncheon, which in town might be described as the impecunious in search of the appetising, but which here in this appallingly healthy air one could well call the endeavour of the insatiate to avoid satiety.'

Wearisome fooling, surely: although I own to finding humour in a gilded youth's description of Lady Beatrice Vane as an

"'orflly odd girl, don't you know? Makes you feel, when you've been talkin' to her, as if you'd made rather a fool of yourself; orflly annoyin', that sort of girl.'

In the course of the second volume one makes the discovery that Mr. Fyfe has a distinct talent for evoking a dramatic situation. There is a telling scene in the House of Commons where Hewlett, the Labour Leader, is thrown over by his clever young secretary in the course of a debate, and another at the close of the book, where the same young secretary misses his chance because he fears to put his fate to the touch with the woman who loves him. Harold Fenton has run away with Beatrice Vane, and when they are overtaken by her brother is coward enough to hint, what, indeed, is the case, that the responsibility for the freak lies with her.

"Beatrice looked at Fenton with an expression of bewilderment on her face.

'I—I don't understand,' she said with a catch in her voice. 'You have told my brother that —'

'Mr. Fenton has only allowed me to guess what —'

'Hush, please! You have told my brother,' she went on, facing Fenton steadily and speaking in dull measured tones, 'that it was I who suggested this—this journey, and that you did not approve of it and wished me to return?'

'Beatrice, I only said what I have said to you this morning. I told him nothing of what you—you suggest. Lord Radfield, you will bear me out in this?'

'Lord Radfield shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly again.

'From what you were good enough to say I gathered that —'

'Oh! it can't be—it can't be—you could never have been so—Harold! Why don't you say something—anything—deny it—tell me it isn't true.'

Fenton began to see the enormity of the mistake he had made.

'I only said that—but it is absurd to have all this fuss—Beatrice, will you not listen to what your brother wishes to say?'

'You coward!' said Beatrice in a low voice—'you coward!'

So was a subtle cad well unmasked.

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*From the Four Winds.* By John Sinjohn. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Sinjohn, like so many other clever young men, has been trying to catch the manner of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He is violent, cosmopolitan, knowing: and I cannot honestly say that the blend of smoking-room ethics and Imperialism which results is very much

to my taste. Dick Denver, braggart and bully, who is the hero of two of the stories, is a particularly offensive sort of person. In Synge Sahib, however, Mr. Sinjohn has got a good idea, and has used it effectively. Synge is an English doctor in the Straits Settlements. He has a dash of yellow blood in him, and one tropical night he "runs amok":

"It was Synge—Synge transfigured—a Malay, if ever there was one, in every line of his face and figure. Barring a towel wound round him, he was stark naked, and his flesh was yellow, not white; and whether my eyes went wrong or not, I don't know, but his hair seemed to hang down his naked back, instead of being cropped short, as it always is. His eyes were blazing and glaring with a sort of green light like a wild cat's. That devilish silver streak was his Malay krias, and he brandished it like one possessed."

And one other story in the book is in its way a perfect gem. "Tally Ho" is an Anglo-Indian child who loses himself in London. He is picked up by an old general, who carries him off to tiffin at his club. Tally Ho's ways and speech are delightful from beginning to end. And the general is excellent too. The meeting is by the water in St. James's Park.

"Tally Ho sank on his knees, stuck his head through the girders, and gazed. His affections particularly riveted themselves on two small bronze-green ducks taking first lessons in diving from an attentive parent."

'My wantles dem,' said Tally Ho, joyfully and loudly, through his girders, to the intense astonishment of a military-looking old gentleman, from between whose legs the words arose.

'Gawd bless me! What's that?'

'My wantles 'oo for each of my's tlowers' pottets,' bellowed Tally Ho across the water to the ducks.

'Gawd bless me! It's the ducks the boy wants,' commented the ancient warrior, stepping with much care clear of Tally Ho, and noting the direction of his gestures. At this precise instant Tally Ho withdrew his head from between the girders and scrambled on to his feet, and as he did so his eye lighted on the stranger, whose elderly but martial form he had been doing his level best to upset.

'Salaam, Genelal Sahib,' he said, saluting affably and without embarrassment. 'My is Tally Ho—my wantles dose ducks.'

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*"Old Man's" Marriage.* By G. B. Burgin. (Grant Richards.)

In this novel Mr. G. B. Burgin continues the history of the inhabitants of Four Corners, with whom we have become in a certain degree familiar. It is written in a style which I must call, for want of a better word, sprightly, and is mainly concerned with the efforts of "Old Man" to avoid the attentions of his friend Ikey Marston's wife, who has married the wrong man. "Old Man" is a noble backwoodsman of the kind which Bret Harte has made known to us, and for Quixotic reasons he marries an Indian squaw. There are other characters and incidents more or less humorous. An editor who is handier with the pistol than with the pen, a beautiful girl who is familiar with the reforming uses of a shot-gun, an English lord who lispes, a pie—no American story is complete without a pie—and a comic mule, the best drawn character in the book. Here is a portrait of the mule, which "Old Man" in a facetious moment had christened "Miss Wilks," that being the name of the lady he had renounced in favour of Ikey Marston.

"The durability of her scarred hide made it as valuable as that of a caribou, and a wider intelligence, fostered by encounters with strange hybrids in the great North-West, had begotten in her an acuter intellect than of yore. She was an extraordinarily powerful, clay-coloured mule, projecting in all kinds of uncomfortable and unexpected directions, blind in the right eye, and wanting an ear, the remaining ear lopping over as if to conceal her lack of sight. The missing ear had been 'chawed' off in single combat with one of her own race. An originality of gait, which had first endeared her to 'Old Man' still remained to comfort his loneliness; she shuffled along, moving both legs on one side at the same time. Her mode of progression suggested an appearance of constant effort, as if she were continually changing shoulders, and undecided which leg should lead."

"Old Man" comes back with "Miss Wilks" to find that Mrs. Ikey Marston (*née* Miss Wilkes) is by no means happy in her marriage, and the scenes between "Old Man" and the woman who loves him are among the best in the book. I was not aware that the hunting of men with bloodhounds, lynching and murder, were so frequent in the villages on the Ottawa River as Mr. Burgin would have us to believe. The Dominion Government should look to it.

*One Man's View.* By Leonard Merrick.  
(Grant Richards.)

Mr. Merrick shows some freshness in his treatment of a theme which has done duty through generations of fiction. Mamie Cheriton marries George Heriot because she has failed as an actress and has not much alternative. She finds him dull, and absorbed in his profession. But she gets sympathy from Lucas Field, a brilliant and successful dramatist.

"To talk about oneself to a woman, who listens with exquisite eyes fixed upon one's face, is very gratifying to a literary man. If one is mediocre, she makes one feel clever; and if one has talent, one feels greater still. Field had rarely spent a pleasanter hour. It is not intimated that he was a vain puppy—he was not a puppy at all. He had half unconsciously felt the want of a sympathetic confidant for a long while, though, and albeit he did not instantaneously realise that Mrs. Heriot supplied the void, he walked back to his chambers with exhilaration."

Ultimately Mrs. Heriot leaves her home with Lucas Field, and before long falls upon a second disillusion. I think this is perhaps the strongest part of the book.

"When a naturally pure woman, who is not sustained by any emancipated views, consents to live with a man in defiance of social prejudices, she probably obtains as clear an insight as the world affords into the enormous difference that exists between the ideal and the actual. Matrimony does not illumine the difference so vividly, because matrimony, with all its disillusion, leaves her an unembarrassed conscience. With her lover such a woman experiences all the prose of wedlock and a sting to boot. A man cannot be at concert-pitch all day long with his mistress any more easily than he can with his wife. She has to submit to bills and other practical matters just as much with a smirched reputation as she had with a spotless one. The romance does not run any better because the marriage service is omitted. A lover is no less liable to be commonplace than a husband when the laundress knocks the buttons off his shirts."

So Mrs. Heriot and Lucas Field part. The woman realises—it is the traditional ending—that after all she loved her husband, and a happy accident brings them together again. It is a cleverly written story, but I have not a notion what the title means.

*More Sentiment.* By A. J. Dawson.  
(John Lane.)

There are a dozen stories in this volume, of unequal length, unequal merit, and diverse style. They cover a good many phases of life and a wide stretch of map. The Australian Bush is Mr. Dawson's favourite *locale*, but he does not disdain London, Monte Carlo, or West Africa. Some of the tales are extremely slight; and one of them, "Narita," is unintelligible. Nevertheless, this last is, to my mind, the best of the collection: the struggle in the dinghy, half seen from the other boat through the gloom of night, is weirdly realised; and there is a haunting suggestion of mystery about the lady. "Madge" is an unpleasant story of an hysterical girl, sufficiently unpleasant, but not without a certain tenderness in the treatment. "Mother Carey's Chickens" is the record of two children who act Providence to their elder sister's love-affairs: "The Man Who Was" furnishes the key, and "The Light that Failed," a refrain. Altogether a volume that may be read with pleasure, if not with notable profit.

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*Without Issues.* By Henry Cresswell.  
(Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Cresswell has found out a lovely new way of killing people; and he has wisely made it the cardinal point of an excellent novel. The story is of an infant heir, brought up in a slum; of a miserly life-tenant and his lawyer son, unconscious of the boy's existence; of Muriel and Eva, sisters, both in love with the lawyer son; and of a villainous specialist doctor, ex-shopboy, in love with Muriel. Three characters stand especially forth—the disinherited failure dying nameless in his last squalid refuge; his brother, the life-tenant, indulging a shameful parsimony; and the fashionable practitioner trading upon the vice he professed to cure. Of the two sisters, Muriel is good conventional work, and Eva, the younger (though her creator seems hardly conscious of the fact), is corrupt and unscrupulous. There is humour in Mrs. Jagers, the life-tenant's landlady.

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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

ANOTHER very quiet publishing week! Yet it will be a memorable one. The publication of the newly discovered *Logia*, or *Sayings of Our Lord*, is an event solitary in its importance and in its appeal to the imagination. One cannot but wonder what records of the life and words of Christ may yet leap to light in the desert places of the East. No event which modern civilisation could produce would be comparable to the discovery of a new and illuminating record of Christ's life and ministry. The discovery of a papyrus not half the size of this page, and containing only eight broken sentences, is a lesser event, but yet a great one. These *Sayings* are believed to date from somewhere between 150 and 300 A.D.; and they, apparently, have an origin independent of our Gospels. The story of the finding of the papyrus by Messrs. Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt, two young Oxford scholars, has been told this week in every newspaper. These explorers set to work to examine a series of low mounds on the edge of the Libyan desert, 120 miles south of Cairo, which mark the site of the ancient city of Oxyrhynchus. The papyrus which is now a centre of interest to Christendom "was found at the very beginning of our work upon the town in a mound which produced a great number of papyri belonging to the first three centuries of our era, those in the immediate vicinity of our fragment belonging to the second and third centuries." No time has been lost in giving a translation of these *Logia* to the world, and it was a worthy thought which prompted the issue of that translation in a cheap form. Sixpence is so small a sum that the message may

almost be said to be given without money and without price. Certainly there is no danger of exaggerating the importance and interest of a second century papyrus, which gives us, as Christ's own utterance, the words: "Wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I." Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt give the Greek text of the *Logia*, an English translation with notes, and a few general remarks. We shall not, however, further anticipate our reviewer's treatment of this remarkable relic.

Last week brought us an important book written in reply to another: we refer to Prof. Gardiner's *What Gunpowder Plot Was*. It is a coincidence surely worth noting that we have this week Mr. Andrew Lang's reply, in book form, to Prof. Max Müller's *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*. Mr. Lang's book may be beyond the average reader, like Prof. Müller's, but Mr. Lang's Introduction is not. It runs to twenty-four pages; and it is a clean-cut statement of the issue between the anthropological method and the linguistic method of studying and explaining mythology. Prof. Max Müller is the champion, the almost solitary champion, of the second of these methods. The general problem is stated by Mr. Lang to be this:

"Has language—especially language in a state of 'disease'—been the great source of the mythology of the world? Or does mythology, on the whole, represent the survival of an old state of thought—not caused by language—from which civilised men have slowly emancipated themselves? Mr. Max Müller is of the former, anthropologists of the latter, opinion. Both, of course, agree that myths are a product of thought, of a kind of thought almost extinct in civilised races; but Mr. Max Müller holds that language caused that kind of thought. We, on the other hand, think that language only gave it one means of expressing itself."

That is lucid enough. As regards the plan of his book, Mr. Lang writes: "The pages which follow cannot but seem wandering and desultory, for they are a reply to a book, Mr. Max Müller's *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*, in which the attack is of a skirmishing character."

We have received from the office of the *Review of Reviews* a copy of Vol. VII. (1896) of the *Annual Index to Periodicals*, which is so ably compiled by Miss Hetherington. The Index is so complete that an analysis of it would reflect the characteristics of the year in an interesting way. Indeed, in his Preface to this volume Mr. Stead writes:

"The most extensive and tedious topics to deal with in 1896, from the indexing point of view, seem to have been South Africa, and the United States Presidential Campaign with its Free Silver and other issues; Venezuela, Cuba, and Armenia have continued to make a heavy demand on space in 1896; the Education Bill and the question of Anglican Orders are also among the much-discussed topics of the year; Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* and Mr. Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty* have still been favourite subjects of criticism; recent books have renewed the interest in Bishop Butler, Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Manning, and others; and death has brought to special notice the lives and work of such men as Lord Leighton and William Morris."

The sportsmanlike conduct of our South African colonists in presenting an ironclad to the British Navy has received the recognition it deserves. We are not surprised to find that sport in South Africa has reached the stage when it must needs be written about. We have received the 1897 edition of a new "official handbook" of *South African Sports*. This work is edited by Mr. G. A. Parker, the hon. secretary of the South African Football and Cricket Associations. Referring to the present literature of sport in South Africa, Mr. Parker writes:

"Football Annuals, chiefly Association, are published by hard-working secretaries in various centres, and the Durban Rowing Club also prints a small Annual. An endeavour, however, has now been made to collect full information as to the rise and progress of each branch of sport, and also to bring up to date all records of importance. Considerable time and trouble have been taken in securing from all parts of South Africa much of the data which appears herein; but the labour is a labour of love for pure and healthy sport; and if this book meets with a successful sale, it is the intention of the compiler . . ."

Space does not permit us to print all the intentions of the compiler, but they are excellent.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE *LOGIA*; OR, SAYINGS OF OUR LORD. From an early Greek Papyrus. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A. Henry Frowde. 2s. and 6d.

## BIOGRAPHY.

A SHETLAND MINISTER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: BRING PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE REV. JOHN MILL. The Leonardis (Kirkwall).

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. By W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews* Office.

FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: SIR WALTER SCOTT. By George Saintsbury. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.

## POETRY, DRAMA, AND BELLES LETTRES.

ENGLISH VERSE-STRUCTURE (A PRELIMINARY STUDY). By T. S. Omond. David Douglas (Edinburgh).

ATHALIE. By Racine. Translated into English verse by W. P. Thompson. Hachette & Co.

FROM THE WOMBS OF THE MORNING. By Birch Vye. The Roxburghe Press. 1s.

ESSAYS IN LITERARY ART. By Hiram M. Stanley. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 3s. 6d.

## SCIENCE.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES: HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLUSIONS. By Edmund Parish. Walter Scott. 6s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

A PRIMER OF FRENCH ETYMOLOGY. By B. Daly Cocking. A. D. Innes & Co.

## MYTHOLOGY.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.

## FOREIGN.

SOUVENIRS ET IMPRESSIONS: 1840-1871. Par le M<sup>rs</sup>. Philippe de Massa. Calmann Lévy.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CROQUET. By Arthur Lillie. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

LEAH'S ROYAL NAVY LIST. Witherby & Co.

THE FOREIGNER IN THE FARMYARD. By Ernest Edwin Williams. William Heinemann.

THE MUSIC OF THE PORTS; A MUSICIAN'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by D'Esterre-Keeling. Walter Scott, Ltd.

RELIC FAIR. By Paul Parfait. Translated by a Catholic Templar. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 3s. 6d.

SONGS, STORIES, AND SAYINGS OF NORFOLK. By Walter Rye. Agas H. Goose (Norwich). 2s.

SOUTH AFRICAN SPORTS. By G. A. Parker. Sampson Low.

THE PROFESSOR'S CHILDREN. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.



## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN 1889 the trustees of the British Museum acquired from Mr. Ruskin a volume of Italian drawings, which that gentleman had bought some eighteen years previously, at a time when the trustees were unable to make the acquisition themselves. These drawings belong to the most interesting period of Florentine art, about 1460 A.D., and are unique in character and subject, representing the personages and events of sacred and profane history from the creation of man to the foundation of Florence by Julius Cæsar. They are ninety-nine in number, each measuring thirteen inches high by nine inches wide, and are executed in pen-and-bistre and bistre-wash, with an extraordinary richness and fancifulness of invention in matters of costume, ornament, and decoration. No satisfactory guess as to the artist was made until Mr. Sidney Colvin, on whose advice they had been bought by the trustees, brought forward a mass of evidence to prove that they are the work of the famous Florentine goldsmith, niello worker, and engraver, Maso Finiguerra (1426-1464).

MR. COLVIN has now prepared the drawings to form, with a number of subsidiary illustrations, a magnificent volume. It will bear the title *A Florentine Picture Chronicle*, by Maso Finiguerra. Mr. Colvin supplies a critical and descriptive text to the plates, which have been reproduced in facsimile. Three hundred copies only are to be issued, the publisher being Mr. Quaritch. The book is due to subscribers some time during the present year.

THE dramatic libretto of M. Albeniz' opera, *Pepita Jimenez*, just produced with singular success in Prague, is in English—the work of Mr. N. B. Money-Coutts, who has taken for his subject the novel of Juan Valera, translated some little time ago by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The Spanish spirit of gaiety and the Spanish touch of conscience and religion—very unlike the matter generally thought worth translating—are admirably captured by the English librettist, who is rather, in this instance, to be called a dramatist. The opera is making the tour of some of the most important cities of the Continent, and will, no doubt, find its way to London in due course.

THE Omar Khayyam Club will almost justify its existence if its proceedings continue to make the entertaining reading which they have done of late. Last Saturday the Club met at Great Marlow in force, and with the addition of new members, who included Mr. J. M. Barrie. There was a dinner at the Crown Inn, and a speech by Mr. Gosse, whose year of office as *Shah-in-Shah* was then terminating. In a humorous speech, Mr. Gosse announced the result of an appeal which the Club had made to the late Shah of Persia on the neglected condition of Omar's grave at Naishapur. The Shah, not having the advantage of

knowing Omar through translations, took a very ordinary view of the matter. In fact, he told the Club that they might come and look after the poet's tomb for themselves. Shortly afterwards he was assassinated; but not, Mr. Gosse assured his hearers, by an emissary of the Omar Club. We believe that, as a matter of fact, emissaries of the Omar Club are exceedingly rare in Persia.

THERE is a rose-bush at Kew which was transported from the tomb, but Prof. Thiselton Dyer says it is of a "contemptible species," though on the other hand the Club is prepared to make oath that its fragrance is "exquisite." One of our caricaturists should give us a picture of the Club devoutly encircling the rose-bush, inhaling attar and Omar from its bloom, with Prof. Thiselton Dyer, in the background, looking on with an air of botanical compassion.

In his speech at the Conversazione of the Library Conference, Sir John Lubbock alluded to the burial of good books beneath unsuitable titles. "Thus," he said, "an excellent work by Dr. Mitchell, of Cincinnati, called *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*, never attracted any general attention till it was re-christened *The Orbs of Heaven*." Here is a hint which publishers with intractable volumes on their hands might consider. Much is said from time to time of neglected books, and spasmodic efforts are made by their champions to get them down the public throat. The right method would seem to be to re-entitle them.

It was amusing to note the courage with which the Lord Mayor preceded Sir John Lubbock on this occasion. If there is in the world one man who has zealously condemned indiscriminate reading it is Sir John Lubbock; yet Sir Faudel Phillips could begin thus: "All his life he had been a collector of books, and before he became Lord Mayor he used to occasionally look inside them. It did not necessarily follow that a collector of books was a reader, and therefore it was necessary that a love of reading should be inculcated in early life, otherwise public libraries would lose much of their efficacy. Indiscriminate reading was often condemned, but any sort of reading was better than none at all." We regret to say that cheers followed this remark.

New series of volumes in honour of the Victorian Era are beginning to wear a menacing air. A book which comes into being at the bid of the editor of a series is rarely anything but book-making or expanded journalism. It is seldom literature. Now and again, however, a good work is thus produced which without such editorial stimulus would never have been written at all, and we fancy that something of this kind is in store for us in Messrs. Blackie's new Victorian Era Series. Among the volumes arranged for is one by Mr. George Gissing, the novelist, on Dickens. An estimate of Dickens by such a student of middle-class and lower middle-class life

as Mr. Gissing cannot but be profoundly interesting.

AN urbane critic in the *Daily News* dissents from our remarks, made a week or two since, concerning the influence of the universities on literature. He proves with little difficulty that from the Isis or the Cam have come most of poets heretofore, although the non-academic band is formidable. In fiction, however, the universities do not score heavily. They claim Thackeray, the Kingsleys, Lytton, Reade, and Sir Walter Besant, and, adds the writer rather cruelly, Mr. Froude. But with the exception of Thackeray, the Noes have it. We knew this when we wrote. But our remarks were in reply to the *Spectator*, which said that from the universities were to come shortly our novelists, our journalists, and our poets. What has been has been; yet we do not think that the leading poets of the next thirty years will be academics.

THE editors of the *American Bookman* must look to the chastening of their reviews. In the current number they print a review by a lady which even the author who reaps the harvest of her superlatives must, we feel, consider extravagant. Here are extracts:

"So perfect is his temper as he picks his way among conjectures and controversies, that to match it we must revert to no annalist less sweet than Walton, and to no advocate less great than Newman. . . . Witness the sketch of . . . where every wizard paragraph victoriously says the unsayable. . . . Kind, true, unprofessorial, they are 'as good as clotted cream' to the general. They are also a lasting treasure to the few who keep their regard sacred to pure literature, to golden learning modestly sheathed in easy, almost gay reading, and to themes so magical and old that they seem to their lovers 'Above the light of the morning star.'"

It is perhaps necessary to add that the article in question is a review of Mr. Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies*.

TOGETHER with the punctual appearance of Part III. of Dr. Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, in which, by the way, we are given fifty pages more than promised, comes the account of the founding of the Yorkshire Dialect Society. This body, which has its centre in Bradford, a city quite famous for the vigour of its intellectual life, is a direct offspring of the committee formed there by Dr. Wright two years ago. Their prospectus includes the investigation of etymological, historical, and ethnological problems "as revealed by diversities of dialect"; and while it is not easy to see a value in the undertaking of philological research by untrained enthusiasts, there is no doubt that the establishment of societies such as this will do much towards the preserving of all that is worthy of preservation in local records. Possibly the other towns which so readily rendered Prof. Wright assistance in his work of gathering in material may be induced by Bradford's example to do likewise.

THE following story of Count Tolstoi must be put on record. During his recent visit





FRANCIS BACON

*From the Picture by Paul van Somer in the National Portrait Gallery*

to Moscow he observed a policeman taking a drunken man to the station with some vigour. The Count stopped him and said: "Can you read?" "Yes," was the reply. "And have you read the Gospel?" "Yes, sir." "Then you ought to know that we should not offend our neighbour." The constable looked the Count up and down, noticing his shabby appearance, and asked, "Can you read?" "Yes," said Tolstoi. "And have you read the instructions to the police?" "No." "Very well, then, go and read them first, and then come back and talk to me again."

We regret very much to hear that Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, who, as is well known, has long been in poor health, is now rather seriously ill.

We are pleased to note that Prof. A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S., an old contributor to the ACADEMY, benefits by the lately issued Civil List of grants and pensions. Prof. Keane's services to science and literature well deserved such recognition.

*The Chairman's Manual* is the title of a new volume of reference for the use of those who have to preside at public meetings to be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Messrs. B. & J. F. MEEHAN, the booksellers, of Bath, have just got out a very praiseworthy little publication. It is a list of all the famous people who have stopped at Bath in the last few centuries, and the houses that have sheltered them, whenever this detail could be given. Jane Austen, who laid her stories *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* largely in Bath, stayed at No. 1, Gay-street, and at 4, Sydney-place. The Gay-street house is demolished. Christopher Anstey, of *Anstey's Bath Guide*, quizzed Bath from the windows of 5, Royal-crescent. Burke put up at 11, North Parade, Mme. D'Arblay at 41, Gay-street. Landor's house was 3, Rivers-street. It is not known where Byron stayed, nor where Fielding did; but they both went to Bath. Lord Nelson resided at 2, Pierrepont-street. Disraeli and Lord Lytton used to stay at the White Hart Inn. The list is very long, and includes the names and Bath addresses of many royalties, including Queen Elizabeth and Queen Charlotte.

In Mr. John Lane's American list we find this entry: "*Max*. By Julian Croeskey. \$1.50." Can this mean that Mr. Lane has been serving up Mr. Beerbohm in parody in the way he has served up Mr. Le Gallienne?

CRITICISM of fiction on this and on the other side of the Atlantic obeys different standards. Mr. Stephen Crane's new novel, *The Third Violet*, it seems, has been praised by almost every reviewer in this country, and dismissed as either bad or unimportant by almost every reviewer in America. Is this, asks the *Chap Book*, an attempt on the part of London critics to bolster up their claim of having "discovered" *The Red Badge of Courage*?

## ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

## XXXVI.—BACON.

FIRST and before all things, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, was a great philosopher. In saying this we make no pretension to estimate the value of his philosophy, regarded as an exposition of truth. But it is the acknowledged fact that he is the founder, the *fons et origo*, of that utilitarian school of philosophy which is peculiarly English. We do not say that without him we should have had no Scottish school of philosophy; no Hume, no Bain, no Reid; that without him we should have had no Locke, no John Stuart Mill, no Herbert Spencer—who, though very different from the utilitarian school, is nevertheless essentially English, and could not have arisen without the various English philosophers (whether strictly English or Scottish) who had preceded him. That school was in the air, and was bound to come. It is perhaps only in the case of a Shakespeare that we can say a whole literature—nay, almost a whole nation—would have been different if he had not appeared. But as things have been arranged, the whole temper of the British school of philosophy looks back to Bacon as its starting-point. Far more, in our opinion, must it be said that the whole of English physical science must acknowledge Bacon as its very Adam and progenitor. Not because Bacon was himself a great physical investigator. But because he first pointed out the aims and the temper of the physical investigator. Cowley stated the truth, with the usual perspicacity of the poet. Bacon did not enter the Promised Land, but he had the vision of it, and pointed the way to it. His whole aim was to start a new philosophical school, which should antithesize the philosophy of the scholastics and the ancients by proceeding from without inwards, instead of from within outwards; from phenomena to essence, not from essence to phenomena. Physical investigation was but a branch of this new departure, as he conceived it. Yet, in laying down this principle, he unwittingly became the patriarch of our modern scientists. Huxley was bred from his loins, and men greater in physical science than Huxley. This, we unhesitatingly aver, seems to us a greater achievement than the authorship of the British school of philosophy. Already there is a reaction towards the recognition of that very scholastic school which Bacon, the philosopher, lived only to destroy and bring into contempt. But there is not, nor ever will be, any reaction from the temper of physical research which he first inculcated. Other views may arise as to the value of the principle he laid down in regard to philosophy. There can be no other view as to the value of the principle he laid down in regard to physical science.

Here, however, we are not concerned with him on these grounds. We are concerned with him solely as one of the explorers in English prose. And here his name is not so great. He wrote many things, including the not very successful attempt to follow the path of Plato and Sir Thomas More, in the *New Atlantis*. But he survives chiefly by his Essays. They mainly show Bacon the

chancellor, the courtier, and man of the world. They are full of very shrewd wisdom, of a devious and not over-principled kind. No attempt is there in them at deep truths, such as you might expect from a philosopher. Not truth, but expediency; the truth of self-interest and worldly consideration, is their aim. They show Bacon as an opportunist of the first water, a respectable British Machiavel. If to be a sage in the art of "getting on" constitute greatness, then, and not otherwise, they are great. As regards their style, they are what he would himself doubtless call "very pithy, pregnant, and sententious." The sentences are short, clear, well-knit, unsuperfluous. But there is no attempt at the more complex evolutions of style; and the succession of short barks (so to speak) is apt to get as tiresome as the utterances of a dog, though he barked like the hoariest sage in kennel-dom. There is one exception; and that (if we remember rightly) is the first essay in the collection. But though the earliest (or almost the earliest, if our memory should deceive us) in the book, it is stated by editors to be the latest written. We can well believe it. For here Bacon ascends to an altogether higher level in subject-matter; and naturally, therefore, to an altogether higher level in style. In the sustained dignity of its sentences, as in the sustained dignity of its thought, it is altogether worthy of Sir Thomas Browne, and might not unhappily be taken for the work of that later and greater master of prose. Otherwise, even as regards the terseness and weight of wisdom in individual sentences (the excellence in which Bacon excels), the palm must be given to his philosophical works, in spite of their alien language. For example:

"Present justice is in your power; for that which is to come you have no security."

Or again:

"Men believe that their reason governs words. But it is also true that words, like the arrows from a Tartar bow, are shot back, and react on the mind."

And yet again (though it is a precept which has its exceptions, in the case of intuitional minds):

"Let every student of nature take this as a fact, that whatever the mind seizes and dwells on with peculiar satisfaction is to be held in suspicion."

Consider also this most practical maxim:

"In attempts to improve your character, know what is in your power and what beyond it."

Or finally, the saying in the *De Amicitia*, which we quote in the original language on account of its superior terseness:

"Magna civitas, magna solitudo."

It might be a saying from Seneca or St. Augustine, so pregnant and sparse in wording is it. And if we have somewhat deprecated the excessive praise usually given to Bacon as a writer of prose, let it be acknowledged that, compared with the average modern writer, he is fine and full of matter indeed. It is only by comparison with the great writers of the seventeenth century that he appears less a master of his

art. But then, he preceded them; and perhaps even Sir Thomas Browne learned something from him.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

[The first series of *Academy Portraits* ends with the present issue. A new series is in preparation, which will begin in the autumn.]

### THE MOTTOES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS

LIVES of great men, says the modern psalmist, all remind us we can make our lives sublime. Unhappily it is not until they are dead that particulars of the lives of great men usually reach us, and then often in a distorted shape. It is therefore stimulating to find that repository of ingenious and novel ideas, Mr. Stead, producing a plan by which great men may assist us even while they remain, as members of the Psychical Society call it, in the "form." Mr. Stead's method is to extract from the illustrious of this nation the motto or written passage which has helped them to qualify for a place in the album of *Notables* (charming word!) which he has just issued as part of his contribution to the Diamond Jubilee. *Notables of Britain* is the title of the book, and in it you find some hundred and fifty photographs and autographs of those men and women whose pictures the public is apparently never weary of gazing upon. The only really fresh one is that of Mr. F. E. Garrett. To some of us they have become a little tiresome, and it is possibly because he suspects this that Mr. Stead has sauced the old ingredients with mottoes. No one, therefore, who is in the habit of hurrying past the Stereoscopic Company's window in Regent-street or Spooner's in the Strand need be terrified by *Notables of Britain*, for unfamiliar material is offered, and most of the pictures are the result of recent sittings.

Even Mr. Stead, however, meets with reversals, and many of his *Notables* refuse to give away their inspiration. Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the humorists state the case for the opposition with most force. Mr. Rhodes, bluntly and to the point, but without any punctuation, writes: "I am sorry I cannot send you as desired my motto the reason is I dislike making public my secret thoughts and I do not care to have my name subscribed to what might be termed a flabby epigram." Mr. Zangwill says: "I cannot recollect ever having been helped most by any particular saying, quotation, or passage." Mr. Burnand is more general: "Except, perhaps, 'Do unto others as you would they should do to you,' I am not aware of any 'precept, saying, verse, text, or quotation' that I have found particularly useful. I have seen them up as 'ornamental' in rooms where texts and mottoes were used for decorative purposes. As a rule, I should say texts do serve decoratively." This is more cynical than Mr. Punch's representative usually is. This conspiracy of silence is joined by Her Majesty, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, Prince Edward of York, the Dowager Empress of Germany, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Elgin, Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour, Mr.

Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker, and many more whose mottoes one would be delighted to know. Even Mr. Gladstone refuses, exhibiting as he does so a complaining spirit rare in that most courteous of correspondents: "Very regretfully I find myself unable to comply with your request, as it would expose me to the peckings and ravages of a multitude of birds of prey which are always striving to peck me in pieces." So much for the reticent *Notables*.

On the other hand, we have some charming confessions. "Tell the truth and shame the devil," is the form of words which has helped to lift Mr. Labouchere to his present altitude. The Duke of Argyll's motto is even more Laboucharian: "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free." Earl Spencer gives two: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; and "Be just and fear not." The Marquis of Lansdowne's contribution is one of the most interesting: "I should find it almost impossible to select any one saying or text as that which has been more useful to me than any other; but here is one uttered more than two centuries ago by an ancestor of mine, Sir William Petty, whose ideas I may perhaps have inherited: 'It is hard,' he wrote in 1676, 'to say where the scale ends, either upwards or downwards; but it is certain that the proud coxcomb man is not the top of it. Wherefore let us be sober and modest, and conform to the general practice of good men, and the laws of our age and country, and carefully study the laws of Nature, which are the laws of God!'" Lord Dufferin's reply is of great interest, coming from so accomplished a diplomatist: "The most comforting saying I know of, out of the Bible, is contained in Milton's line—

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

These words have consoled me for many an unaccomplished task and useless endeavour." "Ich Dien," says the Prince of Wales. "England expects every man to do his duty," writes the Duke of York. "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient," is Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's favourite excerpt from St. Paul.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each,"

says Lord Russell of Killowen, with rich emphasis. "Never fret," says Sir Henry Hawkins, looking as if he never did. "Speech is silver, silence is gold," says Sir George Lewis. "The frontiers of England are the coasts of the Enemy," says Rear-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher. "God save the Queen," says Lord Wolseley. Prof. Max Müller, standing to it like a soldier, with sword and cocked hat, remarks "Das Leben ist ernst." Two pages later Mr. John Buras affirms, with Tom Paine, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion." On the other hand, Mr. Tom Mann goes to Swedenborg: "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good."

The literary men are communicative. Mr. Lecky, looking humorously puzzled at his close proximity to Mr. Kipling, and Mr.

Kipling himself are, it is true, silent; but Mr. Hall Caine asks, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Mr. Haggard advises, "In your patience possess ye your souls"; Mr. Hardy says, with Marcus Aurelius, "This is the chief thing: Be not perturbed, for all things are according to the nature of the universal"; and Ian Maclaren repeats the same thing, but in different words: "In the will of God is our tranquillity." Mr. Crockett is not conscious of having been influenced by quotations: "Still Tennyson's noble aspiration—

'To speak no evil; no, nor listen to it'—

hits the nail as squarely on the head as anything I know, and Scott's dying words to his children I should like to be able to repeat when my turn comes: 'For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit.'" Mr. Meredith, who is represented by an old portrait, sends the aphorism: "Monarchy has its chance of extension only in the spiritual appeal to us." Mr. Alma Tadema says, "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends"; and the only other artist who is communicative is Mr. Holman Hunt, who writes: "It has always been a pain to me that so much of personal display that cannot be avoided has to be made by an artist in the present day. He is not an actor, nor a member of Parliament who must appear on the hustings at times, and it seems to me that he has the right to seclusion as far as possible. This at least was the feeling with which I entered on the profession, and I have retained it to this day." But Mr. Holman Hunt is not a popular painter. The only poet to deliver his soul is Sir Lewis Morris. Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. William Watson merely sign their names, while Sir Edwin Arnold, though he is loquacious enough, is grouped by Mr. Stead with the editors. Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving represent the stage. Miss Terry says, "Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life," a remark from *John Inglesant*. Henry Irving declares, "Perseverance keeps honour bright." Another believer in this quality is, by the way, Lord Armstrong, who is, however, less enthusiastic. "Perseverance," says he, "generally prevails." Cricketers are not represented among the *Notables*, nor are doctors, nor architects, nor musicians, nor commercial men. The list is, indeed, ridiculously incomplete, but, as with everything that Mr. Stead does, immensely interesting.

### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

LOVERS of eighteenth century gossip will relish M. de Ségur's big volume on Mme. Geoffrin. Nobody was ever so mysteriously, so unaccountably celebrated as this illiterate *bourgeoise*, whose attitude toward the circle of great men she gathered about her was that of a liberal and disagreeable old school-



mistress. True, nothing could be more contemptible than the position of the men of letters she protected. It was certainly a case of talent *entretenus*. Beauty *entretenus* is not permitted to claim respect, and talent (or even genius) in the same squalid situation has as little right to our esteem. All these great lights of the past century paid for board and bed in extravagant stanzas to their eccentric benefactress, and she repaid herself by rude handling of her protégés. It was a fair bargain. But how unenviable the fate of a keeper of a *salon*. Better far to keep a menagerie. Wild beasts, not a whit more dangerous, are more entertaining than servile men of letters. And the talk, the eternal brilliant chatter, the futile correspondence, the nauseous comedy between mendacity and liberality, the affronting patronage and degrading submission, the *bon-mots*, the ill-will, vanity, jealousy, intrigue, and perfidy the tale of such a useless institution of the "kingdom of the Rue Saint Honoré" implies! As a document, the history of Mme. Geoffrin's *salon* will always be remarkable, so that M. de Ségur is safe to find readers; but it will not heighten our esteem of the gentlemen who conspired to spread her fame through Europe in return for excellent dinners and substantial *pour-boires*. Who will turn to the unread *Bélisaire* for being reminded that Marmontel, on its failure, was politely shown his protectress's door, and permitted to find a lodging (this time paid for with coin more substantial than eulogy) elsewhere?

*Parole Jurée* is a lady's novel. Reversing the order with us, women writers are rare here, and, with the exception of the ever-adorable Gyp, considerably inferior. In a serious line, the single notable woman-writer is Arvède Barine. Gyp pictures the latter half of her century, and is a creature apart. Nobody else counts. Mme. de Bovet, in her *Parole Jurée*, has attempted to modernise and make practical George Sand's figure of Lélia. Her success is not conspicuous. Her heroine is a young French lady belonging to the best society, who, bent upon independence in the fullest sense of the word, obtains the title of canonness. Though unmarried, she declines chaperonage, family ties, and lives alone; is seen everywhere—at opera, concert, ball, dinner, and returns to her rooms at all hours accompanied by various men, all more or less in love with her. In New York or in London this might exist. In Paris it is pure romancing. She falls in love with a diplomat separated from his wife, becomes his mistress, after a great deal of reasonable discussion, joins him in Switzerland, where their relations are countenanced by the diplomat's mother. Still, society continues to receive the Countess Jacqueline with open arms, a proceeding we are permitted to doubt on the part of society. She declines to marry her lover, after an open *liaison* of three years, because his wife made him promise on her death-bed that he would never do so—hence the title. There are many truths harshly and unsympathetically said in this clever novel, in spite of the absurdity of the central figure. Mme. de Bovet's claim is that a woman, honest, beautiful, young, unmarried, and

noble, may, with all a man's sense of independence and honour, yield to illicit love, and remain purer than many a wife or maid. She mars her object by a lack of style, of charm, of art, or humour, and by an inveteracy of preaching. Women writers, who are not *de race*, like the great ones, are apt to be too sentimental or too hard. In their wish to propagate what they regard to be an essential idea, they forget that the novelist should be an artist before a preacher; that his first mission is to please and afterwards persuade if he can. The book is written in a domineering, coarse, aggressive mood; in a harsh *staccato* style.

*Responsable* is another lady's novel; this time a princess's, no less. Its theme is quite the opposite. The heroine, a Scotch girl, Viviane Ford, is beautiful, philanthropical, wealthy, intellectual. She has taken her university degrees, and astounds her French friends by being simple, pure, womanly, and lovely in spite of it. She, too, conducts her affairs with extraordinary independence. She bids for a large factory off-hand because the French owner is unpopular with his work-people. Finding a young French nobleman in love with her French cousin, the unpopular employer's wife, she carries him off in her yacht to the Congo, where she undertakes to provide him with plenty of philanthropical occupation as soap for his soul, as well as that of the Prince of Congo for his material ablutions. On the voyage they talk a great deal of virtue and the eternal good, and, washed clean in the Congo, the young man returns on the husband's death to marry the widow the beautiful and virtuous Viviane so authoritatively saved him from seducing. We hope this will prove a precedent, and that Parisian exiles in the provinces on the eve of a fatal *rendez-vous*, will henceforth submit to be carried off to the Congo, in the interest of their own virtue and that of their neighbour's wife, by fair and interesting dragons. The question is, would Viviane have found M. de Tresseurs so surprisingly facile had she been plain, poor, and middle-aged? So here the recipe of the Princess Olga Cantacuzène-Altieri (the writer with such a troublesome name ought in the interest of the public temper to adopt an easy *nom de plume*) falls. Beauty, as well as yachts, is rare, however universal the desire may be to save our neighbours from ill-doing. Viviane herself proves her weakness by loving a shabby and futile young man who writes. Him, too, she extricates from the meshes of vice, and this extremely virtuous, if not very powerful novel, ends with the lovers sitting with clasped hands "like Monica and Augustine on the beach of Ostia."

*Dans la Brume*, by Léon de Tinseau, is purely a "literary" novel. The hero is a poet, the heroine a novelist, and the villain is a journalist—an appropriate trinity. How it may be with other readers I do not know, but the literary hero is to me an abomination; the literary heroine, if possible, even worse. The finest novel in the world would be spoiled for my reading if the hero presented dabbled with ink in the capacity of popular dramatist, popular novelist, popular poet, or, worst of all, brilliant journalist. I

think I should even prefer a heroine who could not spell to a heroine who wrote like an angel. The heroine of *Dans la Brume* does not write like an angel, and she has the soul of a milliner. The poet is a colourless fool, which is after all an improvement, as poets in fiction are generally supposed to be Ouidaesque creatures—superlatively brilliant, successful, and seductive. The reporter is a cad, and the atmosphere such to make one grateful, since books must be written and newspapers and magazines filled, that matters are conducted differently with us. The venality and intrigues of French journalism as exposed in *Dans la Brume* carry imagination to a lower atmospheric condition than fog, and plunge it into mud. H. L.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Crépuscules*. André Fontainas.

*Zeitoun*. Aghassi.

*Parole Jurée*. Marie Anne de Bovet.

*Lettres à Alfred de Musset*. George Sand.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

## PRO AND CON.

IT was not easy to collect authoritative opinions on the renewed intention of the Publishers' Association to assist the Booksellers' Association in their attempt to reduce the discount on books from 3d. to 2d. It is recognised that if this alteration is to be brought about there must be something in the nature of a struggle. No one wishes to be specially identified with the unpleasant part of the revolution; and, meanwhile, the situation remains delicate and doubtful.

## PRO.

"What line are you taking?" I said to one large bookseller, who shall be nameless.

"What line! Oh, make no mistake about it. I'm heart and soul in favour of the change."

"Of a reduction from 3d. to 2d.?"

"Yes. I want a better profit on new books. There is no trade in which profits are cut so low as ours. We have worked for this reversion to the 2d. discount for years, and now we mean to have it!"

"And are you hopeful of the result?"

"Oh, yes. The great publishers are not going to support the movement for nothing."

"You believe, then, in coercion?"

"Yes, in the coercion of about as many men as I can count on the fingers of one hand. That is all that is needed to settle the whole business."

"But these are big men, are they not?"

"They will come in."

"I am told that a 2d. discount will mean a loss of country customers to London booksellers."

"Undoubtedly. I expect to lose a lot of my country customers. They will have much less need to send to London for books. But I am willing to make the sacrifice, if it be one. Live and let live is my motto, and

I am convinced that a healthy state of the book trade throughout the country will be favourable to every bookseller. I shall lose country customers, and I expect to lose revenue in the first year after the change. But the increase of profits will gradually compensate me for any losses. Moreover, the town bookseller will always have an advantage over the country bookseller under any system of discount. Books being produced in London can best be sold there. We shall keep all our customers who live in remote rural districts. Where we shall lose them will be in the big provincial towns. I don't mind. I believe in this movement."

"Well; your success seems to depend on force in the last resort. Do you think you have force enough at your command?"

"Yes, I do."

Con.

I next called on a very large bookseller, who turned out to be an opponent of the reform. "Are you," I had said to him, "one of the 729—I mean the 729 booksellers who have declared for a 2d. discount?"

"I cannot talk to you on this subject."

"I am told they mean to have their way this time."

"Indeed! I don't believe in coercion. I want Free Trade. But I cannot say a word to you."

"The change must tend to multiply prosperous booksellers throughout the country."

"Oh, yes. Still, I don't see why I should be called upon to establish my rivals in business. That is what it comes to. But I must preserve absolute silence on this topic."

"Do you consider that coercion is, as a matter of fact, possible?"

"No, I don't. There have been attempts already. But a bookseller who wants books can get them. And do you mean to say that if I send an order for fifty books to a publisher I shall not have it executed? I have my own opinion on the point, but, as I have said, I prefer to remain dumb."

"You are satisfied, then, with your profits on new copyright books under the 3d. discount?"

"Yes, I am. I have got inured to them, and I have built up a big turnover on them, and I have developed my trade in bound books to help out, and the whole thing is systematised and fixed; it is an evolution; and it is absurd to talk of legislating it into something different. You must excuse me, but you really cannot persuade me to talk on this subject."

"May I take it that you have always been loyal to the 3d. discount? I mean, you have never allowed more than 3d., or allowed discount on books published at net prices?"

"I have never done either; but I may tell you that the practice of certain booksellers of giving discount on net books has reached such a pass that I have lately been considering my position."

"Then you are really between two fires?"

"Yes, I am. I am between those who stretch the present system and those who wish to contract it. But I must decline to open my mouth; silence, I find, is the best policy."

"Thank you. Good morning."

## DRAMA.

PLAYS as well as books have their destinies. That a version of "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle" should be following one of "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." at the Haymarket Theatre would seem to denote a boom in Dumas. In point of fact, chance has been the main factor in this as in so many other situations. The West End managers have no particular belief in Dumas *per se*; nor, most assuredly, has the revival of "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," under the title of "The Silver Key," at Her Majesty's, been determined by the success of "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," otherwise "A Marriage of Convenience," at the Haymarket. The explanation of this conjunction of adaptations, which I have from the adapter himself, is curiously simple. Some little time ago Mr. Sydney Grundy turned to "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle" with a view of making a fresh version of it for Mr. Tree. In the particular volume of the Dumas "Théâtre" which he took up "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." happened to be the next play in order. It attracted his eye; he read it, saw possibilities in it, and adapted it, with the result that it is now making the fortune of the Haymarket management. But had it not been for the accident of the second play being bound up with the first in a Calmann-Lévy collection, it would, probably, never have been heard of by the playgoer of the present day. And that would have been a pity. "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle" has frequently been adapted to the English stage. I have myself seen two or three versions of it, and others were before my time. Not that it ranks so much higher than other plays from the same source or of the same period, but the story is one of the few that happen to be as serviceable in an English as in a French form.

THE device by which the good name of the heroine appears for a time to be hopelessly compromised in her lover's eyes appeals very readily to the dramatic instinct. Yet I have never heard a man of the world defend it as plausible. It is of the stage stagey, it reeks of the footlights. I doubt whether the realistic novelist, who is never too particular, would regard it as "documentary." For the author of the famous wager not only deceives his friends but is himself deceived. This I am inclined to think is a little piece of unnecessary cleverness on the part of Dumas, who could have worked the play without it. The profligate Duc de Richelieu bets with his friends that he will obtain a midnight rendezvous from the first woman he meets. Chance determines that the beautiful and virtuous Mlle. de Belle-Isle shall be the one chosen for the experiment; but on the fatal night the notorious Marquise de Prie, an old flame of the Duc's, arranges to get possession of her young *protégée's* apartment. It is she who receives him there, and from the window of this apartment accordingly the Duc is enabled to throw the compromising note to his friends in the street. According to Dumas the practised *roué* believes that it is indeed Mlle. de Belle-Isle and not the

Marquise (who, in his own language, "does not count") that does him the honours of her boudoir in the darkness. But is this circumstance really necessary? To be sure it is an extra link in the chain of evidence fabricated for Mlle. de Belle-Isle's undoing, but its only effect is that when the Duc de Richelieu is himself appealed to to testify to her innocence he is unable to do so. It is a stage trick, I repeat, and one of a rather obvious character; but its success with two, if not three, generations of playgoers would seem to show that the theories of the realistic dramatist, according to whom truth is the one great desideratum on the stage stand in need of revision. Not only in this, but in his dramatic works generally, Dumas is a living proof that the well-made play has a better claim to popularity than the merely true one.

IN the costume play, especially that which is born of the rich and glowing imagination of Dumas, the acting is necessarily of a showy order, and it need scarcely be said how admirably in this respect "The Silver Key" is suited to Her Majesty's. Mr. Tree himself, the Richelieu of the cast, wears costume with an old-world grace. The most modern of villains when he likes, he can also enact the scented dandy or the tired rake of the last century—a clouded cane, a sword, or a modern walking-stick being equally familiar to his hand. This implies a rare and precious versatility on the actor's part. Nor does Mr. Tree alone in his company possess the secret of acting with what the French call the *panache*, the larger manner, appropriate to the costume play. Mr. Lewis Waller has latterly been taking a high position in the classical and pseudo-classic drama, and in this piece he plays d'Aubigny, the *fiancé* of Mlle. de Belle-Isle, with fine breadth and manliness. Dumas is certainly an inspiring author. It is d'Aubigny who accepts the infamous wager because, to quote his own words, "I wed in three days the lady whom M. le Duc de Richelieu proposes to dishonour within four-and-twenty hours." There, indeed, is *panache* in the text! What magnificent rhetoric it is for the boards! In an affected dedication of the play to Mlle. Mars, of the Comédie Française, who first sustained the title-part, Dumas ascribed the success of the performance in a large measure to her rendering of the wronged heroine. Despite this, however (and its title), the play hardly depends for its success upon the heroine. At Her Majesty's it is the magnificent Duc who holds the *haut du pavé*, but an excellent representative of Mlle. de Belle-Isle has been found in Miss Evelyn Millard, who, in her outburst of maidenly indignation for one brief moment, crows the splendid profligate as he stands before her, and almost shames d'Aubigny out of his suspicions. This is what the notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith would call Mlle. de Belle-Isle's "hour," or rather her "quarter of an hour," and a splendid one it is. Miss Millard is entitled to every credit for her share in it. Otherwise the character is of the bread-and-butter order. Of considerable dramatic moment is the part of the Marquise de Prie, whom Mrs. Tree depicts with much

intelligence and subtlety. She, too, has a scene—a scene of confession, admirably done. For the time being, then, the star of the costume drama continues in the ascendant.

I DON'T know whether the object of the Elizabethan Stage Society in reviving one or two of the "doubtful plays" of Shakespeare is to render them more doubtful still, but this is the effect produced with "Arden of Feversham," which was given the other night at St. George's Hall. Whoever may have been its author, "Arden of Feversham" is one of the earliest domestic dramas written in blank verse. It is also, as regards its story, one of the crudest and most primitive, being an attempt to depict upon the stage a notorious murder of the period, which it does without relief, and, what is worse in a dramatic sense, without plausibility. The text contains a few vigorous lines and passages, and to these, probably, Mr. Swinburne and others who declare for the Shakespearean authorship of the play have given undue attention. Had these enthusiasts seen the play acted they might have altered their opinion. Shakespeare is not only a poet but an adept in the construction of plays, and it is incredible to me that he should have written, or even taken the trouble to revise, such a clumsy piece of dramatic workmanship as "Arden of Feversham."

J. F. N.

## ART.

## I.—MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

THE Fine Art Society shows a large collection of Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings—chiefly or altogether done for *Punch*, and given here in their proper size and in the vivacity of the handiwork. Mr. Sambourne's manner is all his own, and his matter is as original as the conventions of weekly political caricature may permit. That is, we have a perpetual recurrence of the Bear, the Eagle, the Turkey, and so forth; and it has been decided for the designer, in the day of his fathers, how much human character is to be given to the Bear, and how the Turkey is to have an expression according to the Foreign Policy acceptable at the hour. If the voices of the country could be taken, there would probably be an overwhelming majority glad of the opportunity of saying that these simple allegories have become more than tedious; that they are so dismally well known as now to have no more fun in them than abides in a Reuter telegram. Why, after all, should there be? Satire may lurk in the news from abroad, but hardly, or seldom, laughter. And the Bear and Turkey belong—if they have any place at all—to the mood of guileless and infantine laughter. But who is amused? It has really come to this—the printing of the plain words "Russia" or "Greece" or "France" would be as like to a joke as the repeated drawing of a composite animal is now in our eyes. It is with some sinking of the heart, therefore, that we face the long-accustomed allegory here in

scores of vigorous drawings. It is not Mr. Linley Sambourne's fault, for neither did he invent this nursery-book manner of picture-writing.

Nevertheless, so familiar is the Sambourne line employed upon these tiresome allegories that a tired public is inclined to hold him more responsible than are the other artists who are patiently drawing, out of *Punch*, year in and year out, the same images of the same things, to the same purpose. Thus it seems to be generally understood that Mr. Linley Sambourne is not the master of a very smiling kind of humour. But the fact is, after all, that he has no little humour, and of no poor quality. To clear the Bears and Turkeys out of sight is to find some hearty humour in the invention and in the drawing alike. Take, for instance, the drawing called "Shocked." It is the Autocrat of all the Russias who has been taken by surprise, and the incident that has moved him is this, reported by the daily paper: "A private university teacher has been sent to prison by the Emperor of Germany for writing a letter in praise of a certain kind of soap." The one Emperor stands in the foreground, reflecting: "Well, I'm a bit of an autocrat myself; but how his people can stand him! Oh!" The other emperor is pronouncing sentence upon the criminal, in the background, and the physique and action of the private university teacher, in custody and on his way to his dungeon, are very jolly comedy indeed. Mr. Sambourne, however, in spite of much practice, does not often succeed with the German Emperor on the point of resemblance. Again, it is, perhaps, no very subtle joke to show Mr. Arthur Balfour in the blouse, hat, and skirt of a nursemaid of the popular classes, with two infant Bills upon his arms, and a rather more advanced Bill running unmanageably at his side on its own feet; but the designer has really put what must needs be called by the intelligible name of "fun," since with neither "wit" nor "humour" is it precisely suited, into the statesman's strangely attired face. Generally, it may be granted, Mr. Sambourne is rather ingenious than funny, rather ingenious than imaginative, and even rather ingenious than fanciful; and to what curious purposes he uses his extremities of invention may be seen in the design called "Interesting Development of the 'Josephus Cubicularius' Orchidensis." The collection of orchids—each one a Mr. Chamberlain—is managed with the most fantastic deliberateness of transformation, an almost Dantesque attention to the process of interchange of Colonial Secretary and flower, leg and petal, head and pistil of the blossom. As fantastic flower-drawing the work is remarkable, and it is more remarkable as a drawing of a fantastically flowering political humanity. Mr. Linley Sambourne has a decision and definition of line that stand well in the place of the more quietly commanding qualities of style. He draws with a grasp, grip, and weight more than ever to be commended now that a strangely insolent ignorance of drawing has become, for the time, the boast rather than the confession of a little group of illustrators.

## H.—MR. HUGH THOMSON.

It is for far other qualities than those of well-grasped drawing and a solid-enclosing line that Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations of Miss Austen and Mr. Austin Dobson are acceptable. He has expression, to which Mr. Linley Sambourne hardly makes so much as the customary claim. He has prettiness in perfection, a less measure of grace, and a sense of the humour of manners. Miss Kate Greenaway showed him and others the way to illustrate the early century with a retrospective improvement, and her influential example has not been without its perils. She, too, draws without any sense of weight, her figures must float or fall but for the physical conditions of the pen and ink and paper, which keeps, at any rate, the outlines where they are; and it would be to do Mr. Hugh Thomson an injustice to suggest that his lack of turn, station, and gravitation is at all so conspicuous as hers, but with him, too, the charming effectiveness of the "quaint" (the word is almost too appropriate) has seemed to dispense with the presence of some of the fundamental qualities of drawing. It is not that he draws ill; he has none of the grotesque ignorance of the fugitive illustrators already mentioned; he has proportion, and such command of living design as gives him a command also of movement and of the inflexions of bodily expression; it is merely that he falls short of the fulness of drawing—of the solidity which the sure and searching line implies. For the rest, his designs are full of charm and interest. The "Pride and Prejudice" illustrations are perhaps too exclusively represented by a selection of prettinesses. Mrs. Bennet appears but once; that once is altogether admirable and gives the wish for more; and for Elizabeth's cousinly and clerical suitor, with whom also Mr. Hugh Thomson was successful to admiration, we look in vain. Nor have we the group of diners and the uncle "breathing port wine" which we remember with pleasure in the book; but instead there are those illustrations of the history of Elizabeth and Jane in which these discreet sisters appear at their prettiest. Mr. Hugh Thomson has shown in the absent designs some of his best qualities of spirit and comedy, qualities exquisitely suited to Jane Austen's own composure, vivacity, malice, and irony.

Mr. Hugh Thomson does these early-century figures the signal service of setting them free from the dismal popular art of their own time. He restores the women to what must, after all, have been their share of nature and beauty, though they were under the observation of no pencil able to render those graces; in a word, he takes the costume of the time (which he a little adorns, it must be owned) and the nature of all periods, and reconstructs a most charming woman. But, above all, he delivers the people of "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," and "Sense and Sensibility" from the landscape of the illustrator of that and a nearly subsequent day. In our mind's eye, all that generation inhabited (it is an inevitable association of images) "modern mansions" set in motion—

less shrubberies, with hard and deserted carriage-sweeps to their front doors, amid conditions of puerile but prevailing gloom. Mr. Hugh Thomson's trees, cottages, interiors, windows, little scraps of winter and spring—barely outlined—are fresh and full of talent.

At the same gallery (148, New Bond-street) Mr. Charles Sainton exhibits fourteen of his silver-point drawings—good examples of his own peculiar skill and feeling for beauty and fancy.

A. M.

## OPERA.

"DER EVANGELIMANN" was performed for the second time last week. I intended to say something about the music, but find I shall have little space. And for that I am scarcely sorry, for, to speak frankly, there is not much to say about it. There is many a fine moment in the work; the music shows great skill and the orchestration is often effective, but the difficulty of getting at the real composer, who has covered himself with Wagner as with a thick garment, still remains great. I certainly think that the work given in English would be far more attractive here in England. And I also think it not at all unlikely that F. Kienzl will one day produce something of much stronger calibre. Nay, perhaps he has already done so, for a new opera of his has lately been produced. At the second performance Miss Meisslinger took the part of Magdalena; she was not, however, quite so sympathetic as Frä. Schumann-Heinck.

ANOTHER new opera, "Inez Mendo," composed by M. Fred. Regnal, was produced at Covent Garden on Saturday night. The French libretto, of which M. Beatty-Kingston has made a good translation, "after Prosper Mérimée," by MM. Decourcelle and Liorat, illustrates the old proverb: "The course of true love never did run smooth." Inez, daughter of a wealthy farmer, Juan Mendo, is in love with Salvador, son of a duke. Difference of station offers no hindrance; Salvador, however, kills a rival in duel, and, by the law of the land, is condemned to death. It devolves on the farmer to carry out the sentence, but at the fatal moment he throws away the axe and stabs himself, rather than slay his son-in-law—for by means of a marriage *in extremis* Salvador intends to leave Inez a duchess. The librettists have provided an alternative ending. According to one, the duke arrives on the scene bearing a royal pardon, but the death of Mendo prevents a bright close. According to the other version, Mendo recovers, and everything ends happily. There is a touch of worldly wisdom in this, and no doubt the latter will be more in request than the former. Why should not the public go home in a bright, happy frame of mind? is a practical question which managers cannot afford to neglect. At Covent Garden, however, the better part was chosen, far better in so far as the

interests of dramatic art are concerned—Mendo dies.

The composer is comparatively young, and appears to have only written one opera previously, which was accepted by the late Sir A. Harris, yet never produced. Inez Mendo is a decidedly clever work. There are a few representative themes in it, but the composer has been influenced by Meyerbeer, Gounod, Bizet, far more than by Wagner. M. Regnal has a natural flow of melody, which, if as yet not very distinctive, is a very promising sign. Then, again, his dramatic instinct leads him to write music which, if not strong, is always appropriate. His technical knowledge is great, and he constructs and develops with an ease which many a composer of perhaps greater individuality might envy. The book, though it will scarcely bear very close investigation, offers to the composer excellent contrasts and effective situations, and of these much has been made. It seems of no use entering into further detail with respect to a work which probably will enjoy a fair measure of success, yet which, as soon as M. Regnal comes forward with another one of equal skill and stronger character, will speedily go the way of the majority of operas—i.e., will be forgotten.

"DON JUAN" was given for the first time this season on Tuesday evening. The performance, though in many ways praiseworthy, was unequal. Miss M. Mackintyre impersonated well the forlorn Elvira, but her voice was not in good order. She struggled, however, bravely through her part. Sometimes excuses are made for vocalists when there is little need; on this occasion an apology would have been most reasonable. Mme. Adiny as Donna Anna showed good intentions; her singing, however, lacked power, and her acting was stagey. Mlle. Zélie de Lussan played the part of Zerlina with much grace and animation. M. Renaud was the Don. His most artistic singing and refined, intelligent acting deserve all acknowledgment; and yet he was not an ideal Don. He showed that he had carefully studied his part, and for that very reason his rendering was not ideal. The Leporello of M. Fugère was extremely funny, although he might here and there be accused of slight exaggeration. He is probably one of the best Leporellos on the stage. M. Bonnard proved fairly successful as Don Ottavio, and M. Gilibert was amusing as Masetto. Signor Mancinelli conducted carefully.

The *recitativo secco* was accompanied on the harpsichord by Mr. Dolmetsch, who a few days previously had rendered a similar service in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. What, it may be asked, is the use of reviving this antiquated instrument? And it may be answered that the nearer we come to a composer's intentions the better. But if that be the motive, why should not those intentions be also respected on the stage? The Don Juan as given was very different from the Don Juan as conceived by Mozart. A performance as near as possible to the original one at Prague, one hundred and ten years ago, would be most interesting. But to introduce an instrument which in

quality and power of tone is out of keeping with the size of the orchestra and of the house, and to permit certain things on the stage quite out of keeping with Mozart's intention—as, for instance, the singing of the chorus in the Finale of Act 1, the omission of Elvira's first song, and various other sins of commission and omission which cannot now be noticed in detail—these things recall the old saying about a certain straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Several encores were accepted, a most foolish return to eighteenth century practice. The public and the artists are most thoughtless. They have been trained in Wagner's music-dramas, the one not to make any demonstration during the course of an act, the other not to expect any applause, still less an encore. Yet neither seems to feel that what is good for Wagner is equally good for Mozart. The latter, following tradition—for he had not, like Wagner, time to reflect on his art—unfortunately tempted the public by his full closes to frequent applause and interruption of the course of the drama. But why should the public of the present day, knowing better, not render proper respect to a composer whose musical genius was great, whose dramatic instinct was keen, and who, if he had lived longer, would probably have written even a greater work for the stage than "Don Juan"?

J. S. S.

## SCIENCE.

I DREW attention a few weeks ago in this column to the autobiographical account of the "New Astronomy" contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* by Dr. William Huggins. The magnificent work therein recorded has since received such public recognition as is supposed to be conveyed by a "Jubilee honour"; but before the well-earned title had even been conferred, and while yet the merits were being counted up, Dr. and Mrs. Huggins weighed in with a fresh achievement which alone was worth the recompense. It was a splendidly lavish thing to do, and in any ordinary person might have passed for a piece of bravado.

THE discovery referred to is contained in a paper read before the Royal Society on June 17, and is described in the *Times* of July 10 with a degree of accuracy so rare in secular journals as to bespeak the scientific hand. It is no less than the artificial reproduction of the two lines "H" and "K" in the coronal spectrum which have been supposed by students of eclipses to show the presence of calcium in an attenuated form within the flaming chromosphere. The persistence of these two solitary thin bars of light out of the seventy odd lines which characterise the ordinary spectrum of calcium, and their position within the broad dark lines of Fraunhofer, have formed a puzzle to astronomers and chemists, who could only surmise a reason for the disappearance of the others, and base on that their belief that calcium was indicated. Then, again, calcium gives a far heavier vapour than hydrogen or helium; yet that pair of lines haunting



the ultra-violet limit appeared from whatever point of the solar excrescences the light was taken. Fiery prominences ranging, according to our measurements, 300,000 miles up from the globular mass of the sun, showed it to their very tips, along with, and probably beyond, the spectra of the lighter gases. To account for this we have to suppose either a violence of ejection which is inconceivable, or else something amounting to a violation of gravity. Hence there have been many who doubted whether those two shy lines really represent calcium.

PROF. YOUNG, in 1872, first examined these lines, which photography had given him in the chromospheric spectrum, but declined to accept them as representing calcium for the reasons given. Sir J. Norman Lockyer, who holds theories as to the gradual disintegration of our so-called terrestrial "elements" by heat into simpler substances, with less complex spectra, regarded the lines as due to a last constituent of calcium, from which everything else had been eliminated. What no one appeared able to do was to show that calcium vapour, when sufficiently attenuated, as it would be in the enormously rarefied atmosphere surrounding the sun, would give the "H" and "K" lines only for its spectrum; and this is what Sir William and Lady Huggins have now done, in a beautiful series of experiments. Thereby they have not only settled the immediate point that calcium exists in superabundant quantities throughout the solar chromosphere, but they have also laid the foundation of an important branch of research dealing with similar cases.

HAVING failed to raise a spark of enthusiasm for antarctic research out of our phlegmatic home Government, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society invited the Australasian Premiers to a Conference, and begged them to induce their Governments to do something in the matter. So many broad hints and open demands have now been made to them that they might well be feeling rather like guests who are asked to contribute to the expense of their entertainment. But I hope there is a real curiosity on the part of the Australasian Colonies to know what the pole nearest to them is like, and that they will contribute to the solution of its problems.

H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES.

Ipswich: July 11.

In the "Notes and News" of your current issue I read a Life of Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Java, is shortly to be issued, said to be "now first written." This seems an error, as in 1835 his widow published a Memoir of him in two volumes, octavo; Duncan, of London, an essay on the same "Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles" being taken from the fore-mentioned source, and published by James Burns, London, in the "second series" of "Lives of Englishmen," it being No. VI. of same.

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## REVIEWS.

## MACHIAVELLI.

*Machiavelli: The Romanes Lecture, 1897.*  
By John Morley. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE great and curious Bayle, who wrote erudite folios with an indecent skittishness, opens his account of Machiavelli with the remark that he was "un homme de beaucoup d'esprit et une très-belle plume." The phrase is not exhaustive; and yet, *O si sic omnes!* Niccolo Machiavelli did not, whatever Butler may say, "give his name to our Old Nick," nor did he deserve so singular a distinction. Yet four centuries have shuddered at his name: "Machiavellian" has rivalled "Jesuitical" as the proper epithet for dark and tortuous ways. "Captain Machiavel," as Burton calls him; "one of the doctors of Italy," as Bacon has it; a "patriarch of evil," according to Ascham, stands for most men by the side of Cæsar Borgia: one, the man of monstrous principle, the other, of monstrous practice. To quote a veteran mystic:

"Thou art the atheist of the world, and thou  
Hast earth for seal and star upon thy brow."

Mr. Morley is to be thanked, in that he has not joined his mighty voice to the chorus of condemnation; he discriminates, illustrates, puts historical imagination into his final censure, and passes judgment with no note of unctuous rectitude.

What Machiavelli valued was ability, that Italian conception of *virtù*, which means virility far more than virtue; the quality of vigour, mental and physical, which enables a man, who is indeed a man, to achieve his ends and maintain his achievement. Luther's *peccata fortiter* smacks of him: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might"; do it like a man, make certain-sure of success. Impotence is his scorn and loathing; mismanaged vice, mediocre virtue, how feeble they are, how stupid, what signs of inability. Of his contemporary Florentines he hates chiefly the timid statesman Piero Soderini. He pillories the weakling

in an epigram, which contains Mr. Kipling's "Tomlinson" in four lines:

"La notte che morì Pier Soderini  
L'alma n'andò dell' inferno alla bocca;  
E Pluto le gridò: Anima sciocca,  
Che inferno? va nel limbo de' bambini."

To be "neither for God nor for His enemies" was despicable in Dante's eyes; and the sentiment is perfectly Machiavellian, one might almost say perfectly Italian and not a little Roman. There is scarce a word in Machiavelli which shows an hatred of good, a choice of evil. He praises Saints Dominic and Francis as true followers and restorers of primitive Christianity. They made religion operative, effective, a real power; and Machiavelli thought religion a very good thing. He was no saint, far from it; he had no personal sense of religion, no touch of spiritual emotion; but he could not away with a Church which did not do its work. Had the Church in Italy done its proper work Italy would not have become "the poison and reproach of the world," a place of all lawlessness and disorder. Did the Church do its duty, it would inculcate those private and public virtues which are good for the *patria*, strengthening its stability, preserving its peace; if the Church also teaches the way to heaven—well, he has no objection to that, though terrestrial politics mean more to him than the *Civitas Dei*. He would heartily applaud the French policy of Leo XIII. and the "rallied" Catholics. Like Carlyle, though without his idealism, he hated confusions, weaknesses, and loved a strong man of no scruples, while approving also of a firm democracy. He was a true Italian patriot—as true as Petrarch, the first to cry *Italia mia* in the sense of *Italia una*. Doubtless, he is as black as the pit by the side of Mazzini, that white soul; but between the two stretches a vast period, full of an ever-increasing humanity. Machiavelli had humanism in place of humanity. He learned from Greek and Roman histories—chiefly from the Roman—and from the past and present history of his own country and state. "There scarcely is any maxim," says Hume, "in his *Prince*, which subsequent experience has not entirely refuted." Not quite so, though true in the main; but those unscrupulous maxims were true to his own experience, and to his knowledge of the past. He lays it down, as a cheerful presupposition to be held by every lawgiver, *tutti gli uomini essere cattivi*; in other words, that mankind "in the loomp is bad." And yet we gather a painfully like impression from Thucydides or Tacitus; and Machiavelli is a kind of soulless Thucydides or sinister Tacitus, a man walking through dry places; and Italy of the Renaissance abounded in dry wastes of wickedness and glittering evil. Machiavelli invented nothing. He systematised the teachings of his times, and pointed the moral from antiquity. Lord Acton says of him, in a right Machiavellian phrase, that he "released government from the restraint of law." Unquestionably, for might is right, and "whatever is"—i.e., has proved itself the fittest or strongest by surviving—"is right." He handled these matters as De

Quincey handled the "fine art" of murder; but where De Quincey was humorous and fantastic, Machiavelli was straightforward and most serious. To him, those regrettable incidents, murder, lying, treachery, are sometimes necessities of politics; how can you read your books, and look about you, and doubt it? "What constitutes a state" is strength of brain and arm, not sympathy of rulers and ruled; at the least, the sympathy can but be the admiration of the ruled for the ability of the rulers, and a certain tactful power in the rulers to keep the ruled quiet, amused, contented with their *panis et circenses*. As Paul de Saint-Victor puts in, in his admirable essay upon Cæsar Borgia: "C'est en naturaliste plutôt qu'en historien que Machiavel envisage les affaires humaines. Il formule les lois du succès, sans les blâmer ni les justifier; il n'a ni préférence ni système." It is terrible to us; not so to the men of the Borgia times, an age of blood and lust and paganism, when Alexander VI. was the Vicar of Christ, and Savonarola but fuel for the flames. To consolidate and confirm the *patria* Machiavelli would use, with equal calmness, the infinitely great in crime or the infinitely little; *peccata fortia* and tragic sins, or petty chicaneries and attorney's tricks. And he was a man who enjoyed life; he liked his country retreat, his talks with his humbler neighbours, the pleasures of the town. He wrote comedies, and was no inhuman pedagogue of immoral statecraft, hugging himself in seclusion for joy of his own wickedness and infamous reputation. He was the incarnation, in the sphere of thought, of Italian insensibility to the things of the spirit, of Italian deadness to the moral sense; but he was in no way a Florentine Faust, who sells his soul as the price of initiation into political wickedness and the arts of a godless diplomacy. Next to his sincere patriotism, his paramount emotion was what Church calls "grim, terrible humour, telling of intense scorn in the background, at the wickedness and, still more, the weakness round him." His nervous, laconic style vibrates with the energies of zeal and scorn; the Roman accents are on his tongue. It is with the magnificent and mighty lines of Petrarch that he ends his *Prince*; it shows the nobility of his aim, which was also that of Dante and Michael Angelo, while his means were those sanctioned by the common conscience of Italians, except in men like-minded with those two glories of Florence and of Italy:

"Virtù contro al furore  
Prendera l'arme, e fia il combatter corto;  
Chè l'antico valore  
Negli Italiani cuor non è ancor morto."

## ON THE NAVY.

*Naval Administrations, 1827-1892.* By the late Sir J. H. Briggs. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

THE Review at Spithead has come and gone, and England has made the grandest display of her force at sea which has ever been seen. Yet a work such as this, which records the

course of our naval administrations during sixty-five years, and notes their varied excellences and defects, is not out of place, or without present value. For the late Sir John Briggs, an Admiralty official of immense experience, has told us in these pages how uncertain has been the progress of our maritime strength in this long period; how its ascendancy has been more than once threatened; how it has suffered from false economy and routine; and how, unrivalled as it certainly is at this moment, there is still room for reform and improvement, bearing in mind the exigencies of modern war, and the necessity of defending a world-wide empire. The book, too, abounds in interesting anecdotes and details, and, apart from its importance, is very pleasant reading.

The period comprised in this volume may be divided into three parts. The first part extends from 1827 to about 1850, when the British navy still depended on sails for movement, and seamanship was deemed the peculiar merit of a British naval officer. The *matériel* of the Fleet was immensely improved in these years, spite of the obstruction of men of the old school—Sir George Cockburn was the foremost of them; though the type of the warship remained the same, and a few small vessels marked the advent of steam, Nelson would have been amazed at the giant sail of the line—surpassing the *Orient* and the *Santissima Trinidad*—which carried the flags of Stopford and Napier. This great progress was partly due to the efforts of Nelson's Hardy, a far-sighted and most capable man; it became most conspicuous under the administration of Sir James Graham, one of the most efficient and able of First Lords. For many reasons, however, the *personnel* of the Fleet was in an unsatisfactory condition throughout this period. The enormous merchant marine absorbed our seamen; the power of the pressgang was all but gone; there was no excitement of war to attract men to the flag; the pay of the sailor was too low; there was nothing resembling a proper reserve.

The service, besides, was crowded with old officers, and favouritism was but too prevalent; no wonder then, as Sir John Briggs informs us, that we feared a war with France in 1841 and 1844. The second period is of great length—say, from 1850 to 1885. It marked a complete revolution in naval affairs. Steam was gradually applied to the largest warship; the ironclad was launched, the heavy gun created; every navy was completely transformed. England was certainly backward in this mighty change. France produced the *Napoleon* and the *Gloire*, ships which, for the moment, we could not equal; the *Monitor* and the turret battery were first seen in America. The traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar, in fact, were too strong with us; and the Admiralty, as Sir John Briggs points out, clung too long to the memories of a glorious past. The apotheosis of our renowned sailing Fleet was seen in the splendid naval review which took place after the Crimean War; yet veteran admirals were still heard to say that in war we should turn again to the sailing ship of the line. Our iron-

clad Fleet slowly became larger; but it was composed of a great variety of types, a circumstance by no means in its favour; and the fate of the *Captain* was a startling instance how long reliance was placed on obsolete routine. The improvement in the *personnel* of the Fleet was much greater; the continuous service and training systems formed a reserve; the system of retirement effected by Mr. Childers quickened promotion and put nepotism down; and the status of the man-of-war's men having been made much better, while ironclads required comparatively few men, we had an ampler supply of good seamen for the requirements of the Navy than in the former period. Still, the system of gunnery and guns was far from excellent; in organisation, in the means of defending the empire, in all the appliances needed for an immense service, we were by no means up to the exigencies of the time; and at the close of this period we had nothing like the ascendancy at sea which our fathers possessed. Meanwhile, an immense and far-reaching change had been affecting England and our international interests. Our dominions had been extending over all parts of the world; our commerce had doubled and even trebled; the development of Free Trade had made these islands dependent on foreign lands for the necessities of life; the application of steam to our war marine had made it inevitable that supplies of coal should be forthcoming at numerous naval stations; the celerity which was a condition of modern warfare rendered efficient organisation of supreme importance. And, at the same time, other Powers were largely increasing their navies: those of France and Russia at the close of this period were probably not very inferior to our own; and in 1885 England was less prepared to resist a coalition of foes at sea, and all that might be produced by their efforts, than she was since the war of 1776-83.

This revolution is well described in this volume; a memorandum from the pen of Sir John Briggs, written as long ago as 1867-8, shows how our maritime power was relatively in decline; and we need not refer to the celebrated minute of Lord Charles Beresford, as remarkable as the warning letter of Wellington in 1847. The facts were well known to many observers; and several First Lords endeavoured to avert a growing national danger by timely reforms. But the spirit of the Manchester School prevailed in our councils; the Empire was deemed a huge costly burden; the value of the Colonies was denied; "bloated naval armaments" was a phrase in high places; even the tremendous lessons of 1870-71 were thrown away on the men in office in England. The insufficiency and weakness of our resources at sea were made apparent in 1885, when Lord Northbrook, our Marshal Leboeuf, proclaimed that the Fleet was in perfect order, and in a few months admitted the exact contrary. We have now arrived at the third period; in the last twelve years astonishing efforts, seconded by an intelligent Press and by a school of naval officers—scientific, well-informed, and set free from tradition—have been made to restore our power at sea; Parliament has voted ample sums for the purpose; and Lord

George Hamilton and Lord Spencer have presided at the Admiralty with the best results. The extraordinary contrast between the Fleet assembled at the naval review of 1887—ill-assorted, really feeble, and largely obsolete—and the magnificent array of warships we have just witnessed, shows how rapid and successful has been this progress. There is little doubt that England could now contend against any probable league of enemies at sea. The improvement, too, has been not less certain in all departments of naval administration—in organisation, in preparation for war, and for the protection of our gigantic commerce: in the *personnel* and the mechanism of our armed marine, and, above all, in the readiness to strike should the occasion arise. Sir John Briggs, however, contends that further reforms are necessary before we can safely say that our naval supremacy has been assured; that we are masters of the seas as in the day of Nelson. We shall not pronounce upon this assertion; enough to remark that from every point of view, and for reasons obvious to everyone who can reflect, our maritime ascendancy is more than ever necessary to the power, nay to the existence, of England.

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The italics are ours. The passage is Cassan's. The child was the Bishop. Mr. Fuller says that his biography of Bishop Davenant "illustrates, and is meant to be, an ideal picture of the *via media* of the Anglican Church." Good; but that tumble down the stairs, and sundry other incidents that caught our eye on first opening Mr. Fuller's book, have prepossessed us so much with the worthy Bishop himself that we are inclined to let his doctrine go by the board. Davenant was a moderate Calvinist under James I. Under Charles I. he submitted to the Laudian rule in matters of Church ordinance, remaining a moderate Calvinist at heart. In both stages of his career he won the love of all parties by those qualities of mildness, catholicity, and benevolence which are reflected in the long, grave, and formally bearded face fronting the title-page of this book. Let us, however, know the man better.

John Davenant was born in Watling-street, London, his father being a wealthy merchant. In July, 1587, he entered Queen's College, Cambridge. Mr. Fuller digresses considerably into the history of the college, and is forgiven for the sake of his quotation from Fuller concerning the College ale. This beverage



had been declared by connoisseurs to be "raw, small, and windy," which is an awful indictment, and Erasmus, according to tradition, used to have wine sent him to Queen's from London, and "sometimes encouraged his faint ale with the mixture thereof." After imbibing ale and learning in suitable proportions, Davenant was ordained somewhere about 1597. He took his first degree in divinity, that of bachelor, in 1601. Seven years later he was Lady Margaret Professor, and his D.D. degree quickly followed. Cambridge, moreover, soon discovered that the Doctor united shrewdness to learning, and in the great disputations on Justifying Faith, Predestination, and Election—disputations which were frequently "mapped out for the entertainment" of James I. and Charles I.—Davenant was the favourite Moderator. His rise, indeed, was assured. In 1614 he was unanimously elected President of Queen's College. He held that position for seven years in great esteem, and then his closer connexion with the Court began. James wanted four English theologians to attend the Dort Synod, where an attempt was to be made to reconcile the Arminians and the Calvinists. Their disputes were technical, some were trivial; and the sublapsarian and the super-lapsarian hypotheses may be now left to those whom they keenly interest. The Bishop is still to be thought of as flesh and blood, and as a great Englishman. The Hollanders received Davenant and his companions with the utmost respect. Although the English deputies were in a peculiar position (they attended not as representatives of their Church, but only as friendly delegates from James), Davenant impressed his personality on the proceedings; "his part being the best in that work," according to Hacket. His success, indeed, won Davenant his bishopric.

Davenant's consecration was preluded by circumstances which may be counted among the oddest in our ecclesiastical history. In 1621 no less than four Bishops-designate were awaiting consecration, and it seemed as if their waiting would be long. There was Dr. Williams, elected to Lincoln, who was said to be ambitious of the Primacy; there was Laud waiting for St. David's chair; there were Dr. Carey and Dr. Donne. The obstacle to the consecration of these men was this. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Abbott, had just stained his hands with blood; he had shot a gamekeeper. The accident—for, of course, it was an accident—took place on Lord Zouch's estate of Bramshill Park, in Hampshire. Mr. Fuller says:

"The scandal occasioned by the circumstance will scarcely be credited in these days. Many of the learned and conscientious divines lamented it with bitter tears. They considered our Church as dishonoured by it in the eyes of all Christendom. It was a matter of serious doubt among them, whether the shedding of blood, although purely accidental, did not utterly disqualify a Bishop from the performance of any sacred office. . . . The Archbishop himself was nearly inconsolable. He retired to Guildford to await the issue of this disastrous adventure."

James, always shrewd and often kind, had much compassion on his distraught Primate,

and is said to have remarked: "An angel might have miscarried in that sort"; but he could not pacify the Bishops and the purists. Some of the Bishops declared that "if they had fallen into the like mischance, they would never have despaired of God's mercy for the other life; but, from this world they would have retired, and besought His Majesty for a pension to support them in their sequestered sadness." A rather comic utterance! The end of it was that the Archbishop stood aside and the four were consecrated by a commission of Bishops. Davenant duly went to Salisbury, where he settled his household, consisting of himself and his widowed sister Margaret, who had at least nine children. Davenant was pledged to celibacy. It is good to think of him there; as Mr. Fuller says: "The physical surroundings must have been very picturesque; the cathedral Close, with the different canons' and other official residences, with their beautiful gardens, and in the centre of all the magnificent spire of the pure, unmixed Gothic cathedral itself, with its striking air of simplicity, lightness, and grace." But the order and grace of the cathedral were not typical of the diocese that spread far and wide around it. "The See of St. Osmund," says Mr. Fuller, "had passed through many changes and vicissitudes, and not only had the grand old 'Sarum Use' given way to a slovenly state of things at the 'paramount' cathedral itself, but throughout the diocese there was great laxity, even of morals, and a general state of spiritual torpor." Lazy and unlearned parsons, strife and confusion in church government, and brawling during services, were all common. Puritan parsons and churchwardens gave great trouble. One of Davenant's first duties was to receive the confession of one Sherfield, who had pleasantly opened a service in St. Edmund's, Salisbury, by smashing a stained glass window with his staff. But Davenant was equal to his duties, which he discharged with mildness for twenty years.

Yet his tending of his sheep did not stay Davenant's prolific pen. Mr. Fuller discusses his principal writings at length. Alike in his *Exposition of the Epistle to the Colossians*, and in his *Dissertation on the Death of Christ*, and in *Letters on the Old Religion*, the Bishop of Sarum is seen as a sound Anglican, a walker in the *via media*. Nowhere is Davenant's opposition to the Papacy more uncompromising than in his *Fast Sermon* delivered at Westminster Abbey on April 5, 1628. This sermon has long been lost, but Mr. Morris Fuller set himself to find it. After a prolonged search he lit on it—where, after all, it ought to have been—in the British Museum. "Behold, wee come unto thee, for thou art the Lord, our God," served the Bishop of Sarum for the text of a sermon, which is a fine specimen of the laborious preaching of the day. Another sermon that Davenant came up to London to deliver got him into hot water. This, indeed, was the sole adventure that broke the even tenor of his bishoply walk. Charles I., more devout and less theological than his father, no sooner came to the throne than he began to handle religious subjects. Influenced by his training and

by Laud, he resolved to extinguish what he deemed profitless discussions on Predestination and Election. He forbade "all curious search" into these subjects. The king's ukase was fiercely resented by those most concerned. Davenant does not appear to have fully understood the King's will, and in preaching a Lent sermon before the Court he trod on the forbidden ground. Charles was intensely annoyed, the Bishop a little frightened and very penitent. The effect of the incident seems to have been that Davenant kept much at Salisbury. Here he died in his palace, surrounded by Davenants and Townsends, at the age of seventy-one, after a life in which serenity had never been bought by selfishness or weakness. By this careful and always readable study of Bishop Davenant Mr. Morris Fuller has rendered a great service to our national biography and to our national Church history.

#### ARISTOTLE FOR THE MILLION.

*Lectures in the Lyceum; or, Aristotle's Ethics for English Readers.* Edited by St. G. Stock. (Longmans & Co.)

ARISTOTLE for English readers! Does the English reader, you may ask, very much want to read Aristotle? Does he not rather regard him, as a famous hero of fiction regarded him, as the "Staggerer," as a philosopher who was not particularly intelligible while he lived, has now been dead for a couple of thousand years or so, and is of no possible interest but to such as are reading for the school of *Littera Humaniores* at Oxford? The average English reader, it is to be feared, has taken too literally the maxim laid down by Sydney Smith in his essay on the classics in modern education, that nothing will serve in literature but the blackest ingratitude, that we must kick down the ladder by which we have climbed. And the English reader probably imagines that he has kicked down Aristotle. In great measure Aristotle is himself to blame. He never took the trouble to make himself attractive. We may suspect that he had a sort of contempt for the graces of his predecessor Plato. Even from the scholar who can read Greek with his feet upon the fender he demands a wakeful brain, having a way of putting his main proposition into a casual, but concise, sentence of half a dozen words. In a literal English translation he is something to shudder at. Probably no philosopher but Kant ever presented his thoughts in such unattractive garb.

Nevertheless, the English reader is undoubtedly wrong. For whereas we have advanced to a considerable distance beyond the Greeks in sanitation, in steam navigation, in electrical engineering, and many other things, it is by no means clear that we have likewise outstripped them in either poetry or philosophy. Our historians are more careful of their facts than was Herodotus; the rawest M.B. at the London hospital could give Galen seven symptoms and a beating; but we certainly cannot

write a better epic than was produced by the people called Homer, and it may be doubted whether the philosophers of the past two thousand years have taught us more in the way of speculative ethics than may be found in Plato and Aristotle. These two writers seem to have laid down once for all the lines, idealistic and practical, on which human thought concerning human conduct must run, and to-day every little boy and girl—if we may adapt Mr. W. S. Gilbert—who is born into the world alive is either a little Platonist or a little Aristotelian, according as his mind leans to the idealistic or the practical side.

It is with the purpose of helping the English reader to understand the basis of all ethical theory, as well as in order to help the Oxford undergraduate through his "Schools," that Mr. St. George Stock has published this excellent work. He wrote it, as he tells us in his preface, during the Long Vacation of 1893, though it has been modestly withheld from publication for three and a half years. It is in no sense a translation of the ethics—that work Mr Stock has already partially performed—but rather a series of papers, cast into dialogue in which Aristotle is the chief speaker, and following closely the lines of the original treatise. But Mr. Stock forces Aristotle to explain himself, to drop in here a luminous illustration, there an acknowledgment of a difficulty, until the original crabbedness disappears, and you are face to face with a clear exposition of the philosophy of a practical man of the world. And it is to the practical man of the world that the Aristotelian system of ethics will always appeal, even though its originator go unread. The conception of virtue as a middle course between two extremes, the frequent appeal to the "sensible man," the "reasonable man," the man who thinks, the acceptance of moral facts as principles, all mark the thinker who thinks with one eye on the world as it is. Where will you find a more admirable definition of happiness—*eudaimonia*—which Aristotle assumes, on the authority of all reasonable men, to be the supreme ethical end—he calls it, by the way, "political," thinking that the well-being of the individual is the business of the state—"an activity of the soul in accordance with virtue in a complete life?" (Mr. Stock, by the way, translates "a perfect life," which contains some slight ambiguity; he has, however, influential support.) We cannot call to mind anyone who has bettered this account of the end of human action, though many have paraphrased it. What is it but the late Prof. Green's "self-realisation"—self-realisation "writ clear"? As an illustration of Mr. Stock's method we may give the passage in which he expands and expounds the saying—hard because it is so compressed—which really lies at the foundation of Aristotle's ethical system: τὸ δ' ὅτι πρῶτον καὶ ἀρχή.

"Now our science is not a speculative, but a practical one. There are many subjects which we may have to touch, but which we shall not be able to go into, for fear the by-work should exceed the work. Neither is it possible to ask the reason why in all cases alike. We must often be content with the fact, as in the case of

first principles. Now the fact constitutes a starting-point and first principle. For it is the non-existence or indiscoverability of the reason why that makes a thing to be a first principle. The moment you give a reason for it it ceases to be so, and the reason given takes its place. So that to challenge first principles is to become involved in an infinite regress."

It would be difficult to put more clearly the position which Aristotle takes up in starting from the acknowledged facts of morality as a firm basis for his ethical philosophy.

In fine, we are grateful to Mr. Stock for his effort to give modern dress and ornament to a philosopher whose influence on thought is perennial. We would even recommend these lectures to the attention of the man in the street who, with an occasional hour to spare for thinking, has become mentally confused by the ignorant assertion and morbid speculation of some ephemeral prophet. Let him follow Mr. Stock back to Aristotle for a week or so—he could not have a more instructive and amusing guide. And he will probably learn enough to conclude that he has not gone backwards after all.

### THE YEW.

*The Yew-trees of Great Britain and Ireland.*

By John Lowe, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

DR. LOWE'S is one of those modest books which by the painstaking thoroughness and zeal of their authors stand out prominently among scores of more pretentious volumes, and often enjoy a far fuller measure of life. When intelligent men produce what we may call labour-of-love books they have always interest and often value above the regular periodical products of professional authors. The study of yew-trees has been Dr. Lowe's hobby for many years; he has given to it most of the leisure of a busy life, and here, plainly and orderly set forth, are the fruits of his observation, thought, and reading on the subject. The result is a monograph on the yew, which promises to be a standard work for many years.

Yews are very well worth writing about. There are larger, more majestic, more historic, and more beautiful English trees; but none so feeds the imagination as the yew. Dark legends appertain to the yew: it stands sentinel over our dead, and once it furnished the stuff of which England's greatness was made. But in our respect for the tree we are apt to have too little respect for the truth. Dr. Lowe's correction of exaggerated estimates as to the age of yews is not the least valuable part of his book. He decides upon sufficient data that the fair method of computation is to allow about fifty-six years for each foot of diameter. Persons who measure trees for age should take their measurements about three feet from the ground. Dr. Lowe indeed brushes away a quantity of superstition concerning the age of yews. With reference to the mistaken practice of ascribing to a tree the age of an adjacent building, he writes:

"To show the absurd deductions to which it may lead, there are in Kent two contiguous

parishes, the churchyards of which have each a large yew, the one 16 feet and the other 17 feet in girth. The churches are eleventh and fourteenth century, so that there would in this way be three centuries of difference.

So many causes contribute to variation of the rate of growth in yew-trees that exact calculations as to age are impossible, but Dr. Lowe's allowance of years per foot may be taken as a good working rule. Dr. Lowe adds to his chapters on the age of the tree a list of the yews in Great Britain and Ireland which have a circumference of ten feet and more. We gather that he offers the list as exhaustive, but it is not so. The present writer is at this moment seated within six yards of two yew-trees which, at three feet from the ground, have a girth of between ten and eleven feet, and yet are not noted by Dr. Lowe.

Various reasons are given to account for the planting of yews in churchyards. It is said to be sacred: the Druids sacrificed in groves of yews, and when Christianity superseded Druidism the character of the tree was preserved. Evelyn maintains that branches of yew being employed in processions, it was well to have the tree handy to the church. Others consider it a substitute for the sacred palm—in East Kent yew is still called palm by rustics. Another writer affirms that yew being an evergreen, it was considered typical of the immortality of the soul. A more prosaic reason is that the yew offers shelter to the sacred buildings, but it is rarely that the tree is sufficiently near or large to protect anything but the lych-gate. Dr. Lowe, however, while entertaining all such theories as possible, gives his support to the contention that yew-trees were grown in churchyards in order that there might be a continual supply of bow-staves for our English bowmen. As Mr. Conan Doyle has sung—

"What of the bow?  
The bow was made in England;  
Of true wood, of yew wood,  
The wood of English bows."

In the reign of Richard III. a general plantation of yew-trees was ordered for the use of archers, and in the reign of Elizabeth it was enjoined that yew-trees should be planted in churchyards to ensure their cultivation and also to protect cattle from their leaves. To-day, although most churchyards have each a yew-tree, we can have little idea of how common the trees once were. Of those that were planted for bows all must have perished. People who talk glibly of the yews on the Pilgrims' Way having been planted to mark the track are totally mistaken, says Dr. Lowe, although the predecessors of the present trees may, of course, have answered that purpose. At Merrow, above Guildford, there are wonderful trees beside the track. A scrutiny of old statutes shows that although some English bows were made of English yew, for the majority outlandish wood, imported from the Hanse towns and other places, was used. An Act of Elizabeth fixes the prices thus:

"Bows meet for men's shooting, being outlandish yew of the best sort, not over the price of 6s. 8d.; bows meet for men's shooting, of the second sort, 3s. 4d.; bows for men, of a

coarser sort, called livery bows, 2s.; bows being English yew, 2s."

The best bows were made of Spanish yew. To-day bows are made of hickory or other American woods, as the yew is no longer sufficiently free from knots. It is probable that when we grew yew for bows the trees were planted close together. No yew that is allowed to express its individuality unchecked will furnish forth a bow.

The poisonous nature of the yew may not be generally known. Dr. Lowe gives instances of yew-poisoning:

"A female patient in the Cheshire County Asylum was seized with an attack of faintness, followed by convulsions resembling epilepsy, and died within an hour. Five grains of yew leaves and some small seeds (? yew) were found in the stomach. She must either have chewed a large quantity of leaves, and swallowed the juice, or some other cause of death must have existed, for five grains is far too small an amount to prove fatal in so short a time. Taylor speaks of a lunatic who died in fourteen hours from the effect of chewing the leaves; and another fatal case occurred in the Shrewsbury Asylum. . . . In the presence of this tendency it would certainly seem desirable that all poisonous shrubs, and especially yew, should be excluded from the grounds of asylums."

On the other hand, yew affords a drug of value in medicine. Opinions differ as to the precise effect of toxin, the definite alkaloid or active principle of the yew, which was discovered in the leaves by Marmé in 1876; but it is agreed that it is useful. Dr. Lowe says:

"I have undertaken a large series of experiments with toxin, made on myself at various times. The tracings of the pulse show beyond doubt that it is a cardiac tonic of no mean value. The heart's action is decreased in frequency by small doses, such as one-twentieth to one-eighth of a grain, at the same time that the cardiac pressure is distinctly increased. These effects I have found to be durable. In large doses it generally depresses the heart's action. On the whole, it contrasts favourably with digitalis and convallaria, and is worthy of more extended observation."

Animals are also liable to yew-poisoning, but, Dr. Lowe decides, only where they eat copiously, or when the branches have been cut. Dr. Lowe says:

"On inquiring of a very intelligent resident at Tintern whether cattle suffered from eating the yew, so abundant in the vicinity, he replied that they never ate sufficient to injure them unless it was cut. And an old shepherd on Box Hill told me that his cows frequently ate the leaves of this tree, but never took any harm from it, as they were turned out daily, and therefore never took a hurtful quantity. When they have been shut up, and especially when the ground is covered with snow, the result is very different, as they eat greedily of the only green thing visible."

Dr. Lowe's summary is that deer, sheep, goats, hares, and rabbits eat yew without harm. Cattle and horses, if not freshly turned out, do not eat sufficient to cause any evil. To revert for a moment to yew-poisoning of human beings, it might be mentioned here that schoolboys are fond of taking the small red fruit of the yew into their mouths, mixing the slimy juice with their saliva, and then expectorating it. They are careful not

to swallow any. The berries when thus used go by the name of "spitagobs."

Enough has been said to prove the interest and thoroughness of Dr. Lowe's book, which is indispensable to anyone drawn to the study of this fascinating and sombre tree. It is also a very agreeable companion to a traveller in the British Isles, for Dr. Lowe offers notes on all the celebrated yew-trees in the kingdom, which he seems to know intimately, just as Dr. Holmes knew the New England elms, and of several of which he gives good pictures. There are a few errors of hurry. On p. 200, for instance, for "Brailley's *History of Surrey*" read "Brayley's," and, on p. 201, the date of Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* should be 1794, not 1694. But these are unimportant.

### "GREAT" AND CRUEL.

*Peter the Great.* By K. Waliszewski. Translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd. In 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

It would not be strictly fair to describe M. Waliszewski as Peter the Great's apologist, for apologists are usually persons with a strong and even a conscious bias in favour of their hero. M. Waliszewski, on the contrary, sets himself throughout these two volumes to maintain a strictly judicial attitude towards Peter. He quotes freely from all authorities favourable or unfavourable to the subject of his biography, and gives to each his due weight; and yet, on the whole, we must set him down as one of the Tsar's admirers. How are we to account for this in a writer who is dealing with the character of one of the most sanguinary ruffians, as well as one of the coarsest and most brutal monsters, who ever filled a throne? The answer is simple. It is all a question of historical perspective. M. Waliszewski sets himself to view Peter from the standpoint of Peter's time, and in the light in which his own countrymen in his own day might have regarded him. The nation which he ruled was, as a whole, cowardly, cruel, drunken, and barbarous to the last degree; and Peter was like his nation. He ran away before the battle of Narva in panic; his cruelty is too notorious to need insisting on; he not only drank to excess himself, but insisted on all who surrounded him, both men and women, doing the like; and in all his habits he was utterly uncivilised. He was also shamelessly vicious. It must be owned that it requires considerable suppleness of mind and more dispassionateness than most people are capable of to feel any very cordial sympathy with such a ruffian. The mere description of the way in which he had his son Alexis repeatedly put to the torture—and even, it is said, himself took a hand in the process—is enough to sicken the most ardent Slavophile, while it leaves M. Waliszewski without a single justification to offer for the ghastly incident.

"Perhaps," he writes, "he simply yielded to the horrible charm of the murderous procedure he was tempted to set in fresh motion. Willingly would I believe that he himself had

been caught in the wheels! His inquisitorial tastes, his instincts as a despot and a merciless judge, were all excited. He thirsted for blood."

In the case of the Streltaky massacres some sort of palliation of Peter's ghouliah cruelty is suggested (vol. ii., p. 113):

"He (Peter) was present at the examinations and in the torture-chambers. Is it true, as some writers have declared, that he enjoyed it—delighting in the sight of the panting bodies, the long-drawn anguish, and all the bitter incidents of suffering and death? I cannot believe it. He may have watched it all, I will admit, with curiosity—with the zest of a man thirsting for new sensations and inexorably resolved to see and touch everything himself—his heart growing yet more hard, and his imagination running wild, amidst the bloody orgy of sovereign justice."

The distinction between one who delights in the sight of tortures and one who "watches them with curiosity—with the zest of a man thirsting for new sensations" is too fine to save Peter from the accusation of fiendish and disgusting cruelty, an accusation, indeed, which no amount of ingenuity on the part of historians can possibly rebut. But this, with Peter's other vices, hardly affects M. Waliszewski's main contention with regard to his hero. To him the Tsar was a man of genius, of immense personal force, of boundless curiosity and energy, who, realising the defects of his own countrymen and the superiority of the European civilisations surrounding them, set himself to work to Europeanise them, till, by mere force of will, he brought them into the path which he wished them to follow, and so created modern Russia. That his way of doing this was always a satisfactory one our author does not pretend.

"Peter," he writes, "harried by his long war, carried away by his own eagerness, fascinated by what he had seen in Germany, in England, and in Holland, could neither clearly arrange his plans nor prepare them thoughtfully, nor show patience in their execution. He swept over his country and his people like a whirlwind, extemporising and inventing expedients, and terrorising all around him."

His work, in other words, was imperfect, but only a great man could have done it at all. We are inclined to think Frederick the Great's verdict, quoted in this book, a truer one:

"Lucky circumstances, favourable events, and foreign ignorance, have turned the Tsar into a phantom hero. A wise historian, who witnessed part of his life, mercilessly lifts the veil and shows us this prince as possessing all the faults of man and few of his virtues. He is no longer that being of universal mind who knows everything and desires to sift all things; he is a man governed by whims sufficiently novel to give them a certain glamour, and dazzle the onlooker. He is no longer that intrepid warrior who neither feared danger nor recognised it, but a mean-spirited and timid prince, whose very brutality forsook him in seasons of peril—cruel in peace, feeble in war."

The fact was, Peter was not a sane man. He was one of Herr Nordau's degenerates; and it is only by mistaking his restlessness for energy, his recklessness of other people's lives for courage, and his insensibility for strength, that Russia has been able to set him upon the pedestal on which he stands.

It is only fair to add that, while we do not agree with many of the conclusions arrived at by M. Waliszewski, we appreciate the industry with which he has amassed facts and consulted authorities, and we commend his book to anyone who desires a detailed picture of Russian life in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

#### ANOTHER FAUST TRANSLATION.

*Goethe's Faust.* Part I. Translated by R. McLintock. (David Nutt.)

WHY the Faust should be translated again is not easy to explain, but translations will ever continue to appear. The complete and final rendering is not possible, and each votary, as he realises the imperfections of his predecessors, will try to produce a work that will be free from them. This volume has the peculiarity that it contains the variants of the Göchhausen Transcript—discovered within the last decade—and upon this transcript, which gives the form of the Faust I., as written 1775, Mr. McLintock has thought to indentify further the work of Marlowe-Dekker and of Goethe. Nor has he left it at this, for he attempts to deduce that Part II. is an excrescence and forms no part of the whole. But this is too worn a controversial point to raise now and here. The transcript, of course, will be welcome; to many, *worden* is of more import than *sein*.

The translation before us is in the original metres; it is not easy to give in little a careful scene-by-scene critique. Speaking broadly, Mr. McLintock is at his best in the exceedingly difficult short lines and verses of lighter vein; weakest in the lyrical passages. As an example of the latter, the lines:

"Und mich ergreift ein längst entwöhntes  
Sehnen  
Nach jenem stillen ernsten Geisterreich," &c.,  
are rendered by Mr. McLintock:

"And now by long-unwonted yearning taken  
To sway your stern still phantom realm I  
long."

Compare with this Bayard Taylor's

"And grasps me now a long unwonted yearning  
For that serene and solemn spirit land."

But the following is a happy translation:

"I'm not at home when corpses seek my house,  
I like my game, as pussy likes her mouse."

And this, again, is an excellent specimen:

"I like to see the old chap now and then;  
To break with him would be a pity.  
To find a great Lord kind as other men—  
And with the devil too—is downright  
pretty."

The couplet,

"And culture giving all the world a lick,  
Can't leave the fiend the same old stick!"

could not be better.

It was necessary to turn to the original for the meaning of:

"Dare voice of such resound where spirit ranks,  
Close hovering thick, one moment earlier girt  
me."

In the line,

"More *beist* than any brute contrives to be,"

the effect of "*Thierischer* als jeder *Thier* zu sein" is not produced.

Here and again the phraseology (bolt-word, vulture-line, symbolry) is curious, but so is that of the original.

"Auerbach's Cellar" is capitally given; the difficulties wherewith the "Witch's Kitchen" is fraught are well met.

The "King in Thule" is a failure! and the literalness of "no drop more drank he" amounts to blasphemy. To be brief, the translation is an achievement of some distinction, but the repetition of unusual expressions and the defects in the lyrical passages, where, for the exigencies of rhyme, unimportant words are given undue emphasis, would seem to detract from its value.

#### MRS. URQUHART.

*Memoir of Mrs. Urquhart.* By M. C. Bishop. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

THE interest that attaches to Mrs. Urquhart is a derived one. She was her husband's wife; and the justification of her memoir is mainly to be found in the fact that that bold scribe, the biographer of David Urquhart, is still to seek. Many a worse man has had a better fate biographically, unless, indeed, posthumous silence is the best fate of all. David Urquhart did England at least one good service—he gave the Turkish bath; and it may have been partly by way of return for that boon that he lavished on Turkey all the homage of his career as a member of Parliament. Perhaps the Turkish bath has done something to soften English asperity against Turkey in the clubs, as Turkish delight has done it, one dares to suppose, in the nursery. That, indeed, would be the bath-importer's best reward. But when he brought it here in the fifties, founding the Hammam in Jermyn-street and many lesser shrines in the provinces, so little favour did it find that it was not then regarded by even Urquhart himself as an international go-between. Indeed, Mrs. Bishop records that his propagation of the bath was "perhaps the only serious work Mr. Urquhart undertook which had not for immediate purpose the arrest of international injustice and war." So little do men realise their greatest successes.

David Urquhart, though a Turk lover, loathed the Crimean war. In fact, he was one of those men, afflicted by logic, who cannot see why a duel between two units should be deadly sin and between two nations a Church-blessed ordeal. Though not himself a Roman Catholic (his wife became one after his death) he went, in his straightforward way, to headquarters in Rome with his hatred of needless bloodshedding. He stormed the Vatican, and had hopes that the Council of 1870 would pronounce that killing was murder when a war was lightly or unjustly provoked. By lectures up and down the land, by newspaper articles (of which his wife was joint author), by fly-sheets which he had printed

at his own expense, he was the propagandist of peace, of Turkey, of novel views about the laws of health. He stopped short at no personal labour. He did not shrink from becoming the accepted bore of the House of Commons: which may suggest to some people that the Westminster breed of bores has since degenerated. Urquhart might be a prig; but, at any rate, he had the saving grace of enthusiasm.

That, one gathers, was the opinion first formed of him by Miss Harriet Fortescue, a lady whose brothers, Lord Carlingford and Lord Clermont, became well known. At any rate, she accepted him, on a slight acquaintance, and did not repent in the knowledge of leisure. The love-letters that passed between them are, for the most part, preachments. But they are redeemed by touches of tenderness now and again; as when, for instance, Miss Fortescue exclaims: "My David, God bless you! It is so sweet to remember you in my prayers—once I hardly dared to think of you at any other time." To the day of her death she remained the scrupulous woman, very sensitive and very gentle; a little prosaic, perhaps, and with an inclination to be a slave of convention under the impression that she was thereby proving her devotion to unchanging law. Her faith in her husband's principles, even in his whims, never failed her, though circumstances would now and again arise to try it sorely. She was born in 1825, and she died in 1889, having outlived her hero for a dozen years. Children carry on their line, children who were brought up on "a system," you may be sure. Systems have a doubtful success; they certainly have martyrs. "David junior" was their eldest son. "This child," wrote his mother, "may be killed by a brickbat, but he has no more to fear from disease than a calf or a foal; for this is life according to nature, using the elements for health and strength which when misused are those of destruction." Easy dogmatism for the healthy mother of the healthy child; but how far too easily and too painfully disproved! Another son was born to them, of whom it is merely said that he was "fated to die in infancy."

#### IN FINLAND.

*Through Finland in Carts.* By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (A. & C. Black.)

WE confess that this book has upset our most cherished fancies. We had thought of Finland as a semi-barbarous land on the confines of the wild north, inhabited by a wholly primitive people, and inaccessible to all save experienced sportsmen. Instead of this we learn that the place is riddled with telephones, that on the very border of Lapland coal is burned and salmon caught with the "Jock Scott," and that the roads are crowded with cyclists.

We do not quite see the precise meaning of the title, for the journey in carts occupied only a very little of the time. Mrs. Alec Tweedie and her sister, starting from Helsingfors, went east to Viborg and then north to Kajana, whence they descended the



river Ulea to Uleaborg, and came back down the coast to Hangö. The book is a minute record of the journey, and it is a record of admirable pluck and good-humour under difficulties. The writer, tired of the beaten tracks of travel, went forth to seek adventures, and adventures she found. She visited the famous Russian monastery of Valamo, and found an interesting monk who asked her about Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and the Home Rule Bill. She spent a night in a haunted castle, crossed Savolax in a cart, and descended rapids at midnight in a tar-boat. All this was in the summer, when the heat is very great and mosquitoes and other creeping things are legion in number. She intended to push on to Lapland, but the report of the ravenous insects which flourish in the short Lapland summer deterred her, and she cut short her plans and returned. Everywhere she seems to have met with the friendliest hospitality, for which she makes generous acknowledgment in her pages. She saw much, too, of native life, and went through the terrors of the Finnish bath, which seems the most effective thing of its kind in existence.

The book is written in a pleasant, gossipy style, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie tells us for the most part just the things which we want to know, so that her narrative has not only interest as narrative, but some practical value as a guide-book. It is probable that some will be found in the future to brave the mosquito plague and explore this little known land. For one thing, it is the paradise of the angler. The authentic story of the man who caught 1,600 pounds' weight of salmon, trout, and grayling in three weeks is enough to make one's mouth water.

As a piece of literature, the book is rather discursive, and the style lacks the higher qualities of the picturesque. It is a little confusing to the reader to be dragged from the contemplation of cataracts or pine woods, and confronted with columns of statistics or a discussion on female education. Nor do we find in the description of nature the speaking word and the vivid impression which a more delicate sense of style might have achieved. As it is, what we like the book for is just the multitude of small, interesting details and the genuine high spirits of the writer. It is a record of pluck and good nature, a vigorous, rapid survey of the chief features of the land and people. It is emphatically the modern Finland that we get, for the narrative of old customs and the chapter on the "Kalevala" are done merely to complete the survey. It is not the Finland of Runeberg—the land of great inland lakes, with shores muffled in forest, where no footstep breaks the silence but some Russian pedlar from Archangel. Rather is it a country of modern improvements and pleasant, hospitable people, where men spend their summers in the country—a most admirable custom—where higher education flourishes, and the liquor trade is carried on under severe disabilities. As we said before, our old idea of the place is shattered utterly.

The book has an excellent index, a map, and some eighteen illustrations.

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Journeys among the Gentle Japs.* By the Rev. J. Ll. Thomas. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

IN the summer of 1895 a cruel chance enabled Mr. Thomas to make a hurried tour through Japan and write a book about it. We say a "cruel" chance advisedly, for far too many dull books have been written about Japan already, and one may be permitted to regret that another should have been added to their number. Moreover, we would fain protest against the notion which prevails so extensively among tourists that a mass of trivialities jotted down in a note-book during a three weeks' journey through this or that country necessarily provides a valid excuse for writing a book. We are far from saying that the traveller who has the faculty of keen observation combined with the faculty of artistic expression, the whole being seasoned with a sense of humour, may not produce an interesting book about even the most familiar country. A man with a genius for description and an eye for what is beautiful or quaint or *bizarre* can write a chapter on a Midland village or a Devonshire lane or some old market town in the Fen country, or almost any scene however familiar which will be read with delight. A man without those endowments will only make us yawn over far more wonderful sights. Mr. Thomas, alas! makes us yawn. And his utter want of discrimination as to what is or is not worth recording in his travels causes him to fill his pages with matters that can be of no interest to anyone. Can Mr. Thomas seriously suppose that it was worth while to record the church services he attended, the sermons he preached, the missionaries who were at home when he called, and the like? It is not that these details are offensive or ridiculous. They are merely tedious, and one looks in vain for any reason for inserting them. An instance will show what we mean:

"At Kobe I was the guest of the Rev. C. Graham Gardner and Mr. Cameron Johnson, the former a missionary of the S.P.G. and a contemporary of mine at Oxford. I was much interested in his work at Shinomiya—a quarter of the town—and in the neat little church in which he officiated to the native population. Mr. Johnson was a Virginian, and was in temporary charge of the Seamen's Mission. He was a young man of varied experience in Japan, and his account of life in the most out-of-the-way parts of the country with which he was familiar was very entertaining. On the second Sunday it was my privilege to occupy the pulpit at the 'Union Church.' . . ."

In this passage it will be noticed that Mr. Thomas entirely omits the only thing which the general reader would have been interested in hearing, namely, Mr. Johnson's account of life in the most out-of-the-way parts of Japan. What he does tell us is, that Mr. Graham Gardner was a missionary of the S.P.G., and the like. And that has nothing to do with the "gentle Japs." When we add, as we must, that the style of the book is slipshod in the extreme, we feel that we have said all that need be said to enable the

reader to know what to expect from Mr. Thomas. He will find a great deal of amiable chatter, a sprinkling of statistics, a few scraps of history, but, we honestly think, not one original thought, not one new idea, not one vivid piece of description, nothing but journalistic small-talk about a country which has been written about to satiety already.

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*Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson. New and Revised Edition, containing Additional Facts, Letters, and other Material. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE material which Mr. Jeaffreson has been able to add to his work is sufficient amply to confirm Pettigrew's principal assertion respecting Horatia's parentage, and enables the author to dispense with the more elaborate reasoning by which, in his original edition, Mr. Jeaffreson laboriously sought to demonstrate that the child was Nelson's offspring.

"Whilst careful to destroy her letters, Nelson in writing to Lady Hamilton used a curious kind of literary mystification. . . . Sometimes the letters were addressed to Mrs. Thomson, and read like letters from an affectionate husband. At other times, addressing his correspondent by her proper style, and signing with his own name or initials, Nelson affected to send messages from Mrs. Thomson's friend at sea to Lady Hamilton's particular friend Mrs. Thomson on shore."

But sometimes, as was to be expected, the writer became a little mixed, with such results as this:

"MY DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,—Your good and dear friend does not think it proper at present to write with his own hand, but charges me to say how dear you are to him. . . . I have given Lord Nelson [he has given me] a hundred pounds this morning, for which he [I] will give Lady Hamilton an order on his [my] agents; and I beg [he begs] that you will distribute it amongst those who have been useful to you on the late occasion."

The occasion referred to is her clandestine confinement. Besides the "Thomson" letters there is also a letter extant in which Nelson calls Emma "his wife in the eyes of heaven," and sends a kiss to "our dear Horatia."

Mr. Jeaffreson's volume is composed in the true spirit of historical impartiality. Romney's "divine lady" was neither shameless harlot nor irreproachable matron; she was a terrible story-teller, but she quite often spoke the truth; a "guttler," "loving" champagne, she was no drunkard; she did, in fact, render services to the nation, but the nation could have done very well without them—circumstances rendered them ineffective; she did not depend in her last days on broken victuals and dogs' meat for a precarious sustenance, but she was pretty hard-up, and that entirely as a consequence of her own imprudent extravagance. For this she was the more to be blamed since as a girl she had known, while under Greville's protection, how to economise a small income, and, even as Sir William Hamilton's wife and the bosom friend of the Queen of Naples, had contrived to send her grandmother £20 a year out of the



£200 allowed her for pin-money. Her letters are delightful reading. Warm-hearted, clear-minded, hot-headed, quick-tempered, quick-witted, generous as they manifest her to have been in those early best days, when (to use the words she attributes to the King of Naples) she was "a dymond of the first watter and the finest creature on the hearth," surely no so-called bad woman ever had so many of the pleasantest qualities of a good one.

*The Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.* By Thomas Moore. With Preface and many Supplementary Particulars by Martin McDermott. (Downey.)

THE moving romance of that chivalrous and very hot-headed gentleman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as told by Moore, is sufficiently well known to students of Irish history in the last century. Mr. McDermott has performed his task excellently well: he has broken up Moore's run-on narrative into chapters, provided with a running table of contents, and has furnished the text with adequate notes, explanatory and critical. In his supplementary chapters he tells us more than the author knew about two interesting persons, whose place in the original narrative was by no means proportionate to the parts they played. Of Lady Edward (Pamela) Moore leaves his reader with the notion of such a clinging bread-and-butter cry-baby as the eighteenth-century novelist rejoiced in. In the light of more perfect knowledge she develops into one of the charming women of her age, a beauty and a finished coquette, and moreover with a natural aptitude for intrigue; it is certain that she was no less deeply involved than her Quixotic partner in the various plots against the English Government, which in the end cost him his life.

"She received and passed on the momentous communications between the Government of the French Republic and the Irish Directory. . . . She gave credentials to persons . . . who were thus enabled, through the intervention of her own friends and relations in Paris, to obtain access to persons in power—to such men as Hoche [the leader of the ill-fated expedition of 1796], de la Croix, and Talleyrand."

In concluding his chapter upon the after history of this lady, Mr. McDermott draws out a striking parallel between her character and career and those of her putative ancestress, Marguerite de Valois: for Pamela was almost certainly the daughter of the Duke of Orleans by Mme. de Genlis.

Bound closely up with the years of her married life is the career of that prince of traitors, Samuel Turner, whose treachery was for the first time fully established five years ago by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick in his *Secret Service under Pitt*. A doctor of laws of Trinity College, a member of the Irish bar, of dashing presence and winning manners, he established himself as the intimate friend and confidant of the Edward Fitzgerald family.

"He remained at Hambourg, Froude tells us, 'as Lady Edward's guest and most trusted friend; saw every one who came to her house; was admitted to close and secret conversations upon the prospects of French interference in Ireland with Reinhard, the Minister of the

Directory there; and he regularly kept Lord Devonshire informed of everything which would enable Pitt to watch the conspiracy.'"

That a man should be able all his life long to play such a game, never to yield to the temptations of his better angel, or to give way ever so little to the impulses of honour and generosity, betokens a character of almost preternatural constancy in evil. Beside these chapters a number of letters are reproduced which furnish many sidelights on the family history, as well as on the condition of Ireland during the months following and preceding Lord Edward's death.

Mr. McDermott's temperament, perhaps, hardly permits him to maintain an ideal attitude of judicial impartiality, and his language is not always remarkable for restraint; but he handles his matter, upon the whole, with substantial equity, and Moore's book has greatly profited by his enthusiastic pains.

*The Outlines of Physics.* By Prof. Edward L. Nichols. (The Macmillan Company.)

*The Elements of Physics.* By Prof. Edward L. Nichols and William S. Franklin. Vol. III. "Light and Sound." (The Macmillan Company.)

TEN or twelve years ago there were scarcely more than a dozen physical laboratories in the country—at the present time no science school is considered to be efficient unless it possesses the room and the equipment for imparting practical knowledge of the properties of material substances. The rise of experimental physics, and the wider recognition of the principle that the only scientific knowledge worth having is that gained by individual experience, are, indeed, the most gratifying features of educational development during the past decade.

In consequence of the encouragement now given to practical work, a host of books have been published for use in physical laboratories, and the cyclopædic species of textbook is slowly giving place to volumes which brings the student in touch with the realities of nature. The two volumes under notice—both from America—are excellent examples of the new methods of science teaching. As an elementary work, suitable for use as a text-book and laboratory guide combined, Prof. Nichol's *Outlines of Physics* fulfils every requirement. The experiments described are practicable, and they bring out prominently the leading principles of physics, while the text, though concise, is sufficient to give students an intelligent interest in their work.

The volume which Prof. Nichols has prepared in collaboration with Prof. Williams is the third of three which together cover the region of investigation belonging to physics. It is lavishly illustrated with diagrams, and should find a place among the books used in our university colleges and institutions of the same rank.

*Old Memories.* By Gen. Sir Hugh Gough. (Blackwood & Sons.)

WE have rarely met with a more straightforward, modest record of gallantry than this book. Gen. Sir Hugh Gough tells his

story like a brave man and a soldier: it is as direct as one of his own charges at the head of Hodson's Horse; and the literature of the Mutiny, which in the last few months has been increased by Lord Roberts's autobiographical work and Mrs. Steel's long novel, is very sensibly enriched by it. It was at Alumbagh that the author won his V.C.; his account of that memorable action and his incidental references to Hodson, whom he admired intensely, are the best things in the book.

*Siam on the Meinam, from the Gulf to Ayuthia, together with Three Romances illustrative of Siamese Life and Customs.* By Maxwell Sommerville. With Fifty Illustrations. (Sampson Low.)

THIS is the work of an interested but not very profound observer. Mr. Sommerville visited Bangkok and Ayuthia, and conversed with people on board the river steamer. Being under the mistaken impression, it would seem, that he was the only foreigner who had accomplished this daring feat, he has written the result of his observations at length in a large yellow volume, profusely illustrated with excellent photographs. The author indulges the irritating peculiarity of writing almost exclusively in the historic present, and his strictures upon Buddhism strike the dullest note of provincial Evangelicism.

*The Annual Register, 1896.* (Longmans & Co.) THIS ancient and honourable publication renews itself once more. How many people know that its first editor was Edmund Burke? He planned and edited it under Dodsley, the publisher, and the first volume appeared in June, 1859. There is no doubt that the labour of compiling this annual during several years greatly widened and strengthened Burke's grasp of politics. The present summary of 1896 seems to us in every way good, and it is we suppose only an evil chance that on first opening the volume the present reviewer's eye fell on a misprint.

*Handy Guide to England and Wales.* By Edward Smith. (George Allen.)

THIS guide-book is written for American visitors, and therefore it contains many statements which to an English reader appear rather naïve. It is nevertheless a useful manual, allowing for its comprehensiveness. The whole of England and Wales is surveyed on an alphabetical plan, and tours are suggested.

*A Doctor's Idle Hours.* By "Scalpel." (Downey & Co.)

THIS book is a sheaf of essays on such subjects as "Sleeplessness," "Alcohol," "Contentment," "Earnestness," "Recreation," "Holidays," "Cripples," "Antipathies," and what not. We can conceive that a doctor might write about these things in his idle hours to some purpose. "Scalpel," however, is much too superficial. Vainly we seek meat in these interminable pages. All we find is the amiable writing and the prodigality of quotation that we have learned to associate with such chapter headings as "Scalpel's."

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

### THE FRENCHMAN IN ENGLISH FICTION.

In his amusing review of an insignificant French story, *La Journal de Liliane*, Mr. Barry Pain is highly entertained by the absurdities of the French pen in over-seas character and tongue. Is Mr. Pain aware that British popular authors generally show themselves no less ignorant when imagination carries them to France? I speak now of writers who, unlike the unfortunate Polish count, can both spell and quote French correctly, and who have lived in France. Little Florac, the immortal husband of 'Igg of Manchester', is a delightful acquaintance, but it is doubtful if any French nobleman would recognise him for a compatriot. Miss Edwards is regarded as a complete authority on French life, but her characters are all British under French names, and, like her countrymen at Tours, she transports her English surroundings, habits and ideals across the Channel. The men remain at table and the ladies proceed to the drawing-room, a thing nobody ever saw done at a French dinner-table. Young French girls chaperoned by their governesses go to lunch with their *fiancés* in starched provincial French towns where you dare not walk on the right side of the street if it is pronounced proper to walk on the left. For the French girl who in real life dared this outrage against public propriety there would be nothing left her but the grave or the cloister. Mrs. Humphry Ward's Bohemian Paris in *David Grieve* is still a matter of astonishment and laughter to her French readers. Her Montmartre and artists of either sex are as likely to be found in the moon as here.

But the honour of breaking the record in French caricature lies with Mr. Keary. The critics assured me that *The Two Lancrofts* was a great and immortal work. I read it with misgivings of my own or the author's reason. He sends one of his heroes over to Paris to study art. Of his art we know nothing. His language, supposed to be acquired in Paris, would astonish the rifest Frenchman. He bellows "My God" three times in every phrase he utters. Now Frenchmen occasionally say "Mon Dieu!" but rarely more than once in a single conversation, and then in the lightest of tones, with a little shrug that robs it of profanity. They sometimes change the *Mon* into *Tu*, thus giving the *Dieu* a sprightly insignificance and connecting it possibly with one of our old Olympian friends. And it is not at all necessary to despatch a young man to Paris to learn bad manners, rascalities, and the art of profane speech. It is not long since the Englishman has ceased to be called abroad the *Goddam* Englishmen, and Frenchmen, Mr. Keary may not be aware, have an ideal of conduct as respectable as his own.

*Herbert Vanlenhart* contains a distinguished French novelist over which the French critic, if he could be induced to peruse that masterpiece, might write wittier pages far than Mr. Pain's mirthful rescue of Miss Gibson from oblivion. M. Victor Desanges is a kind of Paul Bourget, a brilliant man of the world and of letters, beloved of duchesses, and welcomed in the best English houses and clubs. To be a brilliant man of letters implies in France intelligence, polish, and wit; English social recognition and the love of French duchesses imply the habits and standard of society. Yet M. Desanges is an idiot and a cad. He designs to seduce a young girl he has met socially. A Frenchman of the world would as soon dream of cheating at cards or robbing a bank. He is content to betray the husbands of his acquaintance, when he can, but he can be trusted to respect a young girl. Then M. Desanges discourses drivell to the moonrays. Even international animosities and contempt cannot justify the imbecility of Mr. Keary's distinguished French

novelist. He plaintively conjures Jesus, Mary, and Joseph to assist him in the seduction of Kitty, his friend's guest. "O Marie, aie pitié de moi," he prays to Mary in heaven—does the reader recognise MM. Bourget, Anatole France, Guy de Maupassant, Paul Hervein, Daudet, or Loti in this amiable portrait? "Donne moi ça, O Marie, and I am yours for ever." Exactly, this is just the sort of humour displayed by a brilliant French novelist. It adequately explains his position in letters and justifies his social success. He habitually, being of course a villain and a cad, implores the assistance of the symbol of purity, the patroness of maidenhood in the ruin of a maiden in the grossest abuse of hospitality. As a child he was taught at his mother's knee to say, "Mary, Mother of God, pray for me." Mr. Keary conceives him in manhood meditating a base crime, shouting, with streaming eyes, to the moon: "Mary, Mother of God, assist me to be a black-guard." Is Miss Gibson shielding her face with veil and hands at a maniac's dancing and crying, "Oh, very indecently, indeed," more monstrously grotesque as an international caricature?

HANNAH LYNCH.

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*Possessed of Devils.* By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst.  
(Macqueen.)

Mrs. Gorst's demoniacal heroine is not, perhaps, so new a departure in fiction as one would imagine from the elaborate apology for her in the Introduction. I have met her before in feminine novels of recent date, nor can I say that I have been any the better for the acquaintance. They may be very actual and very artistic, these raving women who hate their husbands and love their husband's friends, but one may hope they are over-represented in present-day novels. Mrs. Gorst would say that I am a prejudiced person, "for, without disparagement to his critical faculties, a man is incapable of realising the strong element of hysteria which so often underlies a woman's actions." But is it hysteria? It may be hysteria which makes the Lady Radclyffe of the book see visions and talk the usual preposterous nonsense about being "understood"; but is it hysteria which makes her intimidate Francis Ingelow into eloping with her? I am afraid Sir Francis Jeune has a less technical name for it. It is, indeed, a very sad world if Mrs. Gorst reads it aright. She recognises it as "a great primary fact" that "a woman's first natural impulse (to which she may or may not give way) lies in a crooked direction." That, after all, is but another way of saying that the offending Eve has not been whipped out of her. But the author goes far beyond this elementary statement of original sin. "My friend," says Lady Radcliffe to her lover, who had just engaged himself to a non-hysterical girl—

"My friend, can you really believe that the pure angel you approach in fear and trembling when you are wooing her is anything else but an imaginary creation of your temporarily disordered brain? Look about you at the women you have known as girls, and contrast their old-time, sweet, retiring manner with the boldness and assurance which characterise them as wives. Why do they change thus? The answer is simple. They have secured their husbands. No further need for innocence and simplicity, bashful maidenly modesty, blushes and simpers, the bait with which they lured their victims into matrimony. . . . One thing, and one only, can you be certain about respecting a woman. From the cradle the female infant, child, girl, woman, is not, and never has been, what she appears. She is a creation evolved out of an age of shams and unrealities. In her youth a girl dare not be real. In her womanhood she sometimes is just once. You do not think me a good woman. If you knew us better you would understand that now I am at my very best. As good as any woman could be, for at last, and for the first time in my life, I am true. True to myself and to you. George [the husband] I don't count. He is an accident, connected only with the unreality of my past."

It is our duty to resist a philosophy which removes devoted husbands—it is one of "George's" faults, in the eyes of this lady, that he is consumed by solicitude when she has a headache; she "shudders" on these occasions—into the region of "accidents." Of course I do not for a moment attribute to Mrs. Gorst the heretical opinions of her heroine. The question is, whether it is worth while, for the sake of recording an egotistical type, to put such ravings into print. Unfortunately, though the story is novel in arrangement, it has not that supreme quality which can reconcile one to a good deal.

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*His Daughter.* By W. L. Alden.  
(Neville Beeman.)

If you are to write a story about Americans you can make no more happy choice of place than Venice. In its cafés, on its piazzas, under the shadow of its palaces, you are bound to get the full value of the grotesque modernity of speech, the shrewd simplicity of thought, and the delicious incongruity of sentiment with which our cousins pay their piquant contribution to the treasury of the nations' gaiety; but the gaiety in this story is tempered with a genuine sorrow. Silas G. Hoskins, engineer on the St. Paul and Milwaukee road for forty years, brings his daughter to Venice to study singing. It seems that many American young ladies arrive there annually with a view to overcoming, by means of elaborate training, that lack of a voice which alone stands between them and the career of a *prima donna*. But Miss Emmy Hoskins really had a voice. Her father guaranteed it, and, as he justly observed, "when a man's been listening to locomotive whistles and torpedoes for forty years he's apt to be a middling good judge of a voice when he hears it." Silas picked out of the crowd a resident American, named Fairchild, and opened to him his arms and his house. Fairchild rendered him the service of demonstrating the unworthiness of a certain gay Frenchman to touch the hand of the beautiful Emmy. Unfortunately, Emmy was very much attached to this rake, and so, while she ostensibly yielded to the cogency of the reasons set out before her judgment, she plotted at the same time a cruel revenge against this officious friend. Deliberately she set herself to win Fairchild's affections, and on the date appointed for his marriage the unfortunate young man received a cold letter from which he learned that he had been fooled, and that his betrothed was united to the adventurer. But it was upon the old man that the blow fell most heavily. His trust in his beautiful daughter was unqualified, his assurance of her impeccability was unstinted; and they were strained to the utmost. Some months after the break-up Fairchild finds him patiently earning a humble livelihood as fireman on one of the despised "Eyetalian" lines, with his confidence in his Emmy still unshaken, though he has heard nothing of her since the announcement of her marriage; and it is his privilege to soothe the last hours of the single-minded, excellent old man. The conclusion of the story—the union of Fairchild with Emmy, who reappears as a disenchanted widow—whether or not an artistic feature, will probably please the majority of readers; of which majority I am not. The tale is bright with humour, and warm with a personal interest; and the main theme has been worked out with thoughtful care.

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*A Princess of Islam.* By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I.  
(Swan Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Sherer has constructed a very fair story out of material with which he is evidently familiar. George Wilton is Minister of State to Hassain Khan, the reigning prince of the independent Moslem State of Ling. His royal master is much attached to him, and proposes to marry him to his own niece, the Princess Noor-oon-issa. Wilton, being easy-going and fond of power, consents with some hesitation, and Mr. Sherer has the opportunity for a long and interesting description of the three days' ceremonies of a Moslem wedding. Then Wilton is summoned by family affairs to England, and in his absence Hassain Khan dies and is succeeded by the fanatical Kadir Khan, to whom marriage with the infidel is an abomination. Noor-oon-issa falls ill, and Kadir Khan announces her death. Everyone, except, perhaps, the wily reviewer, is deceived. George Wilton's services at Ling are now dispensed with; he settles down in England on two lacs of rupees, and

ultimately marries an old English flame, Kate Fortescue. Then Noor-oon-issa escapes from the durance vile in which Kadir Khan has held her, and makes her way to England to seek her husband. The foreseen complications are near at hand, though we do not propose to reveal precisely how they are in the end resolved. There is a touch of the amateur in Mr. Sherer's writing, a stiffness in the dialogue and the by-play, but he is not without a quiet humour, and has the serious interest of his story well in hand. Both George Wilton and the passionate Noor-oon-issa are careful studies of character.

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*Elementary Jane.* By Richard Pryce.  
(Hutchinson.)

Here is a psychological study which concerns itself with the normal—a satire tenderly long-suffering towards weakness and frivolity; humour that smiles through tears.

"The orchestra was playing the opening bars of her first song. The second time they were played she would have to run on. Would she have the courage? What if she broke down? The drum in the band made the tune sound nice, didn't it? . . . She closed her eyes for a moment. It was now or never. It was now. . ."

And excellent Mrs. Kerridge whispered to her niece, Mrs. Atwell, that she was "come over all of a heat," and she trembled "fit to make the bench shake."

This is *Elementary Jane's* *début* at a southern hall. She sang "a treat," and after a while won to fame and the West End. But it is not with her professional career that we are mainly concerned. Two men loved "Jenny Tandem" (*née* Smith), each after his kind—Curley, the pride of the famous Merino Family, and Michael Seaward, utility bandsman, a serious, strong-hearted man. When Seaward's friend and first patron exerted his influence to withdraw him from the neighbourhood of a siren (what else could a "Jenny Tandem" be?), Jane fell altogether under the charm of the handsome boy. Her simple heart and purity awoke in him the best of his rudimentary soul, and he offered her marriage. For six months she was happy, and then the inevitable accomplished itself: he went adrift. But she was loyal to the last; and for her reward it was she, and not the other, in whose arms he died, with her tears upon his face. The author has not limited his pains to the three principal characters. The members of the Merino Family, the various ladies of the profession with whom Jane has to do, her friend and landlady Mrs. Kerridge, are no lay figures; and in the delicate handling of them all, that characteristic of Mr. Pryce to which we have made allusion—his large tolerance—manifests itself. In all of them the cruel pushfulness that plays so great a part in social life is but the armour that protects a freight of charity.

\* \* \* \*

*A Noble Haul* ("Little Novels," No. 11). By W. Clark Russell.  
(Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Fisher Unwin is indefatigable in his labours in the railway passenger's behalf, and his ingenuity matches his zeal. The "Little Novels" are of a handy width and slinness, their binding is in strong cloth, and their print is leather-tong'd: even the thunderous darkness of your tunnels will hardly break the continuity of your study. Mr. Clark Russell, who fills the eleventh volume of these series with a capital pot-boiler, is so even a writer that we set out with confidence to read him; and in the result we are not disappointed. We have here the careful technical detail, the picturesque sky and sea, the conscientious and capable style we have learned to expect; and the story of the heroic officer and his brutal captain, the midnight evasion from the tyrant's ship, the lighting of the fugitives upon the dismantled derelict, which they happily navigate into port, will exhilarate readers who delight to snuff the briny in their comfortable armchairs. But the talk of the third officer, whose escape is the principal business of the book, is surely a little too much of the if-you-please order. "How long a time was to elapse before the second mate should be released?" and "With whom did this scheme originate?" are perfectly polite and grammatical English, but I suspect they are not just the sort of phrase which third officers of small trading vessels use in conversing with the men.

*Paul's Stepmother, and One Other Story.* By Lady Troubridge.  
(Grant Richards.)

Paul's stepmother is the young wife of an old man. Paul is disgusted at the match, and visits his father's house with contempt written on his brow. He finds it invaded by a troop of his stepmother's relations—vulgar children of a shady military man—who are preying on their sister's new fortune. Paul, who came to rebuke, commits the extraordinary and improbable sin of falling in love with his stepmother, and instead of holding his tongue or going away, as any gentleman would have done, blurts it all out on the first opportunity. The stepmother meets him at least half-way, and when she hears of his death in a railway accident dies too, of heart-disease. The rumour, as usual, is false, and Paul lives to weep upon the grave and to comfort his father's declining years. Lady Troubridge opens her first chapter with a sniff at Ibsen; but I can assure her that if Ibsen had thought fit to deal with an incestuous tale at all he would at least have treated it with some adequate realisation of the horror and tragedy involved. This Lady Troubridge has not done, and, I should judge, is quite incompetent to do. She had better have kept within the range of incident and emotion ordinarily permitted to novelists without genius. The second story, of which the title is "Poor Roderick," is quite harmless, but it is also quite insipid. A girl marries a man she does not love, without even a conventionally adequate motive for doing so. She then breaks her heart for the man she does love, who also loves her and promptly goes to the bad through her loss. It is all very foolish; but we really cannot conjure up much interest in a young woman who behaves in this sort of way.

\* \* \*  
*Miss Tudor.* By John Le Breton.  
(Macqueen.)

Bessie Richardson finds herself destitute, and her mother a widow. She resolves to earn her living on the variety stage. Her relatives, who are in trade, consequently cast her off. She takes the name of Bessie Tudor, and learns some "coon" song. But she finds that in order to get any further it is necessary to allow her agent to seduce her. Having attained to fame and fortune, she gets rid of him. She then gets engaged to a millionaire of philanthropic habits, but his philanthropy and his millions turn out to be equally bogus. Ultimately Miss Tudor falls in love with Arthur Sinjohn, a black-and-white artist on a theatrical print known as *Sidewings*. Her affection is returned, but there is the past to be reckoned with. The discarded agent takes his revenge in boasting of Miss Tudor's favours. Arthur Sinjohn breaks off the match, and the unhappy life ends in the Thames. It is a sordid chronicle of the seamy side of London civilisation, of a world where every man calls every woman "my dear," and where an offer of drink is the only recognised form of salutation. To read it is a bad dream, and to analyse it nauseates. Of course such material is capable of, and has before now received, artistic treatment; but this remark has no direct application to Mr. Le Breton's story.

\* \* \*  
*A Daughter of the Klephts.* By Isabella Fyvie Mayo.  
(W. & R. Chambers.)

Recent events appear to have stimulated a mushroom crop of novels and other books dealing with modern Greece. The heroine of the present story, Patience Hedges, *alias* Stella Tzavellis, is a Greek by birth. She is sent to England in early childhood; her protector dies by the wayside, and she becomes a waif and stray. Through the kindness of an ancient lady she is brought up in an English school, and receives a small legacy. Her parentage is discovered by an accident; she returns to Greece, finds herself in the thick of the struggle for Independence, devotes her fortune to the national cause, and escapes from the disastrous evacuation of Missolonghi in the dress of a *pallikar*. To this motive is somewhat loosely hitched on a second one, dealing with the misfortunes of a respectable English family from whom the heroine had received kindness in childhood. Miss Mayo describes well, and has some gift of character-painting; but the book is irritating, because it is so badly constructed. The various threads of interest have little or nothing to do with each other. There are also various morals scattered about; but as Miss Mayo is apparently writing for girls, she may, perhaps, claim a traditional right to be didactic.

## SELECTED NOVELS

### BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

**KATE CARNegie and THOSE MINISTERS.** By Ian MacLaren. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A notable book, and one in which Ian MacLaren has bettered the best work he had previously given us."—*Daily Chronicle*.

**BESIDE the BONNIE BRIER BUSH.** Crown 8vo, art linen, gilt top, 6s. ELEVENTH EDITION, completing 80,000.  
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"The characters in 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne' are as actual and real as it is possible for them to be in the printed pages."—*Daily News*.

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**MARGARET OGILVY.** By her Son, J. M. Barrie. With Etched Portrait by Manasse. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. FOURTH EDITION, completing 40,000.

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**WHEN a MAN'S SINGLE. A Tale of Literary Life.** Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s. TENTH EDITION.  
"From one end to the other the story is bright, cheerful, amusing."—*Saturday Review*.

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"A strong and extremely well-written story, abounding in clever and convincing characterisations."—*Daily Telegraph*.

**DID HE DESERVE IT?** By Mrs. Riddell. 6s.

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## FOR HOLIDAY READING.

*The Queer Folk of Fife: Tales from the Kingdom.* By David Pryde, M.A.; LL.D. (Glasgow: Morrison Brothers.)

This book, which is neatly bound and excellently printed, contains eight stories dealing with various aspects of life and character ranging from "The Breach of Promise" to "How the Deacon Became an Abstainer." The stories are readable though not unduly exciting. The folk are not specially queer nor are they inevitably of Fife. Indeed, most of them express themselves at times in phraseology ponderously English. The following extract taken at random from "How the Deacon Became an Abstainer" is a fair sample of the author's more didactic style:

"By taking the pledge," replied the minister, "not publicly—just now at least, that might rouse people's suspicion, but privately to myself. I shall draw up a paper here to-day, which you will sign, and to which Mr. Slater will append his name as a witness. I shall then explain to the people of the house that you were ill, not intoxicated, and that to prevent the uncharitable world putting the worst construction on the circumstance, they must mention this lamentable occurrence to nobody."

The minister would surely have made a happier choice of words if he had exhorted the people of the house not to mention this lamentable occurrence to anybody, in preference to imposing upon them the impossible injunction that "they must mention" it "to nobody." The best story in the book is "The Boy Heretic." The title is gained by a boy of seven who, on the schoolmaster informing the assembled school that one of their number, aged nine, who had gone for a row on the loch on a fast day, and had been drowned by the capsizing of the boat, "was now bitterly repenting his neglect of ordinances in the place of woe," has the courage to retort, "It's a lee." "Then was witnessed a spectacle which was not uncommon in that class of schools—a man trying to beat what he called 'human depravity' out of a child, just as a housemaid beats the dust out of a dirty carpet." But neither blows, nor expulsion from school, nor home persecution moved the youthful protestant, and to every fresh attack his response was terse and emphatic, "It's a lee." Ultimately the juvenile heretic meets with a more sympathetic teacher and triumphantly emerges from his childish sorrows.

#### TALKS ON THE TEETH.—No. 2.

Do you recognise how essential good teeth are to the health of the whole body? Every tooth that is decayed or inefficient throws extra work on the rest, and hastens their decay. Presently the work of mastication is interfered with, and that leads to Dyspepsia, while the decaying teeth are themselves a source of direct injury to the health

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HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, New York.

*Nilma.* By Mrs. Campbell Praed.  
(Chatto & Windus.)

Mrs. Campbell Praed is always at home in the treatment of Australian themes, and in *Nilma* she gives us a good picture of Government House life in a Colony. Briefly, it is the story of a married woman's struggles to retain her lover's allegiance, and her somewhat unscrupulous method of defeating the young girl who is her rival. Mrs. Praed has done better work.

#### THE STORY OF A PLAY.

The history of Gabrielle d'Annunzio's *Le Songe d'une Matinée de Printemps*, says the *Saturday Review*, is worth telling. It is connected with the name of La Duse and her visit to Paris. D'Annunzio was with her when the invitation to the *Renaissance* came, and when, according to Comte Primoli, she was in two minds as to accepting it. D'Annunzio recalled to her the generous reception the work of a young and unknown Italian novelist had received in France. "Je suis sûr," he said, "que vous trouverez à Paris mieux que partout ailleurs des oreilles attentives et des âmes recueillies." Duse, still unconvinced, pointed out that, as Parisians did not know her tongue, attentive ears would be of little use. D'Annunzio said that was of small account, since she would astound them with the thousand expressions of her mobile face and the music of Italian words. "Jolie musique!" Duse is reported to have said. "Mon répertoire se compose de mauvaises traductions de pièces françaises connues!" She then challenged him to write her "une œuvre de poésie."

"Vous n'y pensez pas: en une semaine! C'est une folie!"  
'Alors faites-moi un rôle de folie.'  
'Vous iriez à Paris?'  
'A cette seule condition.'  
'Eh, bien, dans dix jours vous aurez votre folie!'"

The "folie" was completed in the given time; the MS., bound in a piece of rare brocade and tied with green ribbons, was in Duse's hands. It was "*Le Songe d'une Matinée de Printemps*."

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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

BOOKS on naval history and practice may or may not be literature; in most cases, of course, they are not, but literature may be read into them. They are fragments, so to speak, of the unwritten epic of the British Navy. Hence, in a week in which pure literature is hardly represented in our list of new books, it cannot be improper to give the first place to Capt. H. Garbett's R.N. work, *Naval Gunnery*, just published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Capt. Garbett's aim, as expressed by himself, is

"to trace the history of naval gunnery from the date when guns are first mentioned as having been used on board ship down to our own time, and to put into a readable form enough of the heavy matter contained in the standard text-books to give non-professional readers a fair insight into the causes which have brought us from the smooth-bore muzzle-loading 68-pounder, the heaviest gun in existence at the time of the Russian War, to the breech-loading 111-ton guns of the *Sans Pareil* and *Benbow*, and from the smooth-bore 32-pounder of the same period to the 6-inch quick-firing gun of to-day; and also to give some idea of how the guns on board men-of-war are now constructed, mounted and worked, and how complex but formidable a fighting machine is the battleship of the present day when compared to the wooden ships of the line and frigates of only thirty years ago."

With Capt. Garbett's book comes a new volume of the publications of the Navy Records Society—*The Journal of Sir George Rooke*. Mr. Oscar Browning edits the *Journal*, which he states to be an account of an expedition into the Sound in 1700, and of an attack on Cadiz and Vigo in 1702.

Colonial books may be expected for some time to come. Mr. William Gisborne, a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, has revised and practically re-written a work published by him ten years ago, entitled *New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen, from 1840 to 1897*. A leading feature of the book is its series of portraits and character-sketches of the statesmen who have had to deal with the problems of New Zealand politics. These problems have been, many of them, extremely knotty: "take, for instance," says Mr. Gisborne, "the assumption of British sovereignty founded upon what is called the Treaty of Waitangi; the native land question; the mutual relations of the Crown, the natives, and the colonists; the work of colonisation in the midst of civil warfare; self-government; internal defence; the union of the two races under conflicting conditions." Many of the men who dealt with these questions are now dead, and it was certainly time, as Mr. Gisborne suggests, that their Valhalla was constituted.

Early in this year Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is Quain Professor of Law at University College, London, delivered four lectures to his students upon *The Law of Employers' Liability at Home and Abroad*. These lectures are now issued in part by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and they make an attractive little book. Mr. Birrell has already published his lectures, delivered in the Inner Temple last year, upon *The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees*, and these two books, together with Mr. W. Blake Odgers' *Outlines of the Law of Libel*, suggest the growth of a little library in which legal subjects might be treated after a new fashion; for these books are entertaining as well as learned and practical.

A book of interest and importance to schoolmasters is *Teaching and Organisation*, edited by P. A. Barnett, M.A. It is a manual of teaching practice written on a "frankly empirical plan" by a number of practised teachers. The editor humorously prefixes to the book the following colloquy between Smith and Cade in Henry vi. 2:

"SMITH: He can write, and read, and cast account.

"CADE: O monstrous!

"SMITH: We took him setting of boys' copies.

"CADE: Here's a villain!"

Books of maxims, and books on the conduct of life generally, seem to have been issued in numbers in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Balthasar Gracian's book of maxims was then translated from the Spanish, and last October Judge E. A. Parry revealed to us the existence of Osborne's *Advice to a Son*. Mr. Herbert H. Sturmer has been exploring this field, and has just produced a re-written version of *The Counsels of William de Britaine*. Mr. Sturmer tells us that his book is founded on the eleventh (1717) edition of de Britaine's *Humane Prudence*, of which the first edition appeared in 1680. Although this edition appears to be the best, it is full of printer's errors, and presents, according to Mr. Sturmer, "an extraordinary *mélange* of styles." Just what amount of revision

Mr. Sturmer has brought to the original text it is not easy to gather, and for our own part we should have preferred a reprint of the old text—assuming it is worth reprinting—with all faults. Mr. Sturmer has tried hard to identify William de Britaine. He believes that this name is a pseudonym, and that the writer, whatever his name, was a South Welshman, a scholarly man of the world, fond of retirement, with a turn for epigram, and whose father's name was William. A writer who answers to this description is John Davies, of Kidwelly (Carmarthenshire), who was a fairly prolific writer, and the author of *Epictetus Junior*; or, *Maxims of Modern Morality*, and another similar work. The book which Mr. Sturmer presents to us is divided into thirty-two chapters, with such headings as—"Of Religion," "Of Injuries and Revenge," "Of the Art of Being Happy," &c., &c.

A new and cheaper edition of Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s *Familiar Wild Flowers* is sure to be welcomed. Originally published in five volumes at 12s. 6d. each, this work is to be issued in the same number of volumes at 3s. 6d. each. The coloured plates throughout are good and numerous. Meanwhile, Mr. J. H. Crawford publishes, through Mr. John Macqueen, *Wild Flowers of Scotland*. Botanising in Scotland has features of its own:

"If," says Mr. Macqueen, "only a bold man dare take the golden eagle's eggs from the face of a 'campion precipice, it needs a bolder one still to rob that little colony of alpine, faintly glowing through the field-glass, five hundred feet above and below."

A new edition of the late Prof. Henry Drummond's *Ascent of Man* is issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, making the twenty-fifth thousand.

*Bishops of the Day* is a squat octavo in a blue cloth cover studded with episcopal coats-of-arms; its aim is "to give some account of the life and work of every living Archbishop and Bishop, without exception, 'the Church of England, and of Churches in communion therewith, including colonial, missionary, suffragan, and the retired Bishops, as well as the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States."

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES. By the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. The Roxburghe Press. 5s.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

NEW ZEALAND RULERS AND STATESMEN: FROM 1840 TO 1897. By William Gisborne. Sampson Low.  
A REGISTER OF THE MEMBERS OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD. By William Dunn Macray, M.A. Vol. II: FELLOWS, 1522-1575. Henry Frowde.  
PUBLICATIONS OF THE NAVY RECORDS SOCIETY. Vol. IX. THE JOURNAL OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, 1700-1702. Edited by Oscar Browning. The Navy Records Society.

## ART, POETRY, THE DRAMA.

THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Edited by G. A. Aitken. J. M. Dent & Co.

## FICTION.

A RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER. By Mr. S. J. H. Riddell. F. V. White & Co.

THE CHEVALIER D'AUBIAC. By S. Levett Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

THE MUTABLE MANY. By Robert Barr. Methuen & Co. 6s.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

THE LOWELL LECTURES ON THE ASCENT OF MAN. Twenty-fifth thousand. By Henry Drummond. Hodder & Stoughton.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF SCOTLAND. By J. H. Crawford. John Macqueen.

FAMILIAR WILD FLOWERS. Figured and Described by F. Edward Hulme. First Series. Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.

#### TOPOGRAPHICAL.

WHITBY PAST AND PRESENT. By Robert B. Holt. Copas & Co.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

KEY TO THE GRADUATED COURSE OF TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH PROSE. By Victor Spiers, M.A. J. Tamblyn.

A COURSE OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. Part I., ELEMENTARY. Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d.

TEACHING AND ORGANISATION. Edited by P. A. Barnett, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. 6d.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

NAVAL GUNNERY. By Captain H. Garbett, R.N. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

THE LAW OF EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Augustine Birrell, M.P. Macmillan & Co.

THE COUNSELS OF WILLIAM DE BRETAGNE. Edited by Herbert H. Sturmer. F. E. Robinson.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL: AN ADDRESS. By William Greenwell. Fifth edition. Andrews & Co. (Durham).

FRUITS AND FARINACEA: THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN. By John Smith. Ideal Publishing Union.

A HANDY BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By Rev. Edward L. Cutts, D.D. New edition. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY OF THE OLDHAM LYCEUM (1839-1897). By Arthur Taft. Henry C. Lee.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

IT has lately come to the knowledge of Mr. Charles Baxter, sole executor of the late R. L. Stevenson, that a translation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* has been running gaily through the pages of *Le Temps*, under the title of *Dr. Jancourt*, signed with the name of a French writer. Mr. Baxter has asked for an explanation from the proprietors of *Le Temps*. Here is a translation of their reply:

"*Le Temps*, 5, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.  
July 17, 1897.

"We have been deceived by the author who delivered to us, as unpublished, the story entitled *Dr. Jancourt*. When this deception was made known to us, we announced that *Dr. Jancourt* was taken from R. L. Stevenson, and, further, we requested M. Flotron, the writer in question, to explain his conduct to MM. Plon Nourrit, the publishers and the owners of the rights of translation of the original story [*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*]. That was done. Pending these negotiations we ceased the publication of *Dr. Jancourt*, as you may convince yourself by the series of *Le Temps* that I am sending you.

"We have, then, after becoming the victim of a deception equally prejudicial to ourselves, done our best to safeguard the rights of the publishers and translators as well as the reputation of R. L. Stevenson.

"It is quite understood that we shall not reproduce *Dr. Jancourt* in any form whatever.

"Accept, Sir, the assurance of our highest consideration.

"C. PARISSET,

"Le Directeur-Général de la Société du Journal *Le Temps*."

And there the matter rests for the present.

WITH the instalment in the August *Pall Mall Magazine* Robert Louis Stevenson's romance "St. Ives" comes to its abrupt end. According to the editor's announcement: "At this point the story breaks off, having been laid aside by the author some weeks before his death. At the request of the executors of the author, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch has undertaken to complete the story from notes furnished by Mrs. Strong, step-daughter and amanuensis of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The story will be completed in six chapters, the first instalment appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for September." On reading Stevenson's last chapters, less and less do we envy Mr. Quiller-Couch his task. The state of the story is now crucial—the style richer than ever in Stevensonian inevitabilities, the atmosphere electric. It will require all "Q.'s" ingenuity to "jine the flats."

MR. KIPLING's silence at the time of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations was commented upon, near and far. While the Poet Laureate, Sir Lewis Morris, Prof. Courthope, and a number of other singers gave voice to the national joy and satisfaction, Mr. Kipling said nothing. It was considered odd, because it is known that no one loves England and England's greatness more jealously than he. But Mr. Kipling had his own reasons. He is not merely a literary man concerned with the fittingness of syllables: he is a traveller, an unerring observer of men and nations; in short, an imperialist who knows his subject and feels strongly. Hence the very remarkable poem which he has contributed to the *Times*.

THE other singers gave us "Processionals": Mr. Kipling's contribution is called "Recessional." It is grave and sonorous as the warning of an oracle, and, above all, it is timely. Mr. Kipling knows both how and when to strike.

We observe that Mr. Kipling's poem has met with some hostility. The *Chronicle*, for example, considers his present position of national admonisher to "beat cock-fighting," and charges him with insincerity. We know very little of cock-fighting, but we do know that an author is capable of development, and that the patriotic poems in *The Seven Seas* are the direct precursors of such an utterance as this Recessional. "When we want admonishment," says the *Chronicle*—"as we often do—we turn to the great names of Milton and Wordsworth. But when we think of Mr. Kipling there arises the vision of certain immortal (but not impeccable) 'Tommies,' not of a prophet of 'fate, foreknowledge, free-will absolute.'" But to regard Mr. Kipling in this limited way is to take no account of his astounding variety and vigour. No man has done more to deserve more generous treatment. We should call the "Recessional" as sincere an expression of the more serious political Kipling as the *Barrack-Room Ballads* are of the other.

MR. KIPLING's poem is to be set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan with the author's consent.

IN the current number of *The Sketch*, a reviewer claims to give the final, flawless estimate of the work entitled *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* which Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have recently published. This he has been led to do by what he considers the mistaken views of other papers, from a number of which, under the pretext of seeing "what the critics have to say," he quotes detached lines. With the *Sketch* reviewer's own remarks on the book we are not concerned, but we do object most strongly to a single line from our review being cited as showing what the ACADEMY's critic "has to say" of the book. The ACADEMY critic wrote at length, deliberately, and with an admixture of praise and blame. To pick out six words from his three-column article and print them as what he "has to say" is unjust. Nothing less than his complete article shows what he "has to say."

WE can understand publishers, for obvious business reasons, detaching favourable lines from reviews of books, and calling them the opinions of critics, but it is not a practice that critics themselves should resort to. Had the *Sketch* reviewer given his extracts merely as a reproduction of the publisher's advertisement we should have nothing to remark. It is when he adds his own comment that this is the opinion of the critics that we object.

THE announcement made by a contemporary that the biography of Prof. Huxley would be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. simultaneously with the life of Lord Tennyson was incorrect. Prof. Huxley's biography will not be seen until the autumn of 1898. We may add that it is being written by the late Prof. Huxley's son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, and that this is the one fact concerning the book that can be given to the public at present.

THE life of Lord Tennyson, written by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, will appear on October 6, and will be contained in two volumes. Some fears have been expressed that this biography might prove to be too severely edited from a family point of view. We shall know the truth of this when the book appears; but in writing the life Lord Tennyson has obtained the advice of many friends of the late Poet Laureate. The biography will contain a number of unpublished poems by the late Laureate.

IT is not probable that any startling development in the discount struggle will take place just yet. But there is no mistake about the reality of the struggle. The publishers are unanimously in favour of the 2d. discount, and they will render effectual aid to the Booksellers' Association. In conversation with a leading publisher the other day we gathered that the difficulties of the question and the strength of the

opposition are fully realised by the party of reform.

IN connexion with the revived popularity of the poems of Col. John Hay, the American Ambassador, a correspondent sends a parody of "Jim Bludso," cut by him some two or three years ago from the columns of the *Globe*, that treasury of parodies. It should, he thinks, amuse Col. Hay's new readers. The circumstance that called forth the parody (which, by the way, purports to be written by Col. Jack Straw) was a fire in Whitechapel, from which a number of girls were rescued by means of an omnibus backed by its driver against the building:

TIM WHIPSO,

Of the Pirate 'Bus.

He weren't no saint—they driver blokes  
Is all of a piece, you know,  
One wife in Highgate, top of the hill,  
And another one here, at Bow.  
While this is all the religion he had—  
To treat his hosses well,  
Never be passed by a rival 'bus,  
And mind the conductor's bell.

But as full of grit as you like was Tim,  
With an awkward tongue in a block:  
Why, I've heard him reproving a Pickford  
Till the hoss went lame from the shock.  
And he worried the slops—but on Court days  
I'd run my chance with Tim,  
For there ain't a beak as could come down hard  
On a man who could joke like him.

All shops has their day in Whitechapel,  
And Goldstein's come at last;  
The flames was licking the Milky Way  
When Tim went driving past.  
He saw a face at a window,  
And backed his 'bus and roared,  
'I'll hold the staircase agin' the kerb  
Till the last girl out's on board!'

Through the hot black breath of the burning  
house  
Tim Whipso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness  
And knowed he would keep his word.  
And Tim's conductor caught her  
As she jumped for it then and there,  
And, true to his pirate principles,  
He charged her double fare!

A REVIEWER in the *Chronicle*, writing of a work on polo, mentions Mr. Kipling's story, "The Maltese Cat," as the only reference to the game in fiction. To what extent the game may have been treated by novelists we cannot say, but certainly there is a fine and exciting polo match in Mr. Crawford's novel, *Mr. Isaacs*.

SOME few weeks ago, in anticipation of the tourist season, orders went forth that Custom House officers were to be strict in confiscating Tauchnitz volumes. Possibly with a view to the encouragement of literary smugglers, Messrs. Heinemann & Balestier's Library, which sprang into existence half-a-dozen years ago and suddenly ceased its activities, has now recommenced. Since January, Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Book* and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda* have been added to the list. It remains to be seen whether the rules concerning Tauchnitz volumes extend also to the rival series.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE will visit America in the autumn for the purpose of delivering fifty readings from his books.

THE latest book-collecting story is not bad. A book-lover, who is also a tobacco-lover, walked into an East-end tobacconist's shop just in time to see the proprietress calmly tearing pages from a black-letter book to make wrappers for half ounces of shag. The book was an Elizabethan volume called *The Good Housewife's Jewell*. He bought it for a shilling. But three leaves had already been basely used and were gone from the shop. The collector offered a reward for each of the missing pages, not a large one—he did the whole thing frugally—but the promise of a pint of beer to each of the three purchasers who had a page in his possession was quite enough. The missing three pages were all recovered, though one was literally plucked from the burning, a navy having twisted it up to light his pipe with it.

A SCHOOLMASTER having read, with pain and surprise, the *Spectator's* recent article on "The Illiterate Undergraduate," to which we have already alluded, set fifteen boys in the upper school sixth form a literary examination paper to test the soundness of the *Granta's* pessimistic views, these boys being fairly representative of the average undergraduate. In the result eleven boys "showed at least a fair, some a very good, knowledge of *David Copperfield*. The two best papers, which were really admirable examples of literary criticism, did not attempt this question, I cannot suppose from ignorance, but from want of time. Nine showed a good knowledge of Kingsley. Eight gave me a good account of one out of the three of Sir Walter Scott's greater novels to which I limited them. Ten showed an admirable knowledge of either *Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*, or *The Newcomes*, one or two of these answers being particularly excellent. The average number of Stevenson's works which these boys had read was four. The average number of George Eliot's was one. Three only, I regret to say, knew anything about Mrs. Proudie, but though Trollope is my favourite novelist, he has unaccountably declined in public favour."

So much for the upper school. The schoolmaster continues: "Hardly a boy in the fifth and middle forms was in the state described by the *Granta*, though I regret to say most of the 'moderns' were. Yet some even of these were not so."

It is stated that Mark Twain will spend the winter in Vienna, where his daughter, who intends to become a public singer, will take lessons.

A new edition of the late Prof. Drummond's *Ascent of Man* has just been published, bringing the work to its twenty-fifth thousand. In the August number of *Wee Willie Winkie*, a bright little magazine for "bairns," which is controlled by Lady Aberdeen and her daughter, a humorous story for children from Prof. Drummond's pen will be pub-

lished under the title "The Monkey That Would Not Kill."

THE first volume of a new scientific series will be published in the autumn called "The Progressive Science Series." The title, which is intended to be indicative of the character and scope of the volumes as opposed to a series whose object were merely historical or expository. In other words, the volumes, although not in any way neglecting history or exposition, will endeavour to indicate the line of future discoveries in each particular branch, and save investigators trouble by going over ground that has recently been trodden without result. Among the authors and volumes already in preparation are the following: Prof. Cope will write on Vertebrate Palaeontology, Mr. Geikie on Earth Structure, Mr. St. George Mivart on the Groundwork of Science, Mr. Bonney on Volcanoes. Other volumes are in contemplation on Heredity in Relation to Crime, in both its legal and scientific aspects, on the Relation between Science and Religion, upon the Animal Ovum, upon Theories of Matter, and possibly a volume upon Marriage and Divorce. The series in its entirety will comprise volumes on every branch of science, some half-dozen or more being published in each year at first. Mr. Beddard is the general editor of the series, which will be issued by Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.

*Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Ireland in 1688* is the title of a new work on the Spanish Armada to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately. The first part is by Mr. Hugh Allingham, who gives a history from contemporary sources of the destruction of part of the Armada on the Irish coast, and of Captain Cuellar's adventures after being cast ashore. The second part contains a complete translation from the Spanish by Mr. Robert Crawford, and Cuellar's own narrative of the Armada and his travels in Connacht and Ulster.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS & Co. will publish on October 15 a large art work under the title *Christ and His Mother in Italian Art*. The work is edited by the Rev. Canon Eyton and Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). It consists of fifty examples of Madonnas, holy families, nativities, crucifixions, and other subjects portraying the various incidents in the life of Jesus Christ. A portfolio of India proofs of these plates for the purpose of framing will accompany the volume.

THE second edition of Mr. Henry Dunning MacLeod's *Theory of Credit*, vol. ii., part ii., will be published next week.

THE forthcoming number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain a short poem to the memory of Mrs. Oliphant by the Rev. J. H. Skrine, author of *Joan the Maid*. It will also include a description of a famine camp in Burmah, by a writer well known in the East by the name of "H. Fielding." The fiction will comprise a further instalment of Mrs. Fraser's novel, "A Chapter of Accidents," and a short story called "A Village Sovereign."

## A BUNDLE OF EPITAPHS.

IT is wonderful, considering how self-conscious is the race of bards, that so few poets have composed their own epitaphs. One would have thought that, with the essential morbidness of the poetic temperament, most, if not all, of them would have devoted some melancholy hour to the pleasing task of thinking out a verse for their tombstones. Yet how few there are who have done it! Keats, of course, one of the youngest and consequently most self-conscious of poets, did so, and every one knows the celebrated line which he ordered to be placed upon his grave:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Surely an epitaph as pathetic as any that has been made for early death and genius, and one that must have touched an answering chord in such a man as Byron, despite the contemptuous couplet in *Don Juan*:

"'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Few poets, however, have been so happy in their self-composed epitaphs as Keats. Coleridge wrote two, one in Latin and one in English, both bad. Prior one, which may be quoted rather for its brevity than for any particular merit:

"To me 'twas given to die, to thee 'tis given  
To live: alas! one moment sets us even,  
Mark! How impartial is the will of Heaven."

Yes, it is certainly bad! Herrick's two are better, but still not good. One is of the ordinary commonplace order. The other may be quoted, if only for its extraordinary metre:

"Thus I  
Pass by,  
And die,  
As one  
Unknown  
And gone:  
I'm made  
A shade,  
And laid  
I' th' grave,  
There have  
My cave;  
Where till  
I dwell,  
Fare well."

Its merit is not conspicuous. There is, of course, the famous one of Shakespeare, though some are hardy enough to deny that Shakespeare wrote it:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here!  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Villon made "an epitaph in the form of a ballade" for himself and his companions, expecting to be hanged along with them, but it is too long to give here, and is strictly speaking more ballade than epitaph. He also made a quatrain on himself when he was condemned to death.

Horace in one of his most celebrated Odes writes a couple of lines which, if they were not intended for an epitaph, have been plentifully used as such:

"Non omnis moriar multaque pars me  
Vitabit Libitinam—"

which the old cynic in Mr. Mallock's *New*

*Republic* adapted to himself sufficiently neatly as:

"Omnis moriar nullaue pars mei  
Vitabit Libitinam."

It is in the *New Republic*, too, that that other extract from Horace is made to do duty as an epitaph for a courtesan:

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti  
Tempus abire tibi est."

"You have wantoned enough with me; you have eaten enough of my substance; you have drunk enough of my champagne; 'tis high time for you to go"—as he translates it.

Swift, as one would expect, composed his own epitaph, and a fine one it is:

"Hic depositum est Corpus  
Jonathan Swift, S.T.P.  
Hujus ecclesie Cathedralis  
Decani  
Ubi sæva indignatio  
Uterius cor lacerare nequit.  
Abi Viator  
Et imitare, si poteris,  
Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem."

Nothing could be finer nor more apt than the *sæva indignatio* of the fifth line, and nothing more characteristic of Swift than the trumpeting of his patriotism in lines eight and nine. Poor Swift was never tired of recalling to his readers his share in the rather ignoble Irish squabble with what seems to have been a tolerably harmless measure of currency, Wood's halfpence.

The great storehouse of epitaphs either made by the persons buried beneath them, or at least written as if so made, is, of course, the Greek Anthology. These epitaphs have the simple, lucid, unstrained style which is to be found only in Ben Jonson's epitaphs among English poets. The ability to tell the plain story of the dead man plainly and yet poetically is his alone among the moderns. Among the Greeks it was more common. There is no straining after effect, no attempt at wit, nothing that could be called in the modern sense epigrammatic. Very often the couplet or quatrain contains merely a brief, simple statement of how the deceased lived and died, without a word either of comment or criticism. There are, of course, exceptions. The following, for example, has undeniably the epigrammatic touch:

Ἐξηκοτοῦτης Διονύσιος ἐνθάδε κείμεναι  
Τάρσευς, μὴ γήμας· αἶθε δὲ μήδ' ὁ πατήρ.

"Here lie I, Dionysius of Tarsus, dead at sixty. I never married. Would my father had not!"

A more splendid epitaph for a true cynic it would be impossible to conceive. Even that single word "*Miserrimus*" over an unknown grave at Westminster is not more impressive. There are epitaphs on shipwrecked sailors without number in the Anthology, and most of them are very happy.

Ναυήγου τάρφος εἶμι· οὐ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ δὲ ἡμεῖς  
ἄλουμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρου.

"I am the tomb of one shipwrecked, but sail thou on. For when we sank, others were safe on sea."

It is, of course, impossible to give the neatness and delicacy of the Greek, but even in English the effect is not wholly lost. Here is one of the simplest and most character-

istic. Ben Jonson might have written it, but surely no other English poet:

Δωδεκατῇ τὸν παῖδα πάτερ ἀπέθηκε Φίλιππος  
ἐνθάδε, τὴν πόλιν ἐλπίδα, Νικοτέλες.

"His father Philip buried here his twelve-year old boy, his darling hope, Nicoteles."

There are besides two admirable epitaphs on seamen by Plato which are perhaps too well known to quote. This of Simonides, however, may be given for the sake of the grim irony in its last line:

Κρήε γενεάν Βροτάχου Γορτύσιος ἐνθάδε κείμεναι  
Οὐ κατὰ τοῦτ' ἐλθέειν, ἀλλὰ κατὰ ἐμπορίας.

"A Cretan by birth, I, Brotachus, of Gortyna, lie here, who came not hither for this, but for traffic."

The humour of the man who did not set out to find a tomb but only to sell merchandise could hardly be more delicately suggested. There is a neat one by Fleming, which is worth quoting, though flippancy is rather out of place in an epitaph:

"What thou art reading o'er my bones  
I've often read on other stones;  
And others soon shall read of thee  
What thou art reading now of me."

The following by S. A. is a neat translation of one of Plato's:

"That is a farmer's, this a sailor's grave:  
One end awaits the land, and one the wave."

The difficulty being that it is the *same* end which awaits them, whereas the English might mean a different one. Another translation, from the same hand, is better:

"In holy slumber here reposing lies  
Timocritus: ne'er say the good man dies."

It is a pity that a collection of what might be called self-made epitaphs is not made. They would make an interesting book, and though some of them would no doubt be difficult to authenticate, it would surely be possible to obtain enough to fill a small volume.

## JEAN INGELow.

SOME admirers of Miss Jean Ingelow may be surprised, others perhaps grieved, that her death has not been the occasion of more important biographical notices. One morning paper gives her a brief paragraph to which the importance of a head-line is denied. Another evades the duty of giving any dates or other landmarks of her career. A third (and this the *Chronicle*), giving the date of her first signed book of poems, antedates it by twenty years. The list of inadequacies might be prolonged; yet the newspapers are not to be blamed for any intention of neglect. Miss Ingelow herself is responsible; for she had never scattered about her any biographical materials. Very deliberate in all she did—she waited till she was forty-three before she published her first acknowledged book of verse—she did not anticipate her death by any details for publication about her life. She was old-fashioned in most things, even to primness, in her dress, in her speech, in her notions—one of which was that women should not tell their ages to the public of strangers. Born "about" such and such a year is,

therefore, the nearest guess that books of biographical reference supply of her. These are the reticences which led to a certain barrenness of biographical notice at the time of her death; not any failure in admiration for the writer of *Brothers and a Sermon*, of *Divided*, of *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, of *Gladys and her Island*, and of all those other songs and poems of sea and land and sky, varied in their human interest, sometimes dramatic and sometimes lyrical, but always brave and clean and smiling, with which she delighted her readers in the sixties, winning a place in popular favour second only to that of Tennyson. Her first series of "Poems" has reached by now a twenty-third edition. There is no regret for that. There is no critic to grudge to work such as hers that great success. Or if there is the ghost of a regret, it is one bred of comparison only. "Imagine my feelings of envy and humiliation!" cried out Miss Christina Rossetti on receiving a copy of only the eighth edition of Miss Ingelow.

Jean Ingelow (the Jean came from her Scottish mother, and the *g* in the surname is a soft one) was born in 1820 at Boston, in Lincolnshire. She has made music out of Boston bells; more uniformly than Tennyson does Lincolnshire and the East Coast appear and reappear in her poetry. Her father was a banker, and afterwards moved to Ipswich. Banking and Evangelicalism have conspicuously run together in certain well-known families; and they did in hers. Almost Quakerlike some of her likings and aversions might be called. She had no sympathy, for instance, with the war-note which nearly every modern poet has awakened. Even Tennyson, for whom she had an intense admiration, had no message for her there; and the younger poets, who took Tommy Atkins for their hero, could never be hers. In all her many poems not one line, not one word, will be found in justification, still less in praise, of war. In *Kismet* the story of a boy's longing for freedom and the sea is given; and somebody once suggested to her that she had helped perhaps to recruit the Navy. This suggestion meant only horror for her, and she gave the verses a careful re-reading, intending, if she thought that interpretation a possible one, to cancel the offending stanza, or, if necessary, the whole poem. She not only hated evil, she loved to do good. Her charities to the poor were unceasing.

Miss Ingelow's first volume, *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings*, appeared anonymously in 1850. Then in 1863 came the *Poems by Jean Ingelow*, which never paused till fourteen editions had been sold, and which are selling, but less resolutely, to this day. Her fame was made in a month. She was set to music, she was recited, she was parodied by Calverley, and brought out in an illustrated *édition de luxe*. From Boston, not indeed in Lincolnshire, but in New England, she had hundreds of letters and two newspaper notices to tell her that in America, even more quickly than in England, she had made her mark on contemporary sentiment. James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes were her admirers. Even

Tennyson was generous in his encomiums. Mr. Ruskin, whose praise has always been precious to women, was at her feet. So that the critic and the casual reader for once agreed together in their appreciation. Of this quick and keen popularity there has been some failure, no doubt, in later days. Her *Story of Doom*, and *Other Poems*, had a welcome only second to its predecessor; but the third series of *Poems* had to make its way among a crowd of new competitors. Time, however, will always right the slight injustice of reaction; and even at this hour there is a sort of remorse of reconsideration among those who have left Miss Ingelow's poems neglected on their shelves these last ten or twenty years. Their old beauty comes as a new surprise. Never hungry for fame, she did not mourn over any signs of its decline.

She did a vast amount of prose writing in the seventies—*Off the Skelligs*, *Fated to be Free*, *Don John*, and *Sarah de Berenger*. Other books of hers were: *Stories Told to a Child*, *Studies for Stories*, and *Mopsa the Fairy*. She wrote with great facility; and she did not alter or polish much in either prose or verse. Though influenced in style by Coleridge, by Tennyson, by Wordsworth, she had her own definite note, distinguishable by its simple freshness. She thought she was meant to be "more original than the creature afterwards became"; but that saying she applied, we imagine, to her life more than to her literature. Among her intimate friends was Mr. Mundella, who survived her only one day.

Very conventional were her surroundings when, after her mother's death, she moved from Holland-street to Holland Villas-road, Kensington. The little house had a little garden; and, perhaps, the greatest excitement in her later life was a garden-party of her own giving. One of the last appearances of Mr. Locker-Lampson was in that very garden one summer afternoon; and in that guest and hostess have passed away types that are rapidly becoming extinct, delightful in old-world courtesy, indulgent to the errors of days gone by, if a little impatient to the moods of a generation younger than their own.

In accounting for the great popularity obtained by Miss Ingelow, one has only to remember how often and how well she sang of the sea: not the sea on which our warships and our mercantile navies ride gloriously, but the sea we have known best in childhood, on which the herring fleet puts forth in the evening. We think, indeed, that Miss Ingelow will be longest remembered as the fisherman's poet. No poet has been more haunted by the roar of winter seas beneath the cliffs on which the lights of the fishing village flit and flicker. No poet has so persistently sung the dirges of those whom the sea has claimed. Take the verses from the "Requiescat in Pace":

"It was three months and over since the dear  
lad had started:  
On the green downs at Cromer I sat to see  
the view;  
In an open space of herbage, where the ling  
and fern had parted,  
Betwixt the tall white lighthouse towers,  
the old and the new.

"Below me lay the wide sea, the scarlet sun  
was stooping,  
And he dyed the waste water, as with a  
scarlet dye;  
And he dyed the lighthouse towers; every  
bird with white wing swooping  
Took his colours, and the cliffs did, and the  
yawning sky.

"Over grass came that strange flush, and over  
ling and heather,  
Over flocks and sheep and lambs, and over  
Cromer town;  
And each filmy cloudlet crossing drifted like  
a scarlet feather  
Torn from the folded wings of clouds,  
while he settled down."

It is significant that the one of the very sweetest lyrical passages in Miss Ingelow's poetry has a terrible context. For the milking-song that "my sonne's wife, Elizabeth," sings in *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire* is the last her lips make before the tide, deaf to the mad ringing of Boston church bells, sweeps over the pasture. This is how Elizabeth sung:

"'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
'Cusha! Cusha!' all along  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth;  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Faintly came her milking song—

"'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling  
'For the dews will soon be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowlips, cowlips yellow;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come up Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed.'"

Such verse is not great, but it is pleasant. Much of Miss Ingelow's poetry speaks from the heart; particularly is this true of the verse which we will quote in conclusion:

"O my lost love, and my own, own love,  
And my love that loved me so!  
Is there never a chink in the world above  
Where they listen for words from below?  
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,  
I remember all that I said,  
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more  
Till the sea gives up her dead."

#### "SHIRLEY."

THE *Blackwood* group of writers has suffered another loss in the death of Sir John Skelton ("Shirley"), who had long been a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazines*. Sir John Skelton's later literary work was done in the leisure left to him after discharging the duties as Vice-President of the Local Government Board for Scotland, to which post he was presented by Sir George Trevelyan. In March last he resigned his office, which he had held by special license beyond the age limit. Sir John Skelton received one of the recent Jubilee knight-hoods, although he had not been



actually invested with the honour. His favourite subject of study was Mary Queen of Scots, whom he ardently defended in a work which was the first of the series of sumptuous Lives of the Queens of England, which included the Bishop of London's *Queen Elizabeth* and the forthcoming Life of Queen Victoria by Mr. Holmes. In earlier life Sir John Skelton wrote a clever political novel, in which the hero was a blend of Canning and Disraeli. He also attempted to save *Noctes Ambrosianæ* from the neglect that had overtaken it by abridging it, an attempt which he had to admit was unsuccessful. An early number of the ACADEMY contained a very sympathetic review of Sir John's abridgment of Christopher North's book by the late Mr. Stevenson. Undoubtedly, Sir John Skelton's most popular book was his *Table-Talk of Shirley*, in which he gave his reminiscences of Mr. Froude, and many interesting letters that he had received from the historian. Sir John Skelton was an intimate friend of the late Mrs. Oliphant.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### A LIBRARY FOR JOURNALISTS.

LONDON is full of a number of things, and every day one hears of a new one—new, that is, to one's circumscribed and ignorant self. The other day I became aware of the St. Bride's Foundation Institute, where, I was given to understand, there was a Library for Journalists. I put on my hat and went out to find that Foundation Institute and that Library for Journalists. Entering an imposing building in St. Bride's-lane, Fleet-street, some folding glazed doors attracted me, and I peeped through them. They opened on a swimming bath! Even while I gazed the long lean fin of a penny-a-liner went silently past me in the water, or so I deemed it; and beyond I saw what might be a school of sub-editors churning the green wave into copy—I mean foam. Amazed, I passed on to another door marked "Library," and entered. "Mr. Lange," I said, "I seem to perceive that I am in an Institution. Here I see hundreds of books, and I infer this is a Library. Talk to me at large till my surprise abates. Why are you here? and what niche in the universal scheme do you think you are filling?"

"I think," said Mr. Lange, "that I ought to refer you to the Secretary of the Institute for a full answer to your question, but I can tell you all about the Library. I may mention, however, that this Institute is one of those established in pursuance of a scheme under the City of London Parochial Charities Act of 1883. This scheme was approved by the Privy Council in 1883, and its practical outcome so far has been the erection of large institutes in Bishopsgate Without, Cripplegate, and here. The idea in building this particular Institute, which has been open a year and a half, was to establish technical classes in connexion with the printing trades."

"Now I understand. And the Library?"

"Well, to begin with, you should say libraries, not library. There are three distinct collections of books here, and I will name them in the order in which they were acquired. At the time when the technical classes were mooted Mr. William Blades's valuable library of books relating to the printing trades was found to be in the market. It would infallibly have been shortly dispersed, but a number of newspaper proprietors and other leading men in the Fleet-street neighbourhood had the spirit to buy it and lodge it here. I must now explain that the Blades books are mainly historical; they relate, that is to say, to past developments of printing and bookbinding. It was quickly seen, therefore, that they did not meet the whole requirements of the technical schools. To cut the story short, Mr. Passmore Edwards put down £500 for the purchase of the best modern text-books, and these, when obtained, were added to the Blades collection. We now make a point of securing every new and practical work on printing, bookbinding, lithography, colour-printing, and the allied arts, and also copies of all the trade journals."

"Then you claim to have a very good library of books about the making of books, and printing generally?"

"Yes, our collection is very large, and will disappoint very few people who wish to use it for reference. I have still to name our third collection. This is the general Lending and Reference Library which you see around you."

"How many books does it contain, Mr. Lange?"

"Over 4,000."

"Now will you give me an idea of the kind of reading that is popular here? Do you classify the books used?"

"Oh, yes; here is the tabular statement which I included in our last report. You will see that Fiction reigns here, as everywhere. The statement refers to the year 1896."

Mr. Lange handed me the following document, which I think sufficiently interesting to quote in its entirety:

#### ST. BRIDE FOUNDATION INSTITUTE LIBRARIES.

Total Issues from Jan. 1 to December 31, 1896.

A Religion and Philosophy . . .	710
B Biography . . .	1,059
C History and Archaeology . . .	1,147
D Law, Politics, and Sociology . . .	568
E Industrial Arts . . .	137
F Fine Arts . . .	485
G Science . . .	1,403
H Fiction . . .	47,101
J Poetry and Essays . . .	1,280
K Travel and Topography . . .	1,610
L Linguistics . . .	320
M Miscellaneous and Collected . . .	317
General Reference Department . . .	535
Technical Library . . .	94

Total 56,766

"The total," said Mr. Lange, commenting on this list, "works out an average of 189 books lent per day."

"And how many borrowers had you in 1896—your first year, was it not?"

"Yes, our first complete year. We had

something over 500 on our lists in January; by the end of the year there were nearly 2,500 persons to whom we were lending books."

"Well, now, reverting to your list, will you tell me what kind of Fiction is most popular with your borrowers? Are the standard novelists—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—much read?"

"Yes, the demand for these writers is very fair, especially for Dickens, whose popularity, I cannot help thinking, is on the increase. We have two sets of his works, and I believe that not a single volume of either set is on the shelves."

"Well, then, about modern writers?"

"Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle are very popular; so also is Stanley Weyman. During the run of 'Under the Red Robe' at the Haymarket Theatre we were asked for Weyman's novel dozens of times a day. Grant Allen's novels are popular with young clerks, and so are the novels of James Grant. Then the demand for Hall Caine's books is good."

"And Miss Marie Corelli?"

"Well, I needn't tell you."

"Excuse me, but you need. Are her works much in request?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"Among men?"

"Yes; they want her books continually."

"By the way, who are your readers?"

"They belong to all classes, from printers' devils to bank managers. We have many Salvationists, many Post Office employés, especially from the Savings Banks. However, on the opening of the Cripplegate Institute we transferred fifteen hundred of our borrowers to it. Formerly we served the whole western portion of the City, but now we share this area with Cripplegate."

"I see you point out the usefulness of the Library to journalists."

"Yes; we refer especially to the six hundred or so books of reference which can be consulted here, but not taken away. These include all the usual works, not omitting the *Dictionary of National Biography*."

"And do journalists, as a matter of fact, make use of the Reference Library?"

"Not to anything like the extent that they might. The fact is, we have scarcely had time to make the Library fully known. Although we have some 4,400 books, exclusive of some 4,000 books in the technical collections, we regard the Library as still in its infancy."

"What is the qualification for borrowing?"

"A borrower must live or be employed in the district, and supply the signature of his employer or manager. We only require that it shall be possible to trace him. It is our policy to make borrowing extremely easy, and we have had no cause to alter it. In fact, we never lose a book."

"Have you a printed Catalogue of the books in the Library?"

"Oh, yes; here it is."

Mr. Lange put into my hands a well-arranged and neatly bound Catalogue of nearly 400 pages. The Library hours, I learned, are from 12 noon to 3 p.m., and from 5 p.m. till 9 p.m., and these hours apply to all departments.

## WHAT AMERICA READS.

THE American *Bookman* again publishes interesting lists of the books which are now most in demand in the great towns of the States and Canada. In each list the books are named in order of demand. A partial analysis of the thirty lists shows that *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, is the most popular volume of fiction in America just now. It heads ten lists. The next most popular book is still Sienkiewicz' *Quo Vadis*, no newer book having ousted it from the second place. It appears in nearly every list. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* is very popular; it heads four lists, and is named in fourteen. Other books that stand out prominently are *The Green Book*, by Maurus Jókai; *The Great K. and A. Train Robbery*, by Paul Leicester Ford; *Miss Archer Archer*, by Clara Louise Burnham; and there is fair demand for *Ziska*, *Hilda Strafford*, *Lads' Love*, and *On the Face of the Waters*. Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Gir* is first favourite in Atlanta, while in Salt Lake City it will be seen that Mr. Gilbert Parker is most read. The proportion of American books now in favour with American readers seems to be larger than we have known it before, and this, of course, is as it should be, though we rejoice that English writers find both laurels and profits in the States. The following five lists show what books are most in favour in New York, Chicago, Boston, Salt Lake City, and Montreal:

## NEW YORK.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Richard Harding Davis.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *The Green Book*. By Maurus Jókai.
5. *The Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Paul Leicester Ford.
6. *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*. By P. L. Ford.

## CHICAGO.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Richard Harding Davis.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *On the Red Staircase*. By Taylor.
5. *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*. By J. K. Bangs.
6. *Miss Archer Archer*. By Clara Louise Burnham.

## BOSTON.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Farthest North*. By Dr. Nansen.
3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz.
4. *Miss Archer Archer*. By Clara Louise Burnham.
5. *The Wisdom of Fools*. By Margaret Deland.
6. *Hilda Strafford*. By Beatrice Harraden.

## SALT LAKE CITY.

1. *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.
2. *Pierre and his People*. By Gilbert Parker.
3. *An Adventurer in the North*. By Gilbert Parker.
4. *Romany Snows*. By Gilbert Parker.
5. *King Noanett*. By F. J. Stimson.
6. *Checkers*. By Blossom.

## MONTREAL.

1. *Lads' Love*. By S. R. Crockett.
2. *A Story-Teller's Pack*. By Frank R. Stockton.
3. *Hilda Strafford*. By Beatrice Harraden.
4. *Ziska*. By Marie Corelli.
5. *Odd*. By the Author of Probable Sons.
6. *On the Face of the Waters*. By Flora Annie Steel.

## MUSIC.

## THE OPERA SEASON.

IT is easy to read the signs of the times: classical opera is not dead; novelties, unless very interesting, are dangerous; Wagner reigns all supreme. Those signs being well studied, a manager or syndicate ought to find little difficulty in framing a scheme which shall prove successful. By this I mean commercially successful. It would, of course, be a good thing if directors of an opera-house could first consider the claims of high art, but this will only be the case when the State grants an annual subsidy. Rent is dear, salaries are high, and current expenses are heavy; all this practical music has to be faced, and the taste of the public has, therefore, to be taken into consideration. And then the opera season is so short: there is no time for a really representative series of performances.

Why, it may be asked, does not the State offer to support a national opera-house? And again. Why does not the public agitate until such is granted? Of these two questions the second is the easier, and it shall therefore be answered first. There is a great public which never frequents the opera, and it is not at all likely that it will become sanguine about a thing of which it does not feel the need. And even the small public—for, as at concerts so at the opera, the same faces are to be seen over and over again—which does take interest in dramatic music is more or less satisfied with what is, and does not trouble itself about what ought to be. Public taste must be guided; it will not improve of itself. But statesmen, one might think, would see how much good would result from a national opera-house at which the best of every school could be heard. No doubt there are some in favour of such a scheme; however, the greater number, I fear, look upon stage performances as amusement; and past history, with few exceptions, accounts only too well for such an opinion. Properly conducted, however, the stage would prove a mighty factor in civilisation. Has not the three-volume novel, with its sentimental, sensational, or humorous story, made way for works of a higher stamp, in which social, political, nay even religious, subjects are treated! In like manner the stage has become more serious. But it takes a long time to eradicate old ideas, and the majority of statesmen cannot probably understand the importance of dramatic representations, and their usefulness in improving and refining the public. I speak only of a national opera-house, but, of course, a national theatre is equally necessary.

For the moment, however, such things are castles in the air. Let us, then, only consider present conditions. The season at Covent Garden almost brought to a close has made a feature, if not a very strong one, of classical opera. Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*" and "*Don Juan*" have been performed with considerable success. But there are operas of Gluck, such as "*Alceste*," "*Armide*," not to mention "*Orfeo*," which might

be profitably revived. And why should Beethoven's "*Fidelio*" be so neglected? And in addition to these masterpieces there is many an old opera which ought not to be consigned to oblivion.

The question of novelties is a difficult one. It is well that we should know what is being done in our day. The two novelties this season were interesting; and yet I cannot help thinking two others by foreigners, and of greater interest, could have been selected. Native art, too, might have been represented.

Chief place has been assigned to Wagner, and this is, of course, most natural. Apart from the power of his music-dramas to draw large audiences, they are of commanding interest. But owing to the shortness of the season there is no means of doing justice to other men and other schools. Wagner has not killed classical opera; for the present, however, the one has thrown the other into the shade. Place ought to be found for both.

MR. SCHULTZ-CURTIS takes time by the forelock. He announces three concerts at Queen's Hall in the autumn (November 9, 16, and December 7), and three in the spring of 1898 (April 26, May 17, and June 16). The conductors announced are: MM. Felix Mottl, Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Felix Weingartner. The programmes will be announced in due course. M. Strauss will conduct some of his own compositions.

## SCIENCE.

A BRIEF and unsatisfying note in *Nature* this week calls attention to an essay just published by E. Hahn, entitled "*Baubo und Demeter, Versuch einer Theorie der Entstehung unseres Ackerbaus*," which deals with the question of man's earliest efforts in agriculture and their relation to primitive religion. Having not yet received the pamphlet, I know nothing about the author's views on this last point beyond that he "is greatly impressed with the effect of religion on the progress of early culture"—not a very luminous observation—and that "he holds the waggon to have been originally employed for the transport of effigies of the goddess of fertility, probably the moon, and that later it became a secular vehicle."

THESES on the relation of religion to early field culture continue to multiply since Mannhardt first gave a decided impetus to the subject. I have recently come across two, which serve to illustrate the divergent nature of its treatment. One is by Prof. Karl Pearson, a noted folk-lorist, and is contained in the essay on "*Woman as Witch*," which begins the second volume of his recently published papers. The other is embodied in an "afterword" to Mr. Grant Allen's translation of the *Attis*, and represents some early reflections of that ingenious thinker matured by Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Prof. Pearson traces the beginnings of agriculture in that crepuscular epoch

known as the "mother-age." According to him woman was responsible for it. The witch, or wise woman, first differentiated out for worship, survives in the word "hag," probably a relic of *Hagen* or *Gehag*, "a staked enclosure," and signifying the priestess or the goddess who presided over man's first protected community. Numberless ceremonies, from our own may-pole dances to the wilder orgies of the *Kermesse* and the *Walpurgismacht*, still typify the periodical honour paid to a female divinity who encouraged fertility, blessed crops, and whose worship was associated with the earliest of all inventions—the distaff, the broom, and the pitchfork.

"Since agriculture in its elements is essentially due to women, hunting and the chase characteristic of man," says Prof. Pearson, "the emblems of early agriculture would be closely associated with the primitive goddess. The smaller domestic animals—the goat, the boar, the goose, and the cock and hen—would be connected with her worship. The earth, as a symbol of fertility, would be brought into close relationship with the mother deity. She would be a goddess of agriculture and child-birth, of reproductivity in the soil, of fecundity in animals,"

and so on. Her shrine might be the hearth, or it might be the clearing in the forest. Often it survives as the hill-top, where originally would have stood the palisaded dwelling of a group, and where cultivation first appeared.

I HAVE said enough to indicate generally Prof. Pearson's line of argument, but in too limited a space to do full justice to the interest of his treatment or to the remarkable range of incident and survival by means of which he illustrates it. He evidently believes that while man was hunting woman was employed in developing the first implements and the earliest rudiments of field culture. The knowledge gained in this pursuit soon made her weatherwise, and thus she gained an ascendancy which culminated in "mother-right" or descent from the female side, one of the earliest stages of civilisation in most communities. Why man, with his hunting proclivities and constant open-air life, did not become even more weather-wise does not appear. Nor do I feel entirely convinced that the dawn of agriculture was as Prof. Pearson puts it. A more reasonable origin, it seems to me, is that propounded by Mr. Grant Allen, from whose excursus on the *Attis* I again extract the barest fragment.

THE first god, says Mr. Allen, was the ancestral ghost, whose assistance man invoked, whose resentment he appeased. The seat of the ghost would be the ancestral barrow, barrows being traced to the earliest of all known ages, the hunter period. Upon the barrow would be offered sacrifices of seeds and animals. Inside, at all events in certain ages, would be a hecatomb of slaughtered wives and animals. The mere fact of the tumulus being built of freshly turned earth would render it more fertile than the surrounding soil, and with the contributory causes just mentioned the barrow

might be expected to show signs of fertility and cultivation sufficient to open the eyes of even primitive man to the advantages of digging, sowing, and suitable manure. Hence might have arisen the science of agriculture. Like Prof. Pearson, Mr. Grant Allen supports his hypothesis with a learned array of instances and survivals, not the least interesting of which is the habit which prevailed until recent times in Ireland of pouring new milk upon the "fairy knows," which from this kindly treatment stood out like emerald bosses. It is not the woman here, but the god represented by the ancestral ghost within the barrow, who would be credited with this power of fecundity. Out of this grew that vast network of myth and legend dealing with gods who died and came to life again, representing in their own acts the transformation of the seasons. This is another story altogether, and is narrated at length in that marvellous work *The Golden Bough*. I suppose we shall have a good deal of it also in Mr. Grant Allen's forthcoming book with the impossible name, *The Evolution of God*.

H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE DISCOUNT ON BOOKS.

London: July 21.

I have read with interest your interviews on the Discount Question in the ACADEMY of July 17—the one *pro* and the one *con*. The gentleman interviewed in the latter alludes to the proposed reduction of the discount from 3d. to 2d. as an interference with "Free Trade," and I suppose it was inevitable that the fetish should be dragged in. Of all economists there is none so ignorant as your determined Free Trader, because, although he pins his faith to them, he knows not the first elements of Richard Cobden's doctrines. For his benefit, and once and for all to get rid of this ignorant misunderstanding of a great principle of trade, may I quote the following words of Cobden, delivered in London on February 8, 1884, in which he explained his theory of Free Trade?

"What is Free Trade? By Free Trade we mean the abolition of all protective duties. It is very possible that our children, or, at all events, their offspring, may be wise enough to dispense with Custom-house duties altogether. They may think it prudent and economical to raise their revenues by direct taxation, without circumventing their foreign trade. We do not propose to do that; but there are a class of men who have taken possession of the Custom-house, and have installed their clerks there, to collect revenue for their own particular benefit, and we intend to remove them out of the Custom-house."

The intended reduction of discount is as much an interference with Free Trade (i.e., "the abolition of all protective duties") as is a police order to prevent costers' carts from lingering too long in crowded thoroughfares, or organ-grinders from plying their trade to the annoyance of the neighbourhood. To saddle the discount movement with the stigma of prejudicing Free Trade is on the silly old principle of using a big word rather than a small one if you want to make your abuse irresistible. Irresponsible vagrants must learn that every community is governed by the most determined rules of self-preservation, and that the common weal is always of greater importance than any individual advantage.

COBDENITE.

### "MR. W. H." AND THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

London: July 16.

I cannot hope that the Editor of the ACADEMY would give me space to discuss in general either Mr. Lee's article or even the review in your issue of July 10. My observations must be confined to matters with respect to which I have perhaps some sort of claim to be regarded as a "specialist," as numerous communications in previous numbers of this journal may show. With your reviewer I entirely agree that the "love-story" embodied in the Sonnets, or at least its commencement, cannot be placed later than Shakespeare's thirty-fifth year. So, also, I agree in rejecting Mr. Lee's date for the completed Sonnets (1594). I am satisfied, too, that Willobie's *Avia* of that year has nothing whatever to do with these Poems.

If Mr. Lee now "makes short work of the view that Mr. W. H. was William Herbert," it is a remarkable fact that, when he wrote his article on that nobleman in the *Dictionary*, he said:

"Shakespeare's young friend was doubtless Pembroke himself, and 'the dark lady' in all probability was Pembroke's mistress, Mary Fitton. Nothing in the Sonnets directly contradicts the identification of W. H., their hero and 'onlie begetter,' with William Herbert, and many minute internal details confirm it (cf. T. Tyler, *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, 1890, *passim*, and especially pp. 44-73)."

The candid expression of a changed opinion would be, no doubt, entirely commendable if justified by the presentation of new and valid evidence. But Mr. Lee will, I am sure, pardon me if I say that I cannot find in his article the slightest trace of such evidence, while the "many minute internal details" which, in 1891, confirmed the identification of W. H. with William Herbert are now entirely disregarded. The facts with respect to the *Passionate Pilgrim* ("Two loves I have of comfort and despair," &c.) were as well known six years ago as they are now, and still admit the same explanation. Jaggard's publication was piratical. How he got hold of two of Shakespeare's Sonnets in MS. we cannot tell. He seems, not unnaturally perhaps, to have been anxious to print new poems; and it is not unlikely that he gave Shakespeare's two Sonnets the first place as being the newest things he had to present. He was indebted to Barnfield's *Poems in Divers Humors*, of 1598, and to Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* of the same year. There is no evidence that the two Sonnets were written before this date; and, as is well attested, poems in MS. were freely copied, and so passed from hand to hand. According to Mr. Lee, the allusion cannot be to the intrigue between Herbert and Mary Fitton, as this occurred late in 1600—a date for which he gives no evidence whatever, and which is obviously contradicted by the fact that the child whose paternity was imputed to Herbert was born before March 25 following.

One of the most remarkable facts in connexion with the chronology of the Sonnets is, that 1598 having been previously fixed on as the date of Sonnets i.-xvii., with their exhortation to marriage, the late Rev. W. A. Harrison was able to point to correspondence at the Record Office, dated 1597 (not 1598, as stated by Mr. Lee), with regard to a proposed marriage of Herbert with Bridget, granddaughter of the great Lord Burleigh. The proposal was resultless. Probably Herbert backed out of the affair.

As to the improbability that Thorpe would have "dubbed the influential Earl of Pembroke 'Mr. W. H.,'" I have had occasion previously to show (ACADEMY, June 14, 1890, p. 408) that Thorpe's dedications to Pembroke are such as

to allow little weight to attach to any incongruities which they may contain. Besides, it should be always recollected that the contention is, that the designation "Mr. W. H." was adopted (quite possibly at Shakespeare's suggestion) as furnishing at least some slight disguise. If Southampton was the person with whom the Sonnets are mainly concerned, the dedication presents difficulties which can scarcely be regarded as other than insuperable. But it has been justly said that the Southampton theory is dead; and I am pretty firmly persuaded that neither Mr. Lee nor even Mr. Gollancz (in his very attractive "Temple" edition of the Sonnets) will be able to effect a resuscitation. Mr. Gollancz says: "At the present moment the star of William Herbert is in the ascendant," and I should say that, unless arguments are forthcoming a good deal more cogent than those which have just been adduced, there is no probability of a speedy declension.

THOMAS TYLER.

### "BILLY AND HANS."

12, Campden-hill-gardens: July 16.

The suggestion contained in your most kind notice of my *Billy and Hans*—that it could be circulated free of charge by the R.S.P.C.A.—is a form of praise which I cordially appreciate. But I have no other book or other means which I could devote to the "Violet Home," a young institution destined, I hope, to do a peculiar service, social as well as curative, if it can be made to prosper, and in which I take an intense interest. And the reception of the history as it appeared in the *Century* made me hope that no one who loves animals would begrudge for a charitable work the shilling *Billy and Hans* costs. If the R.S.P.C.A. had, before separate publication, expressed the desire to have it I should not have hesitated to give it; but, if you will permit me the observation, it is hardly a book to appeal to the classes that need to have it thrown into their hands. It was intended especially to appeal to the owners of the great estates on which, I am persuaded, more through the ignorance and killing propensities of the keepers than the indifference of the proprietors, the squirrels are shot and trapped as vermin. I have for their benefit tried to combat the belief that they do the harm asserted to forest plantations, and to excite a sympathy which would protect them completely in the great parks. But I do not see how the masses can persecute the squirrels if the park owners do their duty. Except in such a case as the, I hope, unique instance of the Richmond Park authorities, who had the squirrels shot to prevent the ragamuffins from hunting them, instead of arresting the hunters, it is hardly in the power of the masses to worry the poor little creatures, and it is always in the power of the land owners to prevent their doing so.

I have, it is perhaps needless to say, published the book at my own expense, and for a charity, for I could not possibly turn my pets to any pecuniary profit, and I only desire that it may carry its lessons widely; but I have not the means to give it a wide gratuitous circulation. I have already offered an edition to a reading union at the cost of production; and if it should later be found that a gratuitous distribution in a cheaper form by the R.S.P.C.A. should promise to extend its sphere of influence for good, I will consider it favourably.

W. J. STILLMAN.

### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Morley's  
"Machiavelli."  
(Macmillan.)

"If we are not moved or impressed," writes the *Saturday Review*, "it is not because the author is too stately or too rigid; it is because he appears to be so much bored with his own lucubrations that he can scarcely finish the hour. This is the Nemesis of Mr. Morley's long unfaithfulness to the profession which Nature intended him to adorn. . . . We know not for whom this Romanes address was composed. If for the undergraduates and the ladies, it presupposes too large acquaintance with facts; if for scholars, the timidity of its judgments and the uncertainty of its direction will have caused, surely, not a little polite bewilderment. . . . There is not a single sentence, not an adjective . . . which makes the figure of Machiavelli live before us. . . . It was hardly worth while for Mr. Morley to take the trouble to go to Oxford to tell us in this roundabout way and in this patchwork style that he disapproves of the Government, and that he has lost the habit of literary composition." The *Spectator* is of opinion that in his "brilliant lecture" Mr. Morley "unconsciously exaggerates Machiavelli's mental force. . . . He seems to us essentially a man with but limited insight into the true nature of mankind, and therefore into the springs of enduring power. . . . Machiavelli's Prince, when all is said, is nothing but a supremely shifty man; and we feel unable to recognise in the creation of a supremely shifty man a grand intellectual feat." "The important fact about Mr. Morley's treatment of history and literature," writes the *Chronicle*, "is that he always seeks out the permanent and human fact, and presents it to us in language of a lofty seriousness, and not seldom in luminous phrases which his own favourite Burke might not have disdained to call his own. Such a piece of work is this monograph on Machiavelli, which, not content with a mere critical exposition of the problems of Italian politics in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, pierces down into the very moral core of the doctrine for ever associated with the name of Machiavelli."

Mrs. Oliphant's  
"The Ways of  
Life."  
(Smith, Elder.)

Of this last work of Mrs. Oliphant's diligent pen the *Chronicle* writes: "It has the poignancy, the pathos, of something like a sad personal confidence. . . . It has the importance of an utterance by a distinguished and sensitive artist, of great experience, upon a problem . . . that concerns all artists." But Mrs. Oliphant is entreated not to confuse her own case with that of her hero, the artist who has lost his vogue, for her work possesses "the principle of vitality—the authenticity which is the very first and most essential element of the principle of vitality in art. . . . So long as any one may care to read of what has been fairest and sweetest in English life during our half century Mrs. Oliphant will be read with pleasure and admiration and gratitude." "Was it," the *Speaker* wonders,

"some vague foreboding of approaching death that steeped the novelist's pen in such pathetic tenderness of sympathy as this book discloses? For Mrs. Oliphant's ever-present sense of the irony of life and the pathos of human endeavour seems here intensified into a very passion of pity, and her two stories . . . are almost painful in their truthfulness." "With consummate skill," writes the *Spectator*, "with the tenderest and most delicate sympathy, Mrs. Oliphant has brought home to her readers the tragedy of the brain-worker who, . . . once he loses his power or popularity, is condemned to the intolerable anguish of a living death. . . . As a work of art we can praise the story [of Mr. Sandford] without reserve. But no journalist can read it without being chilled to the heart by the situation it depicts."

"The Plattner  
Story," &c. By  
H. G. Wells.  
(Methuen.)

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## REVIEWS.

## EXTRA-CANONICAL SCRIPTURES.

*Sayings of Our Lord.* Discovered and Edited by B. P. Grenfell, M.A., and A. S. Hunt, M.A. (Henry Frowde.)

THE systematic exploration of Egypt in search of Greek MSS. has led to one more find, highly interesting, but of tantalising brevity and incompleteness. In the course of last winter's excavations Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt turned up among the rubbish-heaps of Oxyrhynchus, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, large quantities of papyri, among which was a single leaf apparently detached from "a book containing a collection of Logia, or Sayings of our Lord." They have hastened to publish the precious fragment, and it now lies before us in an excellent and convenient edition, containing a facsimile of the original document, a reprint of the Greek text in uncial characters, a second reprint in ordinary Greek type accompanied by a translation and a most useful commentary, and followed by a few pages of general remarks. We may trust German scholarship to restore it before long to the condition in which it was discovered at Oxyrhynchus.

The papyrus leaf originally contained eight sayings attributed to Jesus Christ, but of these two are defaced beyond hope of recovery. One agrees verbatim with Luke vi. 42; another agrees partially with Luke iv. 24; and a third recalls Matt. v. 14 and vii. 24, 25, but cannot, according to the editors, be a "mere conflation of the two passages" referred to. The three remaining Logia are entirely new, not being traceable to our canonical Gospels nor to any other extant source; and certain fragmentary indications seem to show that the two indecipherable sayings are also new. The sense of those which can be read is rather obscure, a fact that may possibly account for their exclusion from the canonical Gospels. The editors do not discuss the question of their authenticity, but attribute to them in their present form a date not

later than the end of the first century. One embodies a warning which seems, if taken literally, to contravene the whole spirit of evangelical teaching, although no canonical saying of Jesus has ever been so faithfully observed by the self-styled evangelical party. According to the papyrus He declares that "except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father." But it is possible that to keep the Sabbath may here mean to renounce the world.

Another saying, equally enigmatical, declares that Jesus will be found by lifting the stone or cleaving the wood. Even the Fourth Gospel contains no utterance so mystical as this. The editors suggest that the presence of Christ in all things may be implied; or, much less probably, that the words are "intended to teach the effort required in order to find Christ" (p. 14). One thinks of the proverbial references to "oak and rock" among the Greeks as sources of things that come up unexpectedly, unaccountably, nobody can tell whence. Another parallel is supplied by the theophany of the burning bush and by the water that gushed from the rock in the desert, which has been also interpreted as a manifestation of Christ. Were the saying canonical it would doubtless be adduced by those who identify Christ with the Word by whom all things were made as an irrefragable argument for their theology. All will agree that trees, rocks, and other equally material objects were employed in a very human way by Jesus to illustrate the coming kingdom of heaven; and from the kingdom to the King is no very difficult transition.

Our papyrus repeats the saying about the prophet who is not received in his own country, and adds to it another which is quite new, that a physician cannot cure those who know him. Whether genuine or not these last words evidently refer to the rejection of the Gospel by the Jews, and therefore add nothing to the old points of view. It would be interesting to know whether the Palestinian practitioners were really only successful in dealing with strangers. If so, their experience differed widely from that of the modern faculty, among whom a close acquaintance with the constitution and habits of the patient derived from long personal intimacy counts for much in making the diagnosis and in prescribing the remedy.

Finally, we may mention a saying which, although not placed last in this little collection, stands at the furthest remove from the tone of the Synoptic Gospels, and for bitterness of disappointment exceeds any utterance of the Johannine Jesus. The Redeemer says, or is made to say, that He stood in the midst of the world, and to His soul's distress met with no recognition from the sons of men. Clearly our fragmentist (or the source which he copies) represents no particular sect or doctrinal tendency. His interest, apparently, was to collect sayings of Jesus from every quarter, and to transcribe them for the edification of believers.

After all, the real value of these Logia will probably be found to be not so much in their more or less doubtful, more or less enigmatic additions to the recorded words

of Christ, as in the light which they may be expected to throw on certain vexed questions of New Testament criticism. For example, it is a moot point whether the original Matthew wrote our First Gospel, or, indeed, whether he wrote what we should call a gospel at all. Papias, our earliest authority on the subject, speaks of Matthew as having made a collection of Logia or discourses of the Lord, not as having written a narrative of his life. Now, as the editors justly observe, we have got in this papyrus

"for the first time a concrete example of what was meant by the Logia which Papias tells us were compiled by St. Matthew and the *ἀδελφοὶ κυρίου* upon which Papias himself wrote a commentary. . . . It is not, of course, at all likely that our fragment has any actual connexion either with the Hebrew Logia of St. Matthew or the *ἀδελφοὶ κυρίου* of Papias . . . [but] the discovery strongly supports the view that in speaking of *ἀδελφοὶ* Papias and Eusebius intended some similar collection" (p. 18).

But this is not all. Modern criticism has shown strong reasons for doubting that the rich collection of discourses contained in our "Matthew" faithfully reproduce the contents of the precious document ascribed by Papias to the Apostle himself. For a comparison with the text of our third Evangelist—Luke or another—shows serious discrepancies in their respective reports of what was evidently the same discourse, especially in the case of the Sermon on the Mount; and the much less artificial arrangement adopted by "Luke" suggests that his is the more faithful transcript from the original source—probably the Logia of the true Matthew. It becomes, therefore, a matter of importance to note with which Evangelist our papyrus exhibits the more marked agreement. There is no doubt about it. The editors point out that in the saying about the unhonoured prophet the word *δεκτός* (acceptable) which is employed by the papyrus is also that used by Luke, whereas Matthew has a quite different phrase. It also seems quite clear that the new source is not copied from Luke. Thus each receives an independent support from the other as regards antiquity and nearness to the primordial source. It may be said that this is building too much on one word. But in the absence of more copious evidence we cannot afford to neglect any, even the slightest, indication. The judicious use of such trifling hints constitutes the method of Zadig, which, as Huxley as shown, is the method of science.

With regard to the Johannine problem, the new fragment unfortunately has nothing to help us. It contains, indeed, a couple of Johannine phrases, but these are evidently not quotations; and those who impugn the apostolic origin of the Fourth Gospel would not now deny that it represents a line of thought extending back to the first century.

But we must not trespass any further on the privilege which the editors of this most interesting pamphlet may justly claim of telling their own story in their own way, especially as a cheap edition of the Logia has been issued at a price which leaves those interested in the subject—that is, all who care about religion—without an excuse for not procuring themselves a copy.

## SCIENTIFIC IMMORTALITY.

*The Place of Death in Evolution.* By Newman Smyth. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is the latest attempt to bridge over the gap that still yawns between the conclusions of science and the aspirations of religious faith. Mr. Newman Smyth thinks that the time has come for a vital reconstruction of Christian theology, as the result of "a deeper knowledge and a truer interpretation of the Sacred Scripture of Life which the hand of God has written in nature. The coming theologian, therefore," our author opines—"the next successful defender of the faith once given to the saints—will be a trained and accomplished biologist." Mr. Newman Smyth is not himself a trained and accomplished biologist, but, as a diligent student of the German school of biologists, he has some thought of undertaking the task to which he refers. What is needed, in his opinion, is

"a thorough and comprehensive demonstration of the fact, which the disciple of old perceived, that the life was manifested in the Christ, and that His essential words meet and match the great principles of life which have been hidden in nature's heart from the beginning."

The present volume is a first step towards the realisation of the author's dream. Difficulties, of course, there are in the way.

"The science of biology itself has been far too crude, and its theories are still too tentative, and even conflicting at many points, to warrant us as yet in building upon them, over-confidently, the higher conclusions of the Christian reason. Nevertheless, within the past thirty years, and since Darwin, some sure ground has been gained by evolutionary science, and biology in particular is opening fields of knowledge which invite fresh inquiry on the part of thoughtful believers."

Mr. Newman Smyth is careful in all cases to write "nature" with a small "n," which at once differentiates him from the merely scientific investigator; his capitals are reserved for theological names and abstractions. This will inspire confidence in a class of reader who is not greatly interested in the labours of Weismann, Bütschli, Maupas, Nussbaum, and other investigators of the germ-cell; but Mr. Newman Smyth must be credited with more than a smattering of his subject on its scientific side. In an appendix to the volume he gives an excellent summary of the present state of our knowledge with regard to unicellular and other primitive organisms, among which the problem of life and death is first presented. It is to be feared that his theology is not quite so comprehensive or satisfactory as his biology, since he ignores completely the questions of sin and salvation, which are surely the fundamentals of Christianity. Perhaps these are the doctrines that are destined to go by the board when the next "vital reconstruction" of Christian theology is effected; but if so, one may be pardoned for inquiring how much of the existing edifice of Christianity will then remain, and whether it is worth while, in Mr. Newman Smyth's system, to keep up the familiar series of sacred names and symbols with capitals. If capitals mean anything to the

unbending utilitarians, why not god and Germ-plasm? Or genesis and Geology?

The basis of Mr. Newman Smyth's speculations as to the future of humanity is Prof. Weismann's fascinating contention that the unicellular organisms multiplying themselves by fission are immortal, no such thing as death occurring among them, and that death is a secondary development in the scale of life, the concomitant of sexuality, and useful as the cause of variation. "Death," says Weismann, "and the longer or shorter duration of life, both depend entirely on adaptation. It is not an essential attribute of living matter, it is neither necessarily associated with reproduction nor a necessary consequence of it." Using this statement as a sort of spring-board, Mr. Newman Smyth takes a bold leap into space:

"Death has a selective and adaptive function to fulfil so long as sex continues to reproduce, to elevate, to enhance, and beautify life. But shall there come a time," he inquires, "is there a pitch and perfection of spiritual organisation to be reached, when neither of these first friends and helpmeets of life shall be longer needed? Shall life at last attain a freedom and perfection where the constant attendance of these two servants, sex and death, shall be no longer useful, and may, therefore, be dispensed with?"

Gathering courage as he proceeds with a series of interrogations in this strain, the author finally asks whether the climax indicated in our development is not already reached:

"Has not the evolution of life, through sex and death among other means, reached in our spiritual being and possibility, that point of perfection intended from the beginning in which it has become capable of surviving a body no longer fitted to its use, and of persisting afterwards in some other form and relationship in which it shall no longer need death or regeneration to help it further on. . . . Death as the means of disentangling this body in which the old order ends, from the spiritual in which the new order begins, remains a mortal necessity for us all, but after the dissolution of this mortality it will have no more dominion over us. There shall be for the perfected life of spirits no need of an endless series of births and re-births. . . . The connexion throughout nature between death and sex is so intimate, so constant, so mutually serviceable that it is not going too far to say that the one probably could not have existed without the other. As nature announces the entrance of both at the same time into the world, so the gospel of the resurrection announces the departure of both together from the heavenly life: 'For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as angels in heaven.'"

This is the highest point to which the author in his speculation soars. He does not long maintain this strength of pinion. Apparently he is haunted by the idea that he has been assuming a little too much; for almost immediately he descends from his higher flight to inquire whether the expulsion of death from the limits of human experience may not, after all, be "a process requiring a whole world-age for its completion, as nature always takes time to render any organ functionless and rudimentary." We certainly think that nature (albeit she may be put off with a small "n") is entitled to some consideration in this matter.

In fact, the author's admission that the sublimation of human nature for which he contends may not even yet be begun, suggests a fatal line of criticism with regard to this too ingenious work. If the process of sublimation is not yet begun what reason have we for assuming that it ever will be? At what point in our development does death become superfluous? Is the life of Europe better fitted for an apotheosis than that of Central Africa? Upon these vital questions Mr. Newman Smyth throws no light. He appeals to the scientific method of investigation respecting a question which lies wholly outside the sphere of evidence. The biologists deal with such evidence as comes within the range of their microscopes. But the moment the author of this book leaves the solid ground of microscopic investigation (which does not in the slightest degree affect human destinies) he works *in vacuo*. Belief or hope is one thing; evidence is another. All religions require the exercise of faith, and their domain begins where evidence in the scientific sense ends. Christianity offers no evidence in support of the existence of the soul; nor is it called upon to do so. The question of the soul, and of all that may befall it, is one of faith alone.

All that Mr. Newman Smyth deduces from the simple and compound cell with regard to human destinies is the emptiest hypothesis, and the more devout the Christian reader of this book, the more decisively he will reject the author's abstract reasoning, which is calculated to land him in the purest theism. If death is merely useful as a factor in evolution, enabling the human race to rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things; and if by dint of evolution the soul becomes finally detached from the body, to lead an independent existence here or in outer space, the question naturally arises: Where does Christianity come in? Perhaps if Mr. Newman Smyth were a more consistent biologist he would be a better theologian. The precise method of his elevation of humanity from the corporeal to the spiritual condition it is difficult to grasp. Sometimes it is represented as the ultimate end of evolution not yet reached, sometimes as a process actually going on, with the earth as a sort of forcing-house for souls which are turned out in successive batches on the most expeditious and economical principles. This book is altogether a strange product of a scientific age. Both biology and theology, perhaps, will be sorry to learn that the author contemplates publishing a bigger work on the same theme.

## GUNPOWDER PLOT AGAIN.

*What Gunpowder Plot Was.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, D.C.L., LL.D. (Longmans.)

IN a volume published last autumn, and entitled *What Was Gunpowder Plot?* Father Gerard, a well-known member of the Society of Jesus, made a vigorous and, as it seemed to many critics, a successful effort to overturn the traditional account of the drama upon which is based the national feast of



November 5. His principal conclusion was that the traditional account was certainly unworthy of credence; he claimed also to have established probable grounds for the opinion that the Minister of the day, Cecil, nursed the plot for purposes of his own. Dr. Gardiner, who acknowledges cordially the ability with which the case against the Minister is developed, and the serious nature of some of the difficulties involved in the traditional tale, now comes forward to maintain its substantial accuracy.

By way of preamble, he rules out of court the whole of Father Gerard's third chapter, on "The Opinions of Contemporaries and Historians," as being of such a hearsay, vague, and unauthentic character as, according to the canons of modern historical criticism, it is safer totally to disregard. "To ask," he writes, "Mr. Spedding's question, 'What means had they of knowing?' is quite sufficient to condemn the so-called evidence." We may accept this dictum; it is applicable to much of the gossip which, in the adroit hands of the learned Jesuit, if not sufficient absolutely to build up a presumption of duplicity against the minister Cecil, served at least to envelop him in a sinister atmosphere of suspicion; but in his objection to the "purely negative character" of Father Gerard's criticism we do not perfectly follow Dr. Gardiner. By means of a metaphor that seems rather to have cumbered him, he thus explains the nature of the defect:

"When a door-key is missing the householder does not lose time in deploring the intricacy of the lock; he tries every key at his disposal to see if it will fit the wards, and only sends for the locksmith when he finds that his own keys are useless. So it is with historical inquiry. . . . Try, if need be, one hypothesis after another—Salisbury's guilt, his connivance, his innocence, or what you please. Apply them to the evidence, and when one fails to unlock the secret, try another."

But such a testing of one hypothesis at least forms an essential part of Father Gerard's work, not less than of Dr. Gardiner's, to wit, of the traditional story. Only the results are different: Father Gerard, after testing this key, dropped it back into the basket as serviceless; Dr. Gardiner, having twisted it for a while delicately this way and that among the wards, cries out that, allowing for an insignificant occasional roughness ("of course, there must be some ragged ends of the story"), it is a beautiful fit. Father Gerard's examination was not exhaustive, but, so far as he went, his method is not easily to be distinguished from that of his critic.

Father Gerard's verdict against the current version of the story is based upon evidence which, if we omit the items comprised in his third chapter mentioned above, is mainly threefold. First, he examines the authentic documents relating to the matter, throwing a strong light upon their discrepancies and inconsistencies; he endeavours, in the second place, by plans and pictures to demonstrate topographically that the conditions of space and locality admit no such incidents as those included in the official narratives; thirdly, he

would convince us that Cecil was in a tight place, and that the discovery of Powder Treason, under such circumstances as in fact did wait upon its discovery, was excellently adapted to secure his position. Dr. Gardiner has considered these points with careful pains, and answers them courteously, concisely, lucidly, and, we cannot but think, finally.

The Catholic writer has made much of the discrepancies, for instance, between the five or six confessions attributed to Fawkes. Certainly such discrepancies there are, says the Oxford man, but they are evidence of genuineness. Fawkes was no coward; he was loyal to his oath of secrecy so long as human endurance could hold out; admission after admission was forced from him, and at each examination he was obliged to answer with an eye queries which he had previously answered no, so that these very differences shape better with the theory that the Government was really in the dark than with the supposition that their story was cut and dried beforehand. Again, from the fact that the date of Winter's confession shows 23, corrected to 25—as Father Gerard says, in the man's own handwriting—he concludes that the confession was extracted by torture. A close examination of the document, Dr. Gardiner alleges in reply, shows the correction to be not in Winter's hand, but in Cole's; and for such a correction he is at no loss to suggest a technical reason; at the same time, as an explanation of the phrase "Thomas Winter doth find his hand so strong as after dinner he will settle himself to write . . . to your Lordship," upon which is based the theory that he was submitted to torture, he demonstrates that at Holbeche Winter received a ball in the shoulder.

The topographical and mechanical department of the controversy is too intricate to be taken to pieces. We can only say that, having risen from Father Gerard's book filled with assurance that, whatever did actually happen, the general course of the traditional narrative at any rate was henceforth incredible, we leave his adversary's reply with our uprooted notions once more upright and hearty. Father Gerard, for example, poured ridicule upon the notion that "these light-hearted adventurers" had been able to drive a tunnel through soft earth and to perform the ticklish operation of interfering with foundations without causing either crack or settlement. And it does seem absurd, till Dr. Gardiner reminds us, that the wars in the Low Countries had offered to Fawkes "the most complete school of military mining in the world." Cecil's motives for complicity, the theory that his position in the King's grace required a prop, will hardly stand before the fact that "he had just achieved a triumph of no common order," and in February had been raised to the earldom of Salisbury.

With such succinctness and effectiveness has one of the greatest of our living authorities answered the sprightly monograph of last autumn, and his slender volume—its dimensions are less than those of the book to which it replies—contains in addition a perfectly modelled little essay upon the relations between the Government

and the Papal Church, in which the theory that the opposition of statesmen was based mainly upon national considerations is strongly defended. A curious and, it may be hoped, to Father Gerard a consoling feature in the case is that his antagonist has come away from his task filled with a sort of reverence for the misguided men whose wild wicked scheme gained for the religion in whose interest it was conceived two hundred years of bitter distrust and ill-usage. This notice may be fitly concluded with a passage in which this sentiment is conveyed:

" . . . No candid person can, I imagine, rise from the perusal of these sentences [Winter's confession] without having his estimate of the character of the conspirators raised. There is no conscious assumption of high qualities, but each touch as it comes strengthens the belief that the men concerned in the plot were patient and loyal, brave beyond the limits of ordinary bravery, and utterly without selfish aims."

#### A GUIDE TO OXFORD.

*Oxford and its Colleges.* By J. Wells. Illustrated by E. H. New. (Methuen & Co.)

MESSRS. METHUEN are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their dainty little guide to Oxford and its colleges. It is in every way a charming book, pleasant to hold in the hand, admirably printed on good paper, and as admirably illustrated. Mr. Wells has performed his part of the work most excellently. He sets down his facts with a brevity and conciseness which are as rare in guide-books as they are desirable, while he relieves his narrative from time to time with sly touches of humour, which are very refreshing in the midst of such a mass of historical, architectural, and biographical details. The arrangement of the book strikes us as well-planned. Each college is treated in a separate chapter, which varies in length according to the amount of interesting matter which its history provides, while each chapter again is divided into two parts, the first and shorter part dealing only with the architecture and the buildings, the second with the general history of the college and the various men of note who have been educated at it. With great wisdom Mr. Wells has not attempted any elaborate survey of the Oxford of to-day in his book, or any account of its living worthies. His subject is the Oxford of the past and the history of its gradual evolution into the Oxford of the present, and the present is only touched upon in the light of that past. We are thus spared unprofitable speculations as to the results of modern educational movements, or the possibilities of future developments. The book, in fact, is essentially businesslike. Its author set before himself a definite programme, and refused to be diverted from it to any matters not strictly within its scope. There is only one point on which we think the arrangement of the matter might have been improved, and in some future edition it



might be found possible to alter this. We should like to see the date of the foundation of every college placed at the head of the chapter devoted to it. It is true that the date is generally to be found somewhere in the text (though in the case, for example, of Trinity no date is given for Sir Thomas Pope's foundation), but for purposes of reference it is always more convenient to have a definite place in which information of this kind may be found.

One other curious omission in the book may be noted in passing—namely, that whereas in the accounts of all the other colleges which possess gardens any points of interest relating to these are given, in the case of New College, whose gardens are perhaps the most beautiful in Oxford, nothing is to be found beyond a casual reference under the general heading of "Oxford" in the first chapter. Anyone reading through the account of that college would go away with the impression that, unlike Merton, Trinity, Exeter, and the rest, it had no garden. Another curious omission may be found in the chapter on Magdalen, where no mention whatever is made of the beautiful Deer Park. But these are small points, and the wonder is, not that such things have been omitted, but that room has been found for so much, considering the small size of the book.

The tone of Mr. Wells's strictures on the sins of modern Oxford architects is conscientiously moderate. Even Keble does not bring forth a railing accusation from him. Of the Brasenose buildings in the High-street he merely remarks that "it is a pity that so good a building is so over-loaded with ornament," while few will consider him unduly severe when he describes the Holywell-street front of New College as "the most terrible of all the outrages on modern Oxford." The book is full of curious and interesting bits of information about the University in all the various phases of its history, and contains many pleasant old world academic stories of dead and gone worthies—and unworthies. He quotes, by the way, Trapp's epigram on the two Universities:

"The king observing with judicious eyes  
The state of both his universities,  
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?  
That learned body wanted loyalty.  
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning  
How much that loyal body wanted learning."

But he does not quote the original epigram to which, we believe, this was only a rejoinder:

"The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force.  
On the other hand to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs allow no force but argument."

In the chapter on the Bodleian he tells an interesting old story which is worth repeating:

"Charles I. visited the library on more than one occasion, and is said to have here consulted the *Sortes Virgilianæ* with the most unhappy results; he had been persuaded by Lord Falk-

land to try his luck, and opened on the passage—

'Let him for succour sue from place to place,  
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.

And when at length the cruel war shall cease,  
On hard conditions may he buy his peace."

Lord Falkland only made matters worse when, hoping to remove the bad effect of the unlucky omen, he, too, opened Virgil; his passage was that on the untimely death of Pallas:

"Oh, curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,  
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come."

The epitaph on the Non-Juror Rawlinson in the Chapel of St. John's is worth quoting for its gentle irony. He had left the bulk of his estate to his college, and requested that his heart should be buried in the chapel to the north of the altar with the inscription "Ubi Thesaurus ibi cor," which gives a new and subtle meaning to the text, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Altogether Mr. Wells's guide to Oxford is an excellent piece of work. Our only regret is that space could not be found for some account of the many interesting old churches in the city. But these are outside the subject of the book which deals only with the University. Perhaps Messrs. Methuen will be tempted to follow it up with another volume dealing with these?

#### A BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.

*The Migration of Birds.* By Charles Dixon.  
(Horace Cox.)

IN 1895 Mr. Dixon published *The Migration of British Birds*, as a contribution towards the study of the geographical distribution and movements of birds and of insular faunas. More reading and observation have led him further afield, and the present book is an enlarged and corrected view of his theories on bird-life. It is marked by a thoroughness and knowledge of the subject which must render it a valuable compendium to all who are interested in the migration of birds: a fascinating study in itself, and one that touches many fields of biological and geological lore. Every variety of migration—vertical, local, nomadic and irruptive—is carefully investigated. Tables of species supposed to pass over from one to ten thousand miles during migration, and of species with a base in the intertropical realm which breed both in the northern and southern hemispheres, are appended. An Appendix also appears on the bibliography of Mr. Dixon's subject, in which, however, no mention is made of Pliny. The volume is equipped with maps, and contains forms in which modern Whites of Selborne can note the appearance and departure of migratory birds. Indeed, Mr. Dixon has taken the utmost pains to set forth his subject worthily, and, to do him justice, he has succeeded fairly well; but there is an ungracious savour throughout the book. No greater authority upon migration can be named than the late Herr

Gätke, who enjoyed unique facilities for studying the flight of birds at Heligoland. He collected a large body of statistics, but is remarkably cautious in drawing deductions from them. Ornithologists value Gätke's book on Migration on account of the sobriety of his judgments. He never presses evidence too far, never assumes a point which is not amply established by observation. Yet Mr. Dixon says:

"Profound as is our admiration for this grand old naturalist's labours, we cannot help regretting this reticence, and we feel that many of his remarks upon the question of avine migration will tend to increase rather than to dispel the great amount of unnecessary mystery with which time and sentiment have surrounded it."

But Mr. Dixon's vials of wrath overflow when he comments on the estimates of rapidity with which birds fly as laid down by Herr Gätke. Surely half a century of observation and experience in Heligoland ought to count for something. What does our author say to Ruskin's view of the rapidity of the swallow's flight?

"Taking Michelet's estimate—eighty French leagues, roughly two hundred and fifty miles, an hour—we have a thousand miles in four hours. That is to say, leaving Devonshire after an early breakfast, he could be in Africa to lunch."

Perhaps higher estimates than these might be accepted, when it is borne in mind that a migrating bird of great powers of flight ordinarily flies frequently at a great height, where the wind hurries it on at an enormous pace, like an arrow shot from a bow.

Had Gätke lived till the present day he might have retaliated upon Mr. Dixon by attacking the latter's strange hankering for the hibernation of the *Hirundines* and other birds. The evidence for it in Great Britain is almost entirely hearsay. It is true that Mr. Dixon adduces some instances which, however (including the famous instance of hibernation said to have occurred in Yorkshire in the winter of 1895), are all more or less doubtful. Swallows have admittedly been noticed in every month of the year excepting February. At the risk of being deemed a "mud-and-torpor-despising-bruiser critic," as Mr. Dixon says, we must needs wonder at the author's evident liking for the theory, although his scientific attitude is well-balanced. "I neither accept nor deny it, having personally seen nothing to refute or confirm it."

Much of Mr. Dixon's book is hypothetical, and will require to be very carefully supported by future observations. Such, for instance, is his "law" that "species in the northern hemisphere never increase their range in a southern direction; they may do so north, north-east, or north-west, east or west. Species in the southern hemisphere never increase their range in a northern direction." We know too little of the phenomena of migration in the southern hemisphere to attempt at present to draw conclusions upon it. The author, it seems to us, would be more successful were he to confine his studies to positive instances of migration instead of mixing up this study with physico-geological questions on the Ice Age, possible prehistoric movements of land

and water, alteration of climate, sinking of the land, and the like. He will find a powerfully in this exclusive study of bird-migration apart from geological theories, in the report which is being compiled by a very competent naturalist on the enormous mass of figures on bird-migration collected from the different lighthouse keepers by the committee appointed by the British Association. Bird-migration is a more hopeful subject when elucidated from itself than when complicated with theories on old coast lines and the dispersal of species.

Mr. Dixon pours contempt upon instinct as being the motive for migration, upholding rather habit and experience. Instinct, however, is but a serviceable name for what is at present unknown. More abundant food, a better climate, and, above all, the imperious claims of love are the chief factors in the normal migration of birds. Abnormal migration is at present too little understood to be scientifically treated. It is only certain that perhaps the majority of our common birds (not regular migrants), do apparently, from some reasons as yet unknown, fly to distant quarters on the Continent while their places are filled by European birds of the same kind. Migration is in itself a sufficiently wonderful question to require no further complications from Darwinism or geology. While differing in many points from Mr. Dixon's views, we cannot help doing full justice to his industry and learning. *The Migration of Birds* is full of curious facts and knowledge, and will please all lovers of these creatures. The like can hardly be affirmed of all ornithologists.

## ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE.

### *The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy.*

A General View for the Use of Students and Others. By William J. Anderson, Architect; Lecturer at the Glasgow School of Art. With 54 colotype and other plates, and 74 smaller illustrations in the text. (B. T. Batsford.)

MR. ANDERSON has accomplished a great deal in a small space. His 150 lavishly illustrated pages give a more connected and artistic account of his difficult subject than has ever been published before in so portable a form. Dissenting boldly from both Fergusson and Ruskin, he refuses to consider Italian Renaissance architecture either as a plague and pestilence, or as a copy and resuscitation of dead and unmeaning forms. He takes a more reasonable attitude—the purely historical one—which sees in the architecture the most definite expression of the genius of the nation, the most faithful embodiment of its history.

But the chief value of the book lies in the way in which the many Italian buildings are grouped and treated. To this treatment two sentences in Mr. Anderson's introduction give the key:

"The Renaissance (p. 2) was, in fact, a reversion to type, if a biological expression may be applied in this connection without confusion;

and this recurrence, rather than permanence of type, appears to be characteristic of European civilisation, so far as we have had experience of it in two thousand years. In the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we find the clearest and most emphatic expression of this European type, which is a variety as distinct as the Egyptian or the Arabian, and in a corresponding degree a racial expression. . . . Regarded (p. 3) as the history of the period and the people, written in stone for present and future ages, the architecture of the Italian Renaissance is one of the most luminous of all histories. By the operation of the universal law of natural selection, it has registered the awakened enthusiasm of the time for what was glorious and beautiful in the ancient world . . . while it records on the very face of it . . . the habits of the people . . . and the character and varying power of the governments of the Peninsula."

Mr. Anderson, in fact, deliberately sets out to provide an historical record of motive, to give instances of underlying principles and resulting architectural effects. His divisions are organic, not merely geographical, nor merely chronological. He catalogues the buildings neither of a century nor of a district; but he follows out a tendency from its beginning to its fall wherever he can find examples of it. This is infinitely more instructive in proportion as it is infinitely more difficult, than previous architectural discourses. And while this comparative treatment may best be followed in detail in Mr. Anderson's own pages, it also leads him into a few general statements which may be indicated here. "Venice," he remarks, for instance (page 40), "is the only centre which presents important examples of all three periods," namely, the early Renaissance of Milan and Florence, the later, found in Rome, and the Palladian epoch of Vicenza. He points out, also, that while the early Renaissance of Florence ends about 1500, it extends in Venice until 1525, thus overlapping the beginnings of a new development in Florence and Rome. From which it follows that some idea of the partition of the country at the time under review is absolutely necessary. Without a clear conception of the elements of its political geography, the variations of the architecture of Italy become inexplicable. And there are many other factors which have to be taken into consideration in discussing this complicated problem; such as the predominance of the Christian Religion in the form of the Roman Catholic Church; the literary tendency towards the study of classical authors; the preservation in Italy of many monuments with which those authors were indissolubly connected; the highly organised and independent political activity of the towns; the prosperous conditions of commerce, and, therefore, of the arts; and, finally, the rapid decay of pointed architecture, which had been introduced from without, and was unsuited to the soil of Italy. The importance of the last of these factors may easily be exaggerated; but as a whole they made up a sum-total of environment, a combination of exciting causes, which only needed the personality of genius to rouse them into living force and beauty. And when the time was ripe the personality arose in Brunelleschi. His resolution to acquire the

Roman principles and to build upon them was fraught with as much uncertainty as the first voyage of Columbus. Both were successful in the discovery of a new world.

Yet with this early Renaissance in Florence, Venice, and Milan, there were still intermingled many of the old Romanesque and Gothic and Byzantine elements. There was very little slavish imitation, very slight bondage even to classical principles. But from the first years of the sixteenth century these Gothic and Romanesque elements very quickly disappear; and it is therefore generally believed that the Italians of the fifteenth century took up architecture at the point where the ancients laid it down. This they did eventually; but any such view of the origin of Renaissance art is not only incomplete, but wrong. So much is our author impressed with the truth of this that he insists almost too strongly on his objection to Palladio and Vignola, and to the highly ornate palaces of Genoa or Venice. But for his description of the first and of the second or culminating period we have nothing but praise. His careful measurements and accurate descriptions of the Palazzo Massimi at Rome would alone almost give this part of the work the value of a monograph. His conclusions (p. 123), after describing these two periods, are as follows:

"If they are regarded as a whole, it is not too much to claim that this series of remarkable buildings proves that this culminating period of the Renaissance was a great fact in architectural history, quite worthy of comparison with the Periclean Age in Greece, the Augustan era of Imperial Rome, or the climax of mediæval art in France and England. It would be altogether unreasonable to claim that it was superior to Greek or Gothic, except in certain particulars; but in its comparative amenability to modern requirements it touches us more nearly to-day than either."

From this high standard Mr. Anderson indicates the fall, in a sentence which is startling enough without its context, but which we may leave our readers to justify for themselves from his pages:

"The loss of conformity [page 128] to constructive principle was the decisive cause of the decay of Renaissance architecture, and if the responsibility can be attached to one man, that man was Michelangelo, the greatest genius of all."

One more point may be worth mentioning before we close the considerations suggested by Mr. Anderson's accurate and clever work. It is that Prof. W. H. Goodyear has gradually been elaborating the theory of horizontal curves which he first discovered in the Maison Carrée at Nîmes. These curves have for long been known in the Parthenon. Prof. Goodyear has since 1895 been carefully studying their presence in various Italian buildings. The full results of his investigations (some of which are already published) will be awaited with keen interest. They will affect not only ancient Greek and mediæval Italian architectural theories, but they will, no doubt, offer some very interesting problems for solution in many of those buildings modelled from the Roman which Mr. Anderson has so admirably described.

## A NATIONAL TRANSFORMATION.

*Social Transformations of the Victorian Age.*  
By T. H. S. Escott. (Seeley.)

To get over the disagreeable duty of finding fault it may at once be said that this book calls aloud for revision. It abounds in odd little mistakes, the majority of which appear to be printers' blunders, though a considerable number are the slips of a hasty pen. As an example take the following reference to Mr. Asquith, who, we are told, "belonged to a slightly older generation than Lord Randolph Churchill. Before he took his degree in 1863 [*sic*] he had established the same sort of reputation for himself in the Union as had been won two or three generations earlier by Mr. Gladstone, and as seventeen years afterwards was to be won in the same arena by Mr. G. N. Curzon, in 1897 Foreign Under Secretary."

In point of fact, Mr. Asquith was born in 1852, and took his degree in 1874. Mr. Curzon, on the other hand, took his M.A. in 1886, and was born in 1859, so that it is impossible to account for Mr. Escott's mistake, except by the plea of hasty writing and hasty revision. The same inaccuracy of statement informs us that the agricultural gang system prevailed mostly in the North, whereas it should have been East and South. It is needless to bring forward more errors; the reader will find them but too plentiful. A sentence must also be devoted to the index, which is nearly the worst we know. While it refers us to facts so trivial as that Dilke, C. W., reduced the price of the *Daily News*, it does not contain any mention of names so important as Balfour, Asquith, Churchill, Salisbury, and Harcourt.

Apart from these blemishes, which it would not be honest to pass over, Mr. Escott has written a solid and laborious volume on the changes that have occurred during the last sixty years. It is not very sprightly or amusing, but the facts in themselves possess so dramatic an interest that merely to enumerate them is to hold the attention. He is valuable and useful on all matters that admit of explanation by an array of definite and concrete facts chiefly for the reason that he has called to his aid the most trustworthy authorities. When judgment has to be exercised he is not so convincing. We cannot help thinking, for instance, that he enormously exaggerates the importance of the part played in politics by Sir Charles Dilke, and scarcely does justice to leaders of far greater weight. In the domain of literature, too much space is allotted to Lord Lytton, and it sounds odd to hear anyone eulogising "the gentle and gracious offices" performed by Martin Tupper and Hain Friswell. Again, it is doubtful whether Macaulay was "the father of the leading" article—the style of the *Times* was formed before his day. Curious, too, is his endeavour to trace "the terse impressionist style" of the new journalist to George Borrow, Kinglake, Laurence Oliphant, and Grenville Murray.

There are many themes into which it would be pleasant to follow Mr. Escott, and agree or disagree with him as the case might be. But we shall be content to make a

generalisation. People are accustomed to talk lightly of the time-saving appliances of our era without quite realising what they mean. Here, however, Mr. Escott works out subject after subject, and proves that in every department of human industry men are more active and more industrious than ever; and yet how vastly extended is the taste for pleasure, how much more cricket and football is played in the fields, how much more chess and billiards in the house. We go more to theatre and concert room, we tour and travel and holiday it more than our forefathers, and yet we get through such heaps of labour as would have dismayed them. That is the most astonishing characteristic of the generation.

## A QUESTION OF STYLE.

*The Woodland Life.* By Edward Thomas.  
(Blackwood.)

THIS book consists of twelve essays and a diary—all treating of country life. The theme is a pleasant one, and is rendered still more so by the attractive binding in which the publishers have sent out the volume. Yet, to write quite frankly, despite a warm sympathy with the author's intention and a long-standing interest in his subject, we find the thing unreadable. Our business is to try and explain why this is so not only in the case of Mr. Thomas, but in that of numbers who have made a similar failure. To describe familiar outdoor objects in a way to secure attention seems easy, but is really a test of style. The classic examples of success are, of course, White, Thoreau, and Jefferies. Mr. Thomas would do well to give his days and nights to the first mentioned. White of Selborne was simple even to baldness, and gets his effect by sheer faithfulness to nature. Mr. Thomas has not yet advanced so far in his literary studies as to know that there is an ornament which enriches style, but twenty that impoverish it. We take his first page to illustrate our meaning. It has only eighty-eight words altogether, and, nevertheless, contains the following worn-out mock felicities of phrase: "a myriad stars of stitchwort," "purple spires of orchis"—the stars and spires "join hands" by the by—"elm-branches swathed deep in the lush growths of spring," "spangled blossoms," "lofty columnar boles," and that trade mark of the open-airist, "a bank of galley oars."

Let us examine another sentence to prove the unwisdom of overloading style. On p. 61 it is written: "A crowded woodland of varied hues, ledge beyond ledge climbs the hill's slow ascent, and in this dazzling dawn the sunlight plays upon the dewed leaves with gorgeous effect." White's imagination would not have soared to a woodland climbing a hill, and you may be sure his austere taste would have rejected the phrases we have italicised. A wooded hill at dawn with sunshine falling on the tree-leaves—state it so, and the reader will picture the effect for himself. The very next sentence reads: "Mellow limes contrast with sea-green chestnuts, now flaming with pinnacles of waxen bloom; the reddened foliage of the

oak seems to burn in the fierce light, while the pale tasselled birches are all a-quiver," &c. Until he can use, without abusing, a useful gift of language, Mr. Thomas should enter into a vow of total abstinence from adjectives.

In the sort of Shepherd's Calendar that takes up half the volume we have this same profusion of epithet, only more glaringly out of place. A diary ought to be as simple and unaffected as a letter, and absolutely definite in statement. "April 20. Meadows rare with cowslips: deep purple later, with lush early orchis." One does not wish to write against Keats, but his popularisation of the word "lush" and its kindred was little short of a crime. It is unnecessary to pursue the matter further, as it will now be understood why Mr. Thomas is so difficult to read. At the same time, it was worth doing this much because he seems to possess some of the stuff out of which writers are made. Let him discard second-hand finery of expression and trust for effect to his imagination and simplicity and he will write a better book than *The Woodland Life*.

Undoubtedly the one interesting bit in the diary is that which deals with the author's walking tour to Marlborough, and his visit to Swindon, Coate, the reservoir and meadows of which Jefferies wrote so much, the downs with their kestrels, and other scenes rendered familiar to most of us by the *Gamekeeper at Home* and *Wild Life in a Southern County*. He adds nothing to our knowledge of Richard Jefferies, although he met old people who remember his birth. But the truth is that Richard was a prophet never much honoured in his own county, the family has long been removed from the neighbourhood, and there is little to be gleaned. Yet somehow the slight description of, and references to, Coate and its surroundings are more attractive than anything else in the volume.

## ENGLISH SONG.

*English Minstrelsy: a National Monument of English Song.* Collated and Edited by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Vol. VII. (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

IN his introductory Essay on English Folk-Music to this seventh volume, Mr. Baring-Gould "sighs over the ruins of our folk-music," and wishes "that men in England had been as patriotic as those of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland" in preserving traditional airs. Mr. Gould, however, does not merely sigh and utter vain regrets; his "National Monument of English Song" shows that he is doing his best to seek them out and gather them together. Our author reminds us that a collector "must be furnished with infinite patience, and put up with much disappointment"; and the truth of this statement is fully confirmed by the Essay in question. We read how he mixed with the peasantry, with stone-cutters, farm labourers, fiddlers, and others—sometimes in their homes, sometimes in taverns—and thus heard songs which had been handed down from father to son, and of which there

was no written record. He was, of course, specially anxious to meet with very old folk who would sing to him songs which they had learnt in early youth; it was, indeed, principally from old inhabitants that he obtained some of his greatest treasures. Many, nay most of them, could neither read nor write; and living a quiet, simple, country life, there was little or nothing, except the vagaries of memory, to induce them to alter either words or music. People who read and write and who lead a busy life, mixing and exchanging thoughts with many men, may have a fuller-stored memory, yet, except perhaps in special cases, one less vivid, so far as regards the exact words of a poem or notes of a song. Mr. Gould tells of a stone-cutter who, when nearly eighty years of age, had not forgotten any of the old ballads taught to him by an "aged" widow when he was a little urchin. He used to carry milk for her every day, and as she was not rich enough to pay him in coin, she sang or recited to him.

It might, indeed, be doubted whether airs and poems thus acquired are of any real value; whether, in fact, the memory of these aged inhabitants was to be trusted. That doubt might possibly exist if Mr. Gould had accepted all the songs which he heard. But before including any one in his collection he would carefully compare many versions of the same melody as noted down in many places, often widely removed, so as to discover the mother-form. It may often have been difficult to discover which was the best version, but at times, no doubt, the very variety may have proved a help in forming a decision. Mr. Gould was able to "prick down" any song which he heard, with the aid of a piano. Such an instrument, however, was not always available, so that he called to his aid the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard and other skilled musicians. The Rev. F. W. Bussell, Vice-Principal of Brazenose, Oxford, it appears, was remarkable "for the extreme accuracy with which he noted every twist and flourish of the singer."

It is indeed unfortunate that only within recent years attempts should have been made to collect folk-airs now "trembling on the verge of oblivion." Better late, however, than not at all; and the patient labours of Mr. Gould and his associates deserve every encouragement. The volume under notice contains not only traditional airs, but also those of well-known composers, such as Dr. Pepusch, William Shield, J. L. Hatton, and others.

The writing of accompaniments to old songs has always been a difficult matter. Attempts to reproduce the past are always more or less imperfect, and in many, probably most cases, folk-melodies had no accompaniment. The aim, says Mr. Gould, has been to avoid "unsuitable elaboration on the one hand, and bald simplicity on the other." There may be places in which the *juste milieu* has not been strictly adhered to, but the writing always shows skill and taste, and, for the most part, enhances the charm of the melodies. The airs are given in tonic sol-fa, as well as in the ordinary notation. The publishers may be congratulated on the get-up of the volume.

### SOME EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

*Arnold of Rugby.* By J. J. Findlay. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS is a dull and a disappointing book. That a concise exposition of what permanent services exactly were rendered by Thomas Arnold to English education was uncalled for or unseasonable we are very far from saying. At such a time as this in particular it were well that the views and the achievements of the leading educational reformers of the present century should be put before the public. Thus an account of Arnold in a succinct form, such as would be read not only by professional educationists, but also by others who may be called upon to assist in carrying out the provisions of the coming Secondary Education Act, would have had a distinct value. But this is just what Mr. Findlay has not given us. His volume is a farrago compounded of hashed-up extracts from Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold* (a book familiar or accessible to every schoolmaster), and selections from Arnold's sermons and from essays by him on sundry scholastic topics, for the most part of no present interest or importance. The chunks carved out of Stanley are served up still laden with all the old-world theological jargon that cumbers the original work: a garnish which perhaps was well enough in the age of our grandmothers, but which only serves to repel the modern reader. We doubt whether many of those who do not know and who wish to know something about Arnold will suffer themselves to be bored to the extent involved in toiling through Mr. Findlay's 260 pages. He has appended to his compilation a "Bibliography" of publications relating to Arnold and to public school education, and apologises for any incompleteness there may be in this list. The apology was needed. We cannot but think that a teacher of teachers, as Mr. Findlay is, might reasonably have been expected, at least, to know the titles of a very much larger number of works on pedagogics, or if he knew them to have taken the trouble to set them down. Nor is his scanty catalogue up to date in point of criticism, for a perusal of Mr. Leach's *English Schools at the Reformation* would have caused him to modify his estimate of the authority of Carlisle, whom, by the way, he calls an "antiquarian." In fine, some fifty or so very useful pages might have been written about Arnold's place in the history of education, and the subject fairly exhausted therein. Such fifty pages would have been read.

*Thirty Years of Teaching.* By L. C. Miall. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is a very different stamp of book. For this bright and sensible little work we have nothing but praise. If what Mr. Miall has to tell us is not always fresh, though it often is, it is generally freshly put, and, like Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, he possesses the rare art of writing about education in an attractive manner. We heartily commend his book to the attention of the parent as well as of the teacher.

*Flosculorum Fasciculus.* Selected Translations into Latin and Greek Verse by C. S. Jerram, M.A. (Oxford: George Sheppard.)

THE making of Latin and Greek verses is an elegant exercise which a utilitarian age has discarded as useless; and the Oxford man may now pass through a scholarship to a first in "Greats" without knowing more than enough to distinguish between hexameters and sapphics. Nevertheless, the elegance of the exercise appeals to the genuine scholar, who will welcome the modest paper-covered volume in which Mr. Jerram has put forth his renderings of selected passages from English poets. Mr. Jerram has been very judicious in his choice of subject, and has taken only passages which have something of the spirit of the language into which he translates. He does not attempt, with forced jocularity, to turn a bill of lading into Greek elegiacs. On the contrary, he takes such a passage as Matthew Arnold's description of the funeral in "Balder Dead," which breathes the very spirit of Homer:

"The mast they fixed, and hoisted up the sails,  
Then they put fire to the wood."

At once comes the Greek without effort, or with the skill that conceals effort:

Ἰστίον δὲ στήσαντες, ἀπὸ δ' ἰστία νηὸς ἵσαντες  
Τείναν δελφάντες, ἀπὸ δὲ ξύλα δανάεσσιν ἔκαιον.

You will find among these excellent renderings an occasional lapse into a *tour de force*—as a eulogy of a notorious soap and a translation of Gilbert's "Titwillow." But these are concessions. As a fair specimen we may give the rendering of Herrick's well-known stanza:

"Fat be my hind, unlearned be my wife,  
Peaceful my night, my day devoid of strife;  
To these a comely offspring I desire,  
Singing about my everlasting fire."

Thus runs the Latin:

"Nupta indocta domi, pinguis sit vilicus agris,  
Sint placidae noctes, et sine lite dies;  
Hic super accedat proles formosa, perennem  
Quae cantu celebret, laeta corona, focum."

Nothing could be better of its kind. And in this little book of selected translations you will find more than forty of equal excellence, the fruit of a third of a century of learned leisure.

### FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*The Professor's Children.* By E. H. Fowler. (Longmans & Co.)

ALTHOUGH we cannot quite determine the object of the author of this little book—whether, as the form suggests, it is to please children, or to poke a little gentle fun at Prof. Sully and his fellow psychologists who study the young mind, or to interest parents—we still can give it hearty commendation. The Professor's children may not perhaps do enough to satisfy real nurseries (children who read of other children want deeds before speech), but their talk is a delight. Miss Fowler has evidently observed very closely and appreciatively. She gives



us not only the broad outline of children's conversation—a little above par, as it should be in a book—but also the delicate shades. Here, for example, is a story, with typical interruptions:

"'I have thought of a new story,' said Roger, beginning to jump about. Roger always jumped about wildly during his flights of imagination, which made him a little difficult to hear at times, owing to his breathlessness.

'Once upon a time there was a woodcutter,' he began, 'and he was very poor.'

Peggy sat clasping her legs and resting her chin on her knees, and the baby lay flat on his back and waved his boots in the air.

'Werry poor?' asked Oliver.

'Awfully poor. His name was Mr. Jenkins, and he suffered many things because of his poorness.'

'How werry poor was he?' persisted Oliver, who always would sift the matter thoroughly, and there was no possibility of putting him off.

'So poor that he never had anything to eat,' continued Roger, standing still for a moment to get his breath.

'How horrid!' Peggy softly observed.

'And he lived in a wood 'cause of being a woodcutter. One day the cat —'

'What cat?' Oliver wanted to know.

'The Jenkins' cat, of course—jumped into the larder and quickly ate up all the food that was there.'

'A bitin' cat!' remarked the baby, suddenly sitting upright and listening attentively.

'And Mr. Jenkins began to beat the cat, and he beat it and beat it till all its bones was broken! when suddenly—here Roger paused, and his small pale face fairly glowed with excitement—the wolf rushed in and killed Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins quite dead and ate them all up in a minute.'

'He bited them!' murmured the baby.

'After Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins was dead and buried —'

'But the wolf swallowed them, you know,' corrected Peggy, 'so they couldn't be buried as well.'

'It's my story, and they was buried,' said Roger with dignity. 'In course the wolf didn't swallow quite all of them. So their heads and their boots, and,' reverting to his own toilet, 'their braces was buried, and, when the funeral was finished, the cat married the wolf.'

'But the Jenkins' was werry poor—too poor to have things to eat—so why was there any food in the larder?' began Oliver, who had been meditating on the opening part of the story.

'Don't bother so!' said Peggy impatiently.

'But I want to know,' persisted her little brother. 'If they was too poor to have any food, they was too poor to have a larder to keep it in.'

The children are studied for psychological purposes by the Professor, their father, who is the customary professor of such books. What children will make of his remarks we cannot imagine; but parents should be amused. Miss Fowler, we fancy, made a slip when she wrote the baby's age as two. He must have been older.

*Norfolk Songs, Stories and Sayings.* By Walter Rye. (S.P.O.K.)

From his great store of Norfolk lore Mr. Rye has here put together a scrappy and hurried but very readable and interesting collection of gossip. His chapters cover a wide area; ballads, songs, and rhymes,

dialect, duels and murders, elections, ghosts, eating and drinking, marvels and myths, genealogy, strange characters, sport. The dialect chapter is most pleasing to us. Some of the Norfolk sayings are very precious. Thus "Tangle-leg," for strong beer, could not be beaten; and, "He don't like working between meals," is a perfect description of a lazy man. "Very apt," says Mr. Rye, "is the native at repartee. Once at Thorpe Gardens, years ago, when a comic singer who was chaunting at a water frolic, was rudely interrupted by a drunken man from Ber Street, he stopped and said, 'One fule at a time, sir, if you please,' which has always struck me as one of the best and most self-denying repartees I ever heard." But there are occasions, even in Norfolk, of want of ready wit. It is told of a man of Lynn, who was not good at improvisation, that being induced to take the chair at a Bible Society meeting, he could say, by way of introductory speech, nothing but, "The Society is a good Society, a very good Society, in fact, ladies and gentlemen, it is a d— good Society." In the eating and drinking chapter, Mr. Rye gives this proof of Norfolk capacity:

"I remember, myself, one night, that at the 'Angel,' at North Walsham, a commercial traveller said that no man could eat a whole goose—upon which bets were laid, and the host sent out for a certain local gorgier to come at once and eat it. A message was brought that he couldn't because he had just eaten twenty 'white' (fresh) herrings for his supper. But on pressure being put on him he came and *did* eat it."

Mr. Rye gives in this chapter two recipes for cooking swans. He also affirms that the air of Norfolk nullifies the evil effects of alcohol, which may account for the enormous consumption of liquor by parties on the Broads. The chapter in which Mr. Rye expresses his scorn for the pedigree myth and the people who support it, is likely to bring him some unpopularity in the county. "Woodman, spare that (family) tree!" will be their plaint. At the end of his book, by way of appendix, Mr. Rye reprints from an old ACADEMY his reasons for believing Chaucer to be a Norfolk man, and also a bibliography of the Broads.

*Whitby Past and Present.* By Robert B. Holt. (Whitby: Horne & Son.)

PROVINCIAL publishing is much to be encouraged. A book like this—written, printed, bound, and published locally—may come to us with all its faults thick upon it, but it comes recommended by the fact that it is a local production. Messrs. Horne & Son have turned out this book partly well and partly ill. The cover is good because perfectly simple: a dark green cloth with the title and author's name printed on the front cover in honest Roman capitals, and the Whitby arms in gold in the centre. The half title-page maintains the dignity and simplicity of Roman capitals; but with the title-page comes delirium. For the title is set up in a strange printing-office old English type, the author's name is in Roman capitals, and the escutcheon is described in a crazy type that no man may describe.

The body of the book is quite well printed; but why will provincial publishers insist on printing illustrations in many colours? This book is illustrated with process blocks from views taken by a local photographer, taken very well too; but why are they printed in green, in vivid red, in mauve, and in black? Surely this loss of style between London and Whitby need not have been. In London books are produced with a nice regard to style, and hundreds of perfectly turned out books must reach Whitby every year. Why, then, ignore good models? In so simple a matter as the placing of illustrations the right way on the page this book is defective. We do not wish to unduly criticise Messrs. Horne & Son, whose book will compare favourably with many that reach us from the country; but if provincial publishing is to be encouraged it must also be chastened.

Mr. Holt's subject-matter is distinctly interesting, for his memory is long and his knowledge of the Whitby neighbourhood must, we think, be unrivalled.

"Seventy years ago," Mr. Holt tells us, "there were many quaint old customs still surviving in Whitby, at least in memory. One of them was that of counting fish in triplets. 'Thoo's yan! but thoo's not yan! but thoo's yan! thoo's twa! but thoo's not twa! but thoo's twa!' Or, as an old fisherman gave it me, 'One to pay! one to give away, and one to tally there' was once the ordinary mode of counting herrings, &c. A publican was called an ale draper, a spirit merchant a brandy spinner. A huckster was termed a badger; he used to go about the country with an ass and panniers to barter needles, threads, and other small articles, for butter, eggs, and fruit; these he sold in the market towns. A cadger was a man who collected the corn of small farmers and took it to be ground."

In addition to giving his own piquant recollections of Whitby, Mr. Hall sketches the rise of St. Hilda's great abbey that still crowns the Whitby cliff, and surveys the history of the town from the earliest days to those of his own childhood.

*Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.* By Mrs. C. W. Earle. (Smith Elder & Co.)

Mrs. EARLE, allowing her pen to wander where it will, has produced a quiet, leisurely book of great interest to women. Her principal subjects are gardening, cookery, and the education of sons and daughters; but she keeps an intelligent and appreciative glance for much else besides. The remarks concerning books on gardening are perhaps the strength of Mrs. Earle's work. The quotation which precedes these pleasant pages of advice is happy: "Often-times he would make it his prayer that he should not be accounted as an hypocrite by reason that his life sorted not with his teaching; insisting that there is a duality in unity in most of us, and that to a writer it hath still been permitted (not for his own behoof, since what true profit is there to a man in seeming that he is not?) to put his better mind in his books." Mrs. Earle may like to know that the poem which she quotes on page 21—"John Frost"—is by "Gabriel Setoun."



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Chevalier D'Auriac.* By S. Levett-Yeats.  
(Longmans & Co.)

Referring to the anachronism in his story, the author of *The Chevalier D'Auriac* remarks in his preface: "The only excuse the writer has for not making the correction is that his object is simply to enable a reader to pass away a dull hour." That is the right spirit: an author of romance cannot have a better ambition. Mr. Levett-Yeats, in so far as I am concerned, has succeeded. My one wish is that he had not employed the first-person-singular. A story told in this manner is bereft of a certain element of surprise. One learns at the outset that no combat in which the hero is involved will for the hero have a fatal issue. The Chevalier D'Auriac is so bloodthirsty a young gentleman, and his narrative is so packed with encounters, that I have found myself regretting the first-person-singular more than usual. Another objection is that the hero who fights and does not write about it afterwards is more admirable than the hero who does. It is true that the Chevalier D'Auriac abjures the pen until he is old and forlorn, but I should prefer that his history had been told by another. For his mighty romances of duel, battle, and intrigue Dumas found the third-person a practicable enough method. Why should not his pupil, Mr. Levett-Yeats? This, however, is the only objection which, as a reader, I have to *The Chevalier D'Auriac*. As a story it bustles along nobly. The clash of steel sounds from start to finish, and I love the clash of steel. In the first chapter there is an affair by moonlight:

"It took but a half-minute to make myself ready, and borrowing a poniard from Nicholas to help me to parry, for De Gomeron held one in his left hand, and I was determined to give him no further advantage—he already had the light—I took my position. Then there was an angry little clash and our blades met, looking for all the world like two thin streaks of fire in the moonlight. I began the attack at once in the lower lines, but soon found that my adversary was a master of his weapon, and his defence was complete. We were both sober enough now, besides being in deadly earnest, and De Gomeron began to change his tactics and attack in his turn. He was more than cunning of fence, thrusting high at my throat to get as much of the reflection of the moon as possible on his blade, and so dazzle my eyes; but this was a game I had played before, and seeing this he disengaged, and making a beautiful feint, thrust low in tierce. The parry was just in time, but the point of his blade ripped me exactly over the heart, and dyed my shirt red with the blood of a flesh wound. The discipline of Nicholas and his men went to shreds at the sight of this, and there was a shout: 'Croix Dieu!' 'He is lost!'

"But a man's knowledge is not to be counted by his years, and Maître Touchet had himself placed a foil in my hand before I was seven. The hair that stood between me and death as De Gomeron's point touched me cooled me to ice, and knowing that in a long-continued contest youth must tell, I began to feign retreat, and give back slowly, meaning to wind my opponent, and work him round to get a little of the moon in his eyes."

This De Gomeron is the bad genius of the Chevalier. He dogs him continually, and at the end almost robs him of his lady. But of course nothing so terrible quite takes place. Mr. Levett-Yeats has been far too mindful of the way in which dull hours should be passed away to let that happen. In addition to the love-story of the Chevalier we find ourselves in the midst of plot and counter-plot of State. The central figure is Henri of Navarre, now King of France, and it is the pleasant but arduous task of the Chevalier to frustrate the treachery of traitorous ministers. The king himself assists the Chevalier in his last great exposure, after having pretended to discredit that loyal youth's tale of warning. The

following scene, in quite the grand manner, is the outcome of such a partnership:

"When we got back I helped him to dress. He did not, however, resume his roquelaure or hat, but stood playing with the hilt of his sword, letting his eye run backward and forward over the vacant space in my room. At last he turned to me:

'Monsieur, you have not answered the question I put to you a moment before.'

'Sire,' I answered boldly, 'is it my fault?'

He began to pull at his moustache, keeping his eyes to the ground and saying to himself, 'Sully will not be here for a little; there is time.' As for me, I took my courage in both hands and waited. So a half-minute must have passed before he spoke again.

'Monsieur, if a gentleman has wronged another, there is only one course open. There is room enough here—take your sword, your place.'

'I—I—,' I stammered. 'Your Majesty, I do not understand.'

'I never heard that Monsieur le Chevalier was dense in these matters. Come, sir, time presses—your place.'

'May my hand wither if I do,' I burst out. 'I will never stand so before the king.'

'Not before the king, monsieur, but before a man who considers himself a little wronged too. What! is D'Auriac so high that he cannot stoop to cross a blade with plain Henri de Bourbon?'

And then it was as if God Himself took the scales from my eyes, and I fell on my knees before my king.

He raised me gently. 'Monsieur, I thank you. Had I for one moment led a soul to suspect that I believed in you from the first, this nest of traitors had never been found. St. Gris—even Sully was blinded. So far so good. It is much for a king to have gained a friend; and hark! if I am not mistaken, here is De Vitry.'

Henry of Navarre is a safe card for the romance-writer to play. Dumas sowed the seed, and all who follow partake the harvest. It is difficult to go wrong when Henri blusters through the pages. Mr. Levett-Yeats knows this well. I have never read a story when so much of the machinery of Dumas was employed with such success. The narrative style of Mr. Levett-Yeats is admirable. He is not a great writer, but, for the purpose he set himself at the beginning of this work, he is adequate. The dull hour is finely averted. The first extract showed our hero and De Gomeron in conflict. Here is the passage, from the last chapter, showing De Gomeron's death:

"Messieurs, you who may read this, those at least of you who have stood sword in hand and face to face with a bitter foe, when the fight is to the last, will know that there are moments when it is as if God Himself nerves the arm and steels the wrist. And so it was then with me. I swear it that I forestalled each movement of the twinkling blade before me, that each artifice and trick the skilful swordsman who was fighting for his life employed was felt by something that guided my sword, now high, now low, and ever and again wet its point against the broad breast of the Camarguer."

"So, too, with him—he was lost, and he knew it. But he was a brave man, if ever there was one, and he pulled himself together as we reached the upper landing for one last turn with the death that dogged him. So fierce was the attack he now made, that had he done so but a moment before, when the advantage of position was his, I know not what had happened. But now it was different. He was my man. I was carried away by the fire within me, or else in pity I might have spared him; but there is no need to speak of this more. He thrust too high. I parried and returned, so that the cross hilt of my rapier struck dully over his heart, and he died where he fell."

Of the interest of Mr. Levett-Yeats's excellent story there cannot be two opinions among readers who like the days of lackeys and rapiers, galloping steeds and flagons of D'Arbois, pistoles and Capuchins, "Ventre St. Gris!" and "Morbleu!" In such a hot-tempered and slaughterous society one wonders that any one was left alive at all, and I recommend the Chevalier D'Auriac to all readers of this kind, but particularly to those persons who have found the reports of the recent meeting between M. Catulle Mendès and M. Lugné Poë too tiresome.

## ETHICS OF THE SURFACE.

*The Rudeness of the Honourable Mr. Leatherhead.*  
*A Homburg Story.* By Gordon Seymour.  
 (Grant Richards.)

Although the former of these two stories has already been noticed in these columns, I cannot, in fairness to the author, consider them apart. For Mr. Gordon Seymour is a novelist with a theory, and in the preface to the first of the "Ethics of the Surface" series he sets out his theory, which he forthwith proceeds to put into practice. In a word, Mr. Gordon Seymour considers that the novel has hitherto not been superficial enough. "As a rule," he writes, "the novel has not got beyond what might be called the lyrical stage, in which 'love,' and the whole relation of man to woman, is the central topic of interest." And it must be admitted that if we are to believe the statistics of the book trade, the topic continues to be sufficiently interesting. Still, in the course of his journey from primeval barbarism to nineteenth century civilisation the human animal has developed many interests which did not appeal to his remote ancestors. Prehistoric man as he lay at the mouth of his cave was interested in little but prehistoric woman and his prehistoric dinner. The finished human product of to-day takes these things more or less for granted. He does not have to fight his fellow-men for a wife, or even—except at evening parties—scramble for his food. Man no longer lives by bread alone, but is particular as to his liqueurs, and discriminates nicely between the brands of his cigars. "Thousands of years of civilisation and social differentiation," says Mr. Gordon Seymour, "have drawn within the sphere of fundamental necessities what, to the savage and our prehistoric ancestors, was either unfelt, unknown, or a matter of accident and luxury." In a complex social life we have hundreds of needs and desires, the denial of which would make life intolerable. Manners become more immediately important than morals, and the thief who is a good fellow becomes more acceptable as a social factor than the honest man who is a bore.

Now, these considerations are by no means new; they are the commonplaces of philosophy. But they have suggested to Mr. Gordon Seymour a method of novel-writing which appears to suit him admirably. He proposes to write a series of books, of which the *motif* shall be, not the passions which lie at the root of humanity, but the manners, the delicacies of behaviour, the *nuances* of deportment, which are the offshoot of centuries of civilisation, and without which Society would be a bear-garden. I almost wish that the author's preface, interesting as it is, had been omitted, and that he had given us his stories without any fussing about theory. One could then have seen what he was driving at. It is not necessary for the novelist, as for the professional entertainer, to "tell his audience what he is going to do, then do it, and then tell them he has done it." Nor is Mr. Seymour's method in any sense a new one or an individual one. We have had the novel of manners with us for many years. With what does *Pride and Prejudice* deal but with the "ethics of the surface"? Have not Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells taught us the importance of trivialities? And is not *Patience Sparknov* solely concerned with those secondary and artificial needs which Mr. Seymour claims as his special province? Mr. Seymour would do better to practise the well-worn maxim which he is somewhat too fond of quoting—*ars est celare artem*—and write his stories without telling us how and why they are written.

I give this advice in the most friendly spirit, because Mr. Seymour's two little books have afforded me genuine pleasure in the reading. The former and slighter of the two describes how an act of rudeness towards an old lady on the part of Mr. Leatherhead affected that gentleman's career and even his character. The second also deals in manners. "This question of the manner, I see," says the heroine, "is of the greatest importance in social intercourse." It might be called a study in sensitiveness, in which the central figures are three ladies at Homburg who are conscious of a slight social prejudice against themselves. And the moral of the story, which shows throughout the faculty of observation and considerable insight into the delicacies of social life, is that we should "deal lightly with the blows struck at our own pride and sensitiveness," since we cannot, without loss of dignity, resent them. But here again Mr. Seymour thinks too much of pointing his moral and too little of adorning his tale, so that the hero, who is the author's mouthpiece, becomes now and then a bit of a prig. For

Mr. Seymour has also a theory of dialogue. He finds the dialogue of the average novel trivial and scrappy, and not at all like those "delightful and interesting talks which we have had" in real life. Wherefore his hero, when he makes the acquaintance of three pretty women on the Saalburg, and shows them the remains of the Roman Camp, points out the Porta Decumana, draws a plan on the back of an envelope and indicates the Prætorium, the Quæstorium, and the Porta Principalis dextra and sinistra; he sketches rapidly the history and policy of Rome, and then in the person of a Roman officer described the orders and duties of each day. Then he draws an analogy between modern Great Britain and ancient Rome, ending thus—

"On the other hand there was then no effective tribunal of public morality, no spiritual conscience of nations, of which we all have to take account in modern times—thank God, a real power with us, unknown to the ancient world, and to which we Englishmen, I hope, will always pay due tribute, though we shall insist upon advancing, unchecked by any power, because we know that our advance always means the common advance of civilisation."

The ladies, you will be surprised to hear, instead of going to sleep, were delighted, and one of them promptly fell in love with him. I have, I must confess, picked out almost the only ridiculous passage in the book. But that is because I really wish to persuade Mr. Seymour that he is hampering himself by theories which are not in the least novel. If he will only deal a little less "heavily and seriously with things which are not weighty"—as he writes in his preface, if he will cease to worry himself and us with theories, I shall look with eagerness for some more studies in the Philosophy of the Superficial.

\* \* \* \*

*The Way of a Woman.* By Mrs. L. T. Meade.  
 (F. V. White & Co.)

Of course I have heard of Mrs. L. T. Meade over and over again. But as I seldom read novels but under compulsion—in the way of business—I had no personal acquaintance with her works until *The Way of a Woman* turned up on the table whereon I neglect my work, and I read it. Some of it, at least. And Quintin Garstin of the prologue seemed promising. He was engaged to Marjory, he was attached to the diplomatic service in China, he smoked opium, he joined—accidentally—a Chinese secret society, and he was inveigled into a marriage with the passionate and brazen Dolly. Subsequently he appears in Southwark, as a widower and a curate—"translated." Now curates are doubtless necessary; but there is no need to dwell upon them. But Quintin was quite an exceptional curate, and filled his church on week days. Marjory, the jilted, though the daughter of a squire—a peculiarly silly squire—came up continually to town to sit under him. She met him clandestinely in disused churchyards, and visited him at his rooms because she thought she could help him in his extremity. For the curate had a sin on his conscience which I will not divulge. All the same "Mary the shrewd" saw through it. "She may be in love on the high and spiritual plane" said Mary, "but in love she is, and with Quintin Garstin." And she was. So also were several other girls, but on the strictly high and spiritual plane. They took rooms in the house which contained the curate. One night the curate could not sleep for remorse—at what I will not tell you.

"The young daily governess in the room underneath was much disturbed by the curate's footsteps—they awed her. She said to herself, 'He is thinking out one of those wonderful sermons.' It occurred to her that she might help him by prayer. At this time in his career those who looked at Garstin felt that the one thing they could do for him was to pray—to pray that he might be made more of an Evangelist than he was already. The girl slipped out of bed in her white nightdress, and kneeling on the floor, clasped her hands, and prayed to God to help him.

'Dear God, make him preach even more wonderfully,' she prayed. 'Dear God, make him pierce beneath all the darkness and defilements of our hearts, until he reaches our naked souls and rouses them to come to Thee. Help him, Lord, help him mightily.'

She prayed as she had never prayed before, and instinctively the wave of prayer must have risen through the ceiling—"

Well, well—Mrs. Meade should surely know her public and its requirements. I cannot tell you, if I would, what was the subsequent history of the curate; only from a hurried glance forward I have hopes that he is safely buried. I found just one

spice of devilry in the story, when two young ladies went on a jaunt to town to hear the curate preach, pretending all the time that they were going to Exeter Hall. But I am no enemy of rational enjoyment, so let that pass. *The Way of a Woman* is quite the sort of book to buy and give away as a birthday present to any girl who was born just fifteen years ago. It wouldn't hurt a niece.

### SHERLOCK HOLMES.

#### A BELATED CRITICISM.

"My point is that the character, the theories, the position, and the methods, always, and the incidents and phrases often, which have made Sherlock Holmes a household word, are taken directly from Dupin and from Lecoq." This is the clinching sentence of a four-column article on Dr. Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* series of stories, with which Mr. Robert Blatchford has just surprised the readers of the *Clarion*. Mr. Blatchford, like the rest of us, heartily enjoyed Dr. Doyle's stories when they appeared in the *Strand Magazine*; but he had his own opinion about Holmes as compared with such detectives as Poe's Dupin or Gaboriau's Lecoq. It will be remembered that Dr. Doyle had his too. In *A Study in Scarlet* he makes Sherlock Holmes say:

"No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin. Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow. . . . He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine.

Lecoq was a miserable bungler; he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecoq took six months or so. It might be made a text-book for detectives to teach them what to avoid."

It is clear that this passage has rankled in Mr. Blatchford's mind; indeed, he admits it, and when an attack of influenza suddenly widened his leisure, he began to look into the matter. With this result: "Let us see," says Mr. Blatchford, "how far Mr. Sherlock Holmes's contempt for his masters is justified by the facts"; and he proceeds to give an example of the work of that "very inferior fellow," Dupin:

"A girl was murdered near New York. The case created a great sensation, all the leading papers suggested theories of the crime, and the police were completely baffled.

Then Edgar Allan Poe wrote a story called *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, in which he set his imaginary detective, Dupin, to work to explain how the murder had been committed. Poe wrote at a distance from the scene of the crime, and with no other data than those found in the Press. He kept closely to the facts of the murder, changing only the names of places and persons, and he made Dupin unravel the whole mystery by a process of pure inductive reason.

Some years afterwards two persons at different places and at different times confessed, and in their confessions confirmed in full 'not only the general conclusion, but absolutely all the chief hypothetical details by which that conclusion was attained.'

That is to say, that Dupin, the trifier, the 'inferior fellow,' actually applied to a *real* case the methods supposed to be peculiar to Sherlock Holmes, and discovered not only the murderer but all the steps taken in the perpetration of the crime.

Should we be justified now in calling Sherlock Holmes a trifier or an inferior fellow if in one of Conan Doyle's stories he had actually explained, and truly explained, all the mystery of the crimes of Jack the Ripper?"

Mr. Blatchford, who is evidently extremely well versed in Poe and Gaboriau, goes on to give extracts and instances tending to show that Sherlock Holmes's methods of criminal investigation have been anticipated by these writers. The following passage will show Mr. Blatchford's line of criticism:

"Dr. Doyle's second book, *The Sign of Four*, absorbs a good deal of Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

Thus, in Poe's tale the murders are done by an ape, which has escaped from a sailor. In Conan Doyle's tale the murder is done by a small savage from the Andaman Isles, who is with a sailor. In both cases the murder is done against the sailor's wish. In the one case Dupin deduces the ape from a handprint, in the other Holmes deduces the savage from a footprint.

'I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks,' he said; 'do you observe anything noteworthy about them?'

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## FOR HOLIDAY READING.

'They belong,' I said, 'to a child or a small woman.'  
'Apart from their size, though, is there nothing else?'

'They appear to be much as other footmarks.'  
'Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?'

'Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided.'

Now compare Dupin and his hand-print:

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, 'that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt now to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them.'

I made the attempt in vain.

'We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial,' he said. 'The paper's spread out upon a plain surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing round it and try the experiment again.'

I did so, but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. 'This,' I said, 'is the mark of no human hand.'

But the resemblance between the methods of Holmes and those of the 'very inferior fellow,' Dupin, does not end there, for in the *Rue Morgue* Dupin takes up a volume of Cuvier, and shows his friend an account of a large and fierce orang-outang, with special allusion to his hands, and in *The Sign of Four* Holmes shows Watson in an encyclopædia an account of the savage races of the Andaman Islands, with special allusion to their feet. See *Sign of Four*, pp. 158-9, and *Rue Morgue*, pp. 213-14.

'In *The Sign of Four* the description of the sailor, Jonathan Small, is very like the description of the Maltese sailor in *The Rue Morgue*. In *The Sign of Four* Holmes says:

'I argued that the launch must be no great way off in spite of its invisibility. I then put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as a man of his capacity would.'

Compare the words in italics with Poe's statement in *The Purloined Letter*.

'Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed "lucky," what, in its last analysis, is it?'

'It is merely,' said I, 'an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent.'

One cannot read *A Scandal in Bohemia* and *The Purloined Letter* together without being struck by the analogy. In one story the thing to be recovered is a letter stolen from the Queen of France. In the other it is a portrait given to a lady by the King of Bohemia. In both cases the detective enters the room of the person holding the desired object; in both cases an *emeute* is organised by the detective outside the house. In both cases the method of attack and the process of thought employed are identical.

Let anyone with a good knowledge of Sherlock Holmes study the three stories by Poe, and he cannot fail to perceive the indebtedness of Conan Doyle to the American author."

It must not be supposed that Mr. Blatchford is not an admirer and a great admirer, of Dr. Conan Doyle's most famous creation

After examining many other instances of Mr. Sherlock Holmes's feats of detection, and finding in them, as he thinks, traces of indebtedness to the creators of the heroes of Poe's and Gaboriau's stories, Mr. Blatchford says:

"Is there, then, nothing new in the new detective? There is. One of the most fascinating and ingenious characteristics of Sherlock Holmes is his faculty for reading the men and women he meets as though they were books. His deductions from a soiled hat, a scratched watch, a splashed trouser, or a scarred hand, are peculiar to him, and always come upon the reader as a surprise. Mycroft Holmes, also, is a fine character, and I, for one, wish that Dr. Doyle would give us more of him. . . . Dr. Doyle is more 'readable' than Gaboriau or Edgar Allan Poe. His language is simpler, his stories are shorter, his mode of telling is clearer; he uses short sentences, and he judiciously waters down Poe's abstruse philosophy, and avoids Gaboriau's laboured sentiment. But, after all, he is only an industrious and skilful mechanic: Edgar Allan Poe was a genius and an inventor."

We do not know that the keenly scrutinising Sherlock Holmes has been so scrutinised before. But we fancy that the range of invention possible to a writer of detective stories is smaller than is commonly imagined.

The following Obstinate Case of Indigestion of Twenty Years' standing, with Pain after Food, Loss of Appetite, and Loss of Flesh, was completely cured by Guy's Tonic!



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"I have pleasure in stating the following facts with regard to the great benefit my wife has received from a course of Guy's Tonic.

"I have been married twenty years, and for the greater part of that time she has suffered from Indigestion, and has not been able to eat any other flesh meat except mutton, and that only sparingly. She has tried all sorts of medicines without any lasting results, and one of the leading Doctors in this City told her she would always be *Dyspeptic*.

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"I think Guy's Tonic only wants to become more widely known to be highly appreciated by all who suffer from Indigestion and kindred Ailments.

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

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Office: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THE most interesting arrival of the week is Prof. James Sully's *Children's Ways*. This is a volume of selections from the author's *Studies of Childhood*, with additional matter. Prof. Sully explains the book in a short preface, which we quote entire:

"The kindly welcome accorded by the Press to my volume, *Studies of Childhood*, has suggested to me that there was much in it which might be made attractive to a wider class of readers than that addressed in a psychological work. I have, accordingly, prepared the following selections, cutting out abstruse discussions, dropping as far as possible technical language, and adapting the style to the requirements of the general reader. In order to shorten the work the last two chapters—'Extracts from a Father's Diary' and 'George Sand's Childhood'—have been omitted. The order of treatment has been altered somewhat, and a number of stories has been added. I hope that the result may succeed in recommending what has long been to myself one of the most delightful of subjects to many who would not be disposed to read a larger and more difficult work, and to draw on a few of these, at least, to a closer and more serious inspection of it."

It is curious to be reminded, in these days, when the Empire, as an idea, looms so large in the national mind, of the existence of the Regalia. Mr. Cyril Davenport has produced a handsomely illustrated folio on these royal insignia. By permission of Her Majesty he was allowed to photograph the Regalia out of their cases; as a matter of fact, Mr. Davenport took with him to the Tower an experienced photographer, and in the presence of two successive keepers of the Regalia, General Sir Michael A. S. Biddulph and Lieut.-General Sir Frederick D. Middle-

ton, Mr. Davenport secured the best photographs he could, and the negatives were afterwards worked upon and produced in the correct colours as illustrations to this work. Five hundred copies of the volume have been printed.

To the first volume of "The Library Series," *The Free Library: its History and Present Condition*, by John J. Ogle, Dr. Richard Garnett contributes a Preface in which he entitles our age the Age of the Books:

"Not merely that there never before were so many books in the world, or that there never was a time when books and newspapers were so widely read—so influential; but that there never before was so much interest and curiosity respecting the makers of books, authors—the emitters of books, publishers—or the custodians of books, librarians. This curiosity, frequently frivolous and annoying, bears testimony, at all events, to the place which literature has taken not merely in fact, but in general apprehension, among the agencies which mould the world. She always has had this place in effect ever since hieroglyphical writing passed into alphabetical; but the man of the world has been singularly unconscious of the agency by which its course was in large measure determined. Alexander has been conspicuous, Aristotle has been overlooked. Now the attention paid to authorship in all its forms shows that mankind has become aware that its destinies may be much affected by what some unknown young man is at the present moment scribbling in a garret."

It is, indeed, remarkable to think how differently the garret of a young author is regarded now as compared with a hundred years ago.

Mr. Ogle's work is concerned with the History of the Free Library Movement, which he divides into three periods; and in a second section he gives brief histories of typical libraries in London, and in provincial towns in the order of their size. The series, of which this is the opening volume, is published by Mr. George Allen, and will include books on Library Construction and Fittings, Library Administration, The Prices of Books, &c.

Opening Sir Edward J. Poynter's, P.R.A., *Lectures on Art* we read in the Preface: "I come to-day from the 'varnishing day' of the Royal Academy Exhibition with a pleasant conviction that there is on all sides a more decided tendency towards a higher standard in art, both as regards treatment of subject and execution, than I have ever before noticed; and I have no hesitation in attributing this sudden improvement in the main to the stimulus given to us all by the election of our new President, and to the influence of the energy, thoroughness, and nobility of aim which he . . ." We rub our eyes, and discover that this refers not to Sir Edward himself, but to the late Lord Leighton. This is a fourth and enlarged edition of these *Lectures*. Sir Edward admits that in 1869 he generalised too sweepingly, and dogmatised too daringly, on some points. Concerning the position he assigned to Michael Angelo, Sir Edward Poynter writes in his Preface to the present edition:

"At that time I had recently been in Rome for a second visit after an interval of fourteen years, and was full of the transcendent grandeur of Michael Angelo's great work in the Sistine

Chapel; the appearance of Braun's splendid photographs immediately afterwards enabling me to study its exhaustive variety more in detail than is possible in the chapel itself, my enthusiasm found its expression in the lecture in question. In spite of the broader views and additional knowledge that come with years, that enthusiasm has in no way abated, and from what I then said I would take nothing, though I might add much; and indeed found occasion to do so in a lecture delivered later to the students of the Slade School (No. IX. of the series), and I believe that on this subject, and as impressing on young students the importance of studying the works of the great masters of the past, these lectures may still be helpful to them, in spite of, or rather, I should say, because of, the strange tendency of the day among a certain class of painters to neglect the study of form, in favour of so-called impressions, hastily, and more or less dexterously, thrown on canvas. How much of this is due to a belief that the technique of the brush or palette-knife is the sole end of art, and how much to the convenience of shirking the labour and difficulties of the study of form, would be thought, no doubt, invidious to inquire; but it is a question not altogether irrelevant, though beyond the limits of this brief introduction.

The "Eversley" series continues to gather to itself some of the choicest of modern books. It may be remarked, not for the first time of course, that the format of this series is one of the best that has been produced of late years. The latest addition is Mr. Green's *The Making of England*, in two volumes. It is printed with the original Preface. In the same series the eighth, and final, volume of Mr. William Knight's definitive edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works* is to hand. It contains English and American bibliographies. We are glad to see that Mr. Knight prints in his Prefatory Note to this volume the interesting communication which appeared in the ACADEMY of January 2 this year from Dr. Garnett. It will be remembered that Dr. Garnett sent us a transcription of a sonnet on Vasco de Gama, which turned up at Messrs. Sotheby's, and which he declared to be "undoubtedly in Wordsworth's hand."

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

DE INCARNATIONIS VERBI DEI. By Very Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Riggs' Printing & Publishing Co. (Albany, N.Y.).

A MODERN'S RELIGION. By Ignotus. Henry & Co., Ltd. 1s. STATUTES OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL. Arranged by the late Henry Bradshaw. Part II. Cambridge University Press.

THE LESSONS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. Illustrated by Thoughts in Verse. Compiled by the late Rev. J. H. Wanklyn, M.A. Vol. III. Bemrose & Sons.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

HANNIBAL AND THE CRISIS OF THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN CARTHAGE AND ROME. By William O'Connor Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New edition. Vol. V. John C. Nimmo. 5s.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Vol. I.: ERA OF COLONISATION, 1492-1689. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. The Macmillan Co. (New York).

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green. New "Eversley Edition." 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 10s.

OLD LUDGINGS OF STIRLING. By J. S. Fleming, F.S.A. Ennes Mackay (Stirling). 7s. 6d.

## ART, DRAMA, BELLES LETTRES.

LECTURES ON ART. By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A. Fourth and enlarged edition. Chapman & Hall.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Vol. VIII. of "Eversley Edition." Edited by William Knight. Macmillan & Co. 5s.



THE DOME. Unicorn Press. 1s.  
 CHILDREN'S WAYS. By James Sully, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co.  
 A LONDON COMEDY, AND OTHER VANITIES. By Egan Mew. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. George Redway.

## SCIENCE.

THEORY OF ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM. By Charles Emerson Curry, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

## FICTION.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. By Walter Besant. Chatto & Windus. 6d.  
 KALISTRATUS. By A. H. Giles. Longmans & Co. 6s.  
 A BRIDE'S MADNESS. By Allen Upward. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.  
 SWEET SCENTED GRASS. By Neville Marion. Digby, Long. 1s.  
 SMALL CONCERNS. By Frances England. Digby, Long. 1s.  
 SPORTING ADVENTURES. By Monsieur Lolotte. Digby, Long. 1s.  
 THE MASTER OF HULLINGHAM MANOR. By Bernard Wentworth. Digby, Long. 1s.  
 THE PIRATE AND THE THREE CUTTERS. By Captain Martynat. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.  
 THE FASCINATION OF THE KING. By Guy Boothby. Ward, Lock & Co.  
 A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS. By "Covertside." *Western Mail*, Ltd.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

THE RAMBLER'S LIBRARY: NATURE-CHAT. By Edward A. Martin. R. E. Taylor & Son. 1s.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

RAMBLES ROUND LONDON—SERIES XVI: OVER THE NORTHERN HEIGHTS. Part II. By Alf. Holliday. R. E. Taylor & Son. 6d.  
 PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO HARROGATE. Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. 1s.  
 THE GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL. Vol. IX.: January to June, 1897. Edward Stanford.  
 FRANZENSBAD: AN AUSTRIAN HEALTH RESORT. With illustrations. Ballière, Tindall & Cox.

## MEDICINE, &amp;c.

A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. By many Writers. Vol. III. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan & Co. 25s.  
 CONVERGENT STRABISMUS AND ITS TREATMENT. By Edwin Holthouse, M.A. J. & A. Churchill. 6s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

ORGANIC CHEMICAL MANIPULATION. By J. T. Hewitt, M.A., D.Sc. Whitaker & Co. 7s. 6d.  
 L'AIDE DE CAMP MARBOT: SELECTIONS FROM THE MÉMOIRES DU GÉNÉRAL BARON DE MARBOT. Edited, with Notes, by Granville Sharp, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.  
 RIFON GRAMMAR SCHOOL: THE FOUNDATION CHARTER OF 1555. Edited and translated by C. C. Swinton Bland, M.A. William Harrison (Ripon).  
 PSYCHOLOGY: AN INTRODUCTORY MANUAL FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS. By F. Ryland, M.A. Seventh edition. George Bell & Sons. 4s. 6d.  
 FIRST BOOK OF WRITING ENGLISH. By Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.  
 ELEMENTARY CLASSICS: SELECTIONS FROM THE ANECDOTES OF VALERIUS MAXIMUS. Edited by Charles Henry Ward, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1s. 6d.  
 BLACK'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Edited by L. W. Lyde, M.A. A. & C. Black.

## FOREIGN.

EN CONGÉ: ÉGYPTE, CHYLAN, SUD DE L'INDE. Par Georges Noblemaire. Librairie Hachette et Cie.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ENGLISH REGALIA. By Cyril Davenport, F.S.A. Kegan Paul. 21s.  
 SOUVENIR OF MADAME SANS-GÈNE. Presented at the Lyceum Theatre by Henry Irving. 1s.  
 NOTES ON THE PAINTED GLASS IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. With a Preface by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. Aberdeen University Press.  
 THE ART AND PASTIME OF CYCLING. By R. J. Mccredy and A. J. Wilson. Fourth edition. Archibald Constable & Co. 1s.  
 THE FREE LIBRARY: ITS HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION. By John J. Ogle. George Allen. 6s.  
 ON PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS. By Hume Nisbet. Reeves & Sons.  
 THE THEORY OF CREDIT. By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 10s.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

WE had thought that the rhyming chronicler was a character of the past. But he survives in Mr. George Norman Hester, who, as we learn from a contemporary, claims to have based his recently published *Annals of England* upon the "Annales" of Ennius. No doubt rhyme is to facts what jam is to a crust, but we are sorry for children who will carry with them through life such a couplet as:

"Caxton from Flanders brought the press,  
 And printing slew the fair MS.";

or whose tender minds are burdened with such shake-down criticism as this:

"Wordsworth hymned Nature. His retreat  
 By Coleridge's song was made more sweet.  
 Lander had Roman eloquence,  
 And Southey ease and eloquence;  
 Lamb was felicitous and quaint,  
 And Hazlitt's style beyond attainment.  
 Utilitarian Bentham taught  
 That happiness was to be sought."

Such judgments cannot profitably be imparted to the young in any shape; but to impart them in these jingles is to lay a kind of "Punch, brothers, punch," curse on their future reading.

THE sale of Arab horses at Crabbet Park on Saturday afternoon saw quite a gathering of literary men, women, and ghosts. The host himself, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, is a poet, the several editions of whose *Love Sonnets of Proteus* bear witness to its popularity. Then the ghost of Lord Byron could be nowhere on earth if not at Crabbet, where his granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, was hostess, and where all his descendants of the fourth generation were gathered—to wit, Miss Judith Blunt, the daughter of the house, and her cousin, Lady Mary Milbanke. The ghosts of Bulwer and of "Owen Meredith" were gathered up in the son of one and the grandson of the other, the present young Earl of Lytton. Mr. Evelyn, of Wotton, was there to be reminded by Mr. Blunt that his ancestor of the Diary had said something to disparage the Arab. The presence of another gentleman at once suggested the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose verses, "My beautiful, my beautiful, who standest meekly by," ingratiated the Arab with our grandmothers. Other names recalled other memories of authors dead and gone. It was a great Pedigree occasion all round. Nor were living men and women of letters unrepresented where Mr. Lecky, Mrs. Meynell, and Sir Edwin Arnold kept the host company.

THE title of Mr. Grant Allen's forthcoming volume of researches into the origin of religion—its sub-title, by the way—is not *The Evolution of God*, but *The Evolution of the Idea of God*, although it is true that the first title was originally contemplated. This is a work on which Mr. Allen has been engaged, on and off, ever since he left Oxford, some twenty-five years ago. It will be published simultaneously in England

and America by Mr. Grant Richards and Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

APROPOS of the eightieth anniversary of the death of Jane Austen, it may be mentioned that the house in Winchester Close in which she died is still standing. It is quite a small house, and bears an inscription to this effect: "This is the house in which Jane Austen spent the latter days of her life, and died July 24, 1817." The house is inhabited.

THE *Chap Book* has taken to statistics rather amusingly. It finds that out of twenty-six writers in the current *Yellow Book* eleven are women, ten men, and five unclassified or unsexed. Starting with this discovery, our contemporary becomes philosophic concerning the progress of women in the Victorian age. Sixty years ago, it says, women seldom wrote for the magazines. This is not strictly accurate if we consider the old albums among the magazines. Women (male and female) contributed the bulk of their contents. Lady Blessington set the fashion, and in her train came Mrs. Gore, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and a number of others whose names are unimportant. This is, however, a digression: the *Chap Book's* statistics hold the field.

AN inspection of the contents of the *Yellow Book* enables the *Chap Book* to arrange the data in convenient form for the use of the student. So:

	Number of Articles.	Prose.	Poetry.
Male . . . .	10	5	5
Female . . . .	11	8	3
Unclassified . .	5	1	4

"Thus," says the *Chap Book*, "it will be seen that, left freely to choose their medium of expression, only about 27 per cent. of the ladies select verse, while of the men exactly 50 per cent., and of the necessarily unclassified 80 per cent. 'lisp,' as the poet says, 'in numbers.'" Making further analysis of the woman's work, we find that the prose is divided as follows: Fiction, 6; prose pastels, 2. In 50 per cent. of the tales death plays an important part. There is one death by heart disease, one by shock and hemorrhage from a bullet-wound, and one by grief. In only 16.6 per cent. of the fiction is marriage indicated." The result of this inquiry is the conviction that the *Yellow Book* goes far to remove the stain put upon the fair name of England by the surly Senate of Cambridge.

THE new *Logia* discovered by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt are having a very mixed reception. The *Spectator* has been impelled to point out "the danger of false 'sayings of Christ,'" while Dr. Martineau wonders at the importance attached to them. Concerning Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt's pamphlet Dr. Martineau writes:

"It is highly interesting, not, indeed, as adding anything historical to such knowledge of the personal teaching of Jesus as we gather from the synoptical Gospels, but as confirming the most probable judgment previously formed respecting the popular traditional materials out of which those Gospels were brought into their present form. The date assigned by the editors

to the papyri now published is too late to have any testimonial value. The text attests only the current conceptions of the Church in the latter half of the second century. It is well to enlarge our knowledge of this by ever so little; but it is a gain simply ecclesiastical, not religious."

It has been pointed out that Mr. Kipling's much-discussed "Recessional" is not the only hymn he has written. There is his "Hymn before Action":

"The earth is full of anger,  
The sky is dark with wrath,  
The nations in their harness  
Come up upon our path.  
Before we rank the legions,  
Before we draw the blade,  
Jehovah of the Thunders,  
Lord God of Battles, aid."

WHAT daily papers, we wonder, does Mr. Birrell patronise? In his remarks at Lincoln's Inn Hall, on Saturday last, he confessed his disgust at accounts he read in the Press as to "how a woman wrote her novel, how many years of solemn thought she had devoted to a twopenny-halfpenny tale which ten years hence no one would read, how this and that character was revealed—that, he thought, was vulgarising literature. The aptest answer we have seen to Mr. Birrell's indictment "that the pretensions of our daily Press are ridiculously high, are extravagantly increasing, and ought to be forthwith abated" was in the *St. James's Gazette*. Said our contemporary: "That Mr. Birrell's pleasantries are painfully feeble, are steadily growing weaker, and ought to be treated with a strong tonic is clear from his attack on the Press on Saturday. He described the newspapers as 'commercial concerns trading in news.' No journalist need object to the definition. But what about second-rate politicians? Are they not advertising individuals trading in views? And what would become of them if they were not reported by the Press?"

THE Providence that watches over book-hunters is the subject of an article in the current number of *Chambers's Journal*. The article itself has an interesting history, for it was written thirty years ago, and the facts it contains were communicated to the writer by the father of Robert Browning. Out of the many instances of wonderful "finds" given, we select two:

"A work on astrology, believed to be unique, without title-page, but bearing date 1473, and consequently one of the earliest specimens of printing extant, having been brought out twenty years after the discovery of the art, exquisitely printed, with all the capital letters put in by hand, some of them being done in gold and others in colour—was picked up at a London bookstall for fifteen-pence."

Such a "find" is inconceivable nowadays, when the tendency of people ignorant of books is to over-value, not to under-value, any volume that has a quaint appearance.

ANOTHER anecdote, a most remarkable one, is this:

"A London book-hunter of the last generation gave to his son, as the 'nest-egg' of his future library, a translation of *The Life and*

*Character of Theophrastus*, minus the title-page, but attributed to Coleman. On giving this book to his son, the father wrote his name on the flyleaf. A few years afterwards the son, accompanied by his beloved books, went to Jamaica, where the translation in question was borrowed of him by a military officer on service in that colony. This officer, being unexpectedly transferred with his regiment to another colony, quitted Jamaica very suddenly, inadvertently taking with him the borrowed translation; a circumstance which caused great annoyance and regret to its owner, who prized it very highly as being the gift of his father and containing that parent's handwriting. He made various attempts to learn the whereabouts of the officer who had so carelessly carried off the treasured volume, but could never obtain any tidings of him, and at length relinquished the effort, and gave up the book for lost. Five-and-twenty years afterwards the book-hunter, having returned to London, was one day strolling along the Old Kent-road, and peering about him as usual, when he came to the shop of a dealer in old iron, near the then existent turnpike-gate which formerly stood nearly opposite the burial-ground. As he glanced into the dingy depths of this shop he suddenly espied his lost translation, stowed away upon a shelf. Hastily entering the shop, he bought back his missing treasure for the sum of sixpence, which the man of iron seemed to think himself very lucky in getting in exchange for it. The presence of his father's handwriting on the flyleaf was still as legible as ever, and rendered it certain that the volume, so strangely recovered, was the identical one the loss of which he had so long deplored."

THE least needed and least interesting of the City churches are being slowly weeded out. St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, is, we are told, "threatened with extinction." We presume that this means the extinction of its services, and not the demolition of the church itself. We believe that of all the sixty-four City churches only nine are considered by antiquarians as uninteresting enough to be sacrificed. St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, cannot be one of these, for it was built by Wren, and in it were buried Henry Condell and John Heminge, the editors of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays.

THE eighth summer meeting of University Extension students begins with a lecture by the Bishop of Ripon, on the "Romantic Revival in English Literature." This inaugural lecture also fitly introduces the main course of this year's studies—namely, the History, Literature, Art, and Philosophy of the Revolutionary Epoch, 1789—1848, in which course over eighty lectures will be delivered. The chief of these are a series of twelve on the "French Revolution and the Age of Napoleon," which will be conducted mainly by younger men. Prof. Dicey lectures on the "English Constitution under George III." Mr. Leonard Courtney on "Canning," the Rev. W. H. Hutton on "Wellesley's Rule in India," and Mr. C. R. Beazley on "European Explorers in Africa, 1789—1815." In Literature the chief lecturers are Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, Mr. Birrell, Canon Gore, Mr. F. S. Boas, Prof. R. S. Moulton, Dr. Caird, and Dr. Bonnier, of Paris; in the History and Theory of Education Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. H. J. Mackinder, and Mr. M. E. Sadler; in the English Language

Dr. Henry Sweet; and in Natural Science Mr. J. E. Marsh, Mr. P. Elford, and Mr. P. Groom. Canon Scott Holland will speak on four occasions on St. John's Gospel; and Prof. W. R. Sorley will give six lectures on the "Theory of Virtue and the Virtues." This enumeration gives but a few of the names and subjects of study; there is work for students in all departments of research, and each year sees an increase in facilities afforded and completeness of organisation. The meeting lasts until August 25, when general interest will be turning towards the programme of the British Association.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have included *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* in their sixpenny re-issues of popular novels. We have many novels with a purpose; Sir Walter Besant's story may be called a novel with a result. Referring to the social ideas developed in his story, Sir Walter writes in the new Preface which he supplies to this edition: "I do not claim originality for any of these ideas. The novelist is never, I believe, original: he looks abroad, he observes, he receives, he reflects. That novelist becomes most popular who is best able to catch and to represent the ideas of the day, the forces acting on the present. I think that this story did so present the ideas of the day."

MR. HALL CAINE's novel, *The Christian*, will be published on August 9, exactly three years after his last book, *The Manxman*. The first edition, in six-shilling form, will consist of 50,000 copies, exclusive of America and the Colonies. It is believed this is the largest number ever printed in one edition of a novel published at this price.

*The Genealogical Magazine* for August will contain articles on "The Queen's Irish Ancestors"; "The Earldom of Selkirk"; "The Ancient Commoner Family of Strode"; and "The Pedigree of Shakespeare."

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN's *The Choir Invisible* has achieved a striking success among his own countrymen. The last accounts from America are to the effect that upwards of twenty thousand copies have been sold.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days *With the Greeks in Thessaly*, by Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose, who acted as Reuter's correspondent with the Greek Army. The book is illustrated with twenty-four sketches by Mr. Maud, of the *Graphic*, and it has, moreover, several maps and plans.

MRS. F. A. STEEL will contribute to the August number of *Cosmopolis* a complete story, entitled "Fire and Ice," and M. Pierre Loti a study of a *jeune fille*, entitled "Le Mur d'en Face."

IN the letter which we printed last week from "Cobdenite" on the book discount question the date of Cobden's speech from which the writer quoted was given as February 8, 1884. This was obviously a misprint for 1844.

## AUTHORS AND A PUBLISHER.

THE sex problem is almost impossible of solution in such a signature as "K. Douglas King." So it happened that when *The Scripture Reader of St. Mark's* appeared last year (after being summarily refused by one eminent publisher, on the ground that his firm never published works of theology!) critics differed, as critics will, even about the masculine or feminine prefix to the name of the writer of the novel. Some said "Miss" K. Douglas King, and some said "Mr." The character of the book, in which there was nothing womanish, though nothing unwomanly, perhaps favoured the Mr., which has been repeated by many reviewers of *Father Hilarion* during the past month. For all that, it is a mythic Mr. Miss Katharine Douglas King takes her Katherine Douglas from the lady of history and of Rossetti's ballad:

"I, Katherine, am a Douglas born,  
A name to all Scots dear;  
And Kate Barlass they've called me now  
Through many a waning year.  
This old arm's withered now—'twas once  
Most deft 'mong maidens all,  
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,  
To smite the palm-play ball.  
In hall adown the close-linked dance  
It has shown most white and fair;  
It has been the rest of a true lord's head.  
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,  
And the bar to a king's *chambre*."

The lady who bolted with her arm the door against murderers of James the First of Scotland was an ancestress of the young novelist, on her mother's side; but she does not need to go back beyond her own parents to illustrate her lineage. She is, in fact, the bearer of a name that both her parents have made familiar; for her father was the founder of the publishing house of Henry S. King & Co., and her mother is therefore Mrs. Hamilton King, whose "Disciples" and other poems have passed through many editions.

The firm of Indian bankers and agents, Henry S. King & Co., of Pall Mall and Cornhill, is carried on by the eldest son of Mr. Henry S. King, Sir Seymour King, M.P. The recreations of eminent men are now registered in biographical dictionaries, and they cover a wide field. But Mr. King is probably the only man who took to publishing as a distraction. First in conjunction with Mr. George Smith, now the head of the firm of Messrs. Smith & Elder, and then on his own account, he became the middleman between those two uncertain and difficult classes, the authors and the readers. He it was who gave Tennyson £4,000 a year for his copyrights, a generous arrangement which is said to have been an advantageous advertisement for a firm it did not otherwise reward. He it was who secured for his "reader" Mr. Kegan Paul, who subsequently arranged to carry on the business under his own name and that of Mr. Trench. That, however, takes us too far ahead. It was still in the "Henry S. King" days of the firm that a parcel of poetry—so we have heard the story—reached the office in Cornhill, very

memorably for both the public and the publisher.

That parcel came from Miss Harriet E. Hamilton. Her father was an English Admiral, and her mother a sister of the Duke of Abercorn. It was the "Execution of Felice Orsini" that first stirred the girl's muse. The publisher sought out the poetess, and she became his wife—the problem of publisher and author had in that case a simple solution. "Aspromonte" was published in 1869, and was succeeded by "The Disciples," which passed quickly through ten editions. The Disciples were Mazzini and his friends, and the book was written "by command" of Mazzini, though it reached him in proof-sheet only in time to be laid not within his living hand, but at his dead feet:

"O book of mine which he commanded! Long  
Waited and worked for, and achieved too  
late.

Whose first leaves flying over seas, like flights  
Of white doves loosened sweeping straight to  
home,

Were carried unto Pisa, and found there  
Mourning, and at the dead feet were laid  
low,

Instead of in the living master's hand;  
One day too late, and so came short for all,  
And missed the confirmation of his eyes."

The part of the book entitled "Ugo Bassi's Sermon" has been adjudged a popularity even beyond the rest, and has been reprinted as a tract for circulation in hospitals. It was the gospel of renunciation—nay, more: it was the preaching of the proud preference for pain—the ecstasy of agony:

"If any now were bidden rise and come  
To either, would he pause to choose between  
The rose-warm kisses of a waiting bride  
In a shut silken chamber—or the thrill  
Of the bared limbs, bound fast for martyr-  
dom?"

Not Friar Ugo Bassi nor his friends! The part played by two English poetesses, Mrs. Hamilton King and Mrs. Browning, in the Young Italy movement can never be ignored. Mrs. Hamilton King's work, broad as it is in its passionate love for all human freedom, has every year its new admirers. And her admirers have included persons the most diverse—for instance, a Roman Cardinal was not likely to be among Mazzinians; yet Cardinal Manning, as those who knew him will remember, never lost an opportunity to praise these poems; and when, at the end of his life, he made the acquaintance of the poetess at the time of the Dockers' Strike, and received her into the Roman Catholic Church, he would not have her alter a line of what, with imperfect knowledge perhaps here and there, but with a perfect enthusiasm for humanity, she had written in her earlier years.

Of Mrs. Hamilton King's high qualities as a poet it is impossible to speak with any adequacy in an allusive article such as this; but a word must be snatched in homage for "The Shade of Chatterton," published in the volume entitled *Ballads of the North*, a volume otherwise remarkable for "The Haunted Czar." It is in reading such poems as these that one wonders if the world is quite aware of the treasury it possesses.

## A POET OF THE NARROW SEAS.

THE sketch of Miss Ingelow's life and work which appeared in these columns last week may, perhaps, be supplemented. Miss Ingelow wrote beautiful and touching things about the sea. She was born near it, and she has told how her nurse, a sailor's widow, would talk of storms and wrecks. Her stories "gave me my first sense of tragedy, and connected it with the sea." This remark goes far to explain why the idea of death at sea haunts Miss Ingelow's poetry. But tragedy did not exclude the brighter side of seafaring life from the child's mind. For "when the tide came up in the river there were certain wooden wharves between it and the granaries. We could walk on them, and the sound of our steps and of the water washing against the piles on which they were built caused me a kind of ecstasy, especially when the sun shone, and the water could be seen glittering through the cracks in them."

The tragedy and the ecstasy of the sea, thus felt by the child on the Lincolnshire coast, were at last sung by the poet. Here, for example, is the ecstasy of the sea as a child feels it; we quote from "Gladys and Her Island":

"The sea  
Was filled with light; in clear blue caverns  
curled  
The breakers, and they ran, and seemed to romp,  
As playing at some rough and dangerous game,  
While all the nearer waves rushed in to help,  
And all the farther heaved their heads to peep,  
And tossed the fishing boats. Then Gladys  
laughed,  
And said, 'O, happy tide, to be so lost  
In sunshine, that one dare not look at it;  
And lucky cliffs, to be so brown and warm;  
And yet how lucky are the shadows, too,  
That lurk between their ledges. It is strange,  
That in remembrance though I lay them up,  
They are for ever, when I come to them,  
Better than I had thought. O, something yet  
I had forgotten. Oft I say, 'At least  
This picture is imprinted; thus and thus,  
The sharpened serried jags run up, run out,  
Layer on layer.' And I look—up—up—  
High, higher up again, till far aloft  
They cut into their æther—brown, and clear,  
And perfect. And I, saying, 'This is mine  
To keep,' retire; but shortly come again,  
And they confound me with a glorious change.  
The low sun out of rain-clouds stares at them;  
They redden, and their edges drip with—what?  
I know not, but 'tis red. It leaves no stain,  
For the next morning they stand up like ghosts  
In a sea-shroud, and fifty thousand mews  
Sit there, in long white files, and chatter on,  
Like silly school-girls in their silliest mood."

That is the child's sea-side mind. But it was the tragedy of the sea that came to Jean Ingelow first—so we judge by her narrative—and in her rendering of it she often rose to the height of her powers. Read the following description of a storm, put into the mouth of an old fisherman. The lines occur "In Brothers: a Sermon":

"There was a poor old man  
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,  
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs  
As like to tear them down. He lay at night;  
And 'Lord have mercy on the lads,' said he,  
That sailed at noon, though they be none of  
mine!

For when the gale gets up, and when the wind  
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,  
And lulls, and stops, and rouses up again,  
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,  
And scatters it like feathers up the field,  
Why, then I think of my two lads: my lads  
That would have worked and never let me want,  
And never let me take the parish pay.  
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea—  
My two—before the most of these were born.  
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife  
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,  
And I walked after, and one could not hear  
A word the other said, for wind and sea  
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—  
The awfulest, the longest, lightest night  
That ever parents had to spend—a moon  
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.  
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,  
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,  
And got them home and dried them in the house,  
And seen the driftwood lie along the coast,  
That was a tidy boat but one day back,  
And seen next tide the neighbours gather it  
To lay it on their fires."

In "Sailing Beyond Seas" the lover's loss is expressed in a form that one thinks Miss Ingelow owed in part to Coleridge, whose albatross, also, she seems to have remembered when she wrote of "the great white bird" on the lighthouse in "Requiescat in Pace." Here the bird is a dove:

"Methought the stars were blinking bright,  
And the old brig's sails unfurled;  
I said, 'I will sail to my love this night  
At the other side of the world.'  
I stepped aboard—we sailed so fast—  
The sun shot up from the bourne;  
But a dove that perched upon the mast  
Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.  
O fair! O fond dove!  
And dove with the white breast,  
Let me alone, the dream is my own,  
And my heart is full of rest."

Truer in its substance is the lament of the mother in "Supper at the Mill," with its passionate stanza, beginning "O my lost love, and my own, own love," and its last stanza:

"We shall walk no more through the sodden plain  
With the faded bents o'erspread,  
We shall stand no more by the seething main  
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;  
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,  
Where thy last farewell was said;  
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again  
When the sea gives up her dead."

To conclude with the "ecstasy":

"For me the bounding in of tides; for me  
The laying bare of sands when they retreat;  
The purple flash of calms, the sparkling glee  
When waves and sunshine meet."

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE gilded youth of Paris have no reason to love M. Henri Lavedan. He is their portrait-painter-in-ordinary, and no kind one at that. The measure of justice he deals them is ferocious. *Les Jeunes* is quite the most terrible pronouncement of modern cynicism literature can furnish: witty, light, amusing, but cruelly contemptuous. Are the young men, then, really such very dull and corrupted dogs? The method of M. Lavedan is broad and audacious. Brionze, Montois, and D'Allarège are sitting smoking in the twilight. They understand each other in silence. From time to time they alternatively drop a monosyllable which is a mere affirmation of their absence of thought.

"Brionze: 'Yes.' Montois: 'Yes' (puff, smoke-curl, roll of carriages, Paris hums). Montois: 'Ah; là, là!' D'Allarège: 'Yes, indeed.' Brionze: 'Whom do you say it to? (Blue smoke through the nose, ashes falling into the tray, and time goes by.) D'Allarège: 'And with all that what else?' Montois: 'Nothing much.' The nothingness of all that so overcomes Brionze that he exclaims: "'At times' (he stops). Montois: 'What?' Brionze: 'The idea of putting an end' (makes the gesture of the revolver). Montois: 'Don't do that.' D'Allarège: 'Doesn't improve matters.' Montois: 'You'd be sorry afterwards.' Brionze: 'Think so?' D'Allarège: 'Sure!' Brionze: 'In that case—' (silence; the cigars are finished). One sees the inane group, sees their cigars, feels the twilit silence about them, the depression, hears their broken, exhausted speech, and in the distance the lively roars of the city.

Another animated circle talk of women. Brionze describes his attachment to a corset-maker whom he visits once a week for a few minutes. La Hutte, stupefied by such a waste of time, exclaims: "'You are wild about women. I see that.' Brionze: 'What will you? One is young only for a while.' La Hutte: 'And how long has this continued?' Brionze: 'Augustine? Oh, it is an old affair. Six weeks, my child. It is coming to an end.' La Hutte: 'And have you had many of these violent passions?' Brionze: 'I can't count them.' Whereupon Planteau volunteers his livelier experiences. He reprimands the woman-hater, and adds: "One has a heart after all. One isn't quite a Redskin." He is continually in love, but he never sees the beloved again, once she responds to his passion. The seventy-seventh, a brunette of Melun, falls dead from heart-disease into his arms the first time she cries "I love you." "You wouldn't believe it," he says, "but it touched me a little—just a little, a queer impression, and then—a kind of regret. A fine girl too. Had she come to life again, 'pon my word, I felt I would have been capable—of actually seeing her a second time. A fancy, so! That affair has never since left my head. For at least fifteen days afterwards I felt I had had enough of little friends. That has passed. All the same, it is one of love's sadnesses.

Still, there is more good in it than one imagines. It ripens you like a melon. But let us talk of other things. What do you think of Crete?" La Hutte will not have anything to say to women, "it always ends badly." "But," says Planteau, "it begins so well." Mme. Chailun admits to her son that a certain friend pleases her. "That's enough," cries Pierre. "He pleases you. That's how it begins. And then, one fine day, you will displease him. That's how it ends." The mother reproves him, and he cries: "Ah, it is shocking and scandalous to hint such things to you, my mother, my sainted mother, since it is understood that all mothers are sainted." And Paul, lecturing his father, advises him to dispense with memories. "They are the dirty linen of life." At five years of age he had already left illusions behind him. At four he admits he placed his shoe on the chimney-piece on Christmas Eve, but at five he "smelt humbug," and was not to be taken in twice. His business is to avoid sentiment and emotion, laughter and tears, which he leaves to his *naïve* elders. He is a wise youth, and thus defines his generation: "At ten we want to be twenty. At twenty we pose for forty; and at forty we must have the Grand Ribbon of the Legion and a funeral at the expense of the State when we smash up, or else we sulk. 'All or nothing' is not our motto, but 'all, all at once,' or else—good evening. This accounts for our hatred of the old ones. Ah, no, we don't love the old ones"; and when the father asks him how it will be when they are old themselves, he replies: "We'll detest the young ones." His father he apostrophises as "a dynastic soul, a man of olden times, of the date of the pyramids." He admits he doesn't know where the generation is going—but that's a detail. They are going all the same, and they'll know where when they arrive. One always ends by arriving somewhere. Another delightful "Jeune" is the orderly rake. He takes a light lady out to dinner. She orders the traditional *menu* and scandalises him with her slang. He asks for three oysters, two eggs and spinach, a veal cutlet and syphon. His austerity no less stupefies her. "Where are we going afterwards?" she asks. "Nowhere. Only provincials and servants go to the theatre nowadays. The *chic* people, I mean the young people, go to bed at nine o'clock." June declares her loathing for "the young people," with their early hours, their diet, and their "d—d bi..cy..". She prefers "the old fellows," like her lover's father, who still ride. Musing over his father's primitive tastes, Guy says, "Yes, he rides, and he never misses an opera ball. Quite Gothic."

There are two forms of writers among the "Jeunes." One who says "Production is inevitable decline. All translated thought is wrecked. One is only really strong when one cannot be judged. Real eloquence is silent." The other who succeeds by keeping himself well on view. He goes to every funeral, every marriage, writes to everybody who has an accident, success, or failure. Writes three letters to every author who sends him a presentation copy. The final



one, "I have read this delicate, this admirable, &c. I make a friend of the man for life. From dint of incessantly discovering genius in all my comrades, they have recognised a certain talent in me." Another author wants to write an immortal masterpiece called the "Trinity"—not Malbrouck's, which passes, but the study of adultery, which, alas! remains. He appeals to a lady to find him a wife in order to make a study from Nature. Either his wife will betray him, and then he will know exactly how the injured husband feels, or he will betray her, and he will receive an excellent lesson in the sufferings of the injured wife. "What splendid copy," he cries, cheerfully supposing himself the injured one. Under the circumstances his friend admits she would prefer to be the lover. But he is familiar with that side of the question. What he longs for is the other, to know the feelings of a jealous and betrayed husband.

H. L.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Souvenirs et Impressions.* Marquis de Massa.  
*La Fin de la Vie.* Yvanhoë Rambosson.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS.

THE eightieth anniversary of the death of Jane Austen having just passed, it occurred to me to call on Messrs. Bentley, who may be said to be in a sense Jane Austen's publishers. The copyright of her works has long expired, and excellent editions are issued by other large publishing houses. But Messrs. Bentley & Son claim to publish the only absolutely complete set of Jane Austen's novels. This includes the two short stories, *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons*, which were discovered some twenty years ago. I learned that Messrs. Bentley & Son bought the copyrights of Jane Austen's works somewhere about 1830 from the original copyright holders. *Lady Susan* and *The Watsons* were first issued by them in 1869. The entire set, including Mr. Austen Leigh's *Life* of the novelist, is composed of six volumes in Messrs. Bentley's "Favourite" series. The works in this series are not illustrated, and it is to other publishing houses that we must look for illustrated editions of the six novels.

Messrs. Macmillan have already included in their series of "Illustrated Standard Novels" three of Jane Austen's stories. These are *Pride and Prejudice*, by many considered her masterpiece, illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock; *Sense and Sensibility*, also illustrated by Mr. Brock; and *Emma*, illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thompson. I am glad to find that the remaining three novels, *Mansfield Park*, *Northanger Abbey*, and *Persuasion* are to appear in the same series, with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thompson.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have also issued a most attractive edition of Jane Austen's novels within the last few years.

Their set forms ten dainty volumes, with charming illustrations, from photogravure plates, by Mr. William C. Cook.

The hold which Jane Austen keeps on the public is thus seen to be a very strong one. And to these recent editions of her novels must be added a significant item: I mean Messrs. Routledge & Co.'s sixpenny reprints of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility*. A leading publisher remarked to me the other day that it is greatly to the credit of the public that it goes on buying the novels of this quiet, clever writer, who offers them no sensation, but only delicate insight into ordinary human character, and a refined wit.

It would be most interesting if the entire fortunes of Jane Austen's six novels could be set forth in facts and figures. The circumstance that her stories still sell largely in rival editions precludes the hope that this will be done; but the case of Jane Austen's novels would be a particularly easy and suitable one for such an exhaustive analysis of negotiations, sales, prices, and the profits to all concerned. One thing is certain, Jane Austen herself reaped little profit from books which have given keen delight to three generations of readers.

How," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "did the world receive these works which now charm its highest minds? *Pride and Prejudice* was offered by the writer's father to a publisher, who declined the offer by return of post. It is due to his shade to say that he evidently did not see the MS. *Northanger Abbey* was sold in 1805 for ten pounds to a publisher in Bath, who on inspection thought it so unpromising a venture that he let it lie for many years in his drawer, and was then glad to sell it back for the sum which he had given for it."

Jane Austen did better with *Sense and Sensibility*, for which Mr. Egerton, of the "Military Library," Whitehall, gave her a hundred and fifty pounds. This publisher also put forth *Pride and Prejudice* and *Mansfield Park*. Probably Jane Austen began to taste the sweets of fame when she came into contact with Mr. Murray. She asked him to consider the MS. of *Emma*, and Mr. Murray seems to have sent it to Gifford, together with the volumes of *Pride and Prejudice*. At any rate, we find Gifford writing to Mr. Murray as follows:

"I have for the first time looked into *Pride and Prejudice*, and it is really a very pretty thing. No dark passages; no secret chambers; no wind-howlings in long galleries; no drops of blood upon a rusty dagger—things that should now be left to ladies' maids and sentimental washerwomen."

Gifford little knew that in *Northanger Abbey*, which lay neglected in the desk of a Bath bookseller, Jane Austen had deliberately satirised these very extravagances.

Again, Gifford writes under date September 29, 1815:

"I have read *Pride and Prejudice* again—'tis very good—wretchedly printed, and so pointed as to be almost unintelligible. Of *Emma* I have nothing but good to say. I was sure of the writer before you mentioned her. The MS., though plainly written, has some, indeed many, little omissions; and an expression may now and then be amended in passing through the Press. I will readily undertake the revision."

Gifford was not the only one of her contemporaries who was quick to perceive Jane Austen's genius. In Sir Walter Scott's diary is this entry:

"Read again, for the third time at least, *Pride and Prejudice*. . . . That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements of feeling and character of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early."

Those who have praised Jane Austen have invariably praised her handsomely. Lord Tennyson is said to have hinted on one occasion that he ranked her next to Shakespeare in English literature, as a delineator, no doubt, of character. And if it is hard to believe this, what of Macaulay's judgment, about which there can be no dispute: "There are in the world no compositions which approach nearer to perfection." The Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., was charmed with Jane Austen's works, and is said to have always slept with one of her volumes under his pillow. He solicited the dedication of *Emma*, and, of course, got it. Mr. Goldwin Smith writes of him:

"The figure of poor George IV. has been covered from head to heel with mud flung on it, and, with too good reason, by numberless hands. But let three things be recorded in his favour. He visited Ireland; he fell in love with a very excellent as well as charming woman in the person of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and, if he had been allowed, would have made her his wife; and he liked Jane Austen's novels."

## D R A M A.

IT may appear strange that while theatres are closing on every hand the management of the Comedy Theatre should select the present moment for reopening with that amusing farce "The Saucy Sally." But the truth is, that torrid heats are fatal only to the more intellectual forms of the drama. Farce and other frivolous productions, together with melodrama, flourish luxuriantly, or at least sufficiently well to bring interim management into being. The "summer piece" is a speciality of the season. A strange compound it is. If we may take "Four Little Girls," now running at the Criterion, as a fair sample of the *genre*, it will be seen to be in its general character about twenty years behind the prevailing taste of the day. The key-note of the summer piece is boisterous fun. If only the low comedian can get his coat torn off his back, or sit on a bandbox, or lay himself open to a false charge of bigamy, the success of the piece is assured. The author of "Four Little Girls," Mr. W. S. Craven, has in Mr. James Welch a wonderful Scotch tutor who has to bear the brunt of a deal of misunderstanding of the sort which the summer playgoer delights in. He is tutor to two young fellows who are reading



law with him, and who get married without the knowledge of their respective fathers. Consequently when these fathers turn up suddenly at the chambers occupied by the young men, the young wives have each to be passed off as the tutor's. Add to this imbroglia that the fathers themselves, being widowers, are resolved to marry widows, and, what is more, to make their sons marry the daughters of these same widows, and the humour of this typical summer piece will be understood, especially if the reader bears in mind the comic function which the stage widow is always called upon to fulfil. I do not know why the widow should be conventionally regarded as a comic character, but so it has ever been, even when, as in "Money," she is shedding tears for the dear departed. As embodied by Messrs. Barnes and Blakeley, the fathers are conventionally funny too, albeit as far removed from nature as one could well conceive. The piece would probably have no chance at the Criterion under normal circumstances. But it makes an excellent summer bill.

EVIDENTLY summer audiences are derived from a more frivolous-minded section of the community than the regular playgoer. They are probably, to a great extent, provincial and American, these being the chief floating elements of the population in holiday time. It must, indeed, be owing to the increased facilities for travel that any considerable number of West End theatres are able to keep open throughout the season. Forty and fifty years ago the Londoner took his evening's entertainment, in summer, in his tea-gardens, of which there were many in the suburbs, and as there was no touring public to take his place at the theatres, these establishments closed. Nowadays there are always strangers enough in London to keep many theatres going. I have suggested that the taste of summer audiences is at least twenty years behind that of the general playgoing public, and this happens to be so at present. It is twenty or twenty-five years ago since the frenzied tomfooleries of the Hennequin school of farce were in vogue, and these never lose their charm for the unsophisticated playgoer. But a truer definition of the summer piece, perhaps, is that it remains everlastingly on the nonsense plane. Certainly, it is hard to conceive that twenty years hence, when the ordinary public shall have reverted to the broad farce of their childhood, the summer audience will be gravely engaged in spelling out the solution of the social problems which are the favourite theme of the authors of to-day.

"THE SAUCY SALLY," dating back twenty or twenty-five years ago, happens to accord exactly with the tastes of summer audiences. It is a huge practical joke, devised by that master of the hurry-scurry school, Alfred Hennequin, and, although it has but recently seen the light, it lay for many years, I believe, in the pigeon-holes of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Truly, plays no less than books are the sport of fate. Mr. Wyndham must have distrusted the attractions of "La Flamboyante," otherwise he would not have kept

it so long. Yet here it is, an unquestionable success, adding to Mr. Charles Hawtrey's reputation in a line of business which was once Mr. Wyndham's own. "The Saucy Sally" is an excellent sample of the dramatic happy thought. Once the cardinal idea is evolved, the play almost writes itself. Motive force is the great desideratum of an idea for the dramatist. Said a well-known playwright to me the other day: "Many men come to me with what they believe to be a first-rate situation for a play, proposing to collaborate. The hero, let me say, is buried up to his neck in sand on the seashore, with the tide rising. How is that for sensation? they ask. I answer that the idea is no good at all; it leads nowhere—it has no motive force." On the other hand, consider the motive of "The Saucy Sally." A gentleman of roving tastes having married and settled down, finds it convenient to have a pretext for leaving home for a month or two at a time. He pretends to be the captain of a vessel, which his wife has never seen, the *Saucy Sally*. Nothing simpler in appearance. But mark the *entrainement*! On his return from his periodical voyages the *soi-disant* captain is obliged to recount his imaginary adventures, which his mother-in-law carefully collects and, to his horror, publishes in book form, compelling him to buy up the whole edition as it leaves the printer's. An old salt, whose life has been saved by the captain of a *Saucy Sally*, insists upon heaping gratitude upon our hero, who does not know whether the tale is genuine or intended for his undoing. Worse still, the wife and her mother one day insist upon seeing the vessel as she puts to sea, and a fresh series of amiable subterfuges has accordingly to be entered upon. In short, from beginning to end the hero is involved in a network of absurd and inevitable misrepresentations and misunderstandings. The motive force of the piece is enough to carry the author off his legs. Such boisterous fun will never cease to have a place on the stage. At present, however, it is the summer audiences who seek it with most avidity.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT appears to be harassed by a fear of losing the position of supremacy which she has held for five-and-twenty years in the theatrical world. It is difficult otherwise to explain her anxiety to meet Mme. Duse on the chosen ground of the latter, where she would almost necessarily be seen at a disadvantage, and to top Mme. Réjane's season in London by returning and giving a single performance of "La Dame aux Camélias" at Her Majesty's Theatre, outside the limits of her regular engagement. Her offer of the use of her Paris theatre to Mme. Duse, coupled with conditions which the latter was unable to accept, points in the same direction, and has inspired the Paris critics openly to suggest that "notre grande Sarah" would like to put her rivals "in her pocket." If such should be the great tragedienne's sentiments towards Mme. Duse and Mme. Réjane, they cannot be said to be happily inspired. While Mme. Sarah holds her own, and more, in the modern drama where

she comes in contact with both Duse and Réjane, she is supreme in a walk where they have never dared to enter—namely, that of classic tragedy. Some day she will be obliged to recognise that even with such a marvellous vitality as hers *on ne peut pas être et avoir été*; but in view of her unexampled versatility there seems to be no doubt but that she will rank definitively as the greatest actress not only of her period, but of all periods heretofore.

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

For some weeks past one has heard little discussed in scientific circles but who was going to Toronto and who was not. After that the most important question has been, "What ship?" It is surprising what an immense number of people seem able to afford the time and expense for a holiday in Canada, and even more so that they should seek a relief from the routine of science by plunging into the sombre vortex of the British Association. There seems to be a mysterious fascination which these votaries know in listening to the sound of one's own voice addressing one's friends, and one's friends' voices addressing oneself. That seems to be the secret of the success of the British Association meetings, that and the simple human interest of meeting once more the people one can see every day.

It is supposed that the Colony has risen to the occasion of this visit, and means to repay the honour by special efforts of hospitality. All sorts of conveniences, from cheap return tickets to free cablegrams, have been arranged for, and on the other side facilities will be provided for some most interesting excursions. The Central Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk have agreed to convey members over their lines at special rates; Niagara may be reached in a few hours from Toronto by the boats of the Ontario Navigation Co.; and another easy expedition will be that to the beautiful Muskoka Lake region. A committee on excursions has also provided for tours to Nova Scotia, Kingston, the Thousand Lakes, Montreal, Ottawa, &c. Then there are the gold mines of British Columbia, and if any are seized that way they may finish up with a fortune at Klondike in the Yukon. The latter, however, is not recommended in the papers at present as a health resort. If the Association meeting is not enough to engage the social energies of members, there will be others in the immediate neighbourhood. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, founded on the model of the British Association, meets a week earlier than the latter at Detroit, to give an opportunity for fusion. There are also the Society of American Naturalists, and the American Psychological Association, both of which have accepted invitations to be present at Toronto. The proceedings begin on August 18, and assuming, as I have said above, a predilection for this kind of symposium, everything augurs well for a highly successful meeting.

ALL who take an interest in the educational influence of London, and who desire to see it placed upon a footing worthy of the greatest city in the world, will wish well to the Bill which has just passed its second reading in the House of Lords, for appointing a new Commission to deal with the University question. The Commission proposed is a strong one, embodying Lord Davey as chairman, the Bishop of London, Lord Lister, Sir Owen Roberts, Sir William Roberts, Prof. Jebb, and Mr. Busk, the chairman of convocation of the present so-called London University. This body is empowered, under the terms of the Bill, to make statutes and regulations for the new teaching University, in accordance generally with the decisions of the Cowper Commission, but only after a full hearing of all the conflicting bodies and persons interested, and with due consideration of the changes which have taken place in London, since the Cowper Commission, in the direction of improved technical instruction. The Commission is prohibited from assigning money for any purposes tending to restrict freedom of belief; and when all is said and done its decrees are not to be regarded as absolute until they have been confirmed by an order of the Queen in Council, before which tribunal any body feeling itself aggrieved can appeal. It is hardly to be wondered at that a measure which provides so many loopholes, and such full opportunities for the ventilation of particular points of view, should obtain the assent of practically all the parties involved. That, indeed, is its great merit, for the mutual antagonisms were so hot that it seemed impossible they should ever be reconciled. Now that they have once been brought down to a common ground, and that a successful compromise has been discovered, it is to be hoped that the struggle will end, and that the various isolated colleges will allow themselves to be amalgamated into a greater University of London, in which their liberties will not be curtailed or their dignities impaired, but in which they may work together with a fuller and ampler usefulness.

H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Whitehall: July 26.

I condole with Mr. Tyler on the desertion of Mr. Sidney Lee from the rapidly thinning ranks of those who believe that the "Mr. W. H." of the Sonnets can be identified with the Earl of Pembroke. Probably Mr. Lee, like many others of us, was at first dazzled by the specious structure of Mr. Tyler's theory, and, like many others of us, has since found that on further analysis the unsubstantial pageant faded into nothingness. Allow me to call attention once again to the damning fact which makes the identity of the Dark Woman with Mary Fitton incredible. The Dark Woman is shown by Sonnet clii.—"in act thy bed-vow broke"—to have been a faithless wife. Now Mr. Tyler has entirely failed to show that Mary Fitton was a married woman at the time of her intrigue with Lord Pembroke; and as there was a question whether Pembroke himself would not marry her, it is surely obvious that she must have been still marriageable.

Further, the Pembroke theory requires that

the bulk of the Sonnets should have been written between the years 1598 and 1601. Now I would go to the stake for it, that the language and thought of the Sonnets is not that of the plays written during those three years, and is that of the plays written during the years 1592-1594. If Mr. Tyler doubts this, let me refer him to the very careful study of the point by Hermann Isaac in the German *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* for 1884. As to the dedication by T. T., it can readily be made to fit most theories. The meaning preferred by Mr. Tyler is the straightforward one, but I do not think you can make a canon of it, that the least strained interpretation of an Elizabethan document of the kind is necessarily the most correct. And please observe that I content myself with denying that the Sonnets refer to Lord Pembroke: I do not assert that they refer to Lord Southampton. In the present state of the evidence, I conceive that a suspense of judgment is the proper critical attitude. But I must own that I should not be surprised if *Willobie's Avisa*, which Mr. Tyler dismisses so curtly, were in the end to give us the clue. The authorship and intention of that curious poem are at present an unsolved mystery, but that H. W. and his familiar friend, W. S., both of whom have apparently been in love with *Avisa*, have something to do with the story of the Sonnets, I feel sure. Can no one throw any light on Henry Willobie?

E. K. CHAMBERS.

PAMELA FITZGERALD.

Paris: July 28.

Allow me to demur to your remark that Pamela was "almost certainly the daughter of the Duke of Orleans by Mme. de Genlis." In the *ACADEMY* of June 24, 1893, I gave reasons for the belief that she was really, as asserted by Mme. de Genlis, Nancy Sims, of Fogo, Newfoundland. As to her "natural aptitude for intrigue," she seems to me to have had no capacity for being more than a tool in the hands of others. The kind of intellectual hot-house in which she was brought up did not counteract the intellectual mediocrity of her parentage.

J. G. ALGER.

## "A DAUGHTER OF THE KLEPHTS."

Aberdeen: July 27.

In a little notice of my book *A Daughter of the Klephs*, which appeared in your issue of July 23, the reviewer started off with the assertion: "Recent events appear to have stimulated a mushroom crop of novels and other books dealing with modern Greece." He or she may be interested to learn that my book was in the hands of its present publishers for a whole year before its issue, which was accidentally delayed. It was the result of visits to Greece, and of knowledge sufficient at least to foresee what was about to happen. I "claim" for it that anybody who made himself acquainted with the facts and feelings embodied in my story would have understood recent developments better than some of our "leader-writers" seemed to do! I know the book was written for girls: it is as necessary to inform them as any other class of the community, especially nowadays, when many young women scarcely out of their teens blossom into journalists, and, in their turn, instruct the public mind and conscience.

I trust you will publish this letter, as to those who may read the review the value of the book might be destroyed by your reviewer's false premise.

(Mrs.) ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

## THE FRENCHMAN IN ENGLISH FICTION.

London: July 26.

With much that Miss Lynch says in your last issue everyone who has the slightest acquaintance with France must agree entirely. But when she insists upon the impossibility of the attempted seduction of Kitty by Victor Desanges, it is worth noting that the theme of Mlle. de Bovet's last novel, *Parole jurée*, is the *liaison* between the hero and an unmarried girl whom he has met socially. It certainly surprised me, as it may surprise Miss Lynch, to see that in Mlle. de Bovet's opinion an unmarried woman may be, notoriously, the mistress of a married man, and yet not forfeit social consideration. In fact, I don't believe a word of it. But if a Frenchwoman asserts that such is the case what is the poor English novelist to do?

A READER.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

MR. BRAM STOKER's book is explained to be a version of the "were-wolf" legend, of which the setting is England

of the present day, and the manner the documentary system of many hands favoured by Wilkie Collins. The translation of the monster to English soil is pronounced by the *Speaker* to be a distinct success; and "it says much for the author's command of his gruesome theme that in spite of being thus handicapped in his methods, he has succeeded in making the story intensely interesting. . . . The supernatural element is managed with . . . an appearance of realism that is extremely ingenious." The *Chronicle* pronounces that "the impossibilities of the subject are handled with such fertility and ingenuity that *Dracula* is not likely to leave room for imitators. Mr. Stoker's vampire will remain unique." The story, says the *Pall Mall*, "is horrid and creepy to the last degree. It is also excellent, and one of the best things in the supernatural line that we have been lucky enough to hit on. . . . Mr. Stoker has mastered the real secrets of a genuine 'creep'; . . . and there is a creep in every dozen pages or so." The *Daily News* asks, what of the general decay of faith? "Here . . . is Mr. Bram Stoker taking in hand the old-world legend of the were-wolf, or vampire, with all its weird and exciting associations of blood-sucking and human-flesh-devouring, and interweaving it with the threads of a long story with an earnestness, a directness, and a simple good faith which ought to go far to induce readers of fiction to surrender their imaginations into the novelist's hands." "Never," writes Mr. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*, "was so mystical a tale told with such simple verisimilitude." But he finds something opposed to "modern ethical principles" in the idea of the innocent persons who, by the extraneous influence of the monster develop a like unnatural lust. "Mr. Bram Stoker," writes the *Saturday*, "cannot boast of any elegance of style; but at least he is plain and straightforward, and tells his story without any of the vulgar clap-trap, and magniloquent balderdash with which some writers of this class of fiction disfigure their books."

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WM. GARNETT, Secretary of the Board.

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REVIEWS.

IRISH ARCHÆOLOGY.

*The Dolmens of Ireland, their Distribution, Structural Characteristics and Affinities in other Countries; together with the Folk-lore attaching to them; supplemented by considerations on the Anthropology, Ethnology, and Traditions of the Irish People.* By W. Copeland Borlase, M.A. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

ALL students of the monolithic remains of early man in Ireland, and the neighbouring lands, will receive this monumental contribution to the subject with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment. That Mr. Borlase, born amid the Cornish logan-stones, circles and cromlechs, and sprung of a lineage which for several generations has been engaged in the investigation of these curious relics of neolithic times, should give us a good book on the dolmens of the sister island and their manifold relations to those of the surrounding regions, was to be expected, and this expectation has here been more than realised. Indeed, his treatment of this most essential part of his work, together with the anthropological considerations based on the monuments themselves, is beyond all praise, and had his labours been confined to such matters no room would have been left for criticism. But the strictly scientific character of these sections is greatly impaired by the unscientific, strained, and impossible etymologies which he everywhere indulges in, and which culminate in the concluding section occupied with the ethnological and historical aspects of the subject.

The superabundant materials collected by Mr. Borlase during his annual visits to Ireland for the last decade or so, and supplemented by the no less copious data brought together during a life-long study of the extensive British and foreign literatures bearing on the questions at issue, have overflowed into three bulky volumes,

the pagination of which is continuous, making altogether 1234 large octavo pages. Convenience of reference is thus greatly facilitated. More than half of the 793 illustrations are concentrated in Part I., which fills the whole of the first and a portion of the second volume, and which gives a succinct account of all the Irish dolmens, barrows, menhirs, and cyclooliths here passed under review. These, numbering altogether 898, are again systematically disposed according to their geographical position in the different counties of the four provinces, each province being accompanied by a map on which the sites of the several monuments are clearly shown by red dots. A large number of the dolmens were personally inspected and sketched by the author, while others are reproduced from drawings placed at his service by Miss Margaret Stokes, Mr. W. F. Wakeman, Mr. John Windele, Mr. T. J. Westropp, and other well-known Irish antiquaries.

In Part II., which is of quite exceptional interest, the author passes to a consideration of the general questions relating to megalithic monuments of all kinds, their different types, classifications, and distinctions, measurement of the cap-stones, probable mode of construction, origin, evolution, and centre of diffusion throughout the Eastern Hemisphere. Then follows a comparative study of similar structures in Britain, Scandinavia, Gaul, Iberia, North Africa, Syria, and so on eastwards to India. Having gone so far, it seems a pity that Mr. Borlase did not extend this comprehensive survey round the globe, so as to include the similar or analogous structures in Assam (the Khasi Hills), in Japan (of these he had already made an independent study in his *Nippon and its Antiquities*), in Korea, and lastly in South America, where megalithic buildings reach their highest development in the stupendous remains of Tiahuanaco strewn over the southern shores of Lake Titicaca. Doubtless the megaliths of the Western Hemisphere have no demonstrable connexion with those of the Old World, and, in fact, are almost certainly independent growths on analogous lines of evolution. But this very consideration would give all the greater interest to their comparative study with similar remains elsewhere, in connexion with the larger question of the psychic unity of all mankind. Ample materials, it may be added, are now available for such a study in the sumptuous volume lately issued by Herren Stübel and Uhle on the Tiahuanaco ruins.\*

Part III., "Names and Legends," is concerned with the origin and interpretation of the various names, legends, and superstitions "associated with dolmens, and other megalithic remains and venerated sites in Ireland." The section forms a valuable chapter in comparative folk-lore, and those interested in such subjects will find much useful information here brought together in elucidation of the names of giants, women, Phooka, the cat, dog, cow, and other animals, the fairies and other supernatural beings who seem still to haunt

\* *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, Breslau 1893, reviewed in the ACADEMY, July 8, 1893.

many of the spots that have for ages been regarded as hallowed sites. An explanation is here offered of the puzzling expression *Fir Breagach*, so constantly found connected with venerated rocks, cairns, and similar remains. But the reader's confidence in the author as a trustworthy guide begins here to be already somewhat shaken by the fanciful etymologies which, for instance, would equate *quoit*, a Cornish term for cromlechs, not only with the first syllable of *Cuthoge*, name of a dolmen in County Cork, but even with the *Kut* of the *Duyvel's Kut* in Holland with the *Kit's Coity* in Kent, the *Cat* of *Catiorqus* in the Channel Islands, the *Carrig-na-Chait* ("Cat's Rock") in Meath, and so on.

In Part IV. are comprised two distinct branches of inquiry, "Anthropology and Ethnology." The anthropology, which is a solid piece of work, well reasoned and generally free from extravagances, seeks to determine the constituent elements in the physical constitution of the Irish people by a careful comparison of the few skulls and other human remains found in ancient burial-places with those of the Stone and Bronze periods from the caves, barrows, and dolmens of Britain and the mainland. Mr. Borlase has himself worked in this field of research, and if his conclusions are not always convincing, his methods are, at least, those of a man of science. In proof of this, attention may be called to his treatment of the relics of early man from the Ballynamitra Cave on the Blackwater Estuary, which Sir John Lubbock had assigned to the palæolithic age, but which are here clearly shown to be referable to neolithic times. Nevertheless, the presence of the long-headed palæolithic man in Ireland is inferred from the prevalence in later times of the prominent superciliary ridges which form such a marked feature of the Neanderthal and Eguisheim crania. Indeed, the true Irish type is regarded as essentially platy-dolichocephalic (skull long and low), and Mr. Borlase goes so far as to assert that the brachycephalic element introduced during the later New Stone and Bronze periods "did not prove enduring" (p. 1020). Certainly this is a remarkable conclusion to arrive at on such slight evidence as is available. Could it be substantiated, it would go far to prove that primitive man had not only reached Ireland, but had occupied the island in large numbers during the Old Stone Age. Otherwise it is difficult to see how the later round-headed immigrants could have been so rapidly absorbed by their dolichocephalic forerunners.

But it is the strictly ethnological section of Part IV. that is likely to raise the most lively protests among students of Irish antiquities. Here an extraordinary theory is advanced to interpret on historic grounds the huge mass of legendary matter which forms the bulk of extant Irish literature, and which, in its present form, was composed or recomposed mainly between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. But before dealing with this section it will be convenient to offer some remarks on the interesting questions dealt with in Part II.

Rejecting the needless distinction drawn by most Irish antiquaries between the

cromlech, roofed with a single cap-stone, and the Giant's Grave, roofed with a series of slabs, Mr. Borlase broadly defines the true dolmen as "a covered structure, formed of slabs or blocks of stone in such a manner as that the stone or stones which constitute the roof are supported in place by the upper points or edges of some or all of the other stones which, set on end or edge, enclose or partially enclose an area or vault beneath." He rightly considers that all were originally covered, or intended to be covered, by cairns or mounds; not, however, for the purpose of protecting the dead and the accompanying deposits from plunder, as is often contended, but simply in order to strengthen the structure by pressure, and at the same time make it impervious to the elements and to wild beasts. In its full development a typical dolmen was thus practically a chambered tumulus or barrow, although large mounds are not regarded as essential to the structure. Indeed, the mound sometimes reached only to the edges of the cap-stone, and was so arranged as to allow access to the interior, the true dolmen differing in this respect from the cist (p. 426).

In many cases the slabs did not lie horizontally or at a slight angle, but were superimposed in such a way as to develop a vaulted chamber and simulate an arch. Such embryo arches, however, which closely resemble some analogous Maya structures in Yucatan, are not credited to the inventive faculty of the aborigines. On the contrary, they are looked upon as

"a barbaric attempt to copy in unhewn materials some elaborate models of hewn-stone domes and arched vaults, which had become known to the builders through contact with the cultivation of the Mediterranean or the Black Sea coasts—the tomb of Atreus, for example, or the vaulted chamber-tombs of Etruria. The sculptures they contain may be rude copies of decorative art in the same districts" (p. 426).

Such an explanation could scarcely apply to the neolithic structures, but might conceivably account for those erected in the Bronze Age, during which the primitive architecture still survived in some places, and to that age should probably be referred the improved vaulted chambers.

Some of the cap-stones were of vast size, that of Kernanstown, in Carlow, weighing no less than one hundred tons, and exceeded only by some of the huge monoliths at Tiahuanaco. By what agency, asks Mr. Borlase, were such masses transported and raised to the positions in which we now find them? Some of the largest, including that of Kernanstown itself, were never transported, but are *in situ* geologically, either boulders deposited by glacial action, or naturally detached portions of the bed-rock. But others, which cannot be so accounted for, were certainly removed by human agency to their present positions. The suggestion that this might have been effected by an inclined plane of earth, afterwards removed, is rejected, except in some special cases, and it is argued with some force that the motive power was a mighty leverage, obtained with felled timber at a time when Ireland is believed to have been well wooded.

The popular theory which attributes

these monuments to the "Kelts," or peoples of Keltic speech, is also rightly rejected in favour of their "Iberian" predecessors, who had already occupied both slopes of the Pyrenees in neolithic, if not even earlier times. Mr. Borlase would, in fact, seem to imply that the builders were the direct descendants of the cave-men in Gaul, and that the dolmens themselves were originally nothing more than copies or artificial developments of the natural sepulchral caves which abounded in that region.

France would thus be the cradleland of such structures, and the art of raising them would have spread north to the British Isles, Holland, North Germany, and Scandinavia, and south to the Iberian peninsula and Africa, when the long-headed neolithic dolmen-builders of the west of Europe were scattered in all directions by the short-headed race of Keltic speech, who pressed forward to the Atlantic seaboard during the Bronze Age, and here continued to erect similar structures, down even to Roman times. In its main features this theory had already been advanced by Prof. Keane (*Ethnology*, chap. vi.); but it has doubtless been arrived at independently by Mr. Borlase, who supports it by a wealth of argument and illustration which will probably bring conviction to the most sceptical. His weak point, of course, is his area of dispersion—north of the Pyrenees instead of North Africa, the true cradle both of the long-headed palæolithic and neolithic races, and also the region from which alone the dolmen-builder's art could have spread, not only through Iberia northwards to Gaul and Britain, but also through Syria eastwards to India, Korea, and Japan. Mr. Borlase has scarcely paid sufficient attention to the African side of this question, and a more extended study of the astonishing development of neolithic architecture in Mauritania may possibly induce him to shift the centre of early culture, as represented by these structures, from the north to the south side of the Mediterranean.

Our limited space forbids a detailed criticism of the 124 pages which are devoted to "Ethnology and Tradition," but which we cannot help thinking the author would be well advised to suppress in future editions. An extraordinary theory is here advanced, with a view to a rational interpretation of the great mass of legendary matter constituting the bulk of extant Irish literature. These voluminous documents, mainly composed, as above remarked, between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, have hitherto been expounded by native writers in the light of the Biblical or classical records, while the sceptical modern critic "flings them bodily into what I will venture to term the vortex of Aryan mythology" (p. 1,054). But Mr. Borlase, rejecting both these views, may be said to fling them into the vortex of the wildest etymologies ever proposed by the Pinkertons, Vallenceys, Bethams, and other exponents of the Keltic school.

Put briefly, Mr. Borlase's theory is that the Irish records are neither pure fable nor yet historical as regards Ireland itself, but are the echoes or reminiscences of events which really did take place on the

Continent about the period of the migrations and break-up of the Western Empire, and which in more or less modified form reached the shores of Erin at the time, or soon enough to be recorded in various ways by the native writers. This at least appears to be the theory, but in its application it undergoes an astonishing transformation, so that the historical events seem after all often to be rehearsed, as it were, in Ireland itself. By this process, aided by the etymologies, the legendary tribes, eponymous heroes, and other mythical beings of the Irish mediæval documents become identified with the historical peoples of the mainland, who were in a state of incessant ferment during the first centuries of the new era. Thus we learn with astonishment that

"Partholan would have meant the Bardlander, the man of the Bard-land; Nemed or Nimech, by which latter name he appears in Nennius, would have signified the German; Bolg would have been the equivalent of Bolgar or *Βουλγαρες*, the name given to those tribes, either singularly or collectively, who were the remnants of the Hunnish Confederation in retreat, whether in the mountainous countries bordering on the Danube or on the coasts and islands of the North; in the Tuatha Dé Danann we should have probably the Picts presented to us in their divinities, and representing a Teutonic, or possibly Finno-Teutonic, element largely distributed throughout Europe, whose wars with the Bolg would be wars with the Hunnish tribes in retreat, and whose wars with the Fomoré or Fomorians would be wars with the Slaves on the Southern Baltic, called Pomorjani by Nestor, between whom and the Germans there was ceaseless enmity" (p. 1056).

One instance will suffice to show how these and many similar identities are established. Partholan is no longer the Bartholomew of Prof. Rhys, but represents a whole nation, the Langobardi, whose name, however, despite the assurance of Tacitus, has no reference to their "long beards." From the Old High German form *Lancpartolant* (Lombardy) "take away the first syllable and there remains Partolant, the equivalent of Partolan, which would by itself signify Bart-land—that is, Land of the Barti, Barthi or Bardi." Then the Bard thus arrived at is equated not with the German Bart—a beard, but with O. H. G. bard [*parta*],—a battle-axe, while the lopped syllable lanc or lang has nothing to do with long, but is the river Lainca, now the Lein, a tributary of the Aller, so that the Langobardi were, in fact, so named because they carried battle-axes and dwelt originally about the river Lein. Later, some migrated to Italy (Lombardy), while others reached Ireland, where the tribal name *bard* may still, perhaps, be detected in the Partry mountains, and the Latnambard dolmen of the County Monaghan, while the fluvial determinant Lainca or Lagina survives in the province of Laighin (Leinster), whence the Irish tradition that "Partolan—that is, the Bardlander—was specially connected with Leinster, since he and his people died at Howth and were buried at Tamlacht" (p. 1059.)

There is a very full index, but the work needs much careful revision by some hand familiar with Aryan phonetics and linguistic forms.

# AN IMPOSSIBLE MAN.

*Memoirs of Bertrand Barère, Chairman of the Committee of Public Safety during the Revolution.* Now first Translated by De V. Payen-Payne. (London: H. S. Nichols.)

MACAULAY was not an artist who greatly affected half-tints, and of the dark pigments on his palette he used the very blackest when painting the portrait of Barère. "Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police spy," "sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity!"—"not a single virtue, nor even the semblance of one": it is a terrible picture; so terrible indeed, so devoid of all relief, that, in looking at it, one almost experiences a kind of revulsion of feeling, a lurking desire to find some brighter spot, some trait not altogether vile. The man, according to Macaulay, "approached nearer to the idea of consummate and universal depravity" than any devil of "history or fiction"; but even the devil, in the eye of optimism at least, is not as black as he has been painted. Might not something be said for Barère?

If that something were at all sayable, then the publication of this English version of the *Memoirs* might, as one would suppose, have afforded a good opportunity for rehabilitation; and we rather wonder that no bold editor was found to undertake the task. Nothing of the kind has, however, been attempted. Practically, the book is unedited, and carries the reader not one whit further, so far as additional information and criticism are concerned, than the reader who, in 1842, first read the French original version with Macaulay. Yet, surely, something more was wanted. During the last fifty-five years the history of the French Revolution has been flooded with new light. How does that light strike the figure of Barère? Writing with the materials accessible in the forties, Macaulay pronounced the man to be a liar, unscrupulous, inveterate, incapable of truth—and, sooth to say, Taine, writing as it were yesterday, sees no reason for traversing that judgment. But if Barère was habitually a witness of lies, then his *Memoirs* can have no historical value. They are worthless. Why republish them in an English form? Should there be nothing to bring forward in arrest of Macaulay's scathing verdict, then the issue of these four volumes of translated matter stands in need of justification.

Nor can it be alleged that, historical value apart, Barère's *Memoirs* possess interest of a literary kind. Barère, no doubt, during a few brief months occupied a foremost place on the world's stage, and that at a time when the scenes enacted were tragic, terrible, portentous. He came to Paris, from his far Southern province, as one of the representatives of the Third Estate in 1789, edited a paper, spoke now and again, made friends with various men of note, and, on the whole, may be said to have held a fairly distinctive position in the National Assembly. In the Convention, which met on September 21, 1792, he soon came quite to the front. What honour could be too

great for the man who, speaking in favour of the execution of Louis XVI., quoted a perfectly apocryphal "ancient author" as declaring that "the tree of liberty flourishes when it is watered with the blood of all classes of tyrants"? With a pretty turn for "sentiments" of this kind—and Barère's capacity for their production was copious, inexhaustible—to what might not a politician of the Revolutionary period aspire? Accordingly, when the Committee of Public Safety was established, he became one of its most prominent members. During its brief reign he acted in some sort as its mouthpiece. He had taken an active part in the trial of the king. He took an active part in bringing Marie Antoinette to the scaffold, in exterminating his old friends, the Girondists. He was constantly in evidence. During the memorable days of Thermidor, when Robespierre was tottering to his fall, Barère, trimming as usual till fortune finally declared itself, was in the thick of the fight. He had been a witness of great events, had taken an active share in some of them, had been brought into intimate relations with men who left their mark—often smeared in blood—upon the history of their times. If with all his faculty for stringing words together he had possessed anything of the writer-gift, any graphic power of pen, he might at least have interested and amused, even while we recognised that what he told us was mainly false. But he was, in sooth, no writer. His style is in the last degree dull and empty, the bad style of the worst period of French literature. M. Hippolyte Carnot, indeed, his biographer, seeking to excuse some of his many inaccuracies, calls him an "artist." An artist! Save the mark! The writer of this amorphous, ill-constructed, ill-written book, an artist!

No, he was not an artist. He is more correctly to be described as a wind-bag. In 1803, after going through many vicissitudes, he was commissioned to write a weekly report "on the state of public opinion on the proceedings of the government, and generally on everything which, in his judgment, it would be interesting for the First Consul to learn." The weekly reports were produced with regularity for some time, and then Barère received an intimation, not couched in terms calculated to minister to his vanity, that Napoleon cared to have no more of them. Napoleon, referring to the circumstance afterwards, at St. Helena, observed: "Barère had the reputation of a man of talent, but I did not find him so. I employed him to write, but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument, nothing but rubbish wrapped up in high-sounding language." Here we have the man judged by a supreme judge of men. He was empty. Such ability as he possessed lay in the ready assimilation of the ideas of others, and their reproduction, such as they were, in sonorous, vacuous phrases. Never did any nation or time so "pay itself with words," to use the French expression, as the France of the last ten years of the eighteenth century. And Barère revelled in words—probably came in time to be the first dupe

of his own inflated utterances—doubtless even believed in that supreme *blague*, as Carlyle calls it, connected with the sinking of the *Vengour*.

When Sieyès was asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror, he replied that he had existed, as if it was something to have succeeded in that. But Sieyès, at least, had preserved his own life innocuously. With Barère the case was different. When he was questioned, in after years, as to what had really been the object and aims of the Committee of Public Safety, he replied: "We had only one object, my dear sir, and that was self-preservation; but one aim, and that was to keep our own lives, which each one of us thought to be in jeopardy. You guillotined your neighbour so that your neighbour might not guillotine you." Scarcely a very lofty ideal, perhaps, but one that sheds a good deal of light on Barère's most truculent acts—his instructions, for instance, that no English prisoners should be taken alive. Fear, abject fear, egged him on. And he had no character, and no conscience—not even judgment, for in many ways he was stupid. That he was capable of harm is obvious, as also that he did harm, but one cannot altogether repress a doubt whether a creature so weak, so irresponsible and pitiable, was really worthy of Macaulay's tremendous moral denunciations.

The translation of these volumes is fairly creditable. By why was the portrait of Barère prefixed to the first volume of the French edition of 1842 not reproduced? In that portrait, said to have been drawn by Isabey in 1793, he appears as a fine young fellow—"strikingly handsome" is Macaulay's verdict—alert, alive, with long hair loose over his shoulders, and something of the brigand, or, at least, the man of action, in look and bearing. The portrait prefixed to the first volume of this English edition exhibits him, on the contrary, as a bewigged little man, of mean aspect, who might be a small country attorney. Can it be that the portrait of 1793 was, like the story of the *Vengour*, a piece of *blague*?

## HEREWARD'S HOLD AND AWDREY'S SHRINE.

*Historical Memoirs of Ely Cathedral.* By Charles William Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

ELY Cathedral has not been written about to excess. Indeed, if it were not for Kingsley's romance it would not be familiar to the public. The cathedral stands, as it ever did, out of the beaten track. You do not catch a glimpse of Alan de Walsingham's unique "Gothic dome" from the Great Northern Railway. Rising, farther east, above the great level of the Fens, it preserves something of the lonesomeness of its aqueous period. What picture, indeed, can compare for greyness and coolness and holy isolation with that of the monastery of St. Ethelreda, the precursor of the cathedral, glowing in the level rays of the setting sun



above those vast reedy wastes of which the Norfolk Broads are but the insignificant relic. The Dean bids us think of Ely as an island "fifteen miles or so off the coast at Cambridge," and he quotes, as he well may, Kingsley's description of the "labyrinth of black wandering streams, broad lagoons, morasses submerged every spring-tide," within which the piety of that early day found its safest retreat. And if the first monastery was burned by the Danes, the greatest Dane of them all did reverence to the second. It is to Monk Thomas of Ely that we owe the story of how

"on a certain day King Canute came to Ely in a boat, accompanied by his wife, the Queen Emma, and the chief nobles of his kingdom, hoping to keep there the solemn festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, and how, when the boat came to the *Portus Pusillus* of the monastery, the king raised his eyes aloft to the great church which close by stood up on the rocky eminence, and was aware of a sound of great sweetness, and listening intently heard the melody increase, and perceived that it was the monks singing in the convent their psalms and chanting 'the hours,' and calling his people about him, he exhorted them also to sing with gladness, he himself with his own mouth expressing the joy of his heart in a little song of English words, of which this verse is the beginning:

"Merie sungen the muneches binnan Ely,  
Tha Cnut ching ren ther-by,  
Roweth, nites, noer the land,  
And here we thes muneches saeng."

The reader who feels the spell of that picture can well follow the Dean of Ely through the more learned and the less picturesque pages of this book. We have here two lectures, prepared for publication, with a full and useful chronological table, many notes, and some capital photogravures and pen and ink drawings. The Dean speaks of himself as being in his apprenticeship as an antiquarian. We should not like to say that this explains why his book is so interesting, but we hope that if he fulfils his expressed ambition to contribute further material to the history of Ely Minster he will produce a book as much relieved with the anecdotal and the picturesque, and as daintily turned out by its publisher.

Some of the best passages in this book are in the notes. These contain, for instance, the explanation of each of the sculptured bases of the tabernacles which adorn the lantern tower of Alan de Walsingham. The sculptures set forth the legend of St. Ethelreda from the time when by the advice of St. Wilfrid of York she left her lord, Ecgfrid, who had vainly tried to break down his wife's vow of chastity, and came to Ely. Indeed, they take her history farther back, for the first represents her marriage to Ecgfrid. The eighth and last shows the translation of her body, sixteen years after her death, from her grave "in the midst of her own people" to the convent church. Her body was found to be uncorrupted, and her physician, Kynnefrid, who had been present at her death, is said by Bede, and by Monk Thomas, to have made a remarkable post-mortem examination of the body. He found that a tumour which he had lanced had healed perfectly in the grave.

Incidentally he tells us that when Ethelreda was

"afflicted with the aforesaid tumour and pain of the jaw and cheek, she was much pleased with this kind of distemper, and was wont to say—'I know most surely that I deservedly bear the weight of my illness on my neck, on which, I remember, that when a young girl I bore a needless weight of necklaces; and I believe that to this end the Supreme Goodness would have me be afflicted with pain in my neck, that thus I may be absolved from the guilt of idle levity; since I have now, instead of gold and pearls, the redness and heat of a tumour prominent on my neck.'"

No plain Quakeress could have "borne her testimony" better.

The doubtful story of the fortunes of St. Awdrey's (Ethelreda's) Convent after the Conquest is barely touched upon by the Dean, who is content to refer the reader to Freeman for the bed-rock of truth, and to Kingsley for its verdure. In 1080 the history of Ely solidifies, and we see Abbot Simeon laying the foundations of the church which has grown into the cathedral. He is believed to have begun the north and south transepts, the piers of the central tower, and the choir apse. Dying in 1093, Abbot Simeon was followed by Abbot Richard, who carried on the work. In 1257 Hugo de Northwold's presbytery was added to the choir, and the western tower, and the Galilee transept also belong to this century. So the temple grew, and no one dreamt of catastrophe. But on February 22, 1322, the old Norman central tower fell.

The crash seemed an earthquake. It was an earthquake in architecture, for it gave us the unique octagon lantern tower of Alan de Walsingham—the "Crown of St. Awdrey" as the Dean loves to call it—"the only Gothic dome in existence" as it has been called by another. We have not space to quote the one purple passage in this book, a passage in which the author grows justly eloquent on this unique dome. We reserve our space for less ethereal matters. The Dean's sketch of the domestic life of the Ely monks in the fourteenth century is interesting. For the collection of Cellerarius rolls at Ely is a fine one, and we notice that the Dean has been just a little concerned to present them discreetly. Fuller has left it on record in his *Church History of Britain* that "of all Abbeys in England, Ely bare away the bell for bountiful feast-making." Dean Stubbs will not have it that there was luxury at Ely, at any rate in the fourteenth century. Fuller's statement, of course, was made much later; yet the Dean's account of Ely fare, drawn, he tells us, from a "Manual" at Lambeth, makes very comfortable reading. The "Manual," we should explain, is a list of the gestures, with their meanings, used by the monks to make known their wishes to each other at table, where they were under a vow of silence. They had five or six gestures for as many kinds of bread; there was *panes monachales*, and *panes militaris pro mandatis*, and *panes blakuyte*, and *panes prykket*, and *trencho*. And there were several beers of several degrees of potency, and "Malvesy" wine, and wines of less fame. There is just room, but not more than room, for the acquittal which the Dean pronounces.

## EMOTIONS.

"CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES."—*The Psychology of the Emotions*. By Th. Ribot, Professor at the College of France. (Walter Scott.)

ANY adequate discussion of the emotions to-day must take account of the somewhat revolutionary theory that was put forward independently, about a dozen years ago, by Profs. Lange and William James. Take the case of fear. It had been customary to put the matter thus: a child (1) sees an over-demonstrative dog, (2) experiences the emotion of fear, which (3) causes palpitation of the heart, a catch of the breath, constriction or dilatation of the blood-vessels, trembling and movements of shrinking. James and Lange tell us that this order of events is falsely described. According to them, the true sequence is: (1) the sight of the dog, (2) the shrinking palpitation, and so forth, which (3) cause the emotion of fear. We do not weep because we are sad, clench our fists because we are angry, or tremble because we fear. In all such statements we are putting the affective cart before the effective horse. It is because we cry that we are sad; because we clench our fists that we are angry; and because we run away that we are afraid!

It is scarcely a matter for surprise that this view was at first regarded as paradoxical, if not absurd. And so it remains, unless it is restricted within the limits of a purely genetic and analytic treatment. But it has gained ground. And Prof. Ribot is inclined to favour it:

"It seems to me," he says, "the most probable explanation for those who do not represent the emotions to themselves as psychological entities. The only point in which I differ from these authors relates to their way of putting the proposition, not to its substance."

"It is evident that our two authors, whether consciously or not, shun the dualist point of view with the common opinion which they are combating; the only difference being the intervention of cause and effect. Emotion is a cause of which the physical manifestations are the effect, says one party; the physical manifestations are the cause of which emotion is the effect, says the other. In my view, there would be a great advantage in eliminating from the question every notion of cause and effect, every relation of causality, and in substituting for the dualistic position a unitary or monistic one. . . . No state of consciousness can be dissociated from its physical conditions: they constitute a natural whole, which must be studied as such. Every kind of emotion ought to be considered in this way. . . . It is a single occurrence expressed in two languages."

We are by no means clear that this unitary point of view either conduces to clearness or is, indeed, consistent with the hypothesis in question. No doubt if we take the emotion and its physical expression as a synthetic whole, they may be regarded as a single occurrence expressed in two languages. But if we analyse the synthetic occurrence, one of the languages has the priority—is at least antecedent, if not causal. In the older interpretation as expressed in physiological terms by Maudsley (in a passage which Prof. Ribot quotes, but which does not, in our opinion, indicate any



foreshadowing of the newer hypothesis, a physical impression of sight or hearing sets up a commotion in the brain which has for its subjective aspect an emotional state; and on this there follow "either movements or modifications of secretion and nutrition." The brain commotion, and the emotion connected therewith, have the priority. According to James, on the other hand, the brain changes immediately resulting from the sensory impression are not associated with the emotional state, which has no existence till messages are transmitted from the motor and visceral organs called into activity by the primary commotion. There are, indeed, two commotions—one produced by the sensory impression (sight or hearing), the other by physiological impulses coming in from the motor organs and the viscera. And it is with the second of these that the emotional state is associated; or, in monistic terminology, it is of the second commotion in the brain that the emotion is the subjective aspect.

The fact is, that the value of James's view lies wholly in its genetic bearing. Only when we strip off all effects of "association" does it become comprehensible. It is now well recognised that an instinctive response is due to a co-ordinated group of outgoing physiological impulses (initiated by more or less complex stimulation), the effect of which is to produce a mode of behaviour congenitally ingrained through heredity. Mr. Rutgers Marshall regards the instinct feelings thus arising as the main genetic constituents of an emotional state; Prof. James lays greater, but not exclusive, stress on the visceral results; Prof. Lloyd Morgan, approaching the matter from the biological side, regards these visceral effects—on heart, respiration, circulation, the digestive organs, and so forth—as the true differentiae of emotion in its genetic aspect. On any of these hypotheses the genesis of emotion has to be studied in close connexion with the genesis of instinct as biologically defined. Then, having disentangled our factors, we can proceed to study the many and far-reaching effects of "association" by which the emotional states of adult life are rendered so extraordinarily complex.

One of these factors is the pleasure-pain element. This rightly comes in for its due share of consideration in the earlier chapters of Prof. Ribot's work. We do not believe that it is an essential element in emotion analytically and genetically considered. But since it may, and normally does, enter into the complex synthetic states which constitute the emotions of mankind, its discussion naturally finds its proper place in such a work as that under consideration. And Prof. Ribot's treatment is careful, modern, and adequate.

Somewhat more than half the book is devoted to the "special psychology" of the emotions. But though James and Lange's hypothesis is held by the author to be applicable not only to the lower and coarser emotions, but also to those which are regarded as higher and distinctively human, yet in the special discussion little or nothing is said as to the part they play in this subtler region of the psychical life. Although this would have been helpful, and would

have served to bring the discussion more fully into line with modern thought on the subject, its absence will not, perhaps, be felt by the majority of readers, who will thank Prof. Ribot for much that is clear in expression, vigorous, sometimes brilliant, in thought, and orderly in exposition. Through the simpler emotion we are led up to those which are more complex; the social and moral feelings, the æsthetic, religious, and intellectual sentiments are passed in review; and the leading types of character are discussed with freshness and originality. All this offers ample opportunity for a psychologist to indicate his standpoint and to deliver the faith that is in him. Prof. Ribot rises to the occasion, and gives us freely from his rich stores of thought, reading, and observation. He is altogether in line with traditional procedure in treating all these subjects in a work on the emotions. But it is none the less true that the æsthetic, religious, and intellectual sentiments are enormously complex syntheses, the adequate analysis of which discloses, as Prof. Ribot well shows, elements from all the well-springs of our mental and physical life.

#### FROM THE ANTIPODES.

*The Naturalist in Australia.* By W. Savile Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. SAVILE KENT'S *Great Barrier Reef of Australia* was welcomed by many naturalists as a valuable contribution to science. It is at least doubtful whether the same tribute will be paid to these later Australian sketches. Like everything Mr. Kent writes, they are pleasant enough to read—almost too pleasant, for one does not expect a naturalist to be continually cracking jokes and venturing, "with the reader's permission," to hazard bad puns; while, on the other hand, if one is in search of jokes and puns it is not to natural history that one would turn for them. We rather resent this habit which is growing up of turning everything into "journalese." It has infected geographers and explorers almost, we are afraid, beyond the power of healing. At least let it stop short there, and not penetrate to other sciences as well. Here is a typical specimen of Mr. Savile Kent's popular style:

"The contours of some of the termitaria constructed by the Kimberley white ant are most fantastic and grotesque. . . . In Fig. A. the contour is not unlike that of a primitive form of locomotive engine, which for some unexplained reason has become imbedded in a thick coating of clay. In the second view, B, of the same termitary there is a ludicrous likeness to a group of human figures, clad in voluminous fleece-like garments. A man resembling the stereotyped delineations of Father Christmas or Robinson Crusoe, with a pack on his back, leads the way, and is followed by what might be his better half, wearing what bears a suspicious resemblance to a divided skirt combined with the very latest fashion in balloon sleeves."

This sort of thing is cheap, nugatory, and perhaps a trifle vulgar. It remains to add

that only by a most violent stretch of the imagination could one detect any of these supposed likenesses, the list of which is prolonged on to another page.

In speaking of the impossibility of detecting the nuclei of pearls by means of the Röntgen rays, Mr. Savile Kent cannot resist adding:

"May be, in the near future, a new XX, XXX, or other occult luminant will be evolved which shall possess the property of laying bare the nuclei of pearls, the marrow within our bones, and even the quality and quantity of the packing of our brain-cases. The physician's diagnosis of the eligibility of candidates for Hanwell, or of paterfamilias's determination of the most appropriate career for the training of his verdant olive branches, will, under such conditions, be a lightsome task."

Apart from its irrelevance, the fatuity of such a sentence in a book meant for naturalists hardly requires comment. We suspect that the satisfaction of unbottling that little joke about the treble X Rays was responsible for it.

As for the subject-matter of the book, we are inclined to divide it into two parts—one of which is well done, the other doubtfully. On fishes and marine organisms generally Mr. Savile Kent is an authority, while his position as Fishery Commissioner gave him an exceptional opportunity of studying the marine fauna of Australia very closely. Much of what appears in these sketches, especially as regards the coralline growths, has already figured in *The Barrier Reef*; but, at any rate, it is useful and good knowledge. We should say that the last chapters of the book in which these questions are dealt with are the best. There is less disposition to be funny, and more to convey information. The same cannot be said for the earlier chapters, on lizards and birds. The bird section, in particular, is mainly taken up with the portraits and doings of a couple of ridiculous young fern-owls, or "more-porks," which the author photographed in every variety of posture that would yield a humorous title. This method of illustrating science reaches its climax in Plates VIII., IX., which consist of twenty designs for Christmas cards made out of the Protean changes of the "more-pork" owl. We do not deny that the changes are humorous, or that the photographs are excellent; but Christmas cards are what they are suitable for, and they might have been judiciously left there. So with the lizards. Mr. Savile Kent was fortunate enough to secure specimens of the little known *Chlamydosaurus Kingi*, or frilled lizard, and to obtain snap-shop photographs of its absurd antics in walking and running on two legs. The fact of its going on two legs has never been satisfactorily demonstrated before, and Mr. Savile Kent has done service in proving this; but one does become rather weary of the everlasting joke about this poor little creature's resemblances, and of the suggestion that its right hand should be carrying a cricket-bat, &c.

Perhaps our worst grievance of all—and when that is stated there are many things left to praise—is the book itself. It is too large to hold, and enormously heavy; the latter fault being perhaps unavoidable

owing to the nature of the paper required for the text illustrations. But besides this it is a thoroughly sloppy, though specious, piece of book making. It gives one the suggestion at once that it was written up to the illustrations, which are lavished throughout the text with more regard to quantity than quality. The "50 full-page colotype plates" are sometimes good, but, in general, poor, and they have the disadvantage of coming out as you turn over the leaves. The half-tone blocks do something less than justice to Mr. Savile Kent's extraordinarily good photographs, which we have seen, and they are only fairly well printed. The whole should be compared with a book just published, on which *real* care has been spent, and which from every point of view is a credit to English printing and publishing—J. G. Millais's *British Deer Horns*. Between the two methods of production there is a great gulf fixed.

When one has got over all the objectionable features referred to, *The Naturalist in Australia* contains much that is worth noting. The theme is one of surpassing interest, and has never yet been exhaustively treated. The botany and fauna of Australia represent all that is left of the great southern continent, or "Notogea," in its pristine state, uncontaminated by the hardier species which invaded it from the north. They afford us a means of comparing the working of organic evolution on parallel lines, under different conditions, from a very early period of time, and generally present the largest field for labour now left to the Darwinian naturalist. It is hardly to be expected that so enthusiastic an observer as Mr. Savile Kent would miss the great opportunity here offered him; and throughout his book will be found speculations of original merit and proofs of careful observation. These useful additions to science are spoilt, as we have said, by a too keen sense of humour—a fault one could pardon—and a journalistic habit of writing for smartness, which one cannot. If, like "E. H. A." or Mr. Kipling, he had deliberately set himself to anthropomorphise or diagnose the motives of "the tribes on his frontier," it would have been different. For such work popular treatment is permissible. But *The Naturalist in Australia* is a person with definite responsibilities towards science, and in his case the flippancies of Mr. Savile Kent, like the moral obliquities of the fashionable mother's child, are not only wrong, they are vulgar.

#### ARTS AND CRAFTS LECTURES.

*Art and Life, and the Building and Decoration of Cities.* A Series of Lectures by Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, delivered at the Fifth Exhibition of the Society in 1896. (Rivington, Percival & Co.)

IDEALS have their value in every place and at all times; and nowhere is this more true than in the London that we know. In the pleasant little book before us we are gradually led up from general considerations of art in our daily life to its detailed

application to the surroundings of our business or our pleasure. By the names at the head of these five chapters we are gently persuaded that the knowledge of the expert craftsman is displayed for our benefit in each instance, and the individual note struck by each author adds its own strength to the harmony of the whole.

The first lecture begins with a graceful tribute to the memory of the society's president, William Morris, and it is his ideals which will be discovered, in varied adaptations, in these pages written by the pupils who sat at his feet. Here shall you find the doctrine of "the doing a right thing well in the spirit of an artist who loves the just, the seemly, the beautiful"—of

"that spirit of order and seemliness, of dignity and sublimity which, acting in unison with the great procession of natural forces in their own orderly evolution, tends to make out of a chaos of egotistic passions a great power of disinterested social action."

'Tis pity that all this must be conditioned by "the possible"; but the fact of this condition need not deter us from the dream of what were best; nor need the "enormousness—or rather the enormity"—of London give us pause. For beauty is organic, and grows with every living growth which it adorns; nor need we fear that once the heart is seized by that strong passion for the right which beauty brings, the head will lag behind in formulating possibilities of action. Just as practical politicians are well aware that the most far-seeing calculations may in an instant be swept away by sudden sentiment or passion, so in the most disheartening depths of modern plutocracy and ostentation we may with confidence await some sudden burst of the illuminating spirit that will in a few short years undo the errors of a century. Unattainable, therefore, as many of the views before us may appear, we hail them as an honest expression of that end which all men and all cities are striving in their hearts to win, of that desire which few can formulate and most conceal, but which demands some such modest and timely expression as this.

From glimpses of the magnificent simplicity of Homeric life we are led on to contemplate the early cities of historic years—those rock-built dwelling-places upon a hill or at the curving of a stream—where the camp first held the ground and gave a shelter for the palace and the sacred shrine, where gods and the daughters of gods still mingled with the sons of men, and the light of a passionate devotion burnt clearly on the public altar. So from the twilight of Paganism stands out the Acropolis of Athens, the Seven Hills of Rome, and then the domes and columns of Constantinople. Then with the strengthened life of Christianity came the Gothic art of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries. The dreaded "thousandth year" was gone; the peoples were gradually settling down in the divisions that were to make for permanence; the old order changed, and with the death of feudalism came the rise of national art. Exuberant, romantic, full-blooded, and passionately human, the mediæval craftsman

laid hold upon his tools with an intensity of feeling which resulted from his mere brute joy in life and living. Save by material itself, and by his actual knowledge, his art was without limits, for the necessity of expression was paramount, and the hardness of a creative faith was in him. These were the days of the true mason-craft and guild-work; when "good work was understood, and the good workman was honoured." Leisure and the wealth of loving service, space and unfettered fancy, all were his, and upon every yard of stone or wood that showed on his cathedral walls he carved the things he saw around him—the lessons of his daily task, his dreams of punishment or of reward, his guesses at the riddles of existence.

"Romance has gone," sighs Mr. Lethaby, and looks aghast at modern London. But it is here, though the old master masons are at work no longer. But yesterday:

"... and all unseen  
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen . . .  
Robed, crowned, and throned he wove his spell  
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,  
With unconsidered miracle,  
Hedged in a backward-gazing world."

It is of little use to bewail a condition of society that is in the irrevocable past; it was not the society that left us the monuments which we strive vainly to imitate, it was the same art which is with us now would we but know it, for art and beauty are eternal. We cannot, therefore, agree with the complaint that Wren was not allowed to work his will in full upon the town. His churches are with us, and his Cathedral. His plans to Haussmanise the capital we can well spare. For there is a beauty of its own in the strong commingled architecture of our London streets which does not easily lend itself to such organised pomp as was attempted at Vienna, even to the magnificent designs of Paris. It is a beauty of which Mr. Henley has made us free, which needs but seeing eyes to understand it. And we are far more in sympathy with some such bold and simple scheme (surely not impossible of realisation later on) as that broad stately way that is here suggested from the River upwards to the British Museum. This is to deal in the old spirit with a modern state of things.

Mr. Walter Crane contributes some advice on the decoration of public buildings, in which his appreciation of Mr. Watts's fine qualifications is adequate and suggestive. Mr. Reginald Bloomfield speaks wisely of public parks and open spaces, reminding us of the Roman architect, the courage of whose expenditure "on public works for the adornment of his city makes our own municipal efforts seem little less than contemptible." Something of this Roman spirit of grandeur in design was realised by the Renaissance artists; but it needed the Great Century in France to fully develop that national amplitude of art and architecture which was a direct consequence of the political ambition of Richelieu for the greatness of his country as a whole. That ambition is in its turn out of date; it has given way to the modern outburst of democratic feeling which was heralded by

the Revolution. The individualism of the mediæval artist, crushed out by Richelieu and welded into a centralised and academic stateliness, has asserted itself once more in the modern state which Richelieu made possible for the democratic peoples whom he could not crush. It is in this modern state of ours, in a greater empire than the world has seen, that we have now to deal with the problem of directing a sovereign democracy into the right lines in which its life should be laid. And those lines must of necessity be broad ones. A sense of colour (which is here discussed in Mr. Ricardo's paper) and a sense of decorative detail will follow that larger sense of proportion and of fitness which must first of all be roused. But if we must begin by appreciating small things, for such beginnings we may be grateful to the Society of Arts and Crafts.

### SOCIAL ENGLAND.

*Social England.* By Various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L. Vol. VI., "From the Battle of Waterloo to the General Election of 1885." (Cassell.)

MR. TRAILL'S final volume contains the best account yet published of that era in English history which culminated in the Diamond Jubilee. As a rule, the book by many hands is a patchwork without design, every contributor working to a plan and in a style of his own. Here the difficulty is nearly, if not wholly, overcome. The editor has poured his own spirit into the ears of writers who, without losing their individuality, maintain a certain uniformity in aim and treatment. It would, however, have been a miracle had all the team been brought level. Side by side with the excellent "Political History" of Mr. Lloyd Sanders, the clever and trenchant "Decorative Art" of Miss May Morris, and the very thorough work of such specialists as Mr. Laird Clowes, Mr. W. H. Hutton, Mr. Scott Keltie, Mr. Prothero, and others, there are one or two weak contributions. Miss Bateson's chapters on "Manners and Social Life," for instance, are most inadequate, and coloured to some extent by a fad. Nor can a history of Social England be reckoned complete that omits all reference to its games and pastimes. Are not horse-racing and cricket, lawn-tennis and football, chess and cards and billiards elements of social existence, more particularly when they become international in character? Worthy of much broader treatment than it has received, too, is the fall of the landed and the rise of the commercial interest, with all the changes it carries—the flocking of people to towns, the decay of territorial influence, the obliteration of ancient usage and custom. Apart from these blemishes and omissions, the work deserves the very highest praise; and if we were to single out one portion of it as better than the rest, it is that done by the editor himself—the literature of the period. It is doubtful if any other living writer could have given us a survey equal to it. Mr. Traill

stands clear of school and clique. He is at once appreciative, critical, and impartial. We say this, nevertheless, without committing ourselves to a wholesale acceptance of his judgment. Indeed, some of them are more than a little curious. Of Dickens, for instance, he says the humour is shallow, his characters are but abstract qualities, they are not real people; his pathos is more than occasionally false. Now these are definite and damning vices, and it is surprising, after their enumeration, to find Dickens still placed at the head of Victorian novelists. Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, and Mrs. Gaskell—that is his class list placed in order of merit, although his warm and unstinted praise of Thackeray suggests that in putting Dickens first Mr. Traill only bows the knee to a popular god. Now, only the other day Mr. Gladstone, casting his patriarchal eye over the century, told us it had produced only two supreme novelists, Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot. Mr. Traill will perhaps pardon us for frankly telling him why we think posterity is more likely to be with the old statesman than the consummate literary critic. The latter, in the exercise of his craft, is absolutely bound to come under the influence of the surface waves of his time, to apply the standard of a "movement," of which he has been part, and to forget what is the most thorough test of great fiction. Are the characters of it so truly imagined as to impose upon you as living, breathing human beings? Do they actually talk and act as mortals do? How many English writers would come triumphantly out of the ordeal? Shakespeare, of course, and Sir Walter, and Laurence Sterne in certain passages unsurpassed in our literature, and Fielding, with his Squire Western, and George Eliot; but, according to Mr. Traill's admission, decidedly not Dickens, and just as decidedly not Thackeray, whose gift is ever that of one of the most engaging, one of the most brilliant, essayists who in a novel, only made clever, play with his puppets. It is all very well to declaim against George Eliot's analytic method, her abuse of science, her too pretentious and other blemishes, but Sir Walter was careless, and Sterne prolix; and every great writer has faults. In George Eliot the saving essential grace is that she had the imagination to mirror human life in her books. With that gift a writer may go anywhere—it makes the difference between *Ivanhoe* and the two dozen romances produced by as many thrilling romancers every half-year; it makes the difference between George Eliot and every author who has tried to walk in her footsteps. Without it the gasping chase after "situations" is no more than a modern journalist's hunt for "fetching" copy. To revolt against the humdrum commonplace of Anthony Trollope was all very well, but steel chains and swords do not make romance which inhabits our English lanes and cottages as certainly as it is found in the clash of battle. The "Romantic school" has some strange monsters to answer for. And this brings us to a phenomenon of our times that Mr. Traill points out with his usual

force and clearness. The passage deserves quotation. He says:

"There is at least no evidence to show that when Shakespeare and the other great dramatists and lyrists ruled, in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century, or when, as at the beginning of the eighteenth, Addison and Steele and Pope and Swift were the admired and honoured leaders of the national literature, there flourished side by side with them one or more writers of vast inferiority to these great men, but of quite as wide, if not of wider, celebrity, and commanding a 'paying public' of a numerical magnitude to which the admirers of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of Pope and Addison, never at their most successful moment approached. If any such fortunate impostors existed in these periods, their very names are lost to us. Poetasters and prose twaddlers no doubt abounded; but not with money. The 'poor devils' worked for the booksellers at a pittance, and Pope had the satisfaction not only of lashing their incompetence but of jeering at their rags.

This is *à propos* of Martin Tupper, who is dead; but it might have been written of the many prose Tupperes now alive, and whose vogue is no doubt a result of the millions of untrained minds turned out by the Board schools. There are many other suggestive remarks that one is reluctant to pass unnoticed in Mr. Traill's article—for example, his reference to the magnetism which some writers exercise over beginners. Macaulay's prose style was slavishly copied for generations. Mr. Swinburne's method dominated young poets for twenty years; so, in a lesser degree, did that of Rossetti. Hence, perhaps, the flock of "minors" over whom Mr. Traill keeps watch with benevolent eye; hence, too, perhaps, the slowness of any great genius to arise, for in the world, as Goethe says, are "many echoes but few voices."

### FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Four Lectures on the Law of Employers' Liability at Home and Abroad.* By Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., Quain Professor of Law at University College, London. (Macmillan & Co.)

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are gradually building up a select law library which shall be understood of the people. Mr. Birrell's capital little handbook for trustees, Dr. Blake Odgers' *résumé* of the law of libel, and now Mr. Birrell's companion volume on employers' liability, will go a long way to remove that too common *ignorantia juris* which is no excuse when any of us offends. No defter hand or more ingenious brain could have been engaged for this task than Mr. Birrell's. Here is a writer who actually dares to mention "the Human Comedy" in a book on law! He plays with his subject, fondles it, dandles it, and occasionally pokes fun at the most eminent judges in our history. Moreover, he uses technical terms, and actually condescends to tell you what they mean. Nor is he the opposite of a pedant. If pedantry is repulsive in law,

amateurism is dangerous; but Mr. Birrell is neither hide-bound in his profession nor disinclined to admit its real value. The public, as apart from the student and the professional man, may take this pretty little volume and know that while they are enjoying the witty and delightful papers it contains on a subject of wide human interest appealing to the business and bosoms of us all, they are also imbibing the best that can be said about it by an accurate jurist.

In four chapters Mr. Birrell discusses the common-law doctrines about employers' liability, based on negligence, modified by the exceptions of "contributory negligence," "*volenti non fit injuria*," and "common employment"; the Act of 1880; the foreign laws on the same subject; and the new Workmen's Compensation Bill. From a superficial view, and for the general reader, we should say that the chapter on the laws abroad will be of particular interest. It enables the English reader to understand where we really are in the matter of social legislation, how much behind Germany, but not comparing unfavourably with the rest of the Continent. On the new Bill Mr. Birrell has a good many acute criticisms to make, though he gives it a hearty welcome. Some of them are already perhaps, out of date, and this chapter will soon bear re-writing; but since all that Mr. Birrell has to say throughout really leads up to the new reform proposed by the Unionist Government, there could not at the present moment be any better guide to a comprehension of the Bill than this volume, by which the change is put compactly into its proper historical and legal perspective.

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*A Guide to Chamonix and Mont Blanc.* By Edward Whympers. (John Murray.)

This is a second edition of an invaluable book. Mr. Whympers is not a rival to Murray and to Baedeker. He writes for mountaineers rather than for tourists, with that intimate and detailed knowledge of every peak, glacier, and *arête* in the Mont Blanc district which probably he alone possesses. The guide proper is preceded by a fascinating and learned account of the history of the Mont Blanc campaign, and by an obituary of those who fell in the onslaught. Amongst the last victims recorded are Emile Rey, of Courmayeur, who was killed on the *Aiguille du Géant* in August, 1895, and of the lamented Richard Lewis Nettleship. Mr. Whympers' information is exhaustive and practical. He knows the right shop for ice-axes in every town, and the quality of the provisions at every hut. He appends precise information on financial subjects, and careful plans, many of them from his own photographs. And he writes in an incisive humorous fashion, which affords a pleasing contrast to the wooden style of the ordinary handbook. Every mountaineer owes him gratitude for an indispensable part of his outfit.

\* \* \*

*Croquet: its History, Rules, and Secrets.* By Arthur Lillie. (Longmans & Co.)

THE apparition, to-day, of a book on croquet may be taken according to taste as prophetic of revival or memorial of extinction.

In any case, no one could be better qualified to write eulogy or epitaph than Mr. Lillie, who was champion as far back as 1872, and champion, too, in the galvanised tournament of last year. The volume before us contains a complete record of the history, theory, and practice of the game. Nor is it difficult to glean therefrom why croquet died. As a serious game, it was too easy; and as a garden-party diversion, it lent itself too easily to irrelevancies. A witty scholar defined it as a school less for horticulture than for husbandry. It is said to survive at Oxford, but "in a country-house last autumn two ladies, fond of golf and hunting, by a winding path in a garden came upon a game of croquet unexpectedly. They sprang back with faces of absolute loathing." To the man of letters croquet is chiefly interesting because Mark Pattison played it with considerable success, and because Disraeli described it immortally in *Lothair*. It was at Brentham that Lady Corisande played with "curates in cassocks," and that Mr. Blenkinsop, who hopelessly loved her, drove over with "several cases and bags containing instruments and weapons for the fray."

"The scene was brilliant—a marvellous lawn, the Duchess's Turkish tent with its rich hangings, and the players themselves, the prettiest of all the spectacle, with their coquettish hats and their half-veiled, half-revealed under-vestment, scarlet and silver or blue and gold, made up a sparkling and modish scene."

We cannot resist the gorgeous quotation.

\* \* \*

*Chopin's Greater Works: How they should be Understood.* By Jean Kleczynski. Translated by Natalie Janotha. (William Reeves.)

THIS work should be in the hands of every man and every woman. To know how to play Chopin's music is the knowledge of all things. Chopin has the charm that never dies; he stands as the bible of melody, as the hymn of flowers. He remembered the workers in field and wood, and field and wood sang back to him their strength. The shell on the seashore whispered its cloistered psalm to him; and the spirit of the rose afforded him a text-book. Many have wondered where he won his inspiration. He had eyes to see with, and saw; ears to hear with, and heard. He could lead the simple and harm them not. He was acquainted with sounds, and knew that sounds were before words. He takes us into great presences, and we are afraid; he makes us remember our Creator in the days of our youth, and again we are afraid. Oh! Chopin, thou art the St. John of harmony; who will come after thee? His polonaises, ballads, nocturnes, mazurkas mean that heaven still can throw down to thinkers what prophecy, even in its flight, hath never yet told. This translation of Natalie Janotha has received the highest praise from Mr. Fredrick Niecks, who wrote the *Life of Chopin*, and is dedicated to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone has written to Mrs. Drew regarding it: "I am extremely glad to hear that Miss Janotha is giving her aid to the interpretation of Chopin, whom she so deeply venerates, for I feel sure that no one living is more competent to do it."

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"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES.—*Sir Walter Scott.* By George Saintsbury. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THIS volume, the most important, with the possible exception of that on *John Knox*, in the series of which it forms a part, is appropriately put in the hands of Prof. Saintsbury, who thus makes his courteous bow to the country of his recent adoption. Nor will any one acquainted with Prof. Saintsbury's literary temper need to be told that in Sir Walter Scott, both as writer and man, he finds a subject peculiarly sympathetic to him. There are plenty of little books on Scott, of course, but it is quite fair to plead, as is pleaded for this one, that a little book containing a survey of the new material provided by the recent instalments of *Journal* and *Letters* as well as by Mr. Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, cannot be considered out of place. And even were that not so, we are glad, on the critical side, to hear what Prof. Saintsbury has to say. As to the manner in which it is said, there will of course be a difference of opinion. To some Prof. Saintsbury's style will appear easy, unaffected, and entertaining; others it will, as usual, exasperate beyond the bounds of serenity. And we are bound to confess that upon ourselves the aliphod English, the constant colloquialism, the frequent obscurity of meaning, have at times a positively maddening effect. We recognise that upon Scott, as upon every other literary subject under the sun, Prof. Saintsbury has much that is sensible and something that is original to say. He brings to his task wide knowledge and real, though not, we think, unprejudiced, critical faculty. But as for reading him for pleasure, we have this many a day given up the attempt.

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*The Music of the Poets: a Musician's Birthday Book.* By Eleonore D'Esterre-Keeling. (Walter Scott & Co.)

THIS charming volume is announced as a second edition completely revised. It is handsomely bound, and is adorned with portraits of twelve of the world's greatest musicians, one for each month in the year, the portrait being attached to the birth-month of the composer. In each case a facsimile autograph is appended to the portrait. On every day in the year is recorded the birth of one or more great musical writer, popular singer, or famous virtuoso, and in connexion with the most prominent of these some snatch of a poet's song in praise of music is quoted. The compiler says that "in reading descriptions of music in English poetry some special composer or performer has often been suggested to me by certain verses." In this way a very interesting book took shape. In addition to the autographs attached to the large portraits, many signatures of composers and players are scattered through its pages, with brief phrases from some of their most familiar works. Over a hundred poets have been laid under contribution, and from Geoffrey Chaucer to Alfred Austin they rhythmically chant the praises of the art which is twin-sister to their own.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Mutable Many.* By Robert Barr.  
(Methuen & Co.)

Mr. Barr writes this time in all seriousness, but he comes perilously near the brink of caricature. The success of *Marcella* and of *Sir George Tressady* has not unnaturally ushered in an era of political novels. Consequently, I look forward to several hours of tedium; for although the magic wand of art can inspire politics, and even labour politics, with interest—Charles Reade, by the way, did it well of old—yet in the hands of the ordinary novelist the details of strikes and of trades-unions become all that there is of the most boring. In any case, one may fairly claim that the politicians should be living and not lay figures. Now Mr. Barr's strikers come straight from the property room. You have the clever artisan with the managership of the works in his eye, the burly Yorkshireman with lusty sinews and thick brains, the glib union secretary, and the "mutable many" themselves, the veering mob of workmen. For the real human being, drawn with knowledge and sympathy, you look in vain. For sentimental interest Mr. Barr gives you the manager's beautiful daughter Edna, in love with the aspiring artisan aforesaid. Comic—one might say farcical—relief is provided by a pseudo-artist, a son of one of the "masters." He is caricature pure and simple, wallowing in money, varnished with humbug, and a cad at heart. He sets up a studio in Chelsea, with stone steps like those at the Pitti Palace, and a flunkey in a blue, crimson, and silver livery of the artist's own design:

"Nothing gives character and dignity to a place so much as a 'man' sumptuously fitted out in a style that is palpably regardless of cost; and if it may be plainly seen that the 'man' performs no needful function whatever, then is the effect heightened, for few human beings attain the apex of utter uselessness. The great hotels of this country recognise the distinction reflected upon them by the possession of a creature of splendour at their doors, who grandly wafts the incoming guests with a hand-wave towards the hall. But these persons of embellishment often demean themselves by opening the doors of cabs and performing other useful acts, thus detracting from their proper function, which was, Barney insisted, to content themselves with being merely beautiful.

When a visitor once complained that the man at the top of the stairs had refused to direct him into the studio, Barney laid his right hand in friendly brotherliness on the visitor's shoulder and said:

'He knew, dear boy, that I would discharge him instantly if he so far forgot himself as to answer a question.'

Barney Hope affects impressionism, and describes his own pictures much as a Ruskinian would describe Mr. Whistler's:

"Were you long in painting it?"

'Yes, a good while. Of course, I can't tell just how long, for one does not do a masterpiece like that right off the reel, don't you know. I suppose I must have spent as much as six hours on it, off and on. You see, you have to wait until the groundwork dries before you can go on with the rest. First, with a big brush, I covered the whole of the canvas with burnt umber, and then let it dry. That's night, as it would appear if there were no lights anywhere. Then I put in my high lights—little dabs of white paint. That seems easy; but, I tell you, it requires genius. Then, if there is water, even though unseen to the general eye, one has to put in little wobbly lines of grey paint under the dots of high light, and there you are, don't you know. It all seems simple enough to talk about, and plenty of fellows are trying it, now I have shown them the way; but somehow they don't hit it off, don't you know!'

I am afraid that Mr. Barr has not put much heart into this story. It is a bit of patchwork, full of disconnected incidents. There are too many "walking gentlemen," who come in and go off again without forwarding the story or assisting its vital unity. Mr. Barr can write easily and pleasantly enough, but he seems to suffer from having nothing to write about.

*A Rich Man's Daughter.* By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

One of the minor characters in this book tells a story of a man who lay under sentence of death at Newgate. His wife went to see him, and there was a touching farewell. As she tore herself away she said: "Well, good-bye, dear. When Monday comes I'll bring the children up to see the last of you." "For God's sake, don't," entreated the unfortunate wretch. "Just like you," she retorted, "you always did grudge the poor dears a bit of pleasure." The anecdote, in its not very happy mingling of the pathetic with the humorous, is curiously characteristic of Mrs. Riddell's style in this book. Most women have no sense of humour. Mrs. Riddell has one, and it is just a little too restive. Her way is to bring in a character in circumstances tragic or depressing. We attune our feelings accordingly—accord our respectful sympathy, or pursue with genuine interest. Of a sudden she whisks off the mask, and whom we took for hero is revealed for low-comedy man. There is the case of Mrs. Vink. We are introduced to her in the street:

"Dr. Dagley's professional eye was attracted by the walk of a woman in front, who likewise was proceeding towards Kensington-road.

It was not a reel or a stagger, neither did it resemble the uncertain certainty that marks the progress of one utterly blind. Dr. Dagley did not understand, therefore he quickened his pace in order to overtake the pedestrian—in vain.

The faster he walked the more speed she put on—a spasmodic speed, as he quite understood, which could not last. She was a genteelish-looking, slight, poor body, dressed in shabby, well-fitting clothes; a totally respectable woman, he would have thought, had it not been for that occasional 'heel over,' which, when connected with the after 'spurt,' puzzled him immensely. In all his experience, which had been large, he had never come across anything like it. Therefore, as she hurried he followed on faster; but when he was within measurable distance of that lean, strangely hurrying woman, she flung out her hands as if to catch hold of something, only to clutch empty air, and fell to the ground.

In a moment Dr. Dagley was beside the poor creature, and had propped her up against the pillar of a portico. Even then he found it necessary to support her, for she was in a swoon—a delicate, youngish woman, with small, pretty features, shabbily dressed, but neat and clean.

'Can we get any water?' inquired the doctor of a policeman, who happened to be close by.

'I'll try, sir,' answered the man, and ringing an area bell he was soon supplied with what he asked for.

'It is a clear case of semi-starvation,' said Dr. Dagley, looking at the head which hung down helplessly like a broken lily.'

By these representations one is led to take an interest, to expend a pity; and the feeling is almost one of irritation when one learns that Mrs. Vink is a cheat, a liar, and a ne'er-do-well, and quite deserves the frequent drubbings which her husband gives her. This person—another victim to Mrs. Riddell's passion for the unexpected—begins as a brutalised drunkard, but suddenly reforms, and explains why he refused a good situation in the country:

"It was a fine offer, and sorry enough I felt when I'd to say I couldn't go."

'You did refuse, then?'

'Had to. When I told my missus she was like one demented. Leave London, not she! Bury herself in the country! No; if I wanted to go I might go myself, but she'd never do such a thing. She had enough of the country when she spent two months with my mother; wild horses wouldn't draw her into such a lonely, miserable place again. It was then, sir, I did feel it hard not to give her "one," but I only said, "Take your own way, my girl; we'll see where it will land you."'

Then there is Mr. Koberl, a man dying of consumption, whom I might almost call the buffoon of the book. No reason, of course, can be adduced why pathos and humour should not be compatible—many pens have found them not only compatible but mutually



advantageous—but in this book the combination jars. Mrs. Riddell does not mix her colours well. In the story, as a whole, there is a good deal of crudity. The main figure is a doctor, who is “only waiting for a capitalist in order to show mankind a better order of physician.” He is a cad and an egotist, and his efforts to find a short cut to Harley-street are, I fear, not so enlivening as they are unscrupulous. The wheels of the narrative drag somewhat, for Mrs. Riddell keeps all her sensation for the last two chapters.

\* \* \* \*

*Captain Kid's Millions.* By Alan Oscar.  
(Chapman & Hall.)

There is, as you have of course observed, a fashion in novel-writing which changes with the changing times. But the course of fashion is spiral, and leads us back periodically to somewhere near the point we had reached when our years and our follies were fewer than they are. This morning it has struck me that we are back again at a point a little above—or below—Wilkie Collins. I pick up a batch of books, and I find them all what I may term “detective” stories. You are given a crime, a mystery, a hidden treasure. The problem is to find the criminal, or the cash. But this is a detective story with a difference: for it has a strong dash of *Treasure Island*—which statement I intend as a compliment to Mr. Alan Oscar. You have heard of Captain Kid and his treasure. But a few years have passed since an expedition—a real one—sailed to the island of Trinidad in search of it. In the first part of this story Mr. Alan Oscar reconstitutes the adventures of Captain Kid, and writes with considerable success in the person of that truculent sailor. The second part, which is connected by a curious link with the first, is pitched in a modern key, and does not quite reach the same level of excellence. But there are stirring scenes, and there are passages which will make you hold your breath as you accompany Jefferson, Keddy, and Palfrow in their hazardous quest. Here is a passage which should thrill you:

“If you think I am going to make a row,” he said, “you are devilish well mistaken. Shoot! why don’t you? Perhaps he won’t hit me,” he thought quite calmly. “I’ll take a jump at him, and chance it.”

PALFROW: “Forty seconds gone.”

KEDDY (to himself): “If I could only get him to shift his eyes a moment! Anyhow, I’ll stare him, full face.”

PALFROW: “Fifteen seconds more.”

At that moment Keddy’s chance came. From far below rose a sudden cry—“Dick! Down for your life, Dick!”

For the briefest part of a moment Palfrow’s eyes flickered. In that brief moment Keddy sprang forward from off his right heel. Palfrow fired, his shot entering Keddy’s shoulder; then the two grappled.

An Arab or a Zulu will carry several ounces of lead through a fight unnoticed. A healthy Englishman, when his blood is up, will do the same. Keddy did not even notice that he was hit. He wanted to squash this filthy reptile—that was all.

In the first rush they staggered through the entrance, through the drenching waterfall, out on to the ledge beyond. They did not keep their feet half a minute. The rocky shelf was slippery with slime from the constant wet; and they went down, Keddy uppermost.”

From this passage you will see that Mr. Alan Oscar has the irritating habit of dropping occasionally into the dramatic form. It is unnecessary and ineffective: it strikes the reader as a ruse to save trouble: but the defect is rare. If you want to know what became of the treasure, what Blue Jim did, whom Keddy married, you must read the book: it will keep your pulse consistently at something over the normal rate.

\* \* \* \*

*Ripple and Flood.* By James Prior.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

This is a novel distinctly out of the common. It has humanity in it and life and colour. The scene is laid on the banks of the Trent, and Mr. Prior falls in with the prevalent demand for dialect and for the humours and setting of rural life. Humour he has, and also the power of word-painting, the latter in an unusual and remarkable degree. Some of his landscape is magnificent, intimately drawn and full of atmosphere. But the book is no mere idyll or series of idylls. The meads and various rivers are but the background to a real story, richly conceived and strongly executed. You are aware of movement, progression, vitality in the threefold development of

Edward Allius, artist, lover and potential murderer. The growth and ply of conflicting strains of temperament are finely and patiently studied, with genuine comprehension of the making of large and slowly evolved natures. Excellent is the picture of Edward’s early life, the somewhat solitary boy, with the *dour* farmer uncle, and the silent father on whose name is the stain of a crime, and whose identity must be hidden, by the brother’s stern decree, from his son. The shadow of tragedy is over the household, and in tragedy at last it breaks up. Excellent, too, is the picture of the heroine of the book, Ivy Sivil, first as the passionate, unkempt, tender-hearted gipsy child, then as the Salvation Army captain, of unearthly beauty, a marvel among women. Mr. Prior’s name is unknown to us, but in *Ripple and Flood* he has produced a book with real stuff in it, with restrained art in the handling, with vigour and amplitude in the theme. There is one scene, in a hayfield, which, for the closeness of its touch upon the harmony of human and natural life, recalls Thomas Hardy in *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*. And than this there could hardly be greater praise.

\* \* \* \*

*False Gods.* By Mrs. Albert Bradshaw.  
(Henry & Co.)

The stilted language and indifferent English of this novel recall the Sunday-school prize of childhood. Adjectives—mostly in the superlative degree—bristle on every page, but they are all the conventional and obvious adjectives. Scarcely one shows observation or thought. “Unsuspectiveness” is a word to give one pause, and “berceaunette” for what is generally called “bassinette” savours of the lady’s-maid or the baby-linen warehouse. Flavia Thornton, the heroine, has every physical perfection, including “deeply-fringed eye-lashes.” Morally she has not a leg to stand on. A grandfather, of whose existence she has hitherto known nothing, advertises for relatives “without encumbrances,” and Flavia, with a light heart, deserts husband and child to pose as an unmarried woman and adorn the table of a rich old man. She enjoys ribbons and laces galore—the book is crowded with descriptions of frocks and millinery—together with the attentions, which she virtuously ignores, of an eligible young barrister. The grandfather’s objections to encumbrances do not prevent him from encouraging this suit, and Flavia no longer finds her path one of roses. Then comes Nemesis. The husband is introduced to the grandfather as a private secretary, and thus discovers his wife’s perfidy. He leaves the house, and on his deathbed writes his wife a reproachful letter, which Flavia, now repentant, is sufficiently melodramatic to have read aloud. She is stormed out of the house; but when the infatuated barrister, who has succeeded to the inheritance, marries her, in two years’ time, we feel that poetic justice has hardly been done.

#### ABOUT BALZAC.

*Autour de Honoré de Balzac.* By the Vicomte de Spoelbergh  
de Lovenjoul. (Calmann Lévy.)

There are books difficult to class. The present volume is one of them. It is not a biography, although it throws more light on Balzac than more portentous works have succeeded in doing. The Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Lovenjoul is the author of *L’Histoire des Œuvres de H. de Balzac*, a volume now in its third edition, which was “crowned” by the French Academy. The book before me appears a logical sequel to the former work. In spite of the minute attention which two generations of men of letters have devoted to Balzac—for he astonished his contemporaries even more than he has dazzled his followers and imitators—there has yet to be written an adequate life of the author of the unparalleled series of novels to which their creator finally, and with extreme felicity, gave the name of the “Comédie Humaine.” It is doubtful whether so extraordinary a range of observation, sympathy, and knowledge of human nature can be found in any other novelist. A library could be formed out of the books and articles Balzac’s work and his life have inspired, and yet, in spite of Mme. Surville, of George Sand, and of Théophile Gautier, the last word still remains to be said. There are reasons why his career should seem obscure or contradictory. Mme. Surville, who published soon after her brother’s

death the famous "Notice sur Balzac" in the *Revue de Paris*, was naturally anxious to present him in the most favourable light, whilst George Sand and Théophile Gautier were almost equally anxious to spare their friend's memory. In one of his earlier letters to his sister Balzac said: "I am young and hungry, and there is nothing on my plate." Then, that there should be no doubt as to the meaning of his metaphor, he added: "I wish to be famous and to be loved!" Well, probably he was as much loved as any man of eccentric genius can expect; and as for fame, he was always hungry, however full his plate.

It is partly due to his friends and partly to his enemies that we have two Balzacs—one simple, generous, and full of indomitable energy; the other so completely deficient in common sense to appear at times imperfectly sane. The real relations of Balzac with most of the men and women associated more or less with his life are little known. Like the immortal Tartarin, he was the victim of *mirage*. The facts of everyday existence were so coloured by his own fancy that, all through his feverish busy days, he was chasing spectral lights across boggy ground and paying the penalty of his folly by many an ignominious fall. When his friends, probably not without that air of patronage with which we all pick up a brother out of the mud, rescued him, he was rude rather than grateful. Generally they forgave him because he was a man of genius, but the man of genius who, outside his own intellectual province, acts as a vain child in the affairs of life does so at the expense of a reputation for dignified living. This has been pre-eminently the case with Balzac. The contradictory elements in his character, however, have made him as fascinating an object of study as any of his own vivid creations, and it is this peculiar force of attraction which has induced admirers like the Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Lovenjoul to devote infinite pains to the elucidation of comparatively unimportant incidents in his vexed and debt-harassed career, for to have a correct idea of Balzac you must imagine him always hiding from duns.

The present work, if more microscopic in character than its predecessor from the same pen, is of singular interest. The author throws not a little light on the relations between Théophile Gautier and Balzac, and makes it clear that the author of *Malle de Maupin* was ready to give his friend almost limitless aid in his literary work. From 1837 until 1850 the two writers were on terms of great intimacy, although how far they collaborated is left uncertain, in the interesting correspondence published here and elsewhere. Workers in remote literary fields, each admired the other warmly, and Gautier was among the few friends whom Balzac could never seriously annoy. To the end they were "Mon cher Théo" and "Mon cher Ami." They have both become immortal names in French literature, and the affectionate judgments each passed on the other have been ratified by time and critical assent.

In the second portion of the book are told the curious adventures of Balzac's unacted tragedy, *L'Ecole des Ménages*, of which the only copy supposed to be in France (only thirty copies were printed) fell into our author's hands. This chapter is of interest to all bibliophiles and students of *études Balzaciennes*. The play was read by Balzac to a circle of admiring friends many years before his death; yet, when in 1873 M. Duquesnel, the manager of the Odéon, requested M. d'Ennery to prepare it for the stage, the latter found the task quite impossible. "Mais quel dénouement!" wrote the dramatist. "L'amant et l'amante deviennent fous tous deux! On en rirait!" The third part of the book is entitled "Un portrait," and gives the history of the daguerreotype reproduced in 1891 in the May number of *Paris-Photographie*. An interesting letter, dated January 26, 1840, written by Meissonier to Balzac, proposing to paint his portrait, is here printed, I believe, for the first time. "Le temps nous pousse," wrote Meissonier, "mais nous pousse si fort, qu'il n'y a pas à en perdre le moindre peu." So he proposed to commence at three the next day. But his eagerness was disappointed; it fell through, and so the world is the poorer for the want of this record of a famous man. Destiny was always against Balzac. The Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Lovenjoul is to be congratulated on the success of his book. If the writing fall below the level of the subject at times the author has fully atoned for this by immense industry and tireless research. The book has been evidently a labour of love, and should be missed by no serious student of the literature still gathering round the memory of the greatest novelist that France has ever produced.

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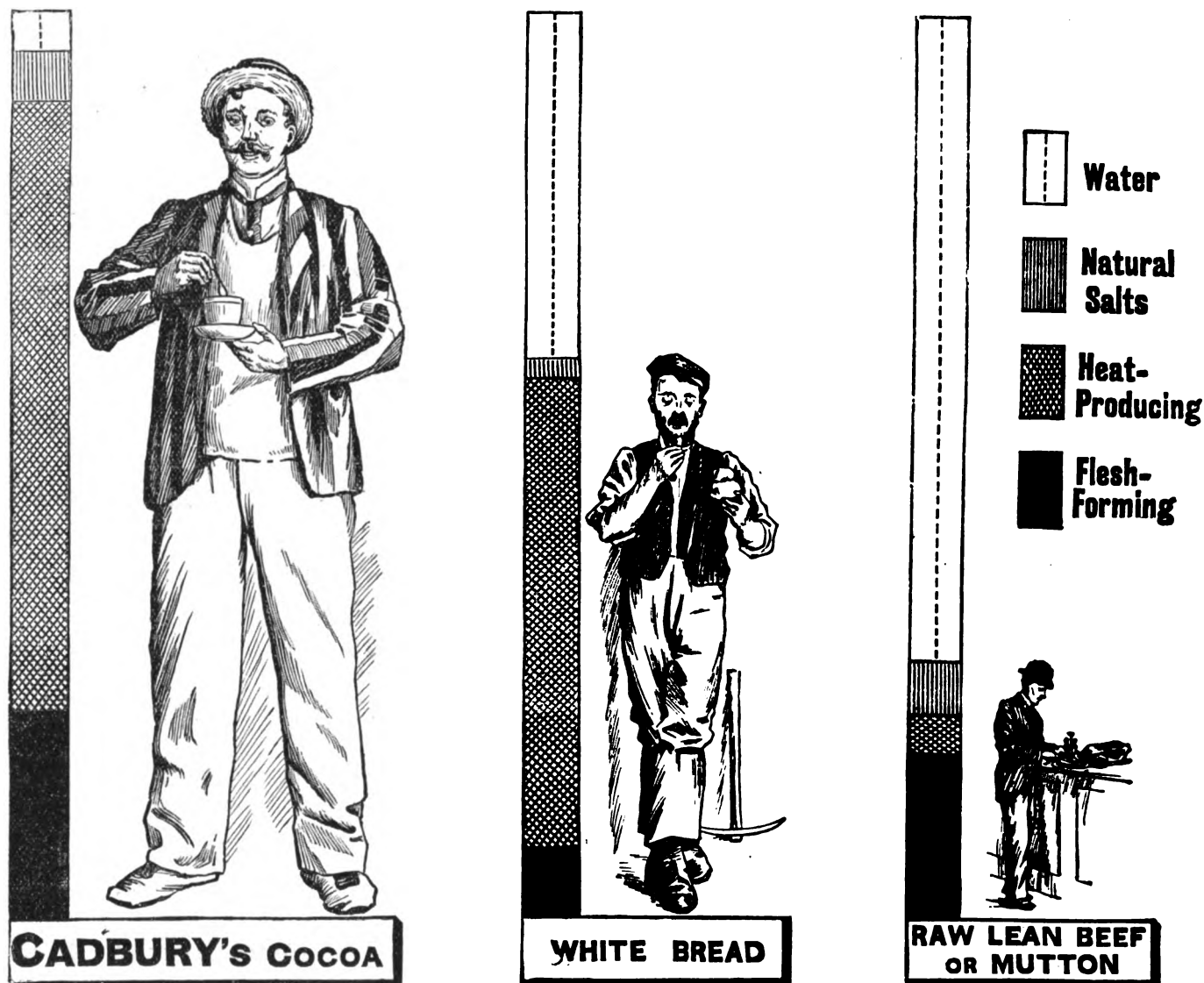
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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

WHEN war is over the war correspondents' books arrive. To Mr. Wilfred Pollock's *War and a Wheel* and Mr. Clive Bigham's *With the Turkish Army in Thessaly* succeeds Mr. W. Kinnaird Rose's *With the Greeks in Thessaly*. Mr. Rose went out to Greece as Reuter's special correspondent in the late war, and his despatches were certainly among the most complete and vivid sent home. Mr. Rose's description of the stampede to Larissa won the praise of many critics. He now embodies his despatches in a book, and explains that "in the descriptions of the various engagements of which I was a witness—I had almost said in which I had taken part—there is little amplification of the originals forwarded by telegraph, and which were generally written on the field, while the picture was vivid and the atmosphere of battle was still round me." Mr. Rose thus describes the situation at the outset of his work:

"My instructions were to proceed with all possible speed to the Thessalian frontier, and there wait events. Colonel Vasso's expedition to Crete had forced the hands of the Great Powers in relation to that cradle of Greek revolt against the deliberate government by massacre by the unspeakable Turk. Moreover, it gave dramatic interest to the heroic efforts of the Cretan Greeks rightly struggling to be free. The Sultan, prohibited by the blockade of the International fleet from landing his Asiatic hordes on the gem of the Egean Archipelago, was pouring into Macedonia battalion after battalion of Anatolian troops, and marshalling his Moslem hosts along the Thessalian frontier and in the defiles of Epirus.

"From the house-tops of the Chancelleries of

Europe proclamation was made that the dogs of war would not be unleashed, and that peace would be maintained at all hazards. Yet few students of Eastern politics believed in their heart of hearts in this vain cry. While optimist diplomats called 'peace' came the moaning echo of 'no peace' from the mountains of Crete, from the snow-mantled shoulders of Olympus, the peaks and passes of Kassia which divide Macedonia from Thessaly, and the blue and white crests of the Pindus range which cuts Epirus from Northern Greece. The air was charged with the electric forces of battle, and the only question was when the war-cloud would burst. My object was to be on the scene ere it precipitated."

The book contains numerous spirited illustrations by Mr. W. T. Maud, the artist commissioned by the *Graphic*.

It would be interesting to compile a bibliography of books which have sprung into existence as the direct or indirect consequence of recent phases of politics in the Near East. The list would be a long one. So large a question as the destiny of the Mohammedan religion has not been thought too large to raise. *Mohammedanism: Has it any Future?* is the title of a small book to which the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter contributes an introduction. The author, the Rev. C. H. Robinson, Lecturer in Hausa at Cambridge, offers two justifications for his book:

"First, the acute stage which the Eastern Question has now reached in Europe and Western Asia, coincident as it is with the rapid opening out of what will soon cease to be the Dark Continent of Africa, has drawn the attention of many to the influence which Mohammedanism is exerting in these countries who would not have been likely to take an interest in it from any merely theological standpoint; secondly, the object in view is different from that of most of the books which have been published, in that I propose to say very little as to the truth or falsehood or as to the spiritual power of Mohammedanism, but to confine myself almost entirely to the practical side of the matter, and to suggest some facts which may help to answer the two questions: (1) To what extent is Mohammedanism a civilising power in the world to-day? and (2) What is to be the future of Mohammedanism? Is it or is it not likely that Christian missions will ever make any impression upon it?"

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. add to their beautiful "Parnassus Library of Greek and Latin Texts" *Sophocles Tragedies*, edited by Mr. Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. Mr. Tyrrell has adopted many of Prof. Jebb's emendations, and so often does he mention the name of this scholar that he soon drops into calling him "J." Mr. Tyrrell pays the following tribute to Prof. Jebb's work:

"The more one studies Sophocles, the more one admires J.'s method and appreciates its results. He does not, like the Germans, and like some Germanised British scholars, ascribe to the poet what he himself would have written, but asks himself what Sophocles wrote. If he allowed himself to use the vicious method of the German school, he would easily surpass his foreign rivals in the art of polishing Greek verses into conformity with modern ideas of taste and elegance. J. is a master of the art of Greek and Latin verse-writing, an accomplishment which is hardly ever acquired abroad, and never to the perfection which English scholars, and foremost among them all J., have attained."

The "Temple Classics" now include Chapman's version of Homer's *Odyssey*. Chapman's *Odyssey* was first published in 1614. In the present edition "old grammatical forms have been retained; and the spelling has been kept where it testifies to the old pronunciation, or, in brief, wherever the editor deemed this could be done without pedantry." Chapman's own introduction, which takes the form of a dedicatory letter to the Earl of Somerset, is printed in the first volume. It is pleasant to quote his fat Elizabethan English:

"The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing fearful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferred to his *Iliads*; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous, that the poor plain groundwork, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully."

We have received *Practical Astrology*, by Alan Leo, a work issued from the office of *Modern Astrology*. The writer informs his readers that "the time has come when the Chaldean and Assyrian religions shall be once more revealed, and the truth with regard to our destiny as told by the stars unfolded." Mr. Leo also assures us that "the rules given will enable the reader by very little practice to unravel the great mystery of life."

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

A CATALOGUE OF THE WASHINGTON COLLECTION IN THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM. Compiled and annotated by Appleton P. C. Griffin. With an Appendix by William Coolidge Lane. The Boston Athenæum.

## POETRY.

FUGITIVE LINES. By Henry Jerome Stockard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4s.

## FICTION.

THE CHARMING WIDOW: A DOMESTIC TRIFLE. By Clarence Hamlyn. The Roxburghe Press. 6d.

GOOD MRS. HYPOCRITE: A STUDY IN SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS. By "Rita." Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

AN ALTRUIST. By Ouida. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.

A SEA-SIDE FLIRT. By John Strange Winter. F. V. White & Co. 1s.

THE COMING OF CLEO. By Mrs. Hungerford. F. V. White & Co.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

HORNE'S GUIDE TO WHITBY. Horne & Son (Whitby).

## EDUCATIONAL.

THE TUTORIAL TRIGONOMETRY. By William Briggs, M.A., and G. H. Bryan, Sc.D. W. B. Clive. 3s. 6d.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: EUCLID, BOOKS I.-IV. By Rupert Deakin, M.A. W. B. Clive.

THE REIGNS FROM THE CONQUEST IN RHYMES FOR A CHILD. By William Knight, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

HOMBURG AND ITS WATERS. By Nathaniel Edward Yorke-Davies. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d.

FORMER REMINISCENCES. By the Author of "Desultory Retracings." Gardner, Darton & Co.

WITH THE GREEKS IN THESSALY. By W. Kinnaird Rose. Methuen & Co. 6s.

PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY. By Alan Leo. Offices of *Modern Astrology*. 3s. 6d.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

A CIRCULAR just issued by the Kelm-scott Press makes its very clear that persons wishing to obtain the forthcoming volumes must be quick to act. Of *Sire Degraumont*, indeed, all copies have been sold in advance, and a large proportion of the editions of *Sire Isambard* and *Sigurd the Vol-sung and the Fall of the Niblungs*, has already gone. *The Sundering Flood*, Mr. Morris's last romance, *Two Specimen Pages of Froissart*, and *Love is Enough*, printed in three colours, are the other publications to be expected. Finally, it is announced that a complete set of Kelm-scott books, numbering forty-nine volumes, including the Chaucer, is now priced at £650.

PROF. KNIGHT's reminiscences of conversation with Tennyson, which he contributes to *Blackwood*, contain some good stories of Scotch innkeepers. After Tennyson had left an inn in the island of Skye, the landlord was asked, Did he know who had been staying in his house? It was the poet Tennyson. He replied, "Lor'—to think o' that! and sure I thought he was a shentleman!" Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed. "Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Naa; but he was a plessant shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet." "An' wha' may he be?" "Oh, he is a writer o' verses, sich as ye see i' the papers." "Noo, to think o' that! jeest a pooblic writer, and I gied him ma best bedroom!" Of Mrs. Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh! but she was an angel."

NOTHING very extraordinary is recorded by Prof. Knight, but Tennyson made some interesting statements. This, for example, may be found discouraging by editors of classics: "I don't care a bit for various readings from the poets," he said, "although I have changed my own text a good deal. I like to enjoy the book I am reading, and footnotes distract me. I like to read, and I just read straight on."

MR. LANG, it seems, is not the only sufferer under the generous minor poet. Tennyson asked Prof. Knight for advice as to what should be done with books that were sent to him, adding, "I have several every day, chiefly books of poetry or rhyme. I wish they would rather send me prose. I calculate, by the number of verses which the books contain, that I get a verse for every three minutes of my life; and the worst of it is that nearly all the writers expect me to answer and acknowledge them!" A verse for every three minutes of life is very bad. *Nulla dies sine linea* is a sufficiently trying rule to live by.

DR. JAMES LEGGE, the veteran professor of Chinese at Oxford, who, by reason of his great age, and the extreme caution necessitated thereby, is not able to lecture so frequently as he desires, is nevertheless one of the hardest workers in the University.

For many years he has commenced his day's task at three o'clock in the morning, and by such assiduity he has been able to do much more than his share in the work of demonstrating to Western peoples the greatness of the earlier Eastern literatures. Twelve large volumes now stand to his name, his most important work having been done in connexion with the text of Confucianism for the *Sacred Books of the East*. Prof. Legge is now preparing for delivery next term two lectures upon the illustrious Pan family, two members of which wrote in the first century of this era a history of the dynasty which has given to the Chinese the title "Children of Han." On the death of the eldest son of this family, the Emperor commissioned the daughter to complete the work left unfinished by his sister, and, further, made her companion to the Empress and instructress of the Court ladies. It is worthy of note that, while we do not possess a translation of the work in English, the French have forestalled us in this as in so many other matters relating to Oriental research.

THE *Anglo-Russian*, a new organ of friendliness, announces that as the result of a visit paid by the editor to Mr. Meredith, an article upon that novelist's views of Russian fiction and Russian women will appear in a forthcoming number.

MR. KIPLING's *Captains Courageous* has appeared as a *feuilleton* in a Russian periodical. A story by Mr. Jerome, entitled *New Utopia*, was published in the June number of the literary supplement to the *Niva*. As the story, says the *Anglo-Russian*, is a satirical criticism of socialism, no trace of the censor's pencil was visible.

THE *Western Mail* has unearthed a very nice example of the manner in which great authors are injured in order that little people may learn. It is contained in the question from an Intermediate School examination paper: "Write out in your own words the meaning of the following passage:

"'Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort upon the whole that I for one find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy.'"

As our contemporary points out, apart from the needlessness of extracting passages from Lamb for school use, there is the question of discretion.

AN Italian professor has just completed a remarkable effort of memory and endurance. He has recited, in a continuous sitting of twenty hours, the whole of the Divine Comedy of Dante without once needing the prompter's aid. We sympathise with the audience, but the professor has our sincere admiration. It would be better, of course, that such feats were avoided, but, once begun, it is well that they finish so creditably. The *Daily News* is reminded by this incident of a gentleman

who engaged St. Martin's Hall some years ago for the recital of *Paradise Lost*. But that was in a series of sittings.

THE youthful historian lisp in numbers. Before he reaches Dr. Collier and Mrs. Markham *en route* for Macaulay and Froude, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Gardiner, he has recourse to rhyme. The couplets of the school differ:

"In ten hundred sixty-six  
Did Conquest Norman William fix"—

that is one summary of William the First's accomplishment, and many of our readers will be able to supply others from memory. Now comes Mr. William Knight with a new series. *Reigns in Rhyme* is the title of his little book, which aims, we suppose, at superseding the above historical poets, most of whom are nameless.

MR. KNIGHT is not persistently given to the couplet. When he comes to Elizabeth and our own Queen, he fills a page, but in the main his stories, like those in the dictionary, are "unco' short." Thus, Henry I.: "Next Henry, who the name of Beauclerk bore;  
For children sunk at sea he sorrowed sore."

Rossetti, who was not an historian, made, it may be recollected, more of this incident than Mr. Knight does. Richard II.'s reign is cursory too:

"A second Richard. Wat the tyler rose,  
'Twas Bolingbroke who did the King depose."

Mr. Knight is more communicative about Edward VI.:

"His son, sixth Edward, young to hold the helm,  
Had Somerset Protector of the Realm.  
The Act of Uniformity was passed,  
And Somerset beheaded at the last.  
The King successor in his sister's stead  
Appointed Lady Jane. She lost her head."

The climax is very sudden. These rhymes, however, may certainly be found useful as pegs on which to land a large bundle of facts concerning each reign.

So much for Mr. Knight's simple manner. But to show us that he is not always so transparent and monosyllabic a bard, and that when he likes he can soar with the best of them, he has prefixed to the volume a sonnet to a baby. To write a sonnet to a baby seems unnecessary, but for such a sonnet as this Mr. Knight ought to come under the notice of Mr. Waugh's society:

"Far from the orbs a mystic effluence,  
Comes echoing æry through the vast immense,  
And, palpitant of memories from the years,  
Within the holies' holiest of the sense  
May wake a spirit unto prescience,  
As oft as Echo answering inly stirs."

That is the sextet. We ought to be told how the baby took it, and why it prefaces *Reigns in Rhyme*.

MEANWHILE an American rhymester has also had his eye on history. In the Boston *Literary World* we find a review of a very remarkable book, entitled *The Eagleid, an Epic Poem; or, The Causes Which Led to the War of 1812 Between the United States and Great Britain, with the Principal Events Thereof Rhythmically Related*. The author is Mr. William H. Bryan, a poet with an



extraordinary fondness for accentuating final syllables. In the accomplishment of such a work as this epic it is, of course, necessary to give a character-sketch of the English. Mr. Bryan does this in the following passage, with its notably emphatic close :

"Such the conduct of th' unnatural Bull,—  
Cross-grained, crusty, crotchety, and full  
Of malice, megrims, and much bile secreted,  
Obstinate, arrogant, and conceited :  
In constant dudgeon raised his broad back,  
And equally protruding his high stomach."  
Were the English ever better hit off ?

MAJOR MARTIN HUME has been commissioned by the Cambridge University Press to write a new *History of Spain* for the Cambridge Historical Series. The introductory chapters will be contributed by Mr. Armstrong, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

A NEW illustrated edition of *Dante's "Pilgrim's Progress,"* by the late Mrs. Russell Gurney, is to be published in the early autumn by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. TOM GALLON, whose first novel, *Tatterley*, was given a warm welcome by readers with old-fashioned sentiments, has completed another story, called *A Prince of Mischance*.

THE first edition of Mr. Hall Caine's new story, *The Christian*, will consist of fifty thousand copies.

ACCORDING to the *Bookman* there is a possibility that Mark Twain will, before long, give the world his autobiography. To some extent he has already done so, although the chapters are scattered over many volumes. But the autobiography of popular writers may be written continuously and repeatedly without offence—witness the late Mr. Sala's garrulous career.

MESSRS. HORNE & SON, of Whitby, write to inform us that *Whitby, Past and Present*—upon the printing and format of which our reviewer made some strictures last week—was not produced at Whitby, nor by them. Messrs. Horne & Son's name appears, with another, on the title-page, but only as agents for the book at Whitby. We regret the mistake which our reviewer made in supposing that Messrs. Horne & Son were responsible for the faults which he pointed out, and which undoubtedly existed. The book was produced in London. We may add that Messrs. Horne & Son send us the fifth edition, just published, of their *Guide to Whitby*, a cloth-bound book of some 200 pages. This is free from the defects of the other work, and is, in fact, notably well printed, both as regards type and illustrations.

A FIVE-SHILLING edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems, selected by himself from the volumes now in existence—*Old World Idylls*, *At the Sign of the Lyre*, and *Poems on Several Occasions*, a two-volume edition which appeared in 1895—will be published in October. Mr. Dobson's first volume of poetry appeared in 1873.

#### MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

THE supreme quality of Maeterlinck's prose is its soft whispering charm. It eludes analysis or definition, being something vague, intangible, unintellectual as the divagations of a dream; but, as in a dream, it holds you in an emotional grip, by the intense power of suggestion, by the beauty of an almost barbarous simplicity: the innocence of childhood, something of its unintelligible precocity, its radiant directness, pervade all the works of this young Belgian dreamer and sage. It has been remarked that M. Maeterlinck is extremely modest: more surprised than anyone by the clamour round his name. This description fits admirably with the musing tone, the delicate murmur of mysticism that run through his books. There is nothing strong, ripe, or self-assertive about this quaint, precocious child. He talks in a vague persistent way about his own and his neighbour's soul with the gravity of a sage transformed into a saint, and there is a dim, but extremely sweet and winning, nobility in each of the inarticulate aspects of his spiritual development.

For the revelation of personal charm, his gathered essays, in their original, murmuring, musical form, *Le Trésor des Humbles*, have not been surpassed in recent times. The book must not be approached as a spiritual guide, though this was its evident purpose, for it enunciates not a coherent idea or counsel, contains not a practical phrase, but it leads insensibly to the heights through the exquisite cadences of broken speech, of soft suggestive musing, of fluted nothings spread largely among little sudden words of wisdom, as wise as the deeps of life, that peer out of the helpless flutterings of the poet's soul, with all the curious simplicity and gravity of childhood's gaze.

For Maeterlinck begins and ends a child, supreme, simple, and sincere within his limitations. Now and then he writes a phrase philosophy itself might envy, and then he ceases to think, and abandons himself to unintellectual emotion, which sways him and his readers too exclusively. Emotion is his narcotic, which has become a vice, and his strongest effects are produced by a dexterous cultivation of emotional capacity. Reason never preoccupies him. His own confession of faith he places in the mouth of Aglavaine:

"Ah, how little it means being in the right! I believe it is better to be in the wrong all one's life, and not cause those who are not in the right to weep. I know all that can be said on the other side, but why say it, since we know that it could not change in the least a profounder truth that would not approve of our fine words. Only listen to that which is not concerned with phrases. What directs our life, in spite of all our words and actions, is the simplicity of things, and error lies wherever there is a struggle against what is simple."

What is simple! This is all the object of Maeterlinck's worship. It is carried to exaggeration, as most faiths are, unassisted by reason. Before the little surprises of our daily life, he seems to hear the wave of eternity above the horizon, and fatality lies in the wink of an eyelid. He finely asks

himself in that most subtle and suggestive of essays, *Le Tragique Quotidien*: "Must we absolutely roar like the Atrides for an eternal God to show Himself in our life, and does He never come and sit beneath the immobility of our lamp?" What could be intenser than the amount of tragic meaning he has managed to concentrate in the commonplace terror of the blind men and women in the forest? He, by the very crudity of his art and the simplicity of the situation, creates a powerful thrill many deeply tragic situations have failed to arouse. His phrases, like those of a lisping child—iterated, broken, bald—have much of the indescribable mysteriousness of falling water in the dusk, of the sough of branches when the wind shudders along the hill-tops at night, of the monotonous plash of waves along a silent shore. Feeling, not thought, travels purposelessly across a dim landscape, where everything is fearfully indistinct, and tears are never far from the dim actors' eyes. Intellectually as unsubstantial as moonrays, of no bracing quality, often, too often, lacking the commonplace virtue of coherence; but what a power of mysterious vision accentuating the inevitable approach of misfortune in little undecorative, unpicturesque words! Take that living drama, "Intérieur," where the action is merely observed by a few personages outside the lighted window, who describe what passes. Peasants are carrying across the field to an unsuspecting household the corpse of the eldest daughter, who has committed suicide. Within all is peace and domestic content, faces smiling round the lamp. The two younger sisters approach the window, and gaze out into obscurity. The old man outside says:

"They are walking across the meadow. They look so small that one can hardly distinguish them from the grass; one might take them for children playing by moonlight; and if they (the sisters looking out) could see them they would not understand. Let them turn their backs upon them, they approach all the same with each step, and misfortune is increasing, now nearly two hours. They cannot prevent its growth, and those who bring it can no longer arrest it. It is their master also, and they must perforce serve it. It has its aim and it follows its path. It is indefatigable, and has but one idea; they must lend it their force; they are sorrowful, but they come; they are full of pity, but they must advance."

And again, glancing within, he cries:

"I am nearly eighty-three, and it is the first time that the sight of life has struck me. I know not why everything they do seems so strange and grave. They await nightfall simply beneath their lamp as we might await it beneath ours; and yet I feel that I behold them from the height of another world, because I know a little truth that they do not yet know. . . . I did not know that there was something so sad in life, and that it frightens those who look on. . . . They think nothing can happen because they have closed their door, and do not know that something is ever happening in the soul, and that the world does not end at the doors of our houses. . . . They are so sure of their little life, while I, poor old man, here, two steps off their door, I hold all their happiness, like a sick bird, between my withered hands, which I dare not open."

This is surely the speech of a visionary

child, but it is all Maeterlinck. Pity and tenderness form the essential note, with, for art, flashes of insight and dramatic vision, the whole wrapped in a quaint setting of melody and moonray.

The appearance of *Aglavaine et Sélysette* has definitely settled the question of Maeterlinck's serious claims in modern literature. Here we leave iteration and thin fantastic speech. We have something considerably stronger than a mere dexterous appeal to unintelligent emotion and a latent mystical sensuousness. Defined character—along with definite speech, a substantial tenderness and beauty, vivid conception and solid thought—comes to surprise us, with a fuller development of charm and grace. The dramatist has stepped out of the atmosphere of diluted platonism and empty musing into an upper world of suffering and love. Sélysette, pale, wounded little bird, is a witching creation that only a hand so delicate and soft and pure as the dreamy Maeterlinck's could draw. A figure of divine childhood in an exquisite woman's form. In this beautiful drama of three hearts, it is the simple Sélysette, the child-wife, who acts the noblest part, while the two, husband and brilliant friend, whose mutual but not guilty love have killed her, are left aghast before the ruin of that same love above which she triumphs in death. The play abounds in memorable lines and little evocative phrases. The art is accomplished, and the impression is not so much tragic as mournful. Even Sélysette's first prick of jealousy has no touch of bitterness. Both women, the strong and the delicate, the brilliantly intellectual and the merely tender-hearted, are rivals in magnanimity, and each desires the other's happiness with the man each loves. Sélysette believes her death will consecrate the happiness of her husband and her friend, while her husband, crushed by the misery of his doing, can only moan:

"I believe no longer, and all my sorrow is transformed to disgust. I spit upon beauty that brings about misfortune. I spit upon reason that would appear too fair. I spit upon destiny which will admit nothing. I spit upon words which deceive the animal, and I spit upon life which listens not to life."

What could be prettier than the picture of Sélysette's childhood the grandmother recalls when the unhappy smiling girl comes to bid her a last farewell before casting herself upon death's bosom?

"You came, you went, you laughed along the halls; then you opened the doors, crying in a terrified voice, 'She is coming, she is coming, she is there!' And nobody knew who you meant in frightening yourself thus; you did not know yourself; but I also feigned a great terror, and I went with you down the long corridors as far as the threshold of the garden. All that was little enough, my child, and had no aim whatever; but we understood one another, and we smiled day and night. Thus it was, thanks to thee, I was a mother once more when I was no longer fair; and one day you will learn that women are never weary of being mothers, and that they would nurse death itself if it came and slept in their lap."

Profound word with which to end a delightful passage. But throughout all

this captivating book there is depth as well as an indescribable charm. Whatever may be thought of *La Princesse Maleine*, nobody will deny that this is literature.

HANNAH LYNCH.

### THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

GUIDE-BOOK quotations are usually so loose or hackneyed that it is pleasant to find that in *London and Environs* (DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS) Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Cook have brightened their pages with quotations carefully chosen and transcribed. We are shown the London of our writers as well as the London that hums under today's sun. Of course some of Mrs. Cook's quotations—for it is to Mrs. Cook, we believe, that we should credit them—are of the old brigade. But then they have not been beaten. You cannot resent the thousandth repetition of Spenser's description of the Temple—precious rather as a description of the river—

"Those brick towers

The which on Thames' broad-aged back do ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whilom wont the Templar knights to bide,  
Till they decayed through pride."

These have always seemed to us to be the lines to have in mind when looking at the river. The "aged back" of the stream, and the "whilom" that was even then distant, give the right note, leading us to place the antiquity of London in its river and its ships. Dean Stanley well wrote:

"The river is, in a deeper and truer sense than was intended by Gray, when he used the phrase, our *Father Thames*. . . . Here, from the earliest times, the coracles of the British tribes, the galleys of the Roman armies, were moored, and gave to the place the most probable origin of its name—the 'City of Ships.' Thus the Thames is the parent of London."

Everyone knows that Denham's line, "Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full," was inspired by the Thames.

"Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme!

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

A brisk passage in Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon*, which is not quoted by Mr. Cook, is worth recalling, as a correction of the notion, still common enough, that the river's beauty is to be sought only above London:

"The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither [to Gravesend] I think as pleasant as can be conceived; for take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and Woolwich are noble sights. . . . We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. . . . The colliers likewise, which are very numerous, and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those

which visit our own coasts, to the small craft that plie between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman."

Perhaps only a Frenchman could be warmed by Shadwell. M. Taine's recent book of travel jottings in Brittany, *Carnets de Voyage*, proved, to the surprise even of his own countrymen, how fine an eye he carries up and down the world. Shadwell at its dullest, the river at its shabbiest, could inspire M. Taine to write as follows:

"I was at the corner of Shadwell basin, and I gazed upon the slate-coloured river before me, shining and exhaling mist; the northern bank winds and bounds the horizon with its blackish fringe mottled with red; a few vessels descend with the supple and slow movement of a sea-bird; their sombre hulls and brown sails balance themselves upon the water, which simmers. To north and south a mass of ships raise their crowded masts. The silence is almost complete; one hears but the strokes of distant hammers, the vague tinkle of a bell, and the fluttering of birds in the trees. A Dutch painter, Van der Heyden, Bakhuizen, would have taken pleasure in beholding this plain of water, the distant tones of brick and tar, this uncertain horizon where stretch the sleeping clouds. I have seen nothing more picturesque in London."

Another Frenchman who has travelled England with a keen and kindly gaze, M. Gabriel Mourey, has given his impression of the Tower Bridge. M. Mourey sees in this water-gate of London "a colossal symbol of the British genius."

"Like that genius, the Bridge struck me as built on lines of severe simplicity—harmonious, superbly balanced, without exaggeration or emphasis—sober architecture, yet with reasonable audacities—signifying its end with that clearness which is the hall-mark of everything English. It wonderfully completes the seething landscape of quays and docks, and the infernal activity of the greatest port in the world."

But it is time to go ashore. From the many fine things that have been written about modern London Mrs. Cook selects a passage of Lowell's which has the felicity and conciseness that only a practised writer can be trusted to bring to such a theme:

"I confess that I never think of London, which I love, without thinking of that palace which David built for Bathsheba, sitting in hearing of one hundred streams—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity. One other thing about London impresses me beyond any other sound I have ever heard, and that is the low, unceasing roar one hears always in the air; it is not a mere accident, like a tempest or a cataract, but it is impressive because it indicates human will and impulse and conscious movement; and I confess that when I hear it I almost feel as if I were listening to the roaring loom of time."

With this we may link Browning's suggestion of the size, the chaos, and the harmony of London seen from St. Paul's:

"Over the ball of it,  
Peering and prying,  
How I see all of it,  
Life there outlying!  
Roughness and smoothness,  
Shine and defilement,  
Grace and uncouthness:  
One reconciliation."

Hawthorne liked the blackness of St. Paul's, and its calm amid the surrounding bustle. "Other edifices may crowd close to its foundation, and people may tramp as they like about it, but still the great Cathedral is as quiet and serene as if it stood in the midst of Salisbury Plain."

Westminster and its Abbey have inspired passages of prose and poetry which, on their merits, are worthy to be known by heart. Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet belongs to London as a whole. One of the noblest passages about the Abbey is little known, and Mr. Cook does not quote it; it occurs in Tickell's lines on the funeral of Addison, who was buried there at dead of night. Very fine is Tickell's description of how he was borne "through rows of warriors and through walks of kings"—Addison, who had written of the Abbey in his own clear English—so cool beside Macaulay's rhetorical passage—these words:

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. . . . When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, the factions, and debates of mankind."

But Addison's and Waller's and Macaulay's and Washington Irving's references to Westminster may give place to Shakespearean simplicity:

"Methought I sate in seat of majesty  
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crowned."

There the Abbey rises royal and clear and significant, and in the slow monosyllabic movement of the last line we hear the march and pomp of history.

Charing Cross, the Strand, and Fleet-street belong to Johnson and Lamb; Johnson would have agreed with Lamb that "the man must have a rare recipe for melancholy who can be dull in Fleet-street," and Lamb would have chimed in with Johnson's remark that the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross. Pall Mall has for eulogists Gay and Capt. Charles Morris, the one exclaiming—

"Oh, bear me to the paths of fair Pell Mell,  
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy  
smell"

—and the other praying to be restored its "sweet shady side." Piccadilly's poet is the late Mr. Locker-Lampson. Mrs. Cook quotes his verse:

"Gay shops, stately palaces, bustle and breeze,  
The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of  
trees,  
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,  
Whatever my mood is—I love Piccadilly."

M. Taine's praise of Piccadilly is particularly generous:

"In Piccadilly . . . there is a bustling crowd, a surging traffic, an amount of obstruction which our busiest and most frequented boulevard cannot parallel. . . . Everything is on a large scale here: the clubs are palaces, the hotels are monuments."

M. Taine might well be glad to escape into

St. James's Park and find in it "a genuine piece of country, and of English country." This description would apply much better to Regent's Park, "with its depths of real country," as, indeed, by a coincidence, another Frenchman describes it. But, of course, Kensington Gardens come nearer than either to "English country": witness Matthew Arnold's:

"In this lone open glade I lie,  
Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand,  
And at its end, to stay the eye,  
Those black-crown'd, red-boled pine-trees  
stand."

Was it pure mischief that led Mr. Cook to quote below this verse Disraeli's rococo tribute to the same retreat? We transcribe it ourselves out of a certain enjoyment of its faded-plush style:

"The inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the beauty of its environs. On every side the most charming retreats open to them. . . . In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man to free himself from all the tumult of the world: the pangs of love, the throbs of ambition, the wear and tear of play, the recriminating boudoir, the conspiring club, the rattling hell; and find himself in a sublime sylvan solitude superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia. It is Kensington Gardens that is almost the only place that has realised his idea of the forests of Spenser and Ariosto."

And now we talk of running a railway beneath Kensington Gardens!

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### CRICKET BOOKS.

THE event of next week in the book trade will be the publication on the 9th of Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket*. The work is regarded by booksellers as a plum. Three editions will be issued simultaneously. There will be, first, an Edition de Luxe. This will be limited to 350 copies in crown quarto, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in buckram. There will be 22 photogravures and 85 full-page plates. Each copy in this edition will be signed by the author, and the price will be £5 5s. The two other editions will be sold at 25s. and 6s. respectively. The work is divided into eleven chapters. These deal with such branches of the subject as Training and Outfit, Fielding, Bowling, Batting, Captaincy, &c. The whole work is not from the Prince's pen: Mr. W. J. Ford contributes chapters on Public School Cricket, and Cambridge University Cricket, and Mr. Thomas Case writes on Oxford University Cricket. County Cricket is treated by various writers, and the whole concludes with a chapter on Cricket and the Victorian Era.

Gathering these particulars from a prospectus lying on the counter of a leading bookseller, I turned to him and said: "How do you regard cricket books, considered as stock?"

"Oh, we do a large business in them. A good cricket book always sells."

"And what do you consider have been the good cricket books of the last few years?"

"Well, this of Prince Ranjitsinhji's will create the most interest."

"You are giving a large order?"

"Oh, yes, for all three editions."

"And what other cricket books are selling?"

"The Badminton volume by Mr. A. G. Steel and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and others, of course, still goes. Murdoch's little shilling book on *Cricket*, in the "Oval" series, has always been a favourite. Abel's book went well, too, at the time it appeared. Daft's *Kings of Cricket* sold excellently at half-a-crown."

"What about W. W. Read's *Annals of Cricket*?"

"It is a good book, but of course mainly historical and statistical, and therefore not so popular as a book dealing with the action of the game."

"Then, let me see, Mr. Arrowsmith published some pretty books: *How's That? The County Championship*, and *Told in the Pavilion*—how did they succeed?"

"Very fairly."

"And Christian's *At the Sign of the Wicket*?"

"Yes, that's a good book."

"What else is there?"

"Well, you know, Mr. David Nutt brought out Nyren's *Young Cricketer's Tutor* at a shilling. Here it is; we still keep it well in sight."

"Do you consider there is any glut of cricket books?"

"Oh, dear, no. I should order any new cricket book of merit."

### DRAMA.

THE interest of the American melodrama "Secret Service" has been such, that, the New York company who brought it hither having this week gone home, it has been taken up by Mr. William Terriss, Miss Millward, and the other members of the Adelphi company, and played in English fashion without any apparent loss of popularity. This is a curious and interesting fact, for two reasons. In the first place, Mr. Gillette's play is the very negation of the description of sentiment which has been as the breath of life to melodrama for many years; and secondly, it ignores another dramatic principle of equal importance and of still greater venerability, namely, "comic relief." From the days of Dion Boucicault and Watts-Phillips, the creators of the realistic play, there has never been seen a cardinal situation in which the hero of melodrama did not pose in order to capture the plaudits of the groundlings. He had a manner which might fairly be described as larger than life. At moments when baser mortals would be tempted to parley with evil he would draw himself up to his full height, proudly place his hand upon his heart, and in so many words exclaim: "Never! You may take my life, but my honour shall remain

inviolable." The late Mr. Henry Pettitt was fond of making his juvenile lover strike an heroic attitude, and Mr. G. R. Sims and other masters of the craft have followed in his footsteps. It has always been an un-failing bid for applause. But lo! in "Secret Service" Mr. Gillette not only avoids this trick, but runs into the opposite extreme. For heroics he substitutes the calmest intonation in the world, the very reverse of the "high falutin'." Thus his hero, Captain Thornton, is a Northern spy, acting in the City of Richmond during its siege by the Northern forces during the Civil War. According to rule, he falls in love with a daughter of the enemy—for here the author is necessarily conventional. In due time he is recognised as a traitor and condemned by court-martial to be shot. The firing-party told off to execute him leave their muskets stacked for a few moments—a rather stagey proceeding, it must be owned—and the opportunity is seized by a faithful henchman of the heroine's to withdraw the bullets so that her lover's life may be saved. Like the heroic young gentleman that he is, Captain Thornton, to whom the fact has been communicated, does not accept his life on such terms. He would live if his lady-love commanded him to do so; but she hesitates to speak the word. So far there is nothing new in the situation—any of Captain Thornton's predecessors in the heroic drama would have chosen death in his place. But mark how he exercises his choice. "Major," he calmly remarks to the officer of the firing-party, as the latter proceeds to carry out the sentence, "your men's muskets have been tampered with." The fatal words are uttered without the smallest attitudinising, without the slightest intonation to mark their importance; they are thrown off in a purely conversational and commonplace manner, as if the remark were the most natural in the world. Think how a hero of the older school would have acted in the circumstances! With what emphasis he would have made his avowal, and how instinctively he would have taken the centre of the stage to do it, so as to secure his round of applause! Mr. Gillette, who has been playing Captain Thornton, being actor as well as author, obtains his round of applause too, and that in no stinted measure—but by a different method.

THE suppression of "comic relief" is a bold step in melodrama. Of late years, Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, without discarding that element, have made a point of working it into the texture of their story; but in melodrama the rule has been to interlard it with the action as a tolerably distinct stratum of business, even at the expense of leaving some necessary question of the play in abeyance. Comic relief is as old as the drama itself. Shakespeare with his clowns resorted to it freely; and it occurs in the old Spanish drama where there was invariably a comic character flitting through the story, in it but not of it. This personage was called the *gracioso*, and his purpose was to relieve by his pleasantries the gloom of the piece if the action happened to be tragic. In the well-made melodrama of the day, French

and English, the *gracioso* exists, though his function is somewhat changed. If during three acts out of four he leads a quasi-independent existence, with a love-affair of his own, he often becomes in the end an instrument for confounding the villain and securing the hero his rights.

FROM the success attending Mr. Gillette's new departure are we to assume that heroics and comic relief are henceforth exploded devices on the stage—tricks which have had their day, like the buttered slide of the Christmas clown? I am afraid this would be a rash assumption. Mr. Gillette has only pushed to an extreme a movement which has been noticeable on the stage for some years past, and which shows signs of waning rather than waxing—I refer to the tendency of actors to adopt what is called a "natural" mode of delivery and of stage managers to furnish their rooms with real furniture in place of a serviceable make-believe. As the two hours' traffic of the stage is not and cannot be real life, it is obvious that such reversions towards nature are capable of being overdone. A natural delivery is not always audible to the house, and real furniture in the several scenes not only causes long *entr'actes*, but conflicts with the supreme principle that everything on the stage must be done with reference to, and for the convenience of, the public in front, not the *dramatis personæ*. It is the unpardonable sin for an actor, for instance, to talk with his back to the house, though this might be his most natural position with regard to the persons he was addressing. In Paris there is already a movement (favoured by M. Francisque Sarcey and other authorities) for reverting to the older and more inflated style of diction; to which end it is proposed to revive a number of the masterpieces of the old Spanish drama, in rendering of which inflation is all-important. The Spaniards, indeed, have never descended to our "natural" level of acting. If they play a translation of a modern French comedy, they still adopt the *panache* of the old school, with, it must be confessed, occasionally some droll effects so far as the stranger is concerned, though this may be the stranger's fault as much as theirs. Mr. Gillette's play, with its naturalism in excess, is a curiosity, and has been regarded here as an interesting American product. Whether its ultra-prosaic style would have been as well received in a purely English play is a question. As a symptom of the reaction in Paris, it may be noted that a previously unknown actor, named Krauss, has been attracting attention during the past season at the Porte St. Martin by his performance, marked by something of the vigour of the old school, in "Don César de Bazan." He is, so far, however, the one swallow which does not make a summer. M. Sarcey and other veterans lament the almost complete disappearance from the French stage of the ornate and emphatic diction of the old school. Exactly the same state of things prevails in London. Except in melodrama, the English actor of the present day thinks it bad form to let himself go. He is afraid that his exuberance would be called rant. Nevertheless, the art of diction

requires to be cultivated more than it is. A succession of plays written and acted on the model of "Secret Service" would probably have the effect of deteriorating it still further.

WITH reference to the Spanish *gracioso* and our "comic contryman," it is interesting to note an experience of the Italian stage communicated by a travelling correspondent to a Paris paper. The writer saw a piece in Naples where a character bearing a considerable resemblance to the *gracioso*, but dressed as a harlequin and known as *pulcinello*, wandered through the piece, advising, chaffing, or encouraging the other *dramatis personæ*. He had no written part. The actor was supposed to improvise his sallies, and came and went on the stage as he pleased. Moreover, while the other actors spoke good Italian, he talked the local dialect.

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

WE shall probably hear more from Toronto of the theory respecting the age and permanence of the Arctic basin which Dr. Gregory has just put out as a feeler in *Nature*. Dr. Gregory has made his reputation as a geologist mainly in southern latitudes, but he has also conducted explorations in the Rocky Mountains of America, and his experience with the Conway expedition to Spitzbergen last year gives him undoubted right to come forward as an authority on Arctic geology. The subject, however, is a thorny one; and opinions have undergone so many changes in regard to it that any fresh dogmatic suggestion is likely to arouse a controversy.

BRIEFLY, Dr. Gregory's contentions are as follows: It used to be believed that the Arctic Ocean was a shallow basin containing much unexplored land. The soundings of the *Fram* have upset this view entirely, and now the tendency is to regard it as a deep and permanent ocean basin. If this view be correct, it carries with it the upheaval of many problems relating to British geology, which will now require fresh solutions. By way of averting this contingency, Dr. Gregory tries to show that the Arctic basin, though undeniably deep, may not have been of very long duration; that it may, in fact, represent "a great area of subsidence (a *senkungsfeld* of Suess) later than the deposition of the Tertiary plant beds."

HIS argument is two-fold. He begins by a comparison of the Arctic with the other well-determined ocean basins, each of which has been long enough in existence to bring about a complete divergence of the flora on its opposite sides. No such divergence exists in the Arctic regions, but as there is almost a complete belt of land round the Arctic Ocean, the distribution of which has often altered, the botanical argument is admittedly not worth much, and is practi-



cally abandoned. Then comes the geological, which is more complicated and more important. Dr. Gregory traces within fairly wide limits the extension of the Arctic Sea in the Archæan, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, and later periods down to the Pleistocene, showing a wide variation of its area. He sums up by adding that it is at present bounded by a rim of land, supported by five great continental blocks of Archæan rocks, surrounded by bands of sedimentary rocks. There is nothing to show that the Archæan blocks have ever been submerged, and a theory might well be put forward—as indeed it has been—that the basin is coeval with them in geological time. This is the point that Dr. Gregory contests. If we look at a map of the Polar regions showing the strike of the rocks and the trend of the mountain chains, we see, he says, that these all run north and south, and end abruptly in the margin of the Polar basin. A characteristic instance of this is afforded by the Ural and Verhanoyak Mountains with their respective geological continuations—Nova Zemlya and the New Siberian Islands. Analogy with similar truncated mountain lines elsewhere renders it probable that all these radial systems once extended still further north; and if they did so they would have effectually broken up the existing Polar basin. At the present time we have no knowledge which would justify us in saying that this has been the case; nothing but analogy and an absence of direct evidence to the contrary. As Dr. Gregory's article is numbered 1, we may conclude that similar speculations are to follow. They are certain to be received with interest, if only for the fresh and original method in which Dr. Gregory approaches his problems.

THE physical anthropologist has been patient, waiting for his time to come; but at last he is in arms. Mr. George Dorsey, of the Field Columbian Museum, in the course of a masterly address, which is printed in *Science*, complains that what should be the foremost of all human sciences is practically neglected. He quotes, of course, in support of his premise, Pope's saying that the proper study of mankind is man, and draws a glowing picture of the knowledge to be gained from well-ordered museums of comparative skeletons and casts. He makes out a fairly good case against explorers. How often, he asks, on any of the great scientific expeditions is there any one fitted by previous training to observe correctly and accurately the races of men to be encountered? On all the numerous expeditions into Africa and across Asia, or among the Pacific Islands, we find men competent to observe and collect reptiles, birds, fishes, and mammals, or to study botany and geology; but how often is anthropology represented? Mr. Dorsey's oratorical indignation blinds him, of course, to an obvious fact, that where an explorer may collect fishes or mammals he would have a difficulty in collecting human specimens. The Society for the Protection of Aborigines might be counted upon to resist any such scientific aspirations in dark regions, while at home human dissection is hardly a very popular occupation,

and the choice of specimens is not ideal. It is easy to see the value of Mr. Dorsey's museum with rows upon rows of comparative skeletons of all the races of the world, showing the embryology and growth, hereditary characteristics, &c., of the different human species; but it is equally easy to overlook the special difficulties in the way of carrying out such an idea. Mr. Dorsey himself recognises some limitation, as when he says, "We can dig up the bony remains of the Papuan, but he refuses to be dissected." In nine places out of ten, however, the Papuan or his equivalent would have equally strong objections to the disturbance of bony remains.

H. C. M.

## MUSIC.

### BEETHOVEN'S BIOGRAPHER.

LAST month passed peacefully away Alexander Wheelock Thayer, who, up to within a few months of his death, was United States Consul at Trieste. He was born in 1817, at South Natick, Mass. While studying at Harvard University he conceived the idea of writing a biography of Beethoven, and in 1854 set seriously to work. The first volume only appeared in 1866, the second in 1872, and the third in 1879. For eighteen years lovers of Beethoven have been anxiously awaiting a fourth, though scarcely last volume, since the years 1816-1827, still to be described, were among the most eventful of the composer's life. It is probable that the material is collected, and that the remaining volume or volumes will soon be edited and published by Dr. H. Deiters, the translator of those which have already appeared. For the work, though originally written in English, was published in German. It is difficult to know what induced Mr. Thayer thus to make known the result of his researches. Possibly he was of opinion that his book would find more readers in Germany. Yet there are many, many lovers and admirers of the master all over the world; and there is no country in which the name of Beethoven is held in greater honour than England or America.

The story of Beethoven's troubled life is full of interest, although that interest is often of a painful kind. That story is strongly reflected in his music, which is in truth a psychography. The biographer has given us facts; the music reveals to us feelings. Were the facts connected with his life totally unknown to us we could have told that he was a man of noble impulse, of tender emotion, of deep melancholy, and at times of caustic humour. Sir George Grove in his recently published work on the symphonies remarks as follows: "It has been well said that, though the 'Eroica' was a portrait of Bonaparte, it is as much a portrait of Beethoven himself." And he adds, "But that is the case with everything he wrote."

Mr. Thayer concerned himself almost entirely with the outer man; he left the music to speak for itself. He was a most painstaking biographer, and, moreover, a

truthful one. His *Life of Beethoven* is no romance; he has tried to present to us the man exactly as he was. Nothing is kept back: the writer's aim was the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Beethoven had his failings and his faults, and these are placed side by side with his many virtues.

The first to write a *Life of Beethoven* was Anton Schindler, who was a devoted friend of the master's. Mr. Thayer, although he has exposed some of his errors, recorded that "his honesty and intelligence are both to be trusted." Schindler's work—which, by the way, passed through three editions—is certainly valuable; and there is a warmth and enthusiasm in it which may be easily accounted for by his personal intercourse with the master. There was no lack of enthusiasm about Thayer, yet his strong desire to be impartial, not in any way to colour his narrative, imparts at times a certain coldness to his writing—I may even say dryness. But in reading his book one feels all the time that he is a very safe guide; of Schindler that cannot be said. Then, again, what the latter wrote was a sketch rather than a biography. He touched in the briefest manner on events of special importance, and of this he was well aware; many facts, too, are not noticed at all. A more complete *Life* was absolutely necessary; and Thayer, by his indefatigable energy and patience in collecting material, by the care and judgment which he displayed in sifting and setting in order that material, and by the trouble which he took to ferret out documents and facts that would throw any light on the composer's career, was evidently most competent to undertake such a task. One can only regret that he was not able to bring the labour of well-nigh half a century to a successful close. It is fortunate that that labour will be undertaken by a man who must be intimately acquainted with the late historian's notes and intentions.

J. S. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

London: August 2.

I feel it difficult to account for Mr. E. K. Chambers's statement that the number of the so-called *Herbertists* is "rapidly thinning," unless he is affected by that curious psychological illusion which consists in an extension or multiplication of one's own personality. In a somewhat similar way I should be able to explain what he says about being "dazzled" by a "specious structure," and seeing "an unsubstantial pageant" which "faded into nothingness." Mr. Chambers's acquaintance with my *Commentary on the Sonnets* (if I may judge from his letter) is probably limited to the binding. He makes the absurd statement that "the language and thought of the Sonnets" is "that of the plays written during the years 1592-1594." Now, there is not a single play of Shakespeare's of which it can be precisely and definitely said that it was written during the period named. Whether this fact would enable Mr. Chambers to escape the *auto da fé* to which he expresses his willingness to resign himself it is not for me to say. But—to put aside dates—the assertion that the melancholy and pessimistic thought so often appearing in the Sonnets is characteristic of Shakespeare's



earlier plays needs no consideration. It is assumed, moreover, that I am ignorant of a certain essay by Hermann Isaac, which was mentioned and quoted in my Introduction. Moreover, if Mr. Chambers had made himself acquainted with what I have written he would have found a tolerably full explanation of the words "in act thy bed-vow broke," as probably referring to a marriage of Mary Fitton in early youth—possibly a runaway match—which had been set aside as invalid. According to Elizabethan usage, "in act" bore a meaning different from that which the words now suggest. Possibly some additional light may be thrown on this matter by the Fitton letters now at Arbury, which, it is announced, Mrs. Newdigate is intending to publish. But, whether this be so or not, Mr. Chambers may rest assured that the use of big words will not suffice for the settlement of this question, or the questions related thereto.

THOMAS TYLER.

Highbury: July 31.

Mr. Tyler bewails the inexorable march of events which places his views here anent in the prospective background of lapsed heresies; personally, I welcome any ally, in the reconstruction of Shakespeare's personal relations, who shall discountenance the disgusting immorality of his "dark lady" theory.

These Sonnets are many-sided; they were not intended to be read as a whole, having been "sugared" to suit many palates—written and circulated for his "friends"—a term which, taken collectively, covers all sorts and conditions of men and women—poets, players, and patrons.

I have pondered much over "Willobie," obviously an assumed name. There were Willoughbys at college, but I connect the involved mystery with the Danvers family, who were associates of Southampton and a sad clog to his career.

Now, Mr. Tyler considers this Southampton theory to be dead; it may yet be resuscitated and face him in this world as a Banquo's ghost. What, indeed, can exceed Lord Southampton's claims as patron? Let any unprejudiced person read the two dedications written for "Venus and Adonis" and for "Lucrece," and then turn to the overpowering sense of obligation implied in the Sonnets: "All I have, devoted yours"—what language could surpass this strain? Then comes the urgent appeal to marry: father dead, mother living; while Lord Pembroke, senior, still survived. But Herbert is quite out of the running, and would never have appeared on the *tapis* but for the laboured address prefixed by Heming and Condell to the folio. Now, Lord Southampton was then in the shade, perhaps abroad, while the Herberts were in high office; self-interest explains this episode.

The burden of the Sonnets is the sense of obligation to continue writing, *as per contract*; it involved a great strain, an incessant effort after fresh ideas; so we find him veer about, shifting his sails to secure variety, and yet preserve continuity; thus his "puppet" is alternately lauded and belaboured; he is personified in many aspects, but a strain of hyperbolic praise runs through it all.

Then as to Mr. "W. H.," read *H. W.* Lord Southampton was proscribed, he was proscribed, and all his honours forfeited, thus surviving as a private gentleman. Several of the Sonnets refer to eclipse and imprisonment; but the "nod and the wink" are sufficient for some, while none are so blind as they who will not see. So for them fifty-two letters in the ACADEMY were insufficient.

A. HALL.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

COMPARING the present work "Cromwell's Place in History," with Carlyle's, the *Chronicle* By Dr. Gardiner. writes: "Carlyle . . . was the posthumous Boswell of his hero, while Dr. Gardiner has only aimed at being his retrospective Buckle." His lectures "are a perfect model of the higher academic style of teaching history by general principle; and though one may occasionally differ from his conclusions, we are always moved to admiration of his research, his critical acumen, his philosophical spirit, and his impartiality. . . . Some may be disposed to think that he emphasises a little too much the negative side of Cromwell's character." "It is always difficult," remarks the *Pall Mall* in a similar spirit, "to say where the work of destruction . . . ends and the work of construction begins; and it seems strange to find Cromwell's military successes classed among his 'negative actions,' because by their means 'hostile armies were not allowed to be victorious.'" "It is lamented that the adoption of an impartial attitude . . . involves of necessity a lamentable neglect of the judicious historian at the hands of the world at large. . . . Prof. Gardiner must be content with having produced the most reasonable estimate of Cromwell's genius which has yet been given." The dictum that Cromwell was "the typical Englishman in the world of action as Shakespeare in the spiritual world" is criticised on the ground, first, that Shakespeare's fame rests on his accomplishment as a poet, and not as a thinker; and, secondly, on the ambiguity of the word "typical." "If the most typical Englishman exhibits the besetting sins of his countrymen in equal measure with their virtues, we beg leave to withhold from him the title of the greatest Englishman of all time. If he does not, then he becomes the ideal Englishman—a glorious, if somewhat hazy, image, which everybody is at liberty to construct for himself according to taste." "The book probably expresses," writes the *Daily News*, "the final and general judgment of educated men."

"The Choir Invisible." By J. Speaker the exclamation of an old country squire, that "there are some books which it is a positive pleasure to read." It is "one of those rare stories which make a direct appeal to the taste and feelings. . . . A beautiful book—beautiful in language and sentiment, in design and in execution. . . . The historical novel can hardly be said as yet to have thriven on American soil, but *The Choir Invisible* . . . shows that America may yet have a school of genuine historical romance not inferior to any that exists elsewhere." The *Saturday* reviewer, though warm in his admiration, is more outspoken in his criticism. The work is "remarkably lacking in balance"; first, "the dramatic and reflective, the objective and the personal, lie separately, and the book rocks like an ill-balanced boat from side to side"; and, secondly, "the various parts of the scheme are not drawn in proportion to each other. . . . It is as though a painter had

schemed out a composition, and then had spent all his skill on the detail of a piece of drapery in the foreground." However, "the love-scenes are beautiful. Moreover, on almost every page there sits the indefinable grace of an imagination enamoured of beauty. And if Mr. Allen, in his devotion, becomes at times just a little over-serious, he shares his fault with all other persons who are devoted—a sufficiently small and distinguished company." The *Bookman* observes that American readers are more patient of "the disburdening of the heart" than Englishmen; and that "in *The Choir Invisible* Mr. Allen disburdens himself with great simplicity, revealing a very sympathetic and sensitive nature." "Mr. Allen's power of character drawing," writes the *Pall Mall's* Irresponsible Reader, "invests the old, old story with renewed and absorbing interest. . . . The fascination of the story lies in great part in Mr. Allen's graceful and vivid style. His beautiful vignettes of forest scenery, and the real thoughtfulness of his dialogue, raise the story out of the ruck of the commonplace." A provincial critic opines that "the want of incident is the main defect." "On the other hand, the pages are crowded with moralising, and the reader grows tired of long speeches."

"Mr. Peters." By Riccardo Stephens. (Bliss, Sands.) "The author of *The Cruciform Mark*," the *Speaker* explains, "has once more made Edinburgh the scene of a story of modern romance and adventure. Mr. Peters, if it does not fulfil the promise of the earlier book, . . . helps to confirm the impression that in Mr. Riccardo Stephens the modern Athens has found another devoted son whose name may be added to the noble list in which Scott and Stevenson hold the foremost place." A weak point is said to be "the somewhat nebulous character of Mr. Peters himself." On the other hand, "some of the pleasantest chapters are those in which no progress is made with the great scheme of vengeance." Mr. Courtney, in the *Daily Telegraph*, writes: "The story grows in intensity as we near the close; and, although in many respects it would benefit by greater conciseness and by the elimination of one or two unnecessary chapters, it is true that we learn something more of the deadly persistence of the hero by watching the slow evolution of his mind." "Mr. Stephens," writes the *Pall Mall*, "is a little too leisurely in the gradual development of his hero's plan of vengeance, but the result of his work is a powerfully written and deeply interesting novel. There is plenty of light relief to the grimness of the central idea, and all the characters are excellently drawn, particularly Mrs. Jimp and 'Melia Rivers.'"

## EPPS'S COCOAINE.

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REVIEWS.

COURTHOPE'S HISTORY OF POETRY.

*A History of English Poetry.* By W. J. Courthope. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE second volume of Prof. Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, let it be said at once, is very valuable. At the same time, a distinction may be made as to the nature of its value. Prof. Courthope has the professorial mind in an absolute degree; and his history is valuable in the peculiar qualities of the professorial mind. It is deficient in the qualities which are outside the professorial mind. In criticism he is for the most part sound and reliable, where he has a defined and traditional body of taste to guide himself by. At the same time, and by a necessary result of the academic habit, there is little original and illuminative about his criticism. Where precedent in judgment fails him, and he has to depend upon native insight, he is as liable to be wrong as right. In the main, the value of his *History* is historical (which may seem a truism, but is not), and its peculiar historical value is evolutionary. He has worked out, as no previous historian has done, the origins of various literary forces in different countries, and the differing ways in which their momentum has communicated itself to English literature, and been responsible for the various streams of tendency in that literature. In this respect we reckon his work most thorough and authoritative. If anything, he lays too much stress upon the evolutionary derivations of the various English writers, and groups of writers, from foreign literatures, and too little stress upon the original elements superadded by those writers, which make their work very different from, and often transcending, the work of the foreign writers from whom they derived their suggestions. We do not mean that he gives no notification of this; but that he gives too little proportionate importance to it. To pursue all the intricate ramifications of his evolutionary analysis in

a review would be impossible. Let us take a single instance, which involves broad and general principles. We mean the evolution of the literary tongue in England from the vulgar tongue. He goes back to the *Cortegiano* (the *Courtier*) of the Italian Castiglione. There Castiglione, as the basis of an elegant style in writing, lays down the following principles:

"Whatever is allowable in writing ought also to be allowable in speaking, and the most beautiful kind of speech is that which resembles elegant writing. . . . I would accordingly recommend (the courtier) not only to avoid all old and obsolete Tuscan words, but both in writing and speaking to make use of such words as are in vogue in Tuscany and other parts of Italy to-day, and which have some grace and charm in themselves."

It will at once be perceived that this is the exploded Wordsworthian theory—with an important difference. Both would have the writer to use only the words of conversation. But whereas Wordsworth would have him to use the speech of "simple livers," Castiglione would have him to use elegant speech. Each, of course, was wrong; but each was a most excellent influence in his time. When it was a case of forming a language out of rude elements, nothing better could be recommended as a standard than the speech of the Court. When it was a question of putting fresh blood into a language over-refined, nothing better could be recommended than the speech of simple men. In literature two wrongs do sometimes make a right.

The adoption of the Court language in England did furnish a much-needed standard. It settled the main lines of the language. At the same time, that standard being once fixed, the influence of great writers such as Spenser, who revived archaisms, and Shakespeare, who introduced Latinisms, while he kept in the main to the vernacular formed by previous writers from the standard of the Court, prevented the language of poetry from being stereotyped by the diction prevalent in conversation. And, finally, the influence of Milton, who revived many of the archaisms which Spenser had previously revived from Chaucer and his contemporaries, while at the same time he introduced new Latinisms of his own, created for poetry its present omnigenous diction, distinct from that of prose, and enabling a poet to express with ease what prose can only express with difficulty. This is but a partial sample of the evolutionary process which Prof. Courthope's book enables the student to trace on every hand. In this particular instance he has not altogether traced it himself. He sees that literary language became fixed, as to its basis, by the prevalence of the living language of the Court as a standard. He does not perceive—or, at any rate, does not state—that the language of poetry, if not of prose, was built up by a process more intricate.

Once the staple of the tongue had been fixed by the adoption of the language actually spoken in that most refined and brilliant Court of Elizabeth, the great poets enriched and enlarged it by interweaving with that staple words adapted from the

Latin, revived from earlier speech, or borrowed from the homely tongue of the people. The speech of the Court furnished the nucleus round which all these other elements crystallised. The first thing was to get a settled tissue. This was obtained by adopting the living diction used at Court. But once the earlier writers had supplied, by their practice, this accepted tissue, the way was open for Shakespeare (and, later, Milton) to embroider upon this tissue words of vulgar or Latin derivation, or even revived from archaic language. Shakespeare enriched the received tissue of the language by abundance of Latinisms and vulgarisms. Spenser added archaisms, but, owing to his too free use of them, they did not at the time find acceptance, or not to any material degree. The tongue was still too young, too much in process of formation; the experiment was premature. But Milton, succeeding to a poetic tongue by that time fairly settled (thanks to Shakespeare, whom Milton followed in his earlier work), was able to make a judicious selection from Spenser's archaisms, and—by means of his overpowering genius—add them to the recognised resources of poetic diction. Accordingly, most of Spenser's archaisms have become current poetic paper-money only where they were endorsed by Milton. Other and more modern poets, following Milton's example, have endorsed more and more of Spenser's at first unsuccessful archaisms; Shelley, for example, and Keats, and Coventry Patmore: till at last most of Spenser's daring revivals have passed into poetic currency, so far as they were worthy of such a fate. So has been built up that great body of poetic diction which makes England transcendently superior in poetic resource to all modern countries. France has gone but a little way from the starting-point of Castiglione. Its literary speech may indeed be richer than its conversational speech—no country has been insensate enough to adopt finally the dictum of Castiglione or Wordsworth, which would make literary speech one with the spoken speech of a given generation—but its poetic diction is one with its prose diction; the poet has no resource of language which is not shared by the prose-writer. Other nations diverge from France in this respect, till the climax is reached in England, which possesses an enormous range of poetic speech altogether denied to the prose-writer. The poet has a vocabulary which enables him to express all manner of things which the *prosatour* can either not express at all, or can express but feebly; while at the same time the whole range of the prose-writer is his to command. Hence, chiefly, it is that the English vocabulary perhaps transcends that of ancient Greece in tropical fertility.

This point illustrates one great merit of Prof. Courthope's work. He is uniformly fair. Even where his own conclusions are (to our mind) mistaken, he gives us, by his careful and representative citations, the means of deciding for ourselves on those conclusions; and arriving, if we please, at a different result. If the academic mind sometimes (we think) leads him astray in his judgments, he is singularly just in

adducing the grounds of his judgments, so that we may reverse his results if we like. This is the favourable (and a very favourable) side of the professorial method. We know no fairer and more judicial history of his subject. No one, we should think, will dispute his valuable analysis of the evolution of English poetry. And on a most enlightened principle, he sees that the evolution of poetry cannot be kept separate from the evolution of literature at large. Accordingly we have a thorough analysis of the the progress of prose as well as poetry. Indeed, but for Prof. Courthope's modesty, this might have been called a history of English literature.

On one point, chiefly, we have to find fault with the author. He does not shrink from entering into an analysis of the progress of English metre. And here his conclusions are vitiated by the professorial mind. Nothing is more subtle and less understood; and Prof. Courthope's ideas are such as no poet who had studied metre could accept. He follows, without an intrusion of doubt, the ordinary metrical principles of the grammarians (vitiating as they are by an attempt to conform the principles of English to those of classic metre), and his judgments are often mistaken in the extremest degree. But this is not the place to enter on a matter so intricate. We can only assure the student that he could not do better than accept the exact contrary of Prof. Courthope's conclusions on this point.

There are, of course, points in which we differ from the author. We cannot agree with his general high estimate of George Peele, though we are glad to see that he recognises the value of Peele's one really fanciful (and neglected) play, "The Arraignment of Paris." Still more, we disagree with his comparative disparagement of Greene. As a lyricist, Greene was worth three thousand Peeles. We could make this good were there space for it. Other such dubious points there are, but on the whole this is an invaluable book for the enlightened student. For the unenlightened student its value is much less. The value of it consists in the careful tracing of evolution in English poetry, and in the copious material Prof. Courthope affords the student for arriving at his own conclusions. No matter how strong his bias, he never garbles or abbreviates quotations in order to support his own view—a thing how rare; how very, very rare!

But if the student have no power of judging for himself, if he take Prof. Courthope's conclusions blindly, then he will remain fixed for life in some most grievous and damning errors with regard to poetry. Wherefore, the value of this book emphatically depends upon the reader. But yet it must, we think, endure—as a review of the development of English poetry. It supersedes anything previously in the field. And the learning, the labour, the accuracy, the painful fair-mindedness which have gone to the making of it only life-long students of English literature can estimate.

## RIVAL FOLKLORE THEORIES.

*Modern Mythology.* By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

Few writers show at their best in controversy, and it is no disparagement of the brilliant champion of the natural explanation of popular myths to say that he has written more agreeable essays on this fascinating subject than the present work. Yet even here much of the unpleasantness inseparable from the polemical attitude is mitigated by the pointedly courteous tone everywhere maintained towards his formidable opponent, Prof. Max Müller, founder and now almost sole defender of the philological school of interpretation. The erudite Oxford sage has perhaps himself a dim feeling that he is but the leader of a forlorn hope—most anthropologists, and even many philologists, having long made up their minds as to the merits of the rival systems. Such, indeed, is the strength of Mr. Lang's position, that he would scarcely be justified in reopening the discussion had it not been revived in Mr. Max Müller's recently published *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*. He naturally feels aggrieved at the desultory character of the attack brought against him and his followers in that work, in which their views are nowhere distinctly formulated, their arguments nowhere clearly stated, and where disputed points are referred to in the vaguest manner. Hence, also, the necessarily rambling character of his reply, which has to follow the lines of attack:

"Throughout more than 800 pages," he complains, "the learned author keeps up an irregular fire at the ideas and methods of the anthropological school of mythologists. . . . Mr. Max Müller never comes to grips with his opponents, and his large volumes shine rather in erudition and style than in method and system. Anyone who attempts a reply must necessarily follow Mr. Max Müller up and down, collecting his scattered remarks on this or that point at issue. Hence my reply, much against my will, must seem desultory and rambling. But I have endeavoured to answer with some kind of method, and I even hope that this little book may be useful as a kind of supplement to Mr. Max Müller's, for it contains exact references to certain works of which he takes the reader's knowledge for granted" (*Introduction*).

All this will be readily conceded by those who have found Mr. Max Müller's big book, with all its learning and dazzling exposition, in many respects so unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Not even is there anywhere a precise statement of the general problem at issue, a problem which has its roots in the very principles on which both anthropology and philology have been almost contemporaneously established, and which have from the first imparted a distinctly antagonistic character to those somewhat recent branches of science. Speech-craft—the comparative method applied to language—if not founded, has certainly been far more widely cultivated, in Germany than elsewhere, and there largely under Hegelian influences. On the other hand, the natural history of man—physical man—as shown by the classical writings of Dr. Prichard, found an earlier and somewhat more congenial home in England; where its study has also been

pursued in a broader spirit, less encumbered by metaphysical vagaries. Hence an initial divergence, resulting in two almost irreconcilable schools of thought—the philological and the anthropological. For the philologist language is an independent organism (Schleicher), inseparable from or even identical with reason, the existence of which is inconceivable without articulate speech (Max Müller), while radically distinct linguistic families argue radically distinct human groups independently evolved in different geographical areas (Fr. Müller). For the anthropologist language is a faculty entirely dependent on certain facial organs, with the gradual development of which articulate speech is gradually developed and perfected (Dr. Arthur Keith).

Bearing these contrasts in mind, we easily understand how inevitably have arisen two opposite methods—Max Müller's linguistic and Andrew Lang's naturalistic—of explaining the myths and other forms of folk-lore characteristic of every stage of human culture. A myth, says the former, is the outcome of phonetic decay, of language in a state of "disease," when the etymologies are blurred and forgotten, and fresh stories have to be invented to account for the new forms assumed by proper names in later times. Attention may here be incidentally called to a point generally overlooked and not touched upon by Mr. Lang himself, that is, the all but irresistible temptation inseparable from this process, to read our own elevated conceptions into the minds of rude primitive peoples. With this consideration alone is dimmed much of the glamour of the lofty notions which are so liberally credited to untutored savages in *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*.

The reaction came in due course from a system which obviously began at the wrong end, and which, for instance, was obliged to regard fetishism and polytheism generally as degraded forms of a pure monotheism, as if this sublimated residuum of all the religions were the natural endowment of palæolithic man! Although by no means the founder, Mr. Andrew Lang is rightly regarded by common consent as the most brilliant exponent of the opposite method, which goes to natural man, and not to phonetic decay, for an explanation of many of the otherwise inexplicable crudities in the mythologies of later and more cultured peoples. But so much confusion still prevails respecting the different attitudes of the two schools, that it will be best to put the main points at issue in our author's own words:

"The general problem is this: has language—especially language in a state of 'disease'—been the great source of the mythology of the world? Or does mythology, on the whole, represent the survival of an old stage of thought—not caused by language—from which civilised men have slowly emancipated themselves? Mr. Max Müller is of the former, anthropologists are of the latter, opinion. Both, of course, agree that the myths are a product of thought, of a kind of thought almost extinct in civilised races; but Mr. Max Müller holds that language caused that kind of thought. We, on the other hand, think that language only gave it one means of expressing itself" (*Introduction*).

By means of the principle of interpreta-

tion here laid down, Mr. Lang is not only able to meet the objections raised by philologists against his conclusions, but also to carry the war with great effect into the enemy's camp. The test is applied with signal success to several well-known classical myths, taken as typical examples, and it is shown that the charge of "scientific inaccuracy," among others, lies rather with Mr. Max Müller and his followers, whose linguistic equations between Greek and Hindu deities present such endless discrepancies that only Dyaus=Zeus has been generally accepted as beyond dispute. In the instructive chapter on the widespread institution of Totemism, Mr. Lang withdraws from his former position, or, rather, leaves it a moot question that a mouse-totem lay behind the story of Apollo Smintheus. He, however, rejects the linguistic explanations, adding with delightful irony:

"I make no doubt that philologists can explain Sminthian Apollo, the Dog-Apollo, and all the rest in the same way, and account for all the other peculiarities of place-names, myths, works of art, local badges, and so forth. . . . The Greek analogy to totemistic facts would be explained (1) either by asking for a definition of totemism, and not listening when it is given; or (2) by maintaining that savage totemism is also a result of a world-wide malady of language, which, in a hundred tongues, produced the same confusion of thought, and consequently the same practices and institutions. Nor do I for one moment doubt that the ingenuity of philologists could prove the name of every beast and plant in every language under heaven, to be a name for the 'inevitable dawn' (Max Müller), or for the inevitable thunder, or storm, or lightning (Kuhn-Schwartz). But, as names appear to yield storm, lightning, night, or dawn with equal ease and certainty, according as the scholar prefers dawn or storm, I confess that this demonstration would leave me sceptical. It lacks scientific exactitude" (p. 82).

Such a passage, taken almost at hazard, will help to show how completely the philological ghost is laid in this work. But the book is not all controversy. In the concluding part, where he breaks new ground independently of polemical considerations, Mr. Lang reasserts himself, and the chapter on the "Fire-Walk," as he calls it, will come as a surprise even to many well-informed folklorists. A considerable mass of fresh evidence is brought forward from Malasia, Fiji, Bulgaria, and other lands, to show that the walking over red-hot ground, already recorded by the Ancients at Mount Soracte, would appear to be still practised with impunity in many parts of the world. Mr. Lang may, perhaps, himself be interested to know that this very legend of the Sabine tribe of Hirpini ("Wolves") is treated from quite a novel standpoint in the late Prof. von Ihering's *Evolution of the Aryan*, reviewed in a recent number of the ACADEMY. That ingenious writer makes sad havoc of Mannhardt's "Korndämonen in wolf-shape," and indirectly of some of the "Corn-wolves" in Mr. Frazer's delightful book, *The Golden Bough*. As is his wont, he seeks an explanation of the wolf legend in certain incidents possibly associated with the pre-historic Aryan migrations, and "still

surviving in the recollection of the people." A new factor or "disturbing element" is thus introduced to folklorists, who certainly cannot afford to overlook its significance in their interpretation of many popular "Aryan" myths.

The book is singularly free from misprints or errors of any kind. We notice, however, that the modern name of Soracte is given (p. 148) as *Monte di Silvestro* instead of *Monte S. Silvestro*, now better known as *Monte Sant' Oreste*; and "a local tribe" (p. 74) seems a somewhat inadequate description of the wide-spread Snake (Shoshone) nation, which includes about a dozen branches, each comprising scores of "tribes."

#### DECEITS OF THE SENSES.

"CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES."—*Hallucinations and Illusions*. By Edmund Parish. (Walter Scott.)

WHAT are "hallucinations"? Dr. Gowers, following older authorities such as Esquirol and de Boismont, would define them as sensory images arising without sensory impressions, and therein differing both from "illusions" or false sensory images produced by actual sensory impressions, and from "delusions" or false ideas. But Mr. Parish will have none of these distinctions. According to him the word "hallucination" is wide enough to cover "all false sensory perceptions from whatever cause arising," and is, therefore, just as applicable to dreams and other normal phenomena as to those deceits of the senses which can be traced to disease or some other abnormal cause. It is evident that by thus enlarging the popular meaning of the phrase he opens the door to a variety of subjects not generally connected with it. Among these may be mentioned the fallacious perceptions of the insane and those produced by drugs or alcohol, by hypnotism, and by such means as crystal-gazing. On all these subjects does he dilate, always with learning and generally with lucidity.

The common element which Mr. Parish finds to characterise all hallucinatory states is the "dissociation of consciousness," by which he appears to mean that in all cases of hallucination the consciousness of the patient as to his surroundings is more or less obstructed or impeded. With this view, he sets to work to examine in detail the results of the international census of waking hallucinations recently set on foot by the Psychological Research Society, and he succeeds in finding some evidence of dissociation in them all. In the main he is probably right, but it must be confessed that the evidence which satisfies him would hardly seem conclusive to every one. In many cases, indeed, hardly any is required. The patients themselves suggest that they were in a state between sleeping and waking, or only infer that they were awake from some otherwise irrelevant circumstance. Here Mr. Parish is probably justified in assuming, as he says, "the presence of a dream state." But in others it is assumed on much less safe grounds. In one case, "a wife saw an apparition; the husband declared he could

see nothing, but when the wife laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, 'George, do you really not see him?' the apparition speedily became visible to him too." In the story, as thus told, we confess we see nothing to indicate that the husband was not awake, and in full possession of all his faculties. But Mr. Parish finds in it evidence of "suggestion acting in a state of expectancy." In another case, a person absorbed in reading in a well-lighted room felt a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, saw the apparition of a friend, who, unknown to the percipient, had been killed in a duel the day before. "This," says Mr. Parish, "appears to have been an illusory perception of the after-image of the brightly lighted paper of the book." Of course, it may have been. But in view of the fact that people read books every day in a bright light without seeing apparitions the hypothesis seems purely gratuitous.

Passing over Mr. Parish's account of the physiological theories of hallucination—very clear, and, on the whole, fair, but not very interesting, save to experts—we come to his description of the subjects, or, as he prefers to call it, the "content" of fallacious perception. Here Mr. Parish takes a line as decided as it is sensible. "The content of a fallacious perception depends primarily on the past experience of the individual. Only what has passed in (the italics are ours) at the portals of sense can be reproduced." These are golden words, and it would be well could they be scored in the memory of all superstitious or hysterical persons who may be inclined either to see visions themselves or to sit at the feet of those who falsely or truly pretend to do so. In them we have a key to the extraordinary fact that no oracle, prophet, spiritualist medium, or other mystery-monger has ever advanced the knowledge of his consultants by one iota. Never in dreams, nor in hysterical vision, nor in hypnotic trance, has any one succeeded in foreseeing the future, for it is from the past impressions of the percipient that the images which cannot be associated with the present come. Once, as Mr. Parish reminds us, hallucinations were for the most part dramas in which the leading parts were played by witches and devils, because the memories of the hallucinated were choked with tales of witches and devils. Now we find the same class of persons appearing before police magistrates with stories that they are electrified or mesmerised, because they have had some first hand or hearsay acquaintance with the phenomena of electricity or mesmerism. But no hallucinated person in the Middle Ages ever thought that he was electrified, for such a phenomenon had no part in his previous experience. One fact recorded by Mr. Parish is conclusive as to this. Those completely blind from birth "have not even the ghost of an idea of light and darkness, and consequently have no visual hallucinations."

Equally instructive are his remarks as to the tricks played us by our memories with regard to reflex as opposed to spontaneous attention. How often do we not notice, and unconsciously remember, things which have yet not consciously impressed themselves on

our senses! Thus Mr. Parish describes a series of experiments conducted by a Roumanian professor, which go far to show that certain words and sounds may really produce sensations of colour in the hearer, and that, therefore, the talk of the æsthete as to "purple passages" and the like may not be mere jargon. Yet he argues—rightly, as we think—that these colour sensations are nothing but "hallucinations whose regular recurrence and fixed character point to an automatic association acquired very early in life." The treacherous character of our memory with regard to such association is well illustrated by an anecdote quoted from Binet of a student intent on a botany examination, who, while walking in Paris, suddenly saw to his astonishment the words "Verbascum thapsus" inscribed on the glass door of a restaurant. Turning back to look again, he found that the words had vanished, and that the simple inscription "Bouillon" had appeared in their place. But it was not till then that he remembered that the popular name for the plant in question was *bouillon blanc*.

That muscular motion, again, sometimes takes place unconsciously is known to all, yet the part which it plays in deceptions of the senses has been hitherto almost unsuspected. Mr. Parish calls attention to the fact that in cases of vertigo the spinning movement of surrounding objects is due to the slight and rapid, but unconscious, movement of the patient's eyeballs. So, in the case of thinking aloud, a trick into which persons accustomed to solitude easily fall, the patient generally remains unconscious that he has given voice to his thoughts; and to this "automatic speech" Mr. Parish, in opposition to former observers, attributes most of the auditory hallucinations or mysterious "voices" so common to diseased minds.

"Automatic writing, in which the hand writes, while the consciousness is unaware of the action, is another example of the same thing. Here, too, the motor impulses set the muscular apparatus in motion, while our upper consciousness knows nothing of the action except through the result, afterwards looked on with incredulity by the writer, who denies having written the words, and either thinks he has been made a fool of, or attributes the writing to spirits (mediumistic writing)."

As to telepathy, or thought transference, as a means of inducing hallucinations, Mr. Parish thinks there is no sufficient evidence for its existence. He goes carefully through the cases collected by the Psychical Research Society, points out the sources of error that they disclose, and sums up against their acceptance as proof of any new force. "We are still forced to say 'Non liquet'" is his last word on the matter.

Generally, it may be said that Mr. Parish has written a most interesting book. It will be valuable not only as a contribution to our knowledge of psychology, but also as a counterblast to many of the mystical and superstitious ideas which still obscure the subject. In its English dress it has received some additions to the German original, which appeared, if we mistake not, as a memoir presented to the Munich Society of Experimental Psychology some three years ago. Mr. Parish seems to have been his own

translator, or to have written in the first instance in English, which is probably (as his name would suggest) his native tongue. It is a pity that he did not see his way to keep to his original title of *Ueber die Trugwahrnehmung*. Some modification of it, such as the heading of this notice, would form a better guide to the contents of the book than two words which, as used by the author, both mean exactly the same thing.

### THE GREAT HYMN.

*The Dies Iræ: On this Hymn and its English Versions.* Part I., "The Hymn." By C. F. S. Warren, M.A. (Skeffington.)

No part of the Catholic liturgy has set a deeper mark upon a multitude of minds than the sequence from the Mass of Requiem. There is hardly to be found a collection of hymns used by any body of Christians which does not contain some more or less adequate version of it; and among those to whom by right it belongs it may be suspected that the priests and religious of both sexes who more or less directly trace to it their vocation might supply a diocese.

Its authorship is most generally attributed to one of the earliest of St. Francis' sons, Thomas of Celano, who was born at the close of the twelfth century; but the friar's claims have been at various times disputed in behalf of St. Gregory the Great, St. Bonaventure, and Thurston, Archbishop of York. A later writer is alone in suggesting Cardinal Frangipani. Besides the authentic text to be found in the Roman Missal, two principal variants are extant: these are the version preserved from a sepulchral slab in the Church of St. Francis at Mantua, and that discovered at Zurich among the papers of a priest, one Hammerlein, in the fifteenth century. The Mantuan Marble prefixes four stanzas to those of which the authorised version consists: they are sad doggerel. The six stanzas added by Hammerstein are better, but are not worth quoting. It may here be observed that the best hymnologists doubt the genuineness of the stanza of couplets ("Lacrymosa dies illa . . . Pie Jesu domine, Dona eis requiem") which concludes the Roman version.

English and American renderings number 135, of which the former class comprises seventy-two. Of these, twenty-nine are ascertained to be from Catholic pens, and thirty-four from Anglican; Dissent contributes five. The Church of England is represented by two bishops—of whom the late Archbishop of Canterbury was one—three deans, an archdeacon, and a couple of canons, besides the laymen and the inferior clergy. It is curious that Cardinal Newman, so far at least as appears, never ventured himself upon the attempt. Joshua Sylvester, who died in the early years of the sixteenth century, was the first to English the poem, following the Mantuan Marble. Crashaw, afterwards a canon of Loreto, wrote a version, which he intitled "In Meditation of the Day of Judgment." Patrick Carey's translation (1651) was the first attempt at a literal translation in which the original triplets are preserved. It was

published with "Trivial Poems and Triolets," "at Mrs. Tomkin's command"; a lady of whom history relates nothing further. Samuel Speed, grandfather of the historian, sent forth a version from Ludgate Prison, in reparation for his *Fragmenta Carceris*—a series of poems of which even their author could not pretend to think that they tended to edification. In 1696 appeared the version diversely attributed to Lord Roscommon and to Dryden. Jeremy Taylor, moved by admiration of Evelyn's "Lucretius," besought him to attempt the task. Scott's rendering appeared in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." By his unfamiliarity with theological Latin he was handicapped in his attempt; but in spite of his inaccuracies, his stanzas won their way into sacred anthologies and hymn books down to *Ancient and Modern*. "The watchers about his death-bed," Lockhart writes, "very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*." Among later translators are Canon Bright, Dean Stanley, Archbishop Benson, Dr. F. G. Lee, and, of course, Dr. Irons, through whose version the public has its principal acquaintance with the poem.

In form, it will be remembered, the poem is a series of triplets of eight-syllable lines, the ictus trochaic, and the rhymes double. It seems now to be admitted that, in order to reproduce the simple stateliness of the original, the triplet—"the threefold blow of the hammer on the anvil"—must be preserved; the trochaic rhythm is almost by consent changed into iambic movement; rests the question of the double rhyme. The English language furnishes a large number of double rhymes, it is true, but they are of few types. Thus in Chandler's, the first attempt to reproduce the double rhyme, of the seventeen triplets nine are rhymed with participles and three with other parts of verbs; in Dr. Irons's rendering the numbers are seven and four; in an American version, by a Mr. Heisler, as many as fourteen stanzas end in "-ing." The two-word rhyme appears in a few versions, not always happily. Take these two lines by Dr. Crookes, of Philadelphia:

"Then the scroll shall be unfolded  
Wherein's written what each soul did,"

—which, as a rendering of

"Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur,"

leaves something to be desired. Mr. Justice O'Hagan's desperate attempt to rhyme *regions* with *obedience* is eloquent of the difficulties which wait upon the attempt.

The present author has taken the stanzas one by one, and from the multitude of versions before him has selected the most typical, pointing out, with excellent judgment for the most part, their differentiating qualities. Finally, the method of rendering the crucial words is numerically classified. The fourth stanza is difficult:

"Mors stupebit et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura."

Here the first line gives the impression of a complete change of order, the cessation of the former course of things. This is perhaps complicated by a reference to the



Apocalyptic announcement of Death and Hell cast into the lake of fire. So thought Crashaw, and wrote :

"Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death !"

and Dr. Coles, who substitutes Hell for Nature. Father Caswell has "Death and Time"; Archbishop Benson, "Earth and Death"; and Mr. W. H. Robinson daringly writes "Death and Life." This is his stanza :

"Death and Life astonished view  
Every creature rise anew,  
Rise to meet the judgment true."

"Stupebit," again, is not easy: "stand at gaze" is well used by the old Rosarists. Dean Stanley finely writes :

"Nature then shall stand aghast  
Death himself be overcast."

Finally "creatura" is the occasion of many differences. It variously appears as "creation," "creatures," "the pale offender" (Lord Roscommon), and "the buried ages" (Father Caswall).

The difficulty of finding double rhymes is curiously exemplified in an American version of the next stanza ("Liber scriptus profetur. . .," quoted above):

"Forth is brought the record solemn;  
See o'erwrit in each dread column  
With men's deeds the Doomsday volume."

Canon Bright's version is good :

"Lo, the book before Him laid,  
Wherein all things are displayed,  
Whence the judgment must be made."

A tendency to diffuseness, most alien from the gravity of the original, manifests itself in Mr. Abrahall's garrulous lines, quoted with approval by Mr. Warren :

"Opened, lo, that book whose pages  
Bear the record of the ages,  
Precepts trampled, warnings alighted,  
Love with thanklessness requited;  
For whate'er stands there recorded  
Recompense is now awarded."

"Patronum" in the verse—

"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?"

has proved a crux. The word in legal terminology signifies "advocate," "counsel"; renderings, therefore, which imply, as Dr. Irons implies, the idea of intercession or mediation must be set aside as wanting in accuracy. Of the few who express the correct idea is Drummond of Hawthornden in the crab-like verse :

"O, who then pity shall poor me,  
Or who mine advocate shall be,  
When scarce the righteous pass shall free?"

and perhaps Mr. Wallace in the verse :

"What shall be my pleading tearful,  
Where shall I get counsel cheerful,  
When the just almost are fearful?"

if we may suppose "counsel," in line 2, to appear bewigged.

Hastening on to the final stanza, we have space only for the pleasant rendering of Mr. Epes-Sargent, an American barrister :

"When, that day of tears impending,  
From his ashes man ascending  
At Thy bar shall be attendant,  
Spare him, God, spare the defendant";

with which Mr. Warren humorously compares Dr. Coles's :

"When I enter death's dark portal  
Feebly beats the pulse aortal."

Among the innumerable attempts to translate into the Anglo-Saxon tongue this mediæval meditation are to be read many fine lines, but it would seem as though the fine poem were still to seek. The force of the original is too often lost by diffuseness and periphrasis, its simplicity hidden beneath superfluous ornament, its hammering objectivity watered down, particularly in the modern and Protestant versions, into invertebrate sentiment. But Mr. Warren's pains have resulted in a very creditable treatise, which it has been a pleasure to read.

### A BYWAY OF HISTORY.

*Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century.*  
Compiled from the German of C. A. Wilkens, Doctor of Theology and Philosophy, by Rachel Challice. (Heinemann.)

HITHERTO there has existed in the English language no adequate account of the abortive Protestant movement in Spain in the sixteenth century. The present work will, to some extent, supply this want; but unfortunately not so completely as might have been the case. The German original appeared in 1888, and it was apparently not long afterwards that the translator undertook the task of rendering the book into English.

"Seeing that the subject was little known in England, and that the material was chiefly drawn from Spanish, Italian, and German writers, it seemed a pity that it should be a closed book to those interested in Protestantism who are not conversant with the German language."

This being so we are rather surprised to learn that we have not the whole of Dr. Wilkens's work in the present translation.

"Unfortunately, when completed, the book was considered too ponderous for general readers, so the original translation, although still intact, has never been published. The interest now awakened in the subject of Spanish Protestantism by the present Church Reform movement in the Peninsula made me feel that the valuable information contained in Dr. Wilkens's work was a light hidden under a bushel, so I have, with the author's consent, reduced the translation of the book to half its original size, and compiled it in a form more adapted to the general reader."

All historical students will deeply regret that this course has been adopted. Seeing that the present volume contains less than two hundred by no means closely-printed pages, a book of twice the length can hardly be described as "ponderous"; and it is difficult to believe that any reader really interested in the subject would not have been glad to possess the work in full.

In its present shape it certainly displays, in parts, an incoherence and want of connexion which seriously detract from its value; but this defect would, no doubt, be made less manifest if we had the whole of the original before us.

We are left, in fact, with a series of in-

teresting but isolated biographical sketches of the leaders of Spanish Protestantism, while the history of the movement as a whole, which Dr. Wilkens's work, from its original title, may be presumed to have contained, is somewhat difficult to gather from the present abridgment.

At no time could Spain be said to present a promising field for the dissemination of Protestant ideas.

"Of all the kingdoms of the empire, Spain appeared the most secure from the invasion of Lutheran thought. The history of the country, the character of the people, the influence of the priests, the clerical power of the Crown, and the vigilance of the Inquisition, all seemed impregnable bulwarks of Catholicism."

Nevertheless, as early as 1521 the authorities found it necessary to take precautions against the introduction of Protestant books, and

"two great casks of Lutheran literature, bound for Valencia in a Flemish vessel, were discovered and publicly burnt in the marketplace of San Sebastian. But what was forbidden to Spaniards at home could not be kept from those who resorted to the universities of France and Germany."

Many of these students became imbued with the reforming views which were in the air. The story of one of these, Juan Diaz, as told by Dr. Wilkens, presents many romantic features, but is too long for detailed quotation. He was, finally, treacherously assassinated in Germany by his own brother, who was a priest.

Another exile, Francisco de Enzinas, was the author of the first Spanish translation of the New Testament.

Gradually the new views began to find adherents in Spain itself, in spite of all the vigilance of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities. We are rather surprised to find that some of the Reformers went considerable lengths in the Protestant direction without formally withdrawing from the Church. The most remarkable of these cases is that of Constantino Ponre de la Fuente, who was a priest and a preacher in the Cathedral of Seville. It is astonishing to find that for many years he was able to publish a series of theological writings in which he was entirely silent about all the distinctive Catholic doctrines, and in some of which the Protestant drift of his opinions was manifest; and yet he was "offered the dignity of Doctor of Divinity at Malaga" by Philip II. himself! He fell at last into the hands of the Inquisition and died in a dungeon, but his long impunity is very remarkable. It was apparently about the middle of the sixteenth century that an organised Protestant congregation was formed in the city of Valladolid. The leader of the movement was Augustin Cazalla, who had been a Court preacher, and whose family were rich and influential. His brother Pedro also became a convert to the Lutheran doctrines, and the members of several noble families joined the society, which met in the mansion of the Cazalla family. For some time they managed to escape detection, but discovery was bound to come sooner or later. The news reached Charles V. in his retirement at Yuste shortly before his death, and aroused all



the bigotry which had now completely dominated his mind.

"He saw danger ahead. 'He who hesitates is lost,' was the burden of his letters to the Regent, to Philip, and the Grand Inquisitor. . . . He now, therefore, called upon them to act in that prompt and severe manner which befitted the gravity of such an offence against the Church as well as the State."

Charles did not live to witness the accomplishment of his wishes, but they were effectually carried out under his successor.

Two *autos-da-fé* on a wholesale scale—the first on May 20, 1559, and the second on October 8 in the same year—extinguished Protestantism in Valladolid. They were followed by similar holocausts in Seville and other cities, which "proved the final death-blows to Spanish Protestantism in the sixteenth century."

### THE YOUNG IDEA.

*Children's Ways.* By James Sully, M.A., LL.D. (Longmans & Co.)

IN 1895 appeared Prof. Sully's *Studies of Childhood*. Since then, the child has become more and more recognised as a fit subject for examination, the result of inquiries being no longer interesting only to psychologists, but to the reading public generally. Recognising this fact, Prof. Sully has extracted from his large volume a smaller one of less than half its size, written in popular language and enriched by new matter; so that it is now possible, by the light of *Children's Ways*, for every parent of intelligence to observe for himself the growth of mind in his own family. Prof. Sully comes with his highly trained intellect to the help of the ordinarily observant father, and placing before him such phenomena of child life as is within the scope of every one to collect he stimulates his eye. Yet the book before us is less scientific than human. Prof. Sully can point to his large volume as a solid contribution to psychology: in this little off-shoot, or child, of that work he is more untrammelled, more amusing and amused, more sympathetic. The professor gives way to the father, yet without a total forgetfulness of his profession. "I hope," he says in the preface, "that the result may succeed in recommending what has long been to myself one of the most delightful of subjects to many who would not be disposed to read a larger and more difficult work, and to draw on a few of these, at least, to a closer and more serious inspection of it." There may be danger in the unskilful study of children, but we can confidently affirm that all fathers and mothers that are interested in Prof. Sully's pages will afterwards be increasingly interested in their family.

Prof. Sully's observations, and the observations of those to whom he has gone for assistance, cover the ground very thoroughly, although there is not a mother in the United Kingdom who could not (of course) offer him better examples than any that are used. For the purpose of those who wish to be reminded of what it was like to be a child, the book is admirable. Here in sequence are the joys and fears, disappointments and

triumphs, rebellions and doubts, honesties and deceptions, which go to make up the child's round. Prof. Sully passes all in review. The chief impression left is the delightful and irrecapturable oddity of the childish mind. Every step we take from infancy brings us nearer to prosaic commonplaceness. The dullest man or woman might, as a child, have said exquisitely audacious things—little gleaming fragments of unconscious poetry, daring and quite unanswerable heresies. Alas, the child is not the father of the man intellectually, or the world would be filled with poetry and humour. Many children have, at one time or another, expressed dissatisfaction with a scheme of Providence which did not arrange a perpetual kitten; similarly there are adults who have now and then wished that a perpetual child might fall to their lot. Compared with children, men and women are so burnt-out. It is mainly Prof. Sully's store of anecdotes and instances that lead us to the foregoing reflections. He has chosen well, and his pages are a little treasure-house of good things. Many appeared in the *Studies of Childhood*, but some are new, and all are fitting and well found. One or two fill us with increasing wonder at the childish mind. Thus: "A mother once remarked to her boy, between five and six years old, 'Why, R—, I believe you are kinder to the animals than you are to me.' 'Perhaps I am,' he replied; 'you see they are not so well off as you are.'" Again: "A little boy had been quarrelling with his sister Muriel just before going to bed. On kneeling down to say his prayers, and noticing that Muriel was sitting near and listening, he prayed aloud in this wise: 'Please, God, make Muriel a good girl,' then looked up and said in an angry voice, 'Do you hear that, Muriel?' and after this digression resumed his petition." Another child, a little girl whose grandfather had just died, prayed that God would mind and shut the door, because grandpapa "can't stand the draughts." We like, too, the little girl, aged three and a quarter, who asked her mother, "Please, mamma, will you pin this with the greatest pleasure?" But Prof. Sully's best discovery is the boy of eight, who put it to a "distinguished biologist": "Mr. —, Mr. —, if God wanted me to be good, and I wouldn't be good, who would win?" A biologist would need to be very distinguished to extricate himself gracefully from this corner. Posers are indeed so common in the nursery that a book of suitable replies or fences might well be compiled. This question, for example, occurs to most children, and has never yet been answered: "Father, why don't God kill the devil? and then there would be no wickedness in the world."

But Prof. Sully is content merely to record and classify, he does not advise. This, we think, is a pity. The book would be many times increased in value if it were made of real use to parents in the extremely difficult and perilous task of bringing up their children. The close attention which Prof. Sully has given to the subject must have fitted him to offer very many hints which fathers and mothers would be glad to have. We regret that he has not done so.

### PEMBROKE.

*A History of Pembroke College, Oxford.* By Douglas Maclean, M.A. (Oxford Historical Society.)

THIS latest publication of the Oxford Historical Society adds a third to the valuable series of college monographs begun by Mr. Brodrick's *Memorials of Merton College* and Prof. Fowler's *History of C.C.C.* Such works of mingled piety and antiquarian enthusiasm cannot be too highly commended; they provide quarries of material for the history of the University which Mr. Clark, or Mr. Rashdall, or somebody will undertake in the future. It need hardly be said that Pembroke does not bear quite the transcendent importance of either of its two predecessors in the series. It has not, like Merton, the prestige of the prerogative college, nor is it, like Corpus, the monument and record of a great age of spiritual and intellectual awakening. As Pembroke, indeed, it dates only from 1624, in which year the Charter of Foundation was given by James the First, and the necessary endowment supplied by the gift of two gentlemen *quos honoris causa nomino*—Mr. Thomas Tesdale, of Ludwell Manor, and the Rev. Richard Wightwick, of East Ilsley.

The name of the college was taken from the Chancellor of the day, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the same whom Mr. Sidney Lee will not have to be the "W. H." of Shakespeare's Sonnets. But the munificence of Tesdale and Wightwick and the less costly patronage of King and Chancellor really did little more than give a new status to a house of education already of long standing. Both before and after the Reformation, Broadgates Hall had been a famous place of resort for law students, and Mr. Maclean has wisely included this earlier phase of the institution within the scope of his history. One may, perhaps, put down to the position of Broadgates as a "feeder" to the Inns of Court the somewhat remarkable number of men of letters which the Hall and its successor, the College, produced during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Strictly academic studies are chiefly represented on Mr. Maclean's bead-roll by William Camden, *historicus ille plane immortalis*, afterwards headmaster of Westminster College and pedagogue to Ben Jonson. But poets and wits appear in far greater profusion. John Heywood, epigrammatist and writer of interludes; Sir Edward Dyer, idyllist and Rosicrucian; Sir Fulke Greville, the friend of Sidney; the dramatists George Peele and Francis Beaumont; that extremely pleasant divine, Richard Corbet, Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich—all these, and others of less note, find their due and ample commemoration in the pages of the volume before us.

Of course it was in the eighteenth century that Pembroke reached the height of its fame. Doctor Johnson was perhaps the greatest, and certainly by far the noisiest man of letters of his age, and Doctor Johnson shed upon Pembroke a lustre in whose glory the College still lives. His rooms are pointed out to the gaping freshman, and

his tea-pot and his cider-mug adorn the common-room. Johnson paid many visits to his old college in later years, as the reader of Boswell is aware, and here he gallanted Miss Hannah More around the buildings, and talked Gargantuan philosophy with the precocious and whimsical Henderson. "Madam," he said, "we were a nest of singing-birds"; though, indeed, of that brood, besides Johnson himself, only Shennstone remains known to fame; nor does the lyric suggestion which the metaphor calls up appear in modern ears precisely an appropriate one for the sonorous verse of the great lexicographer.

Mr. Maclean has performed his task with thoroughness and zeal, and has added to his main narrative numerous and interesting biographical sketches of the principal persons whom he has had occasion to mention. His account of the early buildings and topography of Broadgates is remarkably full and learned, but rather bewildering without the assistance of maps and plans more elaborate than those he has furnished. The immense mass of details with which he has had to deal makes verbal errors almost inevitable. Palsgrave's *Acolatus*, on p. 97, should be *Acolastus*, and Lord Brooke's *Caelia*, on p. 101, should be *Caelica*. But Mr. Maclean has deserved well of his college and of historical students in general by the happy accomplishment of a difficult and laborious undertaking.

#### SCOTLAND'S CARPET.

*Wild Flowers of Scotland.* By J. H. Crawford. (Maqueen.)

MR. CRAWFORD has lit upon a good subject, but has done it scant justice. If the author were not disposed to treat his subject in a strictly scientific manner, at least an orderly account of it might have been expected. Here the flowers of spring and summer are first described, then the author passes to those of the cornfields, woodlands, and mountain-tops, and finally descends to the southern uplands of the Borders. His style is as irritating as his arrangement. He bids us accompany him on his walks, and instead of soberly gathering what he discovers, he runs in front, to speak metaphorically, rushes at some flower and gushes over it like a girl. Thus he has produced an egotistical gossip book, not without some repetition here and there. It was natural that being a Scotchman he should expatiate on "the gowan," but it is possible that his readers should weary even of gowans. Who is the better for the following fine writing on the botanical name of the wood anemone?

"The wood is still. The woodland storm no more troubles the sheltered glades where the anemones dwell than the lash of waves reaches the depths of ocean. Far overhead the wind bends the topmost branches and sings a spiritualised version of the ruder song of the sea. Those who find it growing in the wilds may call it anemone, and those who come across the self-same plant in the woods may call it *memorosa*; and both will then be satisfied."

Certain places in Scotland boast that they

speak English better than those whose mother-tongue it is. Perhaps they may admire another specimen of the author's style:

"The dry slope of woodland bank is inviting. One can drink in the exceeding loveliness of such surroundings better when he is lying down. The shadows over the current and up the far bank fall so pleasantly across the spirit. Only in so far as there are spirit shadows can we see their beauty. No tracery in Nature is more delicate than that above, except that shadow tracery of twigs and bursting buds below. One can scarcely help being beautiful in soul while he lies here. He is only reflecting."

Such mawkish reflections would have led Dr. Johnson at once to place Mr. Crawford among the "thousand other old women and fanatic writers of memoirs and meditations." The reader resents, when he wishes for botanical lore, being entertained with discursive sentiments of this kind.

It would be wrong, however, to dismiss Mr. Crawford without a word or two of commendation. His remarks on garden-escapes remind lovers of flowers of what they must have often noticed on the banks of rivers. He dwells upon the flowers which Queen Mary is supposed to have planted at Craigmillar Castle, and of those introduced by the monks at Balmerino. The plants of Caithness, too, are well described. Thanks to the sandstone formation they match, to a certain extent, with those of Orkney. He does not, however, allude to Dick's discovery of *hierochloa borealis*. Nor does he dwell upon the mildness of climate in North-West Sutherlandshire, thanks to the Gulf Stream.

As there is no chalk in Scotland, a large class of plants is absent. Thus it boasts no convolvulus, traveller's joy, or bryony. In the West of England the "horse gowan" is called by a much prettier name, the "moon daisy." "Poppies do not mass," adds Mr. Crawford, "like marguerites." In Devon we have seen many a corn-field which was a veritable *Acelanda* with them. There is a good deal of observation in the author's remarks on "links" (such as those at St. Andrews), and sand dunes, such as those which St. John describes so pleasantly, on the Moray Firth.

Best of all, perhaps, because any account of them delights a botanist, are Mr. Crawford's pages on the Alpine plants of Scotland. He who would see these plants must be prepared to climb and to rough it on Lochnagar and Ben Lawers, Caenlochan and Glen Doile, which are the Perthshire, Aberdeen, and Forfar regions for their growth. The author enters enthusiastically into the delights of gathering and cherishing these Arctic wildings. And he wisely is very indefinite in naming localities, for commerce has long been on their trail. Plant-sellers and gamekeepers know their value, and too often tear them up to sell them into a precarious existence on lower ground. Everyone must agree with Mr. Crawford that the owners of these mountain peaks ought religiously to protect these interesting wild plants. The Swiss are beforehand with us in legislation of this kind, as seen in the case of *Edelweiss*. Specimens ought not to be grudged to botanists, but wholesale abstraction from

this Arctic flora should be sharply repressed. To lose a station for one of these singular relics of a forgotten vegetation is to take away just so much from the attractions of Scotland.

#### FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*The Foreigner in the Farmyard.* By Ernest Edwin Williams. (Heinemann.)

MR. WILLIAMS has marshalled some startling figures, and successfully brings home to the mind of even the most careless reader a sense of the rapidity with which the produce of our English harvests is being displaced by that garnered from foreign fields. When, however, he begins to draw inferences from his statistics, and to suggest remedies, he is less satisfying. His whole book is a plea for a protection, but he is well aware that the British public is not likely to submit to a bread-tax merely to enable landlords to raise their rents. To meet this difficulty Mr. Williams would establish Land Courts to fix rents judicially, and thus enable the tenant-farmer to secure for himself the full benefit of the higher prices which Protection would bring. The tenant-farmers have more votes than their landlords, but not for the *beaux yeux* of the gallant yeomen is the vaster British public going to vote for a dear loaf. In this time of depression it is somewhat comic to hear Mr. Williams talking of the power of the landlords "to fix rents as they please."

Our author remarks that "the foreign competitor is not burdened with tithe." This is as true as it is irrelevant. Suppose a farm is let at 20s. an acre, and that the tithe is 2s. an acre, how would the abolition of the tithe help the farmer in his competition with the foreigner? The landlord would be two shillings in pocket, and that would be the only result. Mr. Williams is apparently under the impression that if the tithe were remitted the farmer would benefit, but on what grounds it is impossible to conjecture. Even he would hardly propose to confiscate the property of the parsons or the lay impropiators simply to make a present of it to the farmers. To rob the ancient owners of the tithe would be bad enough, but it would be simply grotesque to use the confiscated tithe as a gratuitous endowment for such a comparatively nomad class as are ordinary agricultural tenants. Again, in dealing with the land-tax, our author evades the obvious difficulty. He points to the anomaly and the inequalities of the tax, and strongly urges that the Government should sweep it away. The difficulty he fails to meet is this—that many landlords have made sacrifices in order to redeem the tax and clear their estates. Are these men to get nothing while their less careful neighbours are set free at the public expense? The apparent injustice of such a proposal has hitherto been fatal to every proposal for change, and it is worse than useless to ignore it.

*The Old Ludgings of Stirling.* By J. S. Fleming, F.S.A. (Scot.). (Eneas Mackay.)

THIS well-printed and sufficiently well-illustrated quarto is intended to form a record of such of the old residences of nobility, clergy, and civic officers in Stirling as have not yet been described. Mr. Fleming's gleanings are a heavy one. He has found about twenty old houses and taverns that were worthy of the double attention of his pen, for Mr. Fleming illustrates his book himself. His has been no hurried piece of book-making, nor is it, on the other hand, very elaborate. He does not discuss architectural technique, but is content to carefully draw a house, and tell us what he has been able to find out about its internal arrangements and its tenants. Some of the houses he describes have disappeared since 1850, when he first began to fill his sketch-book and note-book—a vindication of the usefulness of his work. Most, however, still stand, and alike collectively and individually they are of considerable interest to students of Scottish history. They show, for instance, the limited area of old Stirling. "We find no remains of buildings," says Mr. Fleming, "bearing marks of an earlier period than the eighteenth century, outside the limits, comprehending an area including Broad-street, St. John-street, Spittal-street, and Baker-street to the Infirmary, St. Mary's Wynd to the King's Stables, with an exception to be hereinafter noted." Throughout most of the sixteenth century Stirling was the abode of the Regents. Lennox, Mar, Morton, and Moray all lived here, with their train of church dignitaries and commissioners. A "crow-stepped" gabled house, still seen on the north side of Broad-street, was the lodging in 1529 of James Kirk, Commissioner to the Earl of Argyll, and afterwards of William Graham of Panholes. The town clerks of Stirling necessarily had their comfortable "ludgings." Town clerk Norie lived in a Dutch-looking house in Broad-street, for the domestic architecture of Stirling took many a hint from Holland, with which country the town had a direct communication by water. Norie built his "ludging" in 1671, and we learn that he was a discreet man. He ought to have been; he inscribed no less than three mottoes on his outer walls: on the first flat you may read (in Latin): "Wisdom is the tree of life" and "A good conscience is a brazen wall"; and against the second flat, "Glory to God alone." The "ludgings" of Provost Stevenson, Forrester of Logie, Moir of Leckie, Bailie Beauchop, James Bowie, and other Stirling worthies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are passed in review by Mr. Fleming, who writes careful matter-of-fact accounts of each that leave nothing to be desired except, perhaps, a gleam or two of humour, such as the subject would seem to promise. The book well deserves its strong list of local subscribers; but it stands not the less securely on its merits. Apropos of Mr. Fleming's evasion of architectural details, we note that the same publishers announce an architectural and more expensive work on "Old Stirling" by Mr. John W. Small.

*New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen.* From 1840 to 1897. By William Gisborne. (Sampson Low.)

THIS new and greatly expanded edition of Mr. Gisborne's work will rank as a careful, authoritative history of New Zealand under British influence and rule. Many Englishmen, we imagine, entirely overlook the fact that this history dates only from 1839, when the action of the New Zealand Company in sending Colonel Wakefield to purchase land from the natives, and found a settlement, provoked the Colonial Office into recognising the possibilities of these long lovely islands of the Antipodes. Captain Hobson was sent out as consul, and the drama of half a century began. The problems which have beset the governors and British representatives in New Zealand in lessening urgency since 1840 have been, as Mr. Gisborne reminds us, many and knotty. It is a little appalling to think that the Treaty of Waitangi, on which British authority in New Zealand may be said to rest, is not even a name to the average Englishman, and that "the mutual relations of the Crown, the natives, and the colonists" have been things little heeded in England. But England has supplied the men who settled these matters on the best and surest foundation; and we may always console ourselves with the faith that in time of emergency England's appreciation of the conditions of life in her remotest colony will be as acute as it will be sudden. Mr. Gisborne's book takes the only possible form of a series of biographical sketches of the administrators of New Zealand, and a feature of the book is the number and excellence of its portraits. One figure in the procession has a home literary interest. Mr. Alfred Domett, who was for thirty years a New Zealand politician and administrator, is still remembered by a few as a poet of some pretensions. Mr. Gisborne justly describes his epic poem "Ranolf and Amohia" as "a comprehensive and accurate record of natural history, of scenery, and of aboriginal life in New Zealand . . . clothed in facile verse." Browning and Tennyson each praised the poem. With Browning Mr. Domett enjoyed a close friendship, and the query—

"What's become of Waring  
Since he gave us all the slip?"

was prompted by Domett's sudden departure to New Zealand in 1842.

*The Young Pianist.* Part I. By Helen Hogg Kelly.

As there are so many pianoforte tutors or instruction books the authoress in her brief introductory remarks explains the appearance of yet another. She looks upon the simplest tutor as "beyond the comprehension of beginners." Good teachers, of course, well understand the necessity of giving certain explanations in addition to those contained in any instruction book. As, however, all teachers are not properly qualified, it is well that some one, like Miss Kelly, who has evidently had experience, should show how to make the study of music easy and attractive. The description and use of both treble and bass staves from

the outset are excellent; the study of the names of the notes becomes much simpler. Whether the practising of the scale before five-finger exercises is altogether wise seems certainly open to question. *The Young Pianist*, or rather the first part, will prove of good service. The work is published by J. Heywood, of London, Manchester, &c.

*The Age of Milton.* By the Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman, M.A. (Bell.)

PROF. HALES has not been very successful in mapping out the series of little handbooks of which this forms a part. *The Age of Milton* is a peculiarly meaningless title. It does not suggest the chronological scope of the book, for, as a matter of fact, Milton's more important work, though treated here, falls properly within the *Age of Dryden*, which forms the subject of a companion volume. Nor is Milton the true centre from which to view the history of Caroline literature, because, though in it, he was hardly of it. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart," so that his age does not naturally fall under him, as, for instance, in Prof. Herford's admirable little sketch, the *Age of Wordsworth* falls naturally under Wordsworth himself. Much the same is true of Shakespeare, and if Prof. Hales wanted his successive volumes to coincide with successive waves of literary tendency, he would have done better to replace the *Age of Shakespeare* and the *Age of Milton* by the *Age of Spenser* and the *Age of Donne*. Shakespeare and Milton, as outside and above their ages, might really have had volumes to themselves. It is, perhaps, to this unfortunate demarcation of the subject that Mr. Masterman's failure to put any real unity into his book must be attributed. A third of it consists of an account of Milton, which adds nothing to what has been said fifty times before; the rest is made up of brief notices of contemporary writers, which are always jejune and not always correct. The two pages on Henry Vaughan contain at least as many errors of fact. And of bringing out general principles or pointing the student to the trend of things there is very little attempt. We doubt whether such handbooks, distinguished neither by freshness of design nor especial felicity of treatment, really serve any useful purpose, and they seem to multiply like mushrooms. The volume was originally undertaken by Mr. J. Bass Mullinger, who contributes an introduction and a few other pages.

*The Letters of Cicero to Atticus.* Book I. Edited by Alfred Pretor. (George Bell & Sons.)

EVERY scholar will welcome the third edition of this excellent little book. Mr. Pretor has added to it an appendix, in which he deals in masterly fashion with the later criticisms of his text, and particularly with those points on which he differs with Prof. Tyrrell. We are glad to see that he has not imitated Mr. Jeans in rendering Cicero's Greek phrases into French—a course which, to our mind, can only be excused by the theory that Cicero's Greek was used as ineptly and as awkwardly as the French of a female novelist.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Christian.* By Hall Caine. (W. Heinemann.)

To be quite honest I must confess that my literary conscience is pricking me. It hints that I had no right to enjoy the reading of this book so much as I did. For now that I have laid it down and thought about it calmly for a day I find myself in the mental attitude of the man who reflects at breakfast over last night's melodrama. I perceive that the story which excited me had not the inevitable flow of life, but was stuck together, deftly enough, by a master of effects. I perceive that the dozens of characters which form the "cast" of *The Christian* cross each other's paths as continually and as conveniently as though London were no bigger than the Adelphi stage. In short, I am conscious of having been cheated of my sighs by a story that has no more reality than the annual autumn production at Drury Lane. Yet why should I grumble? I have sighed and laughed, and if I had had tears to shed I believe I should have shed them. And after all, why should we despise a good melodrama? Many of us would be happy enough to live in a world of which Mr. George R. Sims was the creator.

The plot of the book is the old one, which is never stale; the antagonism between love and duty, the flesh and the spirit, the lower and the higher life. I am afraid, judging from the title, that Mr. Hall Caine meant John Storm—the Christian—to be the central character of the book. Unfortunately, Storm is merely a foolish fanatic, a stage apostle, without a pennyweight of brains behind his blazing eyes. But Storm interfered only occasionally with my enjoyment; for Glory Quayle, with whom Storm is unwillingly in love, is alone worth the money. Storm comes from the Isle of Man to be a curate in a West End parish, full of enthusiasm for self-sacrifice. Glory comes from the same place to be a hospital nurse. She writes thus of herself in one of her letters home—they are really delightful letters, the letters of a living woman:

"Talk about two natures in one, I've got two hundred and fifty, and they all want to do different things! Ah me! the 'ould Book' says that woman was taken out of the rib of a man, and I feel sometimes as if I want to get back to my old quarters."

John Storm is soon disgusted with his fashionable vicar, who showed a want of charity towards a hospital nurse who had got into trouble with a gentleman. There was a tempestuous scene:

"His eyes were wild, his voice was hoarse; he was like a man breaking the bonds of a tyrannical slavery."

"You called that poor child a prostitute because she had wasted the good gifts which God had given her. But God has given good gifts to you also—gifts of intellect and eloquence with which you might have raised the fallen and supported the weak, and defended the down-trodden and comforted the broken-hearted—and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices and peddled them for popularity; you have given them in exchange for money, for houses, for furniture, for things like this—and this—and this! You have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, therefore you are the prostitute."

Somehow, while reading this, my thoughts turned instinctively to Wilson Barrett. Of course these remarks ended Storm's career as a fashionable curate, and in his passion for self-sacrifice he went into an Anglican monastery. This is what Glory has to say about him:

"Oh, haven't I given you the 'newsies' about John Storm? There are so many things to think about in a place like London, you see. Yes, he has gone into a monastery—communication cut off—wires broken down by the 'storm,' &c. Soberly, he has gone for good, seemingly, and to talk of it lightly is like picking a penny out of a blind man's hat. Of course, it was only to be expected that a man with an upper lip like

that should come to grief with all those married old maids and elderly women of the opposite sex. Canons to right of him, canons to left of him, canons in front of him—but rumour says it was John himself who volleyed and thundered. He wrote me a letter when he was on the point of going, saying how London had shocked and disappointed him, and how he longed to escape from it and from himself at the same time, that he might dedicate his life to God. It was right and true, no doubt; but wherefore could I not pronounce Amen? He also mentioned something about myself, how much I had been to him; for he had never known his mother, and had never had a sister, and could never have a wife. All which was excellent; but a mere woman like Glory doesn't want to read that sort of thing in a letter, and would rather have five minutes of John Storm the man than a whole eternity of John Storm the saint."

That bit of one of Glory's postscripts gives you the key of the whole situation.

Meanwhile Storm is trying to eliminate the flesh in the monastery, and Glory is doing "different things." She is dismissed from the hospital, she takes lodgings with a baby-farmer, serves in a tobacco shop, performs on Sunday evenings at the foreign clubs in Soho, goes on the music-hall stage, and finally becomes an actress and a success, preserving her purity all the time by that admirable anti-septic, a sense of humour. Storm, leaving the monastery, sets to work in a fury of reforming zeal at a mission church in Soho, loving Glory all the time, and loathing her worldly life. At last he decides on a crowning act of self-sacrifice, and determines to take the place of Father Damien on the leper island. Moreover, he wants Glory, who has confessed her love, to accompany him. And Glory in an exalted moment consents:

"Are you sure—quite sure? Am I asking too much of you? Don't let us deceive ourselves—think—"

"Let us talk of something else now." She began to laugh. "Look at me, John—don't I look well to-day?"

"You always look well, Glory."

"But isn't there any difference—this dress for instance?"

Then his sight came back, and his big eyes sparkled.

"How beautiful you are, dear!"

"Really! Do I look nice then, really?"

"My beautiful, beautiful girl!"

Her head was thrown back and she glowed with joy.

"Don't come too near me, you know—don't crush me."

"Nay, no fear of that. I should be afraid."

"Not that I mustn't be touched exactly."

"What will they think, I wonder, those poor lost creatures, so ugly, so disfigured?"

"And my red hair. This colour suits me, doesn't it?"

"Some Madonna, they'll say; the very picture of the Mother of God herself!"

"Are you—are you afraid of me in this frock, dear? Shall I run and take it off?"

"No, no; let me look at you again."

"But you don't like me to-day, for all that."

"I?"

"Do you know you've never once kissed me since you came into the room?"

"Glory!"

"My love, my love!"

"And you," he said, close to her lips, "are you ready for anything?"

"Anything," she whispered.

At the next moment she was holding herself off, with her arms stiff about his neck, that she might look at him and at her lace sleeves at the same time. Suddenly a furrow crossed his brow. He had remembered the Father's warning, and was summoning all his strength.

"But out there I'll love you as a sister, Glory."

"Ah!"

"For the sake of those poor doomed beings cut off from earthly love we will love each other as the angels love."

"Yes, that is the highest, purest, truest love, no doubt. Still —"

Still Glory could not rise to the height of that great argument; she preferred—naturally—her leading rôle at the theatre. And



Storm, in an access of fanaticism, decides to kill her body to save her soul. The midnight visit of Storm to Glory is a remarkable bit of writing. I would gladly quote it, but it is too long, and I refuse to mutilate it.

The story ends in the only possible way. Storm fails, of course, to reform society; indeed, he gets himself killed in the attempt; and I, being unregenerate, and impatient of donkeys who mean well, am glad.

I have an uneasy suspicion—from an author's note at the end—that Mr. Hall Caine has a moral up his sleeve. I hope I am mistaken. Taken on its merits it is a striking story; but it is quite impossible to feel any sympathy with the "Christian," who is simply a fool who happens to be religious. Your attention, however, is gripped at the outset, and held throughout. It is not until you begin to think the matter over that you notice the paint splashes, the violent colouring, the strained effects. And then it doesn't matter much. For as a bit of scene-painting *The Christian* is a superb picture.

\* \* \* \*

*The Fascination of the King.* By Guy Boothby.  
(London: Ward, Lock & Co.)

*The Fascination of the King* belongs to what may be described as the "Anthony Hope" order of romance. Unfortunately it is not written with that author's saving grace of humour. The Marquis of Instow, who enacts the now familiar rôle of a nineteenth century English nobleman, who finds himself against his will plunged into a whirlpool of exciting and dangerous adventure, has not that lightness of touch which endears his prototype (or at least one of his prototypes) to me in the earlier chapters of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. Instow, in fact, has a deadly solemnity, even a certain pompousness, about him which robs him not a little of my sympathy. But those who have a passion for adventurous fiction will find plenty to their liking in Mr. Boothby's new book. In it they will be introduced to a mysterious king of the Médangs, of uncertain parentage, Marie I. by name, who has built up for himself an independent kingdom, somewhat in the manner of Rajah Brook of Sarawak (whose bones now rest in a little Devonshire churchyard), somewhere in the Hinterland of Annam. Needless to say, those wicked French, whose greed of colonial aggrandisement need not be commented on here, cast envious eyes on this new kingdom; collisions take place between their troops and those of Marie I., and war is declared. After this we have alarms and excursions, in which Instow, whose sister the king has married, acquits himself in the most heroic fashion, and everything winds up happily. Further particulars I will not give lest I betray too much of a not very complex plot. There is one point on which I am inclined to quarrel with Mr. Boothby. His fascinating monarch is at times deplorably colloquial. "You have hit the nail on the head this time, Roche," hardly seems a dignified speech for a monarch addressing his commanding officer at a council meeting. In fact, the book as a whole is markedly deficient in style. The account of the ambush by which the French Army is surrounded and almost annihilated by the generalship of the excellent Instow is a fair example of Mr. Boothby's writing, and as such I quote it:

"Almost as my repeater struck half-past eleven, an officer whom I had stationed at the end of the pass came hurrying along to inform me that the enemy were about to enter it. A few moments later there burst upon my ear the sound of voices, and with a suddenness that startled me the advance guard of the enemy appeared in sight. Scarcely more than fifty yards behind them came the main body, chatting and laughing, without any thought of a surprise. I waited until they were exactly opposite me, and then, crouching behind a rock in order that the tiny flame might give them no warning of our position, lit a match and set fire to the rocket. With a long hiss, and scattering a trail of sparks, it rose into the air, and at the same instant two hundred and fifty rifles rang out, followed an instant later by a similar number.

Anything like the horror and confusion of the next few minutes no man could possibly imagine. The terrified troops in the gully below knew neither what to do nor which way to turn. Their ranks were completely disorganised, while volley after volley was being poured into them from the hillside above. They tried to advance, but were met by Denton's fire; they tried to retreat, only to find themselves assailed by the third party; and all the time my detachment was raking them from mid-between. The air was filled with cries and curses, the rattle of rifles, and the shouting of orders. Dante's *Inferno* would scarcely have compared with it."

There are occasionally rather careless slips in the book. A plain twenty-nine miles to the westward of a city could not conceivably be reached by an armed force on foot in four hours, even by the shortest of short cuts, especially in a night march. And it is certainly undeniable that you would not help a man who had never been to Venice to picture for himself the Bridge of Sighs by telling him that it spanned the Grand Canal, because it doesn't. These, however, are but small points. At the same time, I do not think that Mr. Boothby's story is a very triumphant opening for the busy publishing season that is to follow the long interregnum of the Jubilee.

\* \* \* \*

*A Bride's Madness.* By Allen Upward.  
(Arrowsmith.)

This is a detective story of the conventional type, in which the detective comes from Scotland Yard, takes his orders from casual earls, runs after a clue for two or three hundred pages, and finds himself where he least expected. The opening chapters will excite your curiosity. When the express arrives at Glasgow a saloon carriage remains with drawn blinds, and an unclaimed pile of luggage is left upon the platform. Guards and porters wonder, and finally investigate. Within is found a drunken man asleep. Awakened, he is asked by the guard what has become of the young lady known to be travelling with him.

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth when they were answered by a low moan which caused his comrades and himself to start violently, and turn their eyes simultaneously to a narrow door in the end of the saloon, which gave admission to a smaller compartment used as a dressing-room.

The partially aroused drunkard followed the direction of their eyes, and heard a second feeble moan issue from the inner compartment. The effect seemed to be almost instantly to sober him.

"A very distressing thing has happened," he said, rising unaided to his feet, and speaking in tones which, though still husky, were fairly distinct; "it has completely upset me, and made me ill as you see. The excitement she has passed through lately has been too much for my poor wife. I have reason to fear that she has gone out of her mind."

Then we have the murder of the gamekeeper on a west country estate, and it is the task of this story to connect the two incidents, as Wilkie Collins might say. Mr. Allen Upward connects them. But the trail of the conventional detective story is over it all, and I don't believe a word of it. Somehow, when I find a detective in a story I am sure that I shall be reminded of the tales rendered so popular by the *Family Herald*. The detective finds out the weak points of an author. Mr. Allen Upward has proved by *A Crown of Straw* that he can write. I wish he would.

#### THE NOVELS OF MR. MEREDITH.

We take the following extracts from the thoughtful article on Mr. Meredith, which appears in the new *Quarterly Review*. The writer, it should be said, finds much to demur to in Mr. Meredith's style, and thinks that "his judgment is not equal to his genius." He is in all things too intellectual: "A writer to deserve the epithet great should be master of a various power, a various charm; he should subdue us by sympathy, by enthusiasm, by wit, by reason, by an appeal to the heart as well as by an appeal to the head; Mr. Meredith hammers too exclusively at our intelligence." The writer thinks that by his recent attempts to prune his novels of excrescences "Mr. Meredith virtually acknowledges the recklessness of his methods." He even suggests that Mr. Meredith was taking a side-glance at his own work when he described Dumas' novel, *The Cantatrice*, in the following terms:

"No clever transcript of the dialogue of the day occurred," we are told; "no hair-breadth 'scapes, perils by sea and land, heroisms of the hero, fine shrieks of the heroine; no set scenes of catching pathos and humour; no distinguishable points of social satire, equivalent to a smacking of the public on the chops, which excites it to a grin with keen discernment of the author's intention. She did not appeal to the senses nor to a superficial discernment. So she had the anticipatory sense of failure; and she wrote her best in perverseness."

Despite these strictures, all through his article the writer does splendid justice to Mr. Meredith's achievements. Here is a passage in which the writer passes from the consideration of Mr.



Meredith's style to his description of Nature, and thence to his delineations of women :

"Mr. Meredith's style has charm, but an occasional, a fitful charm. We do not contend that there is a hidden grace in such phrases as 'her meditations tottered in dots,' 'swings suspended on a scarce credible guess,' 'infrigidated a congenial atmosphere by an overflow of exclamatory wonderment,' 'women whose bosoms can be tombs,' or 'head performed the negative,' or 'resumed its brushing negative,' or in any of the phrases usually quoted in derision of Mr. Meredith's style. For a deliberate artist he can be terribly uncouth; but though eccentricities may mar a character, though they may mar a style, they are not necessarily inconsistent with charm. Mr. Meredith plays the coquette with his readers, and estranges them that he may display his power of reducing them once again to subjection. Much, indeed, of the charm of his style consists in this—that it is suffused with poetry. He began as a poet; and it is not difficult, more especially perhaps in his transcripts of Nature, to discover the poet behind the novelist. Passage after passage will recur to his readers in which he has rendered with a poet's fidelity, with a poet's felicity, the more elusive aspects of a scene, its air and stay. No poet has with more penetrating insight realised the unity, the larger harmony which, without moral or spiritual loss, includes man in Nature. The atmosphere of Nature's varying moods, and their magnetic influences upon the soul, these, the proofs of that harmony, he has set himself to delineate in his verse. The subtle effluences of a morn of May, the autumnal chill of November that damps to the bone, the virago morn on which the wind has teeth and claws, all these equally he is glad to have known; they belong to the great order of things. And because he is a poet Mr. Meredith is the closest observer of Nature among all our novelists, the closest observer and the most minute painter among them.

'February blew south-west for the pairing of the birds. A broad warm wind rolled clouds of every ambiguity of form in magnitude over peeping azure, or skimming upon lakes of blue and lightest green, or piling the amphitheatre for majestic sunset.'

'Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling.'

'South-western rain clouds are never long sullen. . . . they rise and take veiled features in long climbing watery lines; at any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the green of grass in early dew.'

But if Mr. Meredith's transcripts of Nature belong to poetry, there are passages in his description of women that belong to it no less. His admirers are indeed always willing to stake his reputation upon the boyishness of his boys and the womanhood of his women. And they are not wrong. The author of 'Richard Feverel' and 'Harry Richmond' is, without doubt, a supreme delineator of boyhood; he has probed it to the centre. And despite the reservations we have still to make in respect of our author as a literary artist, we must register a conviction that in his portraiture of women he is without a rival among English novelists. The reference to Shakespeare made in this connexion by Mr. Meredith's admirers is a trite one, but it is not unwarrantable. When one thinks of Shakespeare's women, and the wonderful procession begins to pass before the eye of the mind, it is difficult to believe that anything at all comparable will ever be seen again. And, indeed, nothing at all comparable ever will be seen again, yet if one thinks of some of them singly: of Juliet, who could 'teach the torches to burn bright'; of Constance, who 'will instruct her sorrows to be proud'; of Portia, 'the true and honourable wife' of Brutus; of Rosalind, the forest-maid, who plays the forester with such consummate delicacy and grace; of Perdita, the country child, as fresh and beautiful as her own flowers drenched in the bright dews of heaven; of Viola, the silent; of Olivia, the stately; of Cleopatra, who could 'make death proud to take her'—if we call up to memory some of these marvellous portraits by Shakespeare, though the possibility of any general comparison dies away with the mere mental enumeration, it may yet perhaps justly be said that among Mr. Meredith's portraits there are some which the fierce light of the comparison cannot injure, there are some imagined and presented so similarly that we are even forced to make it. Letitia Dale, 'with the romantic tale upon her eyelashes'; Clara Middleton, 'the dainty rogue in porcelain,' 'who gives one an idea of the mountain echo'; Diana, all air and fire, worthy the name of the quivered goddess; Renée, with her Southern blood and wilful graces; Emilia, the simple girl and passionate patriot; Lucy, a fairy princess, a magic enchantment to the eyes of the new Ferdinand; the soft-eyed star of love, Ottilia, noble in heart and name; to deny that these are near of kin to the women of Shakespeare is indeed possible, but Justice and the Graces forbid it."

The writer concludes by remarking that "there is no living writer whose genius could be more fitly wedded to the perfection of the printer's art"; and he goes so far as to say that Messrs. Constable's new edition is, "in its way, as individual and decorative a product as are the creations of Mr. Meredith's imagination."

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

MR. HALL CAINE has got the start of the majestic world of letters. When nothing is being published he issues fifty thousand copies of his new novel. We do not know whether to regard this as the opening event of the autumn publishing season, or as an event by itself. It is certain that the issue of fifty thousand copies of this novel will give a fillip to business in nearly every bookshop of any pretensions in the kingdom. The story, we note, is divided into four "Books," entitled respectively: "The Outer World," "The Religious Life," "The Devil's Acre," and "Sanctuary." The period of the story is the last quarter of the present century. Mr. Caine appends the following explanatory "Author's Note" to his story:

"It will be seen that in writing this book I have sometimes used the diaries, letters, memoirs, sermons, and speeches of recognisable persons, living and dead. Also, it will be seen that I have frequently employed fact for the purposes of fiction. In doing so I think I am true to the principles of art, and I know I am following the precedent of great writers. But being conscious of the grievous danger of giving personal offence, I would wish to say that I have not intended to paint anybody's portrait, or to describe the life of any known society or to indicate the management of any particular institution. To do any of these things would be to wrong the theory of fiction as I understand it, which is not to offer mock history or a substitute for fact, but to present a thought in the form of a story with as much realism as the requirements of idealism permit. In presenting the thought which is the motive of *The Christian* my desire has been to depict, however imperfectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose, which I think I see in the life of

England and America at the close of the nineteenth century. For such a task my own observation and reflection could not be enough, and so I am conscious that in many passages of this book I have often been merely as the mould through which the metal has passed from the fires kept burning round about."

The twenty-five-shilling edition of Prince Ranjitsinhji's *The Jubilee Book of Cricket* is a very handsome volume, and in all its editions the book is secure of a welcome. The portrait of Prince Ranjitsinhji "hooking a short-pitched ball on tife wicket" is a beautifully executed photographure, and the easy attitude of the Prince in this movement makes it suitable for the frontispiece portrait. The illustrations to the book are one of its notable features, consisting as they do of instantaneous photographs of many of our finest players. "Storer Waiting for the Ball," "Lilley at the Wicket," "W. L. Murdoch's Under-leg Stroke," "Richardson in the Act of Delivery," "Gunn's Forward Drive between Mid-off and Extra-cover," "Lord Hawke Cutting," "W. G. Grace Forcing the Ball on the On-side"—these are a few out of the dozens of subjects chosen. In a prefatory note the author acknowledges assistance received from Mr. W. J. Ford, Prof. Case, Mr. C. B. Fry, and others. As is well known, the book is dedicated by permission to "Her Majesty the Queen-Empress."

With Prince Ranjitsinhji's book comes—"to share the triumph and partake the gale"—*Cricket*, by W. J. Ford, with contributions by F. G. J. Ford, Tom Richardson, and M. C. Kemp. This is a reprint, with slight alterations, of the article on Cricket in Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's *Encyclopædia of Sport*. But the value of the booklet is diminished by the fact that Prince Ranjitsinhji's chapter on Batting is omitted.

From Mr. Elliot Stock comes a reprint of Captain Cuellar's *Adventures in Connacht and Ulster*, A.D. 1588. This narrative of the Spanish Armada has been dealt with already by various writers. Here it is discussed by Mr. Hugh Allingham, a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries (Ireland). Cuellar's narrative is presented at the end of this slim book in a translation by Mr. Robert Crawford, M.A.

The week has produced some dozen small works of various kinds. *Crime and Criminals* is a book of notes on, and portraits of, criminals by Dr. J. Sanderson Christison, and is published in Chicago by the W. T. Keener Company. The writer distinguishes three classes of delinquents: the *insane* (defective in reason); the *moral paretic* (defective in self-control); and the *criminal proper* (defective in conscience). *After Death* is a book of essays by Lilian Whiting, whose previous collections under the title of *The World Beautiful* we have had occasion to notice favourably. Miss Whiting's new book deals more closely than her others with the subjects of death and the future life; it has been inspired, indeed, by a bereavement. Several books useful to tourists reach us. *The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon* appears to have been compiled with great care by H. Snowden

Ward and Catherine Weed Ward. It is also well illustrated from photographs. The writers protest against the idea that prohibition prices rule in Stratford-on-Avon, where, they contend, there is now hotel and lodging-house accommodation to suit every class of traveller. Murray's *Handbook of Travel-Talk* achieves its eighteenth edition. The book is divided into fourteen groups of subjects, and arranged in the order in which the traveller is likely to become concerned with them. The vocabularies provided are English, French, German, and Italian. Messrs. Whittaker's new guide, *What to Say and do in France*, gives information on railways, vehicles of all kinds, cafés, theatres, naturalisation, etiquette, and social customs, marriage, law, educational matters, &c., &c. It should be specially useful to intending residents in France.

Messrs. Smith, Elder's new and cheaper edition of the late John Addington Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy* makes progress. The third volume, dealing with Fine Arts, is issued, and the completion of the work by the issue of four more volumes may be expected by November.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- A TEST OF THE TRUTH. By Oxoniensis. Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d.
- THE KINGDOM OF GOD AS SET FORTH HISTORICALLY AND PROPHECIES IN THE ENGLISH BIBLE. Elliot Stock. 1s.
- LITTLE CATECHISM OR LITURGY. John Murphy & Co. (New York).
- THE OBLIGATION OF HEARING MASS ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. By Rev. J. T. Roche. John Murphy & Co. (New York).
- THE ENGLISH CHURCH, THE PRIEST, AND THE ALTAR. By Francis Peck. Lawrence & Bullen.
- THE SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLES OF THE ATONEMENT. By John Scott Lidgett, M.A. Charles H. Kelly. 5s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- CAPTAIN CUELLAR'S ADVENTURES IN CONNACHT AND ULSTER A.D. 1588. By Hugh Allingham and Hugh Crawford. Elliot Stock. 2s.
- SIR WALTER RALEIGH. The Stanhope Essay, 1897. By John Buchan. B. H. Blackwell. 2s. 6d.

ART, DRAMA, POETRY.

- MODERN PAINTERS. Vols. I. and II. New Edition in small form. By John Ruskin. George Allen.
- THE EPIC OF OLYMPUS. By Charles Rathbone Low. Digby, Long & Co.
- A DIVAN OF THE DALES. By Swithin Saint Swithaine. Digby, Long & Co.
- SONGS AND SHADOWS. By E. M. Beresford. Digby, Long & Co.
- THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: EDWARD III. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co.
- AFTER HER DEATH. By Lilian Whiting. Sampson Low.
- THE BOOK OF TRIPPI. By J. A. Goodchild. Kegan Paul. 6s.
- PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE. Vol. XXVIII, 1896-7. Published by the Institute.

FICTION.

- UNRELATED TWINS. By Belton Otterburn. Digby, Long & Co.
- THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS. By Barry Pain. Harper & Brothers. 6s.
- IN CAMP AND CANTONMENT. By Edith E. Cuthell. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.
- IN A WEB OF GOLD. By Rita Russell. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.
- PENTATHLON. By D. C. Parkinson. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.
- SHIBOLETH. By Katharine Renell. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.
- BY STROKE OF SWORD. By Andrew Balfour. Methuen & Co. 6s.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN GUIDE TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON. By H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Weed Ward. Durbarn & Ward.

SIGHTS BY THE SEA: SEASIDE AND COUNTRY SKETCHES. By Clement Scott. Lawrence Greening & Co. 1s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

FRENCH STUMBLING-BLOCKS AND ENGLISH STEPPING-STONES. By Francis Tarver, M.A. John Murray.

DRILL ON THE ESSENTIALS OF FRENCH ACCENT AND ELEMENTARY SYNTAX. By Victor Spiers, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE JUBILEE BOOK OF CRICKET. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji, William Blackwood & Sons. 25s. and 6s.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS. By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. The W. T. Keener Co. (Chicago).

TUBERCULOSIS, OR FLESH-EATING A CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION. By Josiah Oldfield. The Vegetarian Publishing Office.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS (Cheap Issue): PLINY'S LETTERS. By Rev. A. Church, M.A., and Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A.—EURIPIDES. By William Bodham Donne. Blackwood & Sons.

CRICKET. By W. J. Ford. With Contributions by F. G. J. Ford, Tom Richardson, and M. O. Kemp. Reprinted from "The Encyclopedia of Sport." Lawrence & Bullen. 6d.

A HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL-TALK. Eighteenth Edition. John Murray.

PRO PATRIA. By Jean Delaire. Digby, Long & Co.

WELLS CATHEDRAL. By the Rev. Canon Church. Isbister & Co. 1s.

WHAT TO DO AND WHAT TO SAY IN FRANCE. Whittaker & Co. 1s.

THE CHAIRMAN'S MANUAL. Elliot Stock. 1s.

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY. By Alfred Gudeman. Ginn & Co. (Boston, U.S.A.).

## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE season just over has been for the Print Collector, on the whole, wonderfully barren. Neither at Christie's nor at Sotheby's has a single collection of the first order offered itself for distribution under the hammer. There have been, naturally, some isolated examples of fine prints; Rembrandts, whenever they have occurred in at all decent condition, have shown no signs whatever of diminution of value; and there has been one record price, or something like it, in the sale of a Dürer, the "St. Jerome" of that master—the St. Jerome in the open air, not the one in the cell—going for £290.

BUT, putting aside the foolish prices still given by buyers who are hardly connoisseurs for coloured prints (which in the very nature of things are neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring), the most remarkable feature is the high level of prices reached by the best modern, if not exactly the best contemporary, etching. Méryon, for instance—the great master of the last generation, whose place is now assured by Rembrandt's side—is sought for eagerly at good prices, directly anything of his that is tolerably fine in state and condition comes into the market. Quite recently at a sale of no especial character—a sale, we mean, by no means remarkable for the general fineness of the impressions submitted—excellent prices were fetched for that which was good, £18, for instance, being paid for the small print of the "Rue des Mauvais Garçons," and £22 for the famous, if forbidding, little "Stryge."

AMONG the Seymour Hadens there was lately offered the larger and rarer of that etcher's two plates of "Kensington Gardens," which went for £22, while for the much extolled "Shere Mill Pond" the bid reached thirty guineas. There have not been many Whistlers, but nine guineas seems now no uncommon price for that master's larger visions of either Battersea or Putney Bridge—we speak, of course, of the charming old wooden structures, now no more—while for what may be described as an everyday set of the "Twenty-six Etchings," chiefly Venetian, and which the Dowdeswells published only a few years ago at fifty guineas, about eighty guineas is easily realised. A *picked* set, or one that has belonged to a famous collector—well, that, of course, would be a different affair!

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Daily Chronicle*, who has been inquiring into the sales of photographs of living men and women, offers some melancholy figures with regard to the demand for authors and artists. Compared with the ladies and gentlemen of the stage, authors and artists are not to be considered. Mr. Hall Caine, it seems, is occasionally bought; and, entirely without authority, the statement is made that in country places he is still selling as well as Shakespeare; but no other writer is required, except Miss Marie Corelli, and she consistently refuses to be taken.

A COPYRIGHT performance of the play which has been founded by Mr. Hall Caine on his novel *The Christian* took place at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, on Saturday last. Seats were priced at a pound each, and eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour chosen. Mr. Hall Caine took the part of John Storm, Miss Hall Caine was Glory Quayle, Mrs. Hall Caine was Polly Love, Master Ralph Caine was Brother Andrew, and Mr. William Heinemann enacted the Father Superior.

AMERICAN publishers would seem to have an odd idea of the control of English literary papers. We have just received from a Chicago firm the following request, which is, we hasten to say, quite out of our power to grant:

"To the Editor, ACADEMY, London, England."

"DEAR SIR,—We send you a copy of the Third Edition of Gudeman's *Outlines of the History of Classical Philology*, which we hope you will review in the *Athenæum*."

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S gallery of *English Portraits*, which Mr. Grant Richards publishes month by month, grows in interest. The current number contains lithographed drawings of Mr. Lecky and Mr. Sargent. It requires no small courage to limn Mr. Sargent, who has himself so superbly set on paper the heads of some of his friends; Mr. Rothenstein, however, has done creditably, although we have seen better work from his pencil. The portrait of Mr. Lecky is, apart from its own merits, useful as a corrective of Mr. Reed in *Punch*. It shows us the historian not without nourishment.

The author of the slight biographical note writes: "If he has published a volume of verse, that is an amiable indiscretion which may more grievously be laid to the charge of many another public man; but, had he an enemy, that enemy could find no charge more serious to bring against this profoundly accomplished and courteous gentleman."

AN interesting experiment in the illustration of Dickens is being made by Mr. C. D. Gibson, the American draughtsman, and Mr. Phil May. Mr. George Allen has arranged for a new edition of the novels with pictures by these artists, and Mr. Gibson is now at work on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. May on *David Copperfield*. The result is certain to be interesting, although it is difficult to think of Mr. Gibson's presentment of Sairey Gamp.

POPULAR authors nowadays must expect to be used for strange purposes. But we have never met with a stranger than that to which a photograph of Ian Maclaren has just been put by an American doctor. We have before us a little monograph on *Crime and Criminals*, by J. Sanderson Christison, M.D., published at Chicago this year. It consists of a series of studies and portraits of jail types—delinquents who have come under the author's observation in American asylums. By way of frontispiece we find the portrait of the author of *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, to serve as "a type of the normal look, features, and contour of head," or the standard from which American criminals have unhappily fallen.

MR. RUSKIN has himself given up writing, but the business of making new books out of his old ones continues to flourish. The latest announcement is that a volume consisting of the Bible references which occur in Mr. Ruskin's pages is to appear.

THE title of Mark Twain's new book, which was given some time ago as "The Surviving Innocent Abroad," has been altered to *More Tramps Abroad*.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Glasgow Evening News* gives the following latest information from Craigenputtock: "The other day I paid a visit to the old Dumfriesshire farmhouse of Craigenputtock, where Carlyle wrote his *Sartor Resartus*. The farm is still in the hands of the Carlyle family, the present occupant being a grand-nephew of the sage. This gentleman—who, by the way, in features as well as in manner, suggests a striking likeness to his illustrious relative—speaks not too cordially of the way in which his farm and steading are overrun at this season by 'pilgrims.'"

"In the neighbouring village of Dunscore," continues the writer, "there still survive a few of Carlyle's contemporaries. These aged worthies think little of Tam, as they call him. They remember him only as a 'soor-tempered body' who did not get on too well with his brother, the then farmer of Craigenputtock, and they are fond of illustrating the 'cussedness' of the sage



by telling of an occasion when, having quarrelled with everybody about the place, he drove off one night in a 'huff' to Dumfries and refused to come back again. Few Scotch people think of visiting the place; all the 'pilgrims' are English, American, or foreign."

From Craigenputtock to Abbotsford is a natural transition. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, who knows more about Sir Walter Scott's home than any one living, has written of it in a volume which will appear this autumn under the title *The Making of Abbotsford*.

A new edition, consisting of ten or twelve volumes, of the works of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is to be published in America this autumn. Mr. Riley is the most popular and the most admirable of American domestic poets; he writes of home life in a delightful homely manner, humorously, tenderly, playfully, and with true feeling. In this country two or three of his volumes have appeared, but their success has been retarded by the dialect in which much of his best verses are written, and the peculiarly American character of the work. But notwithstanding this, *Old-Fashioned Roses*, published by Messrs. Longman & Co., found many readers.

THE New York *Book-Buyer* has a story of the literary beginnings of a lady who has since become well known as a writer. Failing to impress editors in any other way, she sent a bundle of "Jokes" to a comic paper, asking what remuneration was offered. The reply was that the proprietors were able to offer only "glory." The lady wrote back giving permission for her contributions to be used on the understanding that the glory should be forthcoming. When her paragraph appeared, the editor not only gave her matter "top of column and best of display," but, in a page and a paper made up of unsigned contributions, they gave her name in full, her street and town and state address, and all in large type, at the foot of her humorous productions. "Verily," she said, "this is glory with a vengeance."

A new poem by Mr. Kipling, entitled "The Feet of the Young Men," will appear in the Christmas number of *Scribner's*.

MR. SAMUEL KINNREAR, of the printing establishment of the Blackwoods, has been giving the *Scotsman* more reminiscences of his career. In his last letter he recalls a curious mistake committed by Sir Archibald Alison towards the end of his *History of Europe*. In his account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the historian wrote, through sheer absence of mind, that one of the pall bearers was Sir Peregrine Pickle, meaning Sir Peregrine Maitland. The name of Peregrine is so rare, and it goes so naturally with Pickle, that the error was easily made; but it is odd that no one should have noted it before the volume was issued. Eventually the discovery was made, and the edition had to be recalled for the cancelling of the sheet.

# PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE recent illness of M. François Coppée, whose health, if we may judge from his frequent flight to the coast, is at best precarious, draws attention to the work of this extremely popular and simple poet. M. Coppée is a complete proof that mediocrity may be crowned with the glory of triumph in France as well as in England. There are people who can only enjoy mediocrity: second-rate poetry, second-rate prose, second-rate art and music, second-rate sentiment, second-rate society, and second-rate wine. It is well this large class of inoffensive beings should find the sort of thing they want in books as well as out of them. Happily for them the second-rate article everywhere abounds, and here in France its academical high priest is the amiable, the kindly, and sentimental François Coppée—interpreter of all the humble and domestic emotions in well-meaning but commonplace verse; transcriber of every-day ideas and somewhat trite observation in the least-lettered of French prose. For this he has been selected, perhaps not altogether unwisely, for immortality, and the obsequious multitude cheerfully address him as *cher maître*. It is a glory to be master in something, and this dear sentimental Coppée is past master in the ordinary. But pray note the capriciousness of academic choice, and say if the professional tasters of literature are a whit less incalculable and inexplicable in their choice than the capricious voice of public opinion. Théophile Gautier, the supreme charmer, the writer of chiselled verse and dazzling prose, the exquisite impeccable artist, was rejected by the Immortals because in his youth he wore a scarlet waistcoat (he might have worn none, and left his genius undiminished) and cultivated a Merovingian shock of hair. George Sand, at the height of her glory, the first great *prosauteur* of her day, was actually refused a prize because of her morals, while Musset, her lover, with even less to boast of, and who was rarely sober to boot, sat placidly among the immaculate Forty! Where Sand, Balzac, Dumas, and Gautier were not admitted, M. Coppée, the laurelled and applauded, has his armchair of honour!

However, no poet ever wore his laurels more modestly; and it is a gratification to think that part of the official reward belongs to the man's homely virtues, his quaint goodwill to all men except politicians and Germans, his pity and sympathy in face of every form of pain and sorrow, his good-nature and cheerfulness, and the spirit of pleasant humility in which he receives the contempt of younger poets. I daresay he nourishes the private conviction that the younger poets who despise him are all wrong, but he conceals it with imperturbable geniality, and begs them, in grandmotherly prose, to think more of Lizette and less of their problematical souls; to gather flowers in the woods with the ever-accommodating *grisette*, instead of racking their tortured brains for new definitions of a decadent state of mind.

It may fitly be retorted that M. Coppée is

greatly too pre-occupied with the charms and the virtues of the *grisette* himself. His conviction that the humble are the salt of the earth carries him too far, and his enthusiasm for a girl and a handbox lands him in singular absurdities. The sincerity of a woman's love-letter he judges by the quantity of mistakes in spelling and the illiterateness of the style. A girl's uncovered head out of doors is to him proof of every virtue and charm. With a *grisette* who takes a lover it is invariably a matter of heart in M. Coppée's esteem, whatever evidence the class may sometimes furnish of cupidity, heartlessness, or cruelty. By reason of their station, one might say of their morals even, they are sure to make better wives, better mothers than the educated woman. Not that M. Coppée is in the least immoral, quite the contrary. But he is opposed to the bourgeois tooth and nail, with reason sometimes, though reason is the very last thing to pre-occupy such a partial observer as M. Coppée; whereas the *grisette* he cherishes as the sparrows of Paris, cheering, harmless, twittering creatures, to be smiled upon and befriended. For he is what he would call himself, a *gamin* of Paris, having been born here in 1842, and professedly not understanding or caring much for anything outside Paris.

His literary career opened at twenty-four with *Le Reliquaire* in 1866, but it was not until the appearance of his first play "Le Passant," in 1869, that he achieved popularity. His plays, like his prose and verse, are quite second-rate; but, as he has written, "they have charmed awhile this age of opera-bouffe and middle-class drama." His admirers regard him as the Teniers of verse and the Gerald Dow of prose, and if the odour of the *pot-au-feu* and Lizette's skirt are somewhat insistent in his works, his sincerity and geniality may be said to make amends. His *contes* have none of the grace, the art we are accustomed to associate with the *conte*. They do not exceed the level of our own magazine short story without distinction or beauty. What, for instance, could be more trite and mawkish than the *Orgue de Barbarie*, more ineffective than *Le Convalescent*, more commonplace than the Dreamer's socialistic thoughts at the aristocratic dinner? All this forms the favourite reading of the multitude.

In his *Franc Parler*, collected articles from the *Journal*, a fast little paper, Coppée is hardly at home; he is more interesting, not by the variety or unexpectedness of his fugitive work, but because here we have the kindly, commonplace man instead of the commonplace artist. One feels almost a prick of remorse in criticising adversely a man so incapable of wounding a fellow, such a cheerful sentimentalist, so soft-hearted a poet. If he is not complex, meditative, intellectual, artistic—he is at least thoroughly humane, as he shows in a few feeling pages on the respect of human life. To those who dream of a better state of things for the poor and suffering, he writes:

"Humble poet, I can bring to their work nothing but my emotion at the sight of suffering. It is not to be disdained, however, for it



is sincere. . . . Nothing can be done for the unfortunate and the despairing but through kindness, pity, the appeal to hearts. . . . The noise of Raspahol's pocket thunder will not stifle the words of those who, like me, have ever raised their voice in behalf of the weak and the little."

His feeling on the terrible Panama scandal is a loyal and manly outburst:

"For money! There are—and many!—who have sold their vote, their conscience! And if to-morrow we were attacked, if we had to unroll the national standard, it might be asked, Is there a hand pure enough to seize the staff? . . . For money! And that at a time when the just cry of the unfortunate is lifted more threateningly than ever; when the rich, far from increasing their treasure, should, under pain of the worst misfortunes, prepare themselves for fraternal division, for sacrifice! For money! Ah, one murses upon the honourable and holy poverty of Aristides. What do I say? One even reaches regret of the days of mourning and disorder when at least a few still possessed some virtue, when, while Jourde, the Communist, was master of the Bank, his wife went to the public laundry to wash, herself, the family linen."

In the teeth of the Marquise de Castellane's splendid gift to Paris, Coppée, so susceptible to the beauty of generosity, must regret the lines that follow on the death of her father, Jay Gould, however merited he may feel them to be.

On the politicians he is justly and consistently hard. Here are two meetings in a morning he briefly describes. One of the heroes of the Panama scandal, exasperated by the freedom of allusions and criticism in the Press and in the drama, threatens interdiction all round:

"Do you know, you are not gay?" I cried. "If we are not to speak of anything in the newspapers and in the theatre, how are we to earn our bread?" He flung me a rakish side-glance, and digging me in the ribs, said: "Bah! There remains pornography. You know very well that we shut our eyes on that ground."

Leaving the worthy deputy, Coppée falls into the arms of a decadent poet, who professedly despises him as a man of letters, but tolerates him as a good fellow:

"Well," asks Coppée, "what is going on in the *cenacles*?" "We are bewitching one another," he replied most seriously, and then explained the mysterious proceeding to his astounded interlocutor. "You take a toad and you subject it to frightful torture, thinking the while of your enemy with all the intensity of your hate. Within the year your enemy dies of the same sufferings as the toad. It is infallible. As you see me, I am on the lookout for one of these batracians for revenge upon a rival who has supplanted me in the good graces of a woman who keeps a beer-shop. But, alas! the animal is rare in Monsieur-le-Prince-street, where I live."

Asked to enter Parliament, Coppée very properly declined. He once or twice visited the Palais Bourbon, and the tempestuous reunion gave him the impression of a class badly kept by a master without authority.

"It is not much, certainly," he adds, "to be a poet in modern society, and no doubt my claims to the title are weak enough. But even if there should be in the numerous, too numerous poems I have written but a single and slight little bit the reading of which can

stir the imagination of a youth, or cause a *grisette* to dream, I should regard this single drop of true poetry, the extract of my heart, as a work more precious and more essential than the most eloquent discourses of the Tribune, leading to the vote of a capital law or deciding a great event. In good faith, what poet would not rather leave behind him the sonnet of Arvers or the *Vase Brisé* than to have pronounced all the harangues of Mirabeau?"

An enlarged expression of Fletcher of Saltoun's sentiment.

There is decidedly something winning in this naïve desire of the man of the people to reach the heart of the people, and though there can be no comparison between Béranger the people's singer, and Coppée its versifier, there is this note of accord: both cheerfully belong to their class. Until the Panama horrors, Coppée was a confirmed optimist. Since then his reflections enter a more troubled zone, but he calls upon youth to help spotted France:

"Holla, up there, lock-keeper, father the Future! To your lever and point! Turn the machine. Open wide both gates, forward and backward, and by a thousand diamond sprays, with the joyous rush of the torrent, let in and out the wave of youth to inundate and purify us."

His work may be commonplace, insignificant, except in a couple of powerful plays, but the man's personality is sympathetic by reason of such modest virtues as generosity, compassion, honesty, and disinterestedness.

H. L.

#### TENNYSON AS DRAMATIST.

It is in some ways curious to note how few modern English poets of the first rank have had even moderate success as dramatists, though so many of them at one time or another have tried their hand at writing for the stage. Lord Lytton wrote tolerable plays, but then he was not a poet of the first rank, while Mr. W. G. Wills was scarcely even a poet of the second. Some two or three of Browning's plays were tried on the stage at different times—"Strafford," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon'"—but most critics (and almost all actors) declared them to be unactable. At least one of Byron's plays ("Werner") was fairly successful in its day, but we greatly doubt if anyone would care to revive it or "Marino Faliero" now. Shelley's "Cenci," curiously enough, has considerable merits as a stage play, in spite of its subject, and in one point at least it is greatly superior to either Tennyson's plays or Browning's, namely, the quality of its blank verse. Tennyson's lines are often feeble on the stage, occasionally even ludicrous, while Browning's have to be taken at a foot's pace if they are to be even moderately intelligible to the audience. Shelley's, on the contrary, have the true dramatic quality. They *speak* well. Possibly this may be the case with Byron's. We do not know. We can, however, say with certainty that, from a purely literary point of view, as blank verse they are often atrocious. Still, it does not follow that they might not be effective on the stage. There are some faults which stage treatment rather tends to conceal than to bring to light.

It is perhaps strange that where all these poets partially or entirely failed Tennyson should have had a very considerable measure of success. "Becket," as produced at the Lyceum, was undeniably good. "The Cup," too, with the assistance of Sir Henry Irving and the limelight man, developed unexpected dramatic capabilities, and made a very passable drama. The same may be said of "Queen Mary." But, then, it must be admitted that these plays required a very great deal of "editing" to make them actable; and indeed "Becket" was so extensively amended and revised that its stage triumph was at least as much due to him as to Tennyson. Nor does the acting version of "The Cup" follow the original at all too closely, while, we believe, much the same may be said of "The Promise of May" and "The Foresters." "The Falcon," on the contrary, as given by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, was probably not altered enough, which, together with its inherent dramatic impossibilities, may have accounted for its failure. From all which it may be gathered that Tennyson's success on the stage was not altogether the result of his own unaided genius. A mere glance at the plays as published will show this. Much of them will be seen at once to be utterly unfitted for stage presentation. There are whole scenes in "Becket," for instance, which must be cut bodily out before it can hope to please an average audience; and yet "Becket," even in its original form, is far the most actable of the plays. The fact is Tennyson, in his haste to be dramatist, forgot to be a playwright. He never took the trouble to study stage necessities or to learn the elements of the art of construction. He seems to have flung his story together anyhow, turned it into verse, and chanced the rest. If this was so, the only wonder is that his plays had such small acting possibilities as they did possess. The same is to some extent true of Browning also. He too, knew nothing about the stage or the technique of play-writing. But, then, Browning was born with the keenest dramatic sense. Tennyson was not. Browning saw intuitively the dramatic possibilities of a plot or a situation. With him it was an instinct. And if he had only studied the practical business of the stage he might have been one of the greatest of all dramatists, one whose works would have filled the English theatres for generations. For there never was a man with such a natural gift for dramatic presentment as Browning. All his poems are dramatic in essence, even the most lyrical of them.

Of Tennyson, on the contrary, the exact converse is true. His plays are not so much dramatic as lyrical in quality. Tennyson never properly understood how to deal with what actors call a "big" situation. His hand was feeble, his touch uncertain. Moreover, Tennyson was hardly capable of creating a character. He never did it in all the length and breadth of his poetry. What is Launcelot? A shadow. And Arthur? Still more a shadow. Tennyson could never have drawn a Sludge, or a Guido, or a Waring. He cannot make the most of his plot even when he has one

How feebly the intrigue in the earlier part of "The Cup" is worked out! What a much finer thing, psychologically, Browning would have made of it! Tennyson, fortunately, never tried his hand at a play on, say, Strafford, or he would have bungled it sadly. And "Strafford," among his plays, is Browning's masterpiece. Let us take only one scene of it and see how good it is. In the fifth act the scene is in the Tower. Denzil Hollis enters with a message from the king, which he hesitates to deliver. Strafford is indignant at this, and scornfully suggests that Charles has sent Hollis to arrange for his clandestine escape from the Tower instead of coming openly to set his loyal friend and subject free, and defend him against the world. It is impossible to describe with what depth of feeling and passion this is conveyed. Finally, Strafford declares bitterly that he will not go, in such a way, that he will rather remain in the Tower. Hollis speaks guardedly of his approaching death, and Strafford laughs him to scorn, producing from his breast the king's promise of safety, signed with his own hand. Then Hollis hands him his death-warrant, signed by the king. . . . There is an awful ten seconds of silence, and the paper falls from Strafford's hands as he murmurs:

"Put not your trust  
In Princes, neither in the sons of men  
With whom is no salvation."

But the horror of the tragedy does not end even here, for Hollis has been attended throughout the interview by a shrouded figure. This figure now advances and throws himself at Strafford's feet. It is the king, and Hollis cries:

"As you hope for mercy,  
Be merciful to this most wretched man."

One would not expect anything like this from a lyricist like Tennyson. There are no tremendous moments in his plays. They are pathetic at times—"Queen Mary" especially—and there are effective scenes in them. But when one contrasts them with a masterpiece like this, they pale into insignificance.

This, however, is not the sum of Tennyson's offences as a dramatist. His great offence is that he is not genuine. He is a mere echo. There may be differences of opinion as to Browning's merit, but at least no one can deny that he was always himself. He wrote his plays as he conceived them. He did not feebly copy the plays of somebody else. Tennyson did. And the poet he copied was of course Shakespeare. He simply took the Shakespearean drama as his model and tried to write like it. Shakespeare introduces comic characters at intervals to talk in homely prose as a relief from perpetual blank verse. Tennyson must do the like. Only, whereas Shakespeare's "comic relief" is actable, Tennyson's (in "Becket," for instance) generally is not. Shakespeare's comic characters amuse the audience with, from one point of view, silly puns and plays on words. So must Tennyson's. Here is an example from the first scene of "The Foresters":

"FOURTH RETAINER: . . . I would like to

show you, Mistress Kate, how bare and spare I be on the rib.

"KATE: Spare me your spare ribs. . . ."

"FIRST RETAINER: Ay, if he had not gone to fight the king's battles we should have better battels at home."

Can one conceive a more ridiculous piece of Wardour Street? Indeed, the whole of "The Foresters" is a mere Tennysonian "As You Like It," with a damsel playing the man in doublet and hose, the greenwood tree, and the rest of it. Moreover, as if this were not enough, Tennyson must needs put in his plays, probably unconsciously, endless Shakespearean "tags." Every one will remember Julius Cæsar's well-known phrase in Shakespeare:

"Such men are dangerous,"

and again—

"And therefore are they very dangerous."

Tennyson does precisely the same thing in "Queen Mary."

" . . . therefore is he dangerous.  
 . . . he is dangerous every way."

Again, we have in "Julius Cæsar" the splendid passage beginning—

"The last of all the Romans, lie thou there."

On which Tennyson chimes in with—

"Thou last of all the Tudors, come away."

Of course we do not pretend that these are instances of deliberate imitation. Our point is, that Tennyson studied Shakespeare exhaustively as a model with the worst results, and it is hardly wonderful under those circumstances that, in writing his dialogue, he was haunted, with Shakespearean phrases and lines, and occasionally forgot how near he was steering to them. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances of this. The imitation, conscious or unconscious, is present even in his finest passages.

"How many names in the long sweep of Time,  
That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang  
On the chance mention," &c.

What can be more pseudo-Shakespearean?

But Tennyson's greatest fault in his plays is his carelessness. At times he writes with a good deal of charm, and even of power, and his lyrical interludes are always agreeable. But his blank verse is not infrequently slipshod, and his diction prosaic beyond belief for one who was, on the whole, so happy an artist in words.

"And all along  
Of Philip,"

says one lady in "Queen Mary." Again, what more terrible example of how not to write blank verse could you have than this from "The Falcon"?

"COUNT: Bird Babble for my falcon! Let it  
pass,  
What art thou doing there?"

"ELIZABETHA: Darning, your Lordship!"  
The average theatre-goer would receive this with shrieks of ribald laughter. Yet it does not appear to be intended to be funny. Here, too, is a speech from "The Foresters,"

which seems to us to be about as bad as it can well be:

"My guests and friends, Sir Richard, all of you

Who deign to honour this my thirtieth year,  
And some of you were prophets that I might

be,  
Now that the sun our king is gone, the light  
Of these dark hours; but this new moon, I

fear,  
Is darkness. Nay, this may be the last time  
When I shall hold my birthday in this hall:  
I may be outlawed! I have heard a rumour."

An alderman might improvise a speech in as good blank verse as this at any Lord Mayor's feast.

But enough of fault-finding. The scenes of Tennyson's plays are often adroitly managed (as, for instance, the first scene in "Becket," with the game of chess), and the verse is occasionally effective. One remembers how Miss Ellen Terry thrilled the Lyceum audience with—

"Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of England  
Murder'd by that adulteress Eleanor,  
Whose doings are a horror to the East,  
A hissing to the West!"

### SOME LETTERS OF SWIFT.

It is late in the day for the publication of new letters of Swift; yet into the capable hands of Dr. Birkbeck Hill a little bundle has fallen, part of the material destined by Forster for that eye of the Dean which never progressed further than the first of its three volumes. These letters were written by Swift in the years between 1714 and 1731, when he was Dean of St. Patrick's, to his friend Knightley Chetwode of Woodbrooke, in Ireland, and a first instalment is printed in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Of Chetwode little is known: he was the son of the Dean of Gloucester, and the member of the Oxfordshire family whose seat was at Warkworth, near Banbury. Knightley Chetwode's house, near Portarlington, still stands, and it is pleasant to learn that his descendant who made copies of the letters for Forster's use considered them precious as "an heirloom of honour." To the lover of literature they make, however, not so powerful an appeal. Swift is not by any means at his best in them, at least in those that have as yet been made public. It takes two to make a good letter, the recipient not less than the writer; and when the recipient does not inspire the finest correspondent in the world may fall to a common level. Knightley Chetwode was not another S. Sheridan.

Swift touches politics a little, but not to any purpose. In the main he is concerned with lesser matters: the price of hay, the rascality of servants, the want of horses, all kinds of domesticities, messages to Chetwode's wife "Dame Clyant," and so on. His tone is not cheery, nor is he ever high spirited. Here are some fragments. The Deanery needed much reorganisation when Swift succeeded to it:

"I used to value a good Revenue, because I thought it exempted a man from the little subaltern Cares of Life; and so 't would if the Master were wise, or Servants had honesty and

common Sense: A man who is new in a House or an Office has so many important Nothings to take up his time, that he cannot do what he would.

"One Occasion I have to triumph, that in six weeks time I have been able to get rid of a great Cat, that belonged to the late Dean, and almost poisoned the House. An old Woman under the same circumstances I can not yet get rid of, or find a Maid."

In his next letter he returns to the cat and the maid:

"The Bishop of Dromore is expected this night in Town on purpose to restore his Cat, who by her perpetual noise and Stink must be certainly a whig. In compliance to y<sup>r</sup> observation of old women's tenderness to each other, I have got one as old and ugly as that the Bishop left, for the Ladys of my Acquaintance would not allow me one with a tolerable Face tho I most earnestly interceded for it."

Chetwode is expecting Swift to Woodbrooke (where they still show an avenue said to have been planted by the Dean); but many things intervene to prevent the visit. Swift writes:

"You are mistaken, I am no Coy Beauty but rather with submission like a Wench who has made an Assignment and when the day comes, has not a Petticoat to appear in. I am plagued to death with turning away and taking Servants, my Scotch groom ran away from me ten days ago and robbed me and several of the neighbourhood. I cannot stir from hence till a great Vessell of Alicant is bottled and till my Horse is in a condition to travel and my chimney piece made."

Here is a passage turning on one of these visits when made:

"As for judicious John, he is walked off: y<sup>r</sup> cursed good Ale ruined him. He turned such a Drunkard and Swaggerer, I could bear him no longer: I reckon every visit I make you will spoil a Servant."

The following is characteristic:

"I had a very ingenious Tory Ballad sent me printed, but receiving it in a Whig house I suddenly read it, and gave it to a Gentleman with a wink, and ordered him to burn it, but he threw another Paper into the Fire. I hope to send you a Copy of it."

The following messages to Mrs. Chetwode half reveal a very engaging side of Swift's nature:

"Give my Service to Dame Plyant, and desire her to let you know what quantity of Cherryes she has for Brandy; you may steep them in just enough to keep them alive, and I will send you some very good if I can and you will tell me how much. But here I want Jo. I hope Dame found the boys well and that she gave them good Counsell upon the Subject of Gooseberries and Codlings for I hear the eldest had been a little out of order."

And—

"I might have been cheated of my Gingerbread for any thing you s<sup>d</sup> [said] in your letter, for I find you scorn to take notice of Dame's kind Present; but I am humbler and signify to her that if she does not receive by M<sup>r</sup> Foxcroft a large tin pot well crammed with the D. of Omds. [Duke of Ormond's] snuff, holding almost an ounce, she is wronged."

We have another and more momentous reference to the Duke of Ormond in his letter dated August 2, 1715:

"Tho it be unworthy of a Philosopher to admire at any thing, and directly forbidden by

Horace, yet I am every day admiring at a thousand things. I am struck at the D. of O— [Duke of Ormond's] flight."

Next month's instalment of this correspondence may be richer. As it is, far and away the best thing in the present batch is this outburst:

"As for news, the D—l a bitt do I ever hear, or suffer to be told me. I saw in a Print that the K— [King] has taken Care to limit the Clergy what they shall Preach; and that has given me an Inclination to preach what is forbid: for I do not conceive there is any Law yet for it."

### O FONS BANDUSIÆ!

In August all thoughts of running water are delightful, and Horace's invocation to his loved spring becomes the formula of a prevailing sentiment. No need of commentators here! Leave Bently and Orelli and Dacier to their footnotes; a London water-cart is the best critique on Ode XIII., bk. iii. If behind the water-cart some other vehicle follow so close that its horse receive, he cold rivulets on his fore-legs the commentary will be better, since the tired ox and the ranging cattle were made free of the poet's fountain. Is it sweltering hot in London?—it was sweltering hot in the valley of Ustica. The Bandusian rill gushed with no deceptive coolness; what it promised to the eye it squandered on the palate. And the poet, lolling on its brink, listening to its tinkling and slapping, and all its gentle modes of speech, vowed that his river-head should live in song with the rivers of antiquity; should live with Alpheus, pursuing Arethusa through the astonished deep to a home in the Ortygian valley; with Mæander, rising in the palace of Cyrus and winding by white-walled towns to the Ægean Sea; with Simois and Scamander, falling two ways down Ida to enclose Ilium; with the blue Phasis on whose banks Jason found the Golden Fleece; with Achelous, strong and turbulent, wasting Calydon with inundations and rolling its sands to its mouth; with Peneus flowing "smooth as oil" through Tempe, and imaging the laurel in which Daphne passed from the straining eyes and feet of Apollo. Such fame Horace promised to the spring on his Sabine farm, and he promised it as gaily as if immortality was not harder to bestow than the wine, the flowers, and the kid that he vowed in the same instant. His careful, conscious art might, one conceives, have failed with such a theme, but it did not.

A man who is constitutionally unhappy in hot weather will be apt to let his thoughts run on cool waters and water play of every kind. All the memories and images of refreshing water which his childhood or reading can yield him wait in the ante-room of his imagination, and enter to him in the intervals of discomforting effort. The writer is himself conscious that from a child he has entertained cool, watery visions of this kind. At school he mightily affected "the brook Kidron." It is odd how boys fasten on what pleases them in their reading, to the exclusion or

distortion of contexts. Thus, in the story of Absalom's conspiracy, it befell that the flight of David, his generous command to Ittai to return to safety, and Ittai's generous refusal, the flight of the royal household, the weeping of the people, and the fear that urged them still on—went for nothing beside this single circumstance of the exodus: "The king also himself passed over the brook Kidron, and all the people passed over, toward the way of the wilderness." Toward thirst and hunger and exposure, maybe, that joyless throng pressed weeping; yes, but "over the brook Kidron!" There was that delightful incident. There was the water to see, and the shining pebbles, and the rushes growing up from immersed roots, and the long weeds and water-grasses drawn as far as they could stretch in the cool current. No wonder that a youth in whom hot weather awoke these aqueous sympathies profanely wondered whether "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus," might not after all be as Naaman said, "better than all the waters of Israel"; cooler, perhaps; deeper, more pellucid, and stealing through darker shades of over-spreading leaves. Would there had been a little more in the story about those rivers of Damascus!

There was a passage, too, in some old reading-book that got a life-long lodgment in the writer's mind. It occurred in a selected piece of Nathaniel Hawthorne's. Therein the town pump of Salem is supposed to be giving an address through its spout, half autobiography, half temperance lecture. Concerning its ancestral history the pump remarks: "In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child." How suffocating the schoolroom seemed!

But hot weather, now as then, is to be endured. We may justly allay, but not annihilate, the discomforts of the season. The able-bodied man who abandons himself to baths in summer is condemned with him who hugs the fire in winter. We may not riot in any good thing. Horace sang his fountain's praises temperately, and because the waters that refreshed him were the good gift of the gods, for which praise and sacrifice were meet. Even cold water can be made to minister to a sensuousness that is not quite on the side of the angels. Spenser has a description of a fountain in "The Faery Queen" which, in sheer sensuous portraiture of copious, clear, and refreshing water, tricked and diverted by

art, is possibly unrivalled in English literature:

"And in the midst of all a fountain stood  
Of richest substance that on Earth might be,  
So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
Through every channell running one might  
see;  
Most goodly it with curious ymagerie  
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked  
boyes,  
Of which some seemed with lively iollitie  
To fly about, playing with their wanton  
toyes,  
Whylest others did themselves embay in  
liquid ioyes.

"Infinit streames continually did well  
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
The which into an ample laver fell,  
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
That like a little lake it seemd to be;  
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
That through the waves one might the bottom  
see,  
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,  
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did  
sayll upright."

But where does Spenser place these  
extreme water-delights? In the "Bowre  
of Bliss," what time Guyon had righteously  
resolved on its destruction root and branch.  
For an antidote one may turn to that  
stanza in Matthew Arnold's "Stanzas from  
the Grande Chartreuse":

"The silent courts, where night and day  
Into their stone-carved basins cold  
The splashing icy fountains play—  
The humid corridors behold!  
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night,  
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white."

Such fountains are for the soul's fever.  
And, after all, the Latin coolness of  
Horace is August's lenitive. To-day, to  
suffer from the heat is to take the Ban-  
dusian Ode on our lips. A lover of Horace  
in translations, knowing not six words of  
Latin, told the writer that in the late hot  
weather he had found himself in his rides  
and walks about the streets of London  
repeating to himself the three words—"O  
fons Bandusiae!" To repeat them was a  
solace.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### OLD BOOKS IN BIRMINGHAM.

"YOU want to interview me," said Mr.  
Charles Lowe, the well-known  
second-hand bookseller of Birmingham;  
"then just ask me questions straight from  
the shoulder."

We were chatting in a *café* for ease  
and coolness: Birmingham also has its  
sirocco.

"Not from the shoulder, please, Mr.  
Lowe; I am, like Shakespeare's sicklemen,  
'of August weary.' Please recognise my  
mood. If I should drop a question, and if  
you should emit an answer, it will be  
enough. We will sit here a very long  
time. Let me see, I was wondering whether  
Birmingham was a good——"

"Market for second-hand books?"

"Thank you, I think that is what I was  
wondering."

"Yes; I should call it that, most de-  
cidedly."

"You are thick on the ground, are you  
not, Mr. Lowe?"

"Yes; Birmingham is full of second-  
hand bookshops; but the old stagers are  
not many—I count them on the fingers of  
one hand."

"I need not ask you whether you are one  
of the old stagers?"

"I am. I followed my father, whose  
shop stood for many years in Colmore-row  
when Colmore-row was New Hall-street,  
and was lined with shops instead of offices  
and hotels. We at last came into New-  
street, and ten years ago I opened my  
present shop."

"Is there a strong body of book-buyers  
in Birmingham?"

"Oh, yes. I call Birmingham a literary  
city. Men like Mr. Samuel Timmins (we  
know him here as 'Sam Timmins') lead the  
way. Mr. Timmins is a Shakespearean  
scholar and an all round literary man.  
Then Mr. Dent, of the Aston Library, is a  
great bookman and a thorough student.  
We have the Midland Institute, and two  
literary magazines are published in the  
town."

"You issue a catalogue?"

"Oh, yes; and I do four-fifths of my  
business through it. Naturally I have  
accumulated an immense list of addresses,  
and in any case my catalogue goes to every  
public library in the kingdom, and far  
beyond it."

"Do you make a speciality of local  
histories and topographical works, Mr.  
Lowe?"

"Well, we look after such well.  
Works like Shaw's *Staffordshire*, Hutton's  
history of *Birmingham*, Dugdale's *Warwick-  
shire*, Noakes's books on *Worcestershire*,  
and Nash's *Worcestershire*, are always fish  
to our net."

"Nash's *Worcestershire* is one of the most  
expensive of county histories, I have always  
understood?"

"Yes; but I would take an order to  
supply it at any time for fifteen or sixteen  
pounds."

"Have you had any specially interesting  
customers?"

"Many; Mr. Gladstone has been one, of  
course."

"And how does he order books?"

"He returns the catalogue marked, with  
the instruction, 'Send these.'"

"And who else?"

"Mr. Chamberlain."

"Well?"

"Oh, he buys books of reference, useful  
books. I have sold him many such. Then  
Mr. Ruskin is another old customer of  
mine."

"And what was his peculiarity?"

"Well, if he bought £9 16s. worth of  
books, he would send me a cheque  
for £10, and say, 'Give the change to the  
packer.'"

"Thank you; that is delightful, that cools  
me. He might so easily have sent him a  
volume of *Fors Clavigera*."

## SCIENCE.

NOW that the programme of the British  
Association meeting is before one, it  
is possible to form some idea of the value  
of the work to be done this year in Toronto.  
The first point that strikes me, in looking  
down the list of papers, is that there is  
absolutely nothing of sensational interest or  
novelty in the programme such as there was  
in the year when Lord Rayleigh and Prof.  
Ramsay made their historic announcement  
of the discovery of argon. On the other  
hand, there are numerous papers on subjects  
and by authors already familiar in combina-  
tion. The lists belonging to certain sections  
almost suggest a *résumé* of the exhibition  
catalogues of the Royal Society soirées  
during the past season. Of topical subjects,  
we have a lecture by Prof. Roberts-Austen  
on the metals of Canada, a paper by  
J. Loudon, B.A. (Toronto University), on  
Canadian standards, one by F. Napier  
Denison on the great lakes as a sensitive  
barometer, one on Canadian virgin soils by  
F. T. Shute, one by Dr. George Dawson  
(Director of the Canadian Survey) on ancient  
American rocks, about twelve other geo-  
logical papers—in fact, the papers promised  
in this section deal almost exclusively with  
local problems—and a variety of mixed  
papers in the ethnological and botanical  
sections. The physiological and botanical  
sections are especially remarkable for the  
number of papers by members of American  
and Canadian universities.

THE presidential addresses, which often  
contain new speculative matter, are this year,  
to judge from the titles, much what one  
might expect. The president of the meet-  
ing, Sir John Evans, will deal with the  
vexed question of the antiquity of man, on  
which his views are more or less known  
beforehand. Prof. Forsyth in the mathe-  
matical, and Prof. Marshall Ward in the  
botanical section, offer contradictory views  
as to the value of utilitarian research in their  
respective science, the mathematician being  
scornful of it, the botanist quite the reverse.  
Prof. Ramsay, as president of the chemical  
section, will deal with a subject which at  
present only exists hypothetically. It is one  
of the undiscovered elements required to fill  
up the gaps in Mendeléeff's periodic system.  
Prof. Ramsay has been trying to find this  
"missing link," which, according to his  
belief, ought to have an atomic weight of 20,  
a density of 10, and properties similar to  
those of argon and helium. So far his  
search has been vain. There are several  
interesting papers down for the chemical  
section, but none in the name of Prof.  
Dewar. It is stated that the president of  
the Chemical Society will not be present at  
the meeting. In the zoological section  
Prof. Miall, the president, will discourse on  
the life histories and transformations of  
animals. In the geographical section Mr.  
Scott Keltie will expound the problems of  
exploration still remaining to be solved.  
Dr. Dawson's paper on old American rocks,  
in the geological section, has already been  
mentioned. In the section devoted to  
economic science and statistics Prof. E. K.



Gonner will deal with the labour question and other problems now agitating the social and economic world. Mr. Deacon, president of the mechanical section, has thought out for his subject an ingenious parallel between York, the first city in which the British Association met sixty-six years ago, and the little Canadian village of York, now Toronto, in which the present meeting is to be held. Sir William Turner, of Edinburgh, who presides over the anthropological section, has chosen as his subject "Some Distinctive Characters of Human Structure," and Prof. Michael Foster, president of the physiological section, ends up the list with an historical paper on the advances made in his particular branch of science during the past thirteen years, the period which has elapsed since the Association last visited Canada.

THE opening of the Kent coalfields at Dover comes none too soon, if one may judge by the pessimistic tone of Mr. Hall's latest edition of his treatise, *The Coalfields of Great Britain*. According to this well-recognised authority the output of coal, which has risen from ninety-eight million tons in 1865 to nearly two hundred millions, is within measurable distance of becoming precarious. As shafts are sunk deeper and deeper in search of fresh seams, the cost of production is continually increased. Plant and machinery become more expensive, ventilation more difficult, delivery at the surface slower, and, finally, the coal itself will become more costly. Already there are famous coal areas in England which Mr. Hull classes as retrogressive, among them the Staffordshire and Coalbrookdale. The Northern coalfields, he says, are rapidly exhausting their strength, and should begin to husband their resources. It is in view of such a crisis as this that a body of wealthy engineers has begun to attack the great belt of coal which runs from Westphalia, under Belgium and the North of France, to South Wales. The Kent coalfields lie deep, but their extent is known to be considerable, and just across the Channel, at Escarpelle, in the Pas de Calais, the corresponding seams under the chalk are worked at a good profit. The time is probably not far distant when coals will be carried from Kent to Newcastle.

BLACK diamonds lead one on to the white kind. Sir William Crookes's lecture on the diamonds of Kimberley has been published in *Nature*, and is shortly to appear in a fuller form, with numerous illustrations, as a pamphlet. One of the most interesting passages in it relates to the miners' belief that diamonds fell from heaven. There is less absurdity in this simple faith than might be supposed. Sir William Crookes gives numerous instances of diamonds found in meteorites, including the wonderful field of the Canyon Diablo, in Arizona, where diamantiferous meteorites cover an area of five miles diameter. But the paper is interesting from end to end, and contains little that anyone could fail to understand.

H. C. M.

## MUSIC.

MR. ROBERT NEWMAN announces his third season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. They will commence on Saturday evening, August 28, and will continue for a space of seven weeks. Mr. Henry J. Wood will again be the conductor, and this, of course, means that the orchestra, with Mr. Arthur W. Payne as leader, will be in excellent hands. When the Promenade Concerts first commenced, Mr. Wood soon gained a reputation, and one which hitherto he has fully maintained. Mr. Newman sends a list of composers from whose works he will select novelties. Native art will be represented by Miss Amy Horrocks and Miss Dora Bright, and Messrs. W. Hurlstone, Charlton T. Speer, E. German, F. H. Frewin, H. Vicars, and Percy Pitt. Of Russian music there will be no lack. Here is the list of names—the novelties are not yet announced—of the composers: Tscharkowsky, Cui, Liapounow, Glazounow, Rimsky-Korsakow, Napravnik, Moussorgsky. France is represented by Miss Augusta Holmes, M. Gabriel Fauré, M. C. M. Widor, and M. G. Charpentier.

The list is not quite exhausted, but enough has been given to show that the manager of these concerts is not afraid of novelties. The search after what is new is regarded by some as a "craze." But, if craze it be, it is a sensible one. And in a series of forty-two concerts there is plenty of room both for the old and the new. Mr. Newman hopes that "many of the works will be found of sufficient interest to take a permanent place in our Concert Répertoire." And in that hope we cordially join.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HERRICK AND MARTIAL.

London: August 6.

In your issue of July 31, p. 89, you notice *Flosculorum Fasciculus*, by Mr. C. S. Jerram, and quote a rendering he gives of Herrick's lines:

"Fat be my hind, unlearned be my wife,  
Peaceful my night, my day devoid of strife;  
To these a comely offspring I desire,  
Singing about my everlasting fire."

These Mr. Jerram renders thus:

"Nupta indocta domi, pinguis sit vilicus agris,  
Sint placidæ noctes, et sine lite dies;  
Hic super accedat proles formosa perennem  
Quæ cantu celebret, læta corona, focum."

To make the notice complete it should be added that Herrick derived his inspiration, and Mr. Jerram some of his phraseology, from Martial. In his "Epigrams," bk. x., 47, he names the following among others as making for the *vita beator*:

"Non ingratus ager, focus perennis  
Lis nunquam, toga rara, meus quieta."

And "Epigrams," ii. 90, concludes with the lines:

"Sit mihi verna satur, sit non dochesimus  
conjug,  
Sit nox cum somno, sit sine lite dies."

By the way, how does Mr. Jerram scan *accedat* in his third line above?

W. F. COBB, D.D.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Whitehall: August 7.

Mr. Tyler takes refuge in an unworthy quibble. It is quite true that "there is not a single play of Shakespeare of which it can be precisely and definitely said that it was written during the period" 1592-1594. But if we are unable to say, roughly, which group of plays comes nearest to those years and which to the years 1598-1601, then the work of the last twenty years goes for nothing. And, as a matter of fact, there would be very little dispute among any half-dozen competent Shakespearean scholars on this point. As to which group has the greater affinities with the sonnets, that is a question of literary style, and obviously cannot be discussed in the columns of the ACADEMY. But surely there is quite as little pessimism in the 1598-1601 plays—mostly joyous or even riotous comedies—as in those of 1592-1594. The date of *Troilus and Cressida* is quite uncertain, and I doubt if any of the pessimistic plays can reasonably be put as early as 1601. The tragedies of invective are all a great deal later.

Now, as to the question whether the "bed-vow broke" can refer to "a marriage of Mary Fitton in early youth—possibly a runaway match—which had been set aside as invalid," surely this is a very red-herring of a conjecture. Mr. Tyler himself admits that the evidence of the pedigrees goes to show that the first marriage was that with Captain Polwhele about 1607. From 1595 to the scandal of 1601 the lady was Mistress Mary Fitton, and a maid of honour at Court. But there are two letters from Sir Edward Fitton to Cecil in 1599-1600, on which Mr. Tyler founds this idea of an earlier annulled marriage. The first speaks of a "porcon" due to his daughter from Sir Henry Wallop, treasurer of Ireland, by the non-payment of which she is "hindered." So far the reference may be and probably is to Sir Edward's other daughter, Anne, who was married in 1587. Mr. Tyler does not quote the second letter in full. He describes it as mentioning Mary by name, and as speaking of £1,200 due to Fitton and assigned by him to her. But he does not say that it is called a marriage portion. We do not know what claim Sir Fitton had on the Irish revenue. He may have assigned part of the total sum due to each of his daughters. Or if the first letter refers to Mary, it may concern a contemplated marriage which was "hindered" for want of the portion. Surely such very unintelligible fragments of a correspondence are a scanty basis for an otherwise unsupported theory. Mr. Tyler's other argument, that because Mary Fitton's elder brother married without his father's consent in 1592 therefore Mary may, probably, have done the same thing at the same time is an argument *pour rire*.

I know Mr. Tyler's book pretty well. There is certainly nothing in the binding—a very ordinary piece of work—to delay my study of it. I can turn to the page where he ascribes to Pembroke a poem of John Donne's, and to the page where he supposes that Pembroke and Shakespeare are the subjects of Ben Jonson's out at Beaumont and Fletcher in *Bartholomew Fair*. But I have no wish to be acrimonious; I am too anxious to get at the facts; and if Mr. Tyler can give me any real evidence of this supposed early marriage, I will reconsider the Pembroke theory. Though even then, I think that, in the context, it would have shown a want of humour in Shakespeare to talk of a "bed-vow" if he only meant a marriage annulled ten years before. The Cecil papers for 1599-1600 will not apparently get calendared by the Hist. MSS. Commission for some years. Will Mr. Tyler print the second Fitton letter in full, and add to it any other letters from Fitton to Cecil



of the same date which may be in the collection? We want to know what the nature of this Irish debt really was.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

MR. BORLASE ON IRISH ARCHÆOLOGY.

Veulettes: August 7.

I am writing away from home and without the advantage of having seen Mr. Borlase's work, so that the following criticism may possibly not be justified as far as Mr. Borlase is concerned, and cannot be supported as amply as I could wish by reference to the texts. I note, however, a statement twice made in the course of your review, due apparently to Mr. Borlase, and, apparently, endorsed by your reviewer, which seems to me questionable in the extreme. It is "that the huge mass of legendary matter which forms the bulk of extant Irish literature was, in its present form, composed or recomposed mainly between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries." Later, this statement appears in the following form: "These voluminous documents mainly composed between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries."

So far, however, from applying to the "bulk of Irish literature," it seems that this statement is intended to apply solely to the so-called mythological cycle, to that body of legend which describes the settlement of Ireland by the races of Partholan, Nemeah, Fribologs, Tuatha Dé Danann, and Milesians, together with their relations both warlike and friendly. Now, whilst it is quite true that texts of this cycle continued to be copied, with alteration of the language and occasional amplification of the subject-matter down to the fifteenth century and beyond, it is equally true that the main lines of the legend are found in texts that go back to the eleventh century. Lebor Gabala as found in the Book of the Dun(ow), tenth century (Poems of Eochaidt hua Flainn), ninth century (mentions in the oldest part of Cormac's Glossary), and eighth or even seventh century (Lebor Gabala as made use of by Nennius in the first quarter of the ninth century). Furthermore, such development of the "mythological" romances as took place subsequent to the twelfth century is essentially romantic and conventional, and is of no more value for determining the original mythological or ethnological factors of the cycle than are the latest Charlemagne or Arthur romances, for the purpose of reaching the earliest form of the Carolingian or Arthurian saga. Valuable for other purposes these romantic developments may be, but for the ethnologist or the historian worthless.

I have no hope of converting my friend Mr. Borlase. But it is well to restate the simple facts of the case. The Irish mythological tales are the mythology of the race, extirpated under the influence of Christian and classic learning, and modified to an extent it is very difficult to determine by the Viking settlement of the ninth-tenth centuries. In their present form they are substantially the composition of tenth and eleventh centuries' antiquaries and storytellers working upon an infinitely older mass of tribal and ritual traditions; in so far as any historic or ethnological data are to be extracted from them at all, as to which I have my doubts, it is the oldest text, and in especial Nennius and the Poems of Eochaidt hua Flainn and Einnias hua Artacain that must be examined. As far as the Tuatha Dé Danann are concerned, I shall in the immediately forthcoming second volume of *The Voyage of Bran* submit a theory of their nature and original attributes that will, at all events, be in line with present mythological investigation as represented by Mannhardt, Mr. Frazer, M. Merillies, and Dr. Jevons.

ALFRED NUTT.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "A Rose of Yesterday," (Macmillan.)

"ONE of Mr. Marion Crawford's cabinet-pictures," says the *Speaker*. "There are certain of his novels which are executed in the heroic style. . . . But, side by side with these gallery works, he has produced a series of delicate paintings on a smaller scale." The story "is told with all Mr. Crawford's refinement and subtlety, and the reader is as much interested in Mrs. Harmon's refusal to yield to Colonel Wimpole's entreaties and sue for a divorce as if he had known the lady all his life. . . . Slight and delicate as it is, there is something in *A Rose of Yesterday* which makes the book linger with a distinct aroma of its own in the reader's memory." "The peculiar significance of the book," writes the *Spectator*, "is that we find in it an American writer protesting in dignified and eloquent terms against the laxity of his country's divorce laws, and prophesying social anarchy as the inevitable result of their further relaxation. That this attitude is not assumed out of any selfish regard for men's interests will be readily admitted by all who read the noble panegyric of women at the end of the fourth chapter." It seems to the *Chronicle* that the author "has scarce displayed the courage of his convictions. He shrinks from allowing his heroine to suffer martyrdom for the faith that is in her. No sooner has Helen written to her husband offering certain arrangements for their future, than she receives a message from America telling her that the man has died suddenly, and that she is free! So does she receive an earthly and material reward for her strenuousness in the righteous cause. . . . 'Be good,' Mr. Crawford seems to say, 'and you shall have not only the satisfaction of your own conscience, but a piece of plum-cake and a glass of nice currant wine as well!'" "As a work of art," says the *Telegraph*, "*A Rose of Yesterday* cannot compare with such a masterpiece as the author's *Saracinesca*. Nevertheless, it is an interesting and suggestive study, built upon the assumption that love is capable of defying time, and that the oncoming of old age is powerless to abate its ardour."

"Audrey Craven." By May Sinclair. (Blackwood.)

"Of the workmanship of this remarkable book," writes the *Fall Mall* with enthusiasm, "it is difficult to speak in terms of flattery. Audrey's character is drawn with the rarest subtlety, yet with absolute truthfulness. There is nothing superfluous in it, nothing wanting; and the same care is shown in the details as in the contour. It is a strangely fascinating yet repellent figure, and it is no exaggeration to call it a masterpiece of characterisation. Scarcely less skill is shown in the portrayal of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, while the finished style, the terse epigrams, the excellence of the story, minister to our delight." The *Chronicle* will be "more astonished than it has ever been astonished" if it does not hear a good deal more of May Sinclair in the future. Audrey "comes near to being a masterpiece of

feminine portraiture." "She was convinced that she had an individuality, and she yearned to develop it. In point of fact, she never had an original idea, a truly spontaneous impulse. 'If you could have cut a vertical section through Audrey's soul you would have found it built up of successive layers of soul. When you had dug through Wyndham you came to Ted; when you had got through Ted you came upon Hardy, the oldest formation of all.'" The *Standard* notes that "the fault of the story, if a fault it can be called, for it is one of method only, is that it shows a certain lack of emotional force, so that even the crucial scenes leave the reader somewhat unmoved, and gives the impression that the author wrote it from an intellectual standpoint, rather than an emotional one." "Perhaps," it adds, "the book is for the thoughtful reader rather than the hurried: the student of human nature will certainly find it interesting." The *Saturday*, having praised the characterisation, especially of the woman, soberly observes that "though *Audrey Craven* is in no sense a great work, it stands out honourably from the mass of rubbish that is put upon the book market under the name of fiction as a clever and well-written story. There is not a line in it that strives at 'smart' writing, but there is an abundance of good English, and now and then a good phrase."

"A CURIOUSLY amorphous book," says the *Speaker*, "to come from one who could have been described as a great master of English style. . . . We have sentences of personal reference and explanation breaking out in the most unexpected places . . . ; but we search in vain for any careful discussion of the questions really at issue." Comparative mythology which confines itself to language "is only a branch . . . and cannot be regarded as a science adequate to the interpretation of religious belief; for belief cannot live without the institutions which are ever modifying it. . . ." Further, "how far is the comparative mythology of one race [the Indo-European] applicable to all races? . . . Even granting the principles of Mr. Max Müller, to argue from what may be true of a sphere within which his illustrations hold . . . to what is true of all mythology is a step too gigantic for any stride known to logic. . . ." The book "has contributed to our knowledge of its author a little, but less than a little to our knowledge of the science he would commend." The *Athenæum* laments that "no orderly statement of rival theories is attempted"; that, "large as is the space occupied by polemics, they are ineffectual, because nowhere definite in aim or precise in method; while they constantly irritate by insistence upon secondary or irrelevant points." Special mention is, however, made of the sections devoted to Mordwinian mythology—"the sources from which the author draws his account are inaccessible to most English readers, and the mythology itself . . . is full of interest and charm."

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Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

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Young and Old,

'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!"

That is the work of a patriot poet in exile; this is by a poet sorrowing for Ireland at home, to whose comfort comes the Spirit of Poetry, thus wonderfully described:

"Brightness of Brightness came, in loveliness,  
advancing.

Crystal of Crystal her clear gray eyes were glancing,

Sweetness of Sweetness her soft words flowed, entrancing,

Redness and Whiteness her cheek's fair form enhancing.

"Cluster of Clusters, her hair descended flowing,

Swept o'er the flowers in showers of golden glowing;

Round her a raiment more pure than purest snowing,

Lofty her radiant race far beyond our knowing."

One would gladly quote some of the early poems, Christian or otherwise, tremulous with their joy in nature. Saint Columba, saying farewell to Ireland, hardly knows whether he most regrets to leave its beauty or its people: he sings them in one breath:

"Many, west, sweet apples shine,  
Many kings and princes fine,  
Many snowy-blossomed sloes,  
Many oak trees, few the woes."

He loves the pale sea about the Hill of Howth, to sail in his ship *Red-Dewy*, to see the flash of the gulls' white wings; to listen to the blackbird as he claps his wings for joy; to the lowing kine at "dewy dawn"; to the "cuckoo's call at summer's brink." And the pre-Christian poets are full of a like childlike exultation over the beauty of the world. It is a feature of Irish poetry, in whatever language written, up to the present day, this childlike, not philosophical, delight in nature, its colours, and scents, and sounds. For the rest, there is no such thing as "the Irish style" or "the Celtic note," if by that be meant that a sort of wistful Byronism or passionate melancholy, set to somewhat wild and tumultuous melody, is that style or note. Irish poetry is most various, and it has been marked by an astonishing care for, an amazing skill in, technical accomplishment and dexterity; this often to a disastrous degree. The pioneers of Irish literature seem to have found a subtle fascination in forming language into intricate music, in obedience to complicated rule and law: and the same thing is true of the Welsh. It could result in marvels of difficulty overcome to splendid effect by true poets, as also in obscure and soulless compositions by mechanic metre-mongers and poetastic pedants. That Celtic poetry is essentially a wandering wail, a careless shout, is a fiction, rather dangerous to writers who have the laudable ambition of Celticising themselves. In this by no means voluminous collection they may discover how classical, joyous, and humane has been much of the best



Irish poetry, from "Milesian" days to those of O'Connell.

Dr. Sigerson's introduction and notes are full of arresting points. First, there is the momentous fact that in early Irish literature, and there alone, we can view a primitive European civilisation untouched by Rome: a possibility of too obvious a value to require comment. Then there are the gifts of Irish genius and learning to Europe, as when, in Renan's words, "legions of Irish saints and scholars in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries inundated the Continent," bringing with them classical knowledge, philosophy, natural science, artistic crafts of design, and also, as Dr. Sigerson stoutly contends, the gift of rhyme. We think that he hardly makes sufficient allowance for the traces of rhyme in the Greek and Latin classics: indeed, a slight, a very slight, inclination to claim for Ireland the *primordia* of post-classical literature in matter and form is the one possible blemish upon his book. But that the Irish systems of verse had a great effect upon Continental versification is indisputable: as it is, that to St. Sedulius, "hymn-writer when hymns were rare," as Bard Ethell sings, is the chief credit due. A third point is Dr. Sigerson's valiant championship of the "Danes": and assuredly he batters some grievous breaches in what has commonly been considered a well-fortified position. A more important matter, historic justice apart, is the insistence upon the debt of Norse literature to the Irish—a question in which Dr. Sigerson fully corroborates and accepts the contentions of those eminent Norse scholars, Messrs. Vigfusson and York Powell. Very interesting also are the demonstrations of the occasional influence of Irish poetry upon English up to Elizabethan times, when it was chiefly exercised through the instrumentality of Irish airs, and Drayton, that lover of things Celtic, wrote:

"The Irish I admire,  
And still cleave to that lyre,  
As our music's mother;  
And think, till I expire,  
Apollo's such another."

But all these are points for the specialist: for the intelligent public it is enough to read and enjoy the "golden treasury" of Irish verse in Dr. Sigerson's English setting. Comparatively few of the poems will be familiar to the English reader; and some famous and familiar pieces, as the "Dark Rosaleen," he will look to find in vain, doubtless, for sufficient reasons. But he will certainly feel his comprehension of the Irish character in art quickened and enriched, while the Irishman will be disposed to answer the question debated in the *Fortress of Finn*, "Where is the sweetest music?" with Finn's own answer:

" 'This is Song and this is Music,'  
Spoke our lofty Leader old;  
'Blowing breeze' mid moving banners,  
And an Army 'neath their gold.'"

For the book is full of noble Irish exultation and of noble Irish mourning.

## OUR CENTRAL AFRICAN PROTECTORATE.

*British Central Africa.* By Sir Henry H. Johnston, K.C.B. (Methuen & Co.)

IN recent years no English—or must it now be "British"?—name has been more intimately, certainly none more honourably, associated with the African continent than that of the author of this encyclopædic work. If we mistake not, his interest in that part of the world dates from early in the eighties, when the fruits of a visit to the Portuguese settlements on the West Coast were embodied in a valuable monograph on the races of Angola and Benguela published in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* for 1883. Other expeditions rapidly followed to the Congo (*The River Congo from its Mouth to Bôlôlo*, 1884), and to Kilimanjaro, on the slopes of which six months were spent in studying the natural history and anthropology of the surrounding plateaux and highlands (*The Kilimanjaro Expedition*, 1886). The experience thus acquired soon received official recognition, and with the Consular work done in the Niger Coast Protectorate (1886-88) was opened a brilliant career of some ten years in the public service, which has been crowned with well-earned honours, titles, and more substantial prizes.

Undoubtedly, Sir Henry's most notable achievement was the restoration of order and the firm establishment of British rule under almost overwhelming difficulties in the Nyasaland region, to which he was appointed Commissioner and Consul-General in the year 1890. At that time the country between the Lower Zambesi and Lake Tanganyika, which in the partition of the continent had been assigned to England, was in a state of all but hopeless chaos, a prey to every imaginable form of political and social disorder—Arab slave raids abetted by Angoni and Yao predatory tribes, almost open Portuguese warfare, more dangerous German intrigues, missionary squabbles, discontented and even disloyal white settlers, famine, pestilence, massacres, and so forth. But our "Pro-Consul" was of the Roman type, and so far from despairing of the land, which still lacked an official designation, he boldly named it "British Central Africa," in anticipation, as he explains, of its future expansion westwards and northwards. The name has been objected to as somewhat "previous"; but no true patriot will blame him for believing in his country's "manifest destiny," although international rivalries have for the present prevented British Central Africa from attaining "the geographical limits to which I had originally aspired, and which would have amply justified its title" (*Preface*).

Meanwhile, the practical government of the country was undertaken with such vigour and ability that the Commissioner was in a position to announce quite a marvellous transformation in his official "Report of the First Three Years' Administration of British Central Africa, 1894." The bellicose Portuguese were soothed with soft words; German intrigue was nipped in the bud; the Arabs were driven out and

have not since returned, while their native allies were either pacified or crushed; the missionaries also at last understood that they must henceforth give up all hopes of temporal rule, and confine themselves to the religious and moral teaching which they had already begun with such excellent results at Blantyre and in other parts of the Shiré basin.

The work under notice may be regarded as an enlargement and continuation to date of that triennial *Report*, in which all these wonders are recorded in clear, and even eloquent, language. Speaking generally, it constitutes one of the most solid and comprehensive contributions to our knowledge of the "New Africa" that has yet appeared in England or abroad. Some idea of its multifarious contents may be formed by a mere reference to such subjects as the physical geography of the Nyasa region, its history, the slave trade, the missionaries, botany, zoology, the natives and their languages, to all of which separate chapters are devoted. An estimate of its value to students of the country may be had from the consideration that these subjects and several others are dealt with, often at great length, and always at first hand, by a naturalist who has had a wider experience of things African than almost any other living authority.

We have spoken of the author as an eloquent writer. He is often even fascinating, and there are many descriptive passages of great charm and beauty which crop out wherever the subject lends itself to picturesque treatment. Steaming up a steadily flowing river (the Shiré?), the observer notices in mid-stream

"an islet of very green grass, so lush and so thick that there are no bright lights or sharp shadows—simply a great splotch of rich green in the middle of the shining water which reflects principally the whitish-blue of the sky; though this general tint becomes opaline and lovely as mother-of-pearl, owing to the swirling of the current and the red-gold colour of the concealed sand-banks which in shallow places permeates the reflections. Near to the right side of the grassy islet, separated only by a narrow mauve-tinted band of water, is a sand-bank that has been uncovered, and on this stands a flock of perhaps three dozen small white egrets closely packed, momentarily immovable, and all stiffly regardant of the approaching steamer, each bird with a general similarity of outline almost Egyptian in its monotonous repetition. The steamer approaches a little nearer, and the birds rise from the sand-bank with a loose flapping flight, and strew themselves over the landscape like a shower of large white petals."

Amid such vivid scenes we seem to be once more accompanying the late Prof. Drummond on his delightful excursion through tropical Africa. But our author is perhaps more sympathetic, at least with the human elements of his surroundings. He can sympathise even with the Arab slave-dealer, whose occupation is already on the wane, and who recognises the emblem of the new order of things in the British ensign which flutters at the mast-head of the tiny gunboat riding at anchor within a stone's throw of his cabin on the blue waters of Nyasa.

"In his dull way this unlettered man has grasped the fact that, from their own inherent faults and centuries of wrongdoing, Islam and Arab civilisation must yield the place to the religion and influence of the European. He has no prejudice against Christianity—on the contrary, perhaps a greater belief in its supernatural character than some of the Englishmen he entertains from time to time—but if his inchoate thoughts could be interpreted in one sentence, it would be: 'Not in our time, O Lord!' The change must come, but may it come after his death. Meantime, he hopes that you will not drive home too far the logic of your rule. When he is gone the Christian missionary may come and build there; but while he lasts he prefers to see nothing but the ramshackle mosques of his own faith, and to have his half-caste children taught in the Arab fashion. He points out some to you who are sitting in the verandah of an opposite hut, under the shade of a knot of papaw trees; a hideous old Negroid Arab with a dark skin and pockmarked face is teaching them to read. Each child has a smooth wooden board with a long handle, something like a hand-mirror in shape. The surface of this board is whitened with a thin coating of porcelain clay, and Arab letters, verses of the Koran, and sentences for parsing are written on it by means of a reed pen dipped in ink or by a piece of charcoal."

Such pictures are of frequent occurrence, pictures in which not merely the local colouring and outward forms, but the inner soul and the vivifying spirit are depicted true to life. As might be expected from the bent of his studies, the writer devotes much space to this human factor, both in the historical survey, which is admirably done, and in the chapters specially occupied with the physical and mental characters, the customs, beliefs, and languages of the present inhabitants of British Central Africa. It is unnecessary to follow him in his speculations on the origin and evolution of mankind, although a protest might be entered against the assumption that the theory of an Asiatic or Indian cradleland "at present holds the field," unless, indeed, "India" is to be taken in a very wide sense, so as to include Indonesia and, perhaps, some other lands now forming the bed of the Indian Ocean. He stands on somewhat safer ground when he suggests that the present Bantu populations were preceded in Nyasaland by a race "akin to the Bushman-Hottentot type of Negro." The writer himself has met true Bushmen as far north as the 14th parallel on the West African seaboard; he also refers to specimens of the so-called "Bushman stones" picked up at the south end of Tanganyika, and mentions traditions of this primitive race still lingering among the Mañanjas of the Mlanje uplands.

Other evidence might be adduced in proof of the former range of Bushman nomads right up to the lacustrine plateaux, whence our author supposes them to have been driven south of the Zambesi by Bantu immigrants from the North not more than some 2,000 years ago. But it is difficult to believe that the Bantus, whose centre of dispersion is placed somewhere about the Congo-Chad water-parting, were such recent arrivals in South Central Africa; nor are the arguments advanced in support of this view at all convincing. No doubt the Bantu

linguistic family, occupying the whole of the area in question, still presents a remarkable degree of uniformity throughout its wide domain. But the same is true also, and even in a far higher degree, of other linguistic families, the Semitic, for instance, which has occupied the south-western parts of Asia for many thousand years, and whose various branches nevertheless betray but comparatively slight signs of disintegration.

Both in this work and elsewhere the author attaches much weight to the fact that nearly all the Bantu peoples have a common name (dialectic variants of *Kuku*) for the domestic fowl, which was introduced into Egypt from Asia not before 400 B.C.; hence, he argues, "it is clear that the Bantus knew the fowl prior to their dispersal" (p. 480). This is a curious *non sequitur*, the fallacy of which becomes obvious if we suppose, as is probable enough, that they have also a common name for the manioc plant, for instance, which, nevertheless, was introduced from the New World within the last two or three hundred years. The names of all such useful objects generally spread with the objects themselves from tribe to tribe, from people to people, dispersion or no dispersion. Innumerable cases in point will occur to the student of comparative philology from the Malayo-Polynesian, the Finno-Tatar, the Guarani, the Aryan, and other widespread linguistic groups.

Exception must also be taken to the statement that the Semitic is a development of the Hamitic type, while

"the Hamites themselves obviously originated as a superior ascending variety of the Negritic species, from which basal stock had been derived in still earlier times the Bushman-Hottentot group, whose languages—especially that of the Hottentot—are thought by some authorities to show remote affinities in structure to the Hamitic tongues" (p. 54).

Lepsius's suggestion of a probable relationship between the Hottentot and Egyptian (Hamitic) languages was never accepted by any sound philologist, while anthropologists are now almost unanimous in separating the Hamito-Semitic from the Negro division of mankind, and grouping it with the Caucasian, using the term in Blumenbach's sense.

At p. 55 the Bantu migrations southwards are assumed to have taken place "about 1000 years ago," doubtless a misprint for 2000. Attention may here be called to a few other slips or inaccuracies calling for revision in future editions. *Monomotapa* is still spoken of as "a powerful empire of Bantu Negroes" (p. 56), although it has lately been shown that the word is undoubtedly a personal title, meaning perhaps "prince" or "lord of the mines." In a note the term is properly treated as a title, although the suggested derivations cannot be accepted. We read (p. 56) that "simultaneously with the first Portuguese Conquistadores and mining adventurers came lion-hearted Jesuit missionaries," that is many years before the Order of Jesus was founded; the first missionaries in those parts were Dominicans, such as Dos Santos and others. Another anachronism (p. 62) is a "Zanzibar Sultanate" at the end of the

eighteenth century, this sultanate not having been founded till the year 1857. The foundation of the Matabele kingdom also appears to be ante-dated by several years (p. 62), and at p. 89 *Katunga*, the name of a station in Nyasaland, occurs twice for the mining district of *Katanga* in the Congo Free State; lastly, why *Ci-Nyanja* several times for *Chinyanja*, as at p. 485? which is the proper form according to the orthographic system here adopted.

The work is enriched with a profusion of original illustrations (mostly from photographs and drawings by the author), several useful maps, and a tolerably copious index.

#### ENGLISH HISTORY FROM AMERICA.

*The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III., and its Culmination in the Barons' War.* By Oliver H. Richardson, A.B., Professor of History in Drury College. (Macmillan.)

THE reign of Henry III. has been by no means lacking in historians, and its important constitutional aspects have been dealt with by Bishop Stubbs in a manner which may be said almost to reach perfection. Still there was ample room for a little volume like Mr. Richardson's, which, without professing to give a detailed narrative of a period covering more than half a century, attempts, in the words of its author,

"to portray, first, those movements which tended to denationalise the Church and State of England by the perversion of the political doctrines of thirteenth century France and the Empire-Church; and, secondly, those counter-movements which resulted in the complete triumph of the national principle as manifested in the dim beginnings of the revolt from Rome, in the completion of rare unity, and the establishment of the constitution upon a basis both national and popular."

Though his preface is written from Germany, Mr. Richardson's home is evidently on the other side of the Atlantic, and his work does great credit to the present state of American historical scholarship. The neglect of original authorities with which Mr. Freeman once reproached Transatlantic historians in general can certainly not be charged against our author. Besides diligently consulting all the best modern writers on the period, he has made a careful study of the copious contemporary literature, and claims, not without reason, to have endeavoured "to catch the spirit of the time from the pages of the historians who lived among the events which they so vividly describe."

The remarkable analogy between the conflict of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth cannot fail to suggest itself to the most superficial reader, and though, of course, there are points of contrast, there are far more instances in which the likeness is most striking; especially there is a very great similarity between the personal characters of the two monarchs against whom the struggle for constitutional liberty had to be waged. In both we see the same combination of private virtues and

public vices. Mr. Richardson has well sketched the character of Henry III.:

"Visionary, without the ability necessary to realise his dreams; narrowly pious, without the self-control necessary to stability of character; extreme in his views of royal power, yet incapable alike of inspiring respect in his friends or fear in his foes—he must have drifted if left to himself. But he was not so left. From the very commencement of his reign he fell under influences which seized the salient points of his character and never relaxed their hold."

This might stand, almost without alteration, for the portrait of Charles I. A considerable resemblance may also be traced between the foreign policy of the two sovereigns. In both cases ambitious and far-reaching projects end in the most utter and complete failure, though it must be said that Henry's interference in European affairs proved far more mischievous and disastrous to the country than that of Charles, and was much more directly the cause of the attempt to deprive him of his authority.

The special feature of this reign, and a point in which no other presents an exact parallel since the time of Edward the Confessor, is the predominance of foreign influence. Peter des Roches and his Poitevins were bad enough, the Provencal adventurers who flocked in after Henry's marriage were no better, but far worse than either were the Papal legates, with their ever increasing exactions from both clergy and laity. The "inauspicious alliance between needy Pope and arbitrary king" proved, indeed, of bitter fruit to the country during many miserable years, though finally, by the difficulties in which Henry was involved by his preposterous undertaking to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Pope in the matter of Sicily, it proved one of the main causes of the great constitutional development which marks the reign.

When the union between the Papacy and the monarchy was so close, it is with surprise that we find a body of men who all over Europe were the most effective agents of the Roman See arrayed in England on the popular side—namely, the mendicant friars, especially the Franciscans. All historians have called attention to the great influence which they exerted in support of Simon de Montfort, but none seem to have been struck with the striking contrast which their attitude presents to that of the continental brethren in the struggle between the Papacy and the Empire, which itself was the main cause of the Papal demands on England for money. The fact, however, is certain that the Franciscans constituted one of the main elements of the most democratic section of the reforming party, and that as a body they adhered to Montfort even after the Papal excommunication. The famous political poem known as the "Song of Lewes" was composed by one of their number, and there is no document of the time which throws a greater light on the views and aims of the national party.

Mr. Richardson has given a careful analysis of the poem, which its importance certainly merits. The distinctness with

which the right of resisting a bad king is laid down is very remarkable. "If a prince errs, he should be checked by those whom his injustice has afflicted, unless he himself will correct his mistake." Very striking are the words in which the author of the poem sums up the conclusion of the whole matter:

"First in the rank stands the community. Law reigns supreme over the dignity of the king and is his guide and stay; its absence overthrows the kingdom. The maxim so often cited, 'ut rex vult lex vadit,' is untrue; 'nam lex stat, rex cadit.' The sum of this universal sovereign law is Truth, Charity, and Zeal for salvation; let all royal ordinances be consonant with these; then will the people prosper and the kings will indeed be law."

Mr. Richardson puts a very interesting question when he asks:

"In how far did Simon de Montfort share the doctrines of the poet? Did his theory keep pace with his practice, or was his political action, which forms almost the sole standard of our judgment, based wholly on practical insight, the drift of the times, and his own needs? . . . We know that he received his sympathetic education largely through his intimacy with the leading Minorites, and there exists at least one definite proof that they had speculations in common on such subjects. . . . As a matter of individual opinion then, one may be permitted to believe that De Montfort's political practice was based partly upon political theory; the belief is certainly not inconsistent with any known facts, and there is considerable pleasure in the thought that the man who did so much for the popular liberties of England, and who, according to the view of so many of his contemporaries, fell a martyr to his duty, the cause of God and the Church, died in the light of a dawning faith that the voice of the people was indeed the voice of God."

#### FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

MR. A. S. WEST'S edition of *Bacon's Essays* (Cambridge University Press) is furnished with a running commentary of footnotes, in which obscure or archaic words and phrases are interpreted, and quotations from the classics and elsewhere translated. The idea is a good one, and we have on other occasions advocated its adoption in school editions of Elizabethan and earlier English authors. This arrangement enables the general drift of an essay, a scene in a play, or a section of a poem, to be rapidly grasped by a preliminary reading in class, the portion so read being set as a next lesson, to be supplemented by a knowledge of the more elaborate notes at the end of the book. Some of the footnotes here, nevertheless, might surely have been spared. It was hardly necessary, for instance, to explain that "jesting Pilate" is equivalent to "Pilate in derision," or "Doctors of the Church" to "teachers of the Church," or "perfidious and neglecting friends" to "perfidious and negligent friends," and so forth. But what are we to say about the forty pages, or thereabouts, which are devoted to an "Index of Proper Names"? Here, among similar recondite profundities of sacred lore, it is revealed to us that Cain killed Abel, that Elias was none other than Elijah, that Paul was a

native of Tarsus, and that Christ was executed during the procuratorship of Pontius Pilate. And in other departments of learning the novelty of the information imparted and the extent of the erudition displayed is not less startling. In geography we discover that "the Andes are a range of mountains in Peru"; in history that "Anselm succeeded Lanfranc as archbishop"; in art that "Apelles was the most celebrated painter of antiquity"; in mythology that "Mars was the Roman god of war" and that "Juno was sister and wife of Jupiter." Then we have biographies of Brutus and Becket, of Nero and Nebuchadnezzar, of Cæsar and Charles the Bold, and, indeed, of any other human being, commonplace or obscure, famous or infamous, historical or mythical, the mention of whose name by Bacon afforded an excuse for netting him or her into this miraculous and motley draught; and so it goes on, almost *ad infinitum*, quite *ad nauseam*. Seriously, can Mr. West suppose that those who require instruction of this character are fit or likely to read Bacon's essays? For the rest, the Notes proper are well done and not overdone, and we have remarked in them very little with which to find fault. The exploded form "Publius Syrus," however, appears on p. 191 for "Publilius Syrus"; and on p. 197 Enclosures under the Statute of Merton are confused with those under the Enclosure Acts, which did not begin till the reign of Anne; while to refer readers (p. 232) to some thirty lines of Green's *Short History of the English People* "for an account of Elizabethan architecture" is clearly absurd.—Mr. R. L. A. Du Pontet contributes to the series of "British Classics for Schools" (Arnold) what strikes us as being the best educational edition of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* in the field. One or two points only in the Notes call for comment. The King of France could not "elect" an Emperor (p. 165); the explanation of "mail" on p. 145 is inadequate and consequently misleading; the second reference to Livy on p. 156 should be xxii. 57; and there is an evident slip on p. 153, where "maniple" is put for "century."—Mr. E. K. Chambers's *Samson Agonistes* (Blackie) is, on the whole, a very respectable edition, and appropriate to the purpose it is intended to serve. Here and there in the Notes, though, there occur some strange misconceptions; for instance, a lion rampant in heraldry does not mean a lion springing (p. 83), the original meaning of "brigand" (p. 140) was not a "robber," and there is no book in the Bible entitled "The Revelations" (p. 77). Mr. Chambers's notions about armour, too, are curious. He describes the "vant-brace" or "vambrace" (p. 146) in such a way as to include the "rere-brace," although the correct derivation which he gives of the former phrase should have protected him against this error; he confuses the gauntlet (p. 141) with the mail-mitten; he states that the "brigandine" (p. 140) was a coat of mail, to which it bore not the slightest resemblance; and he lightly rules that the "habergeon" or curtailed hauberk (p. 141) was a breastplate, whereas experts have not yet agreed that the term

was ever used in the latter strained sense. Technical terms are better left alone if they cannot be handled in a scholarly manner. —We have also before us several numbers of the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* (Blackwood). In the absence of any notice to the contrary, these presumably and apparently are verbatim reissues of the original series arrayed in what is supposed to be a more attractive exterior, and may therefore be described as old wine in new bottles. Books of this class, however, unlike wine, do not, as a rule, improve by age. No attempt seems to have been made to bring them up to date.

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*The Connoisseur.* By Frederick S. Robinson. (Redway.)

IT needs, perhaps, a born writer, and not so much a member of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease, to be exceedingly interesting to all the world when holding forth upon the vagaries of collectors and upon the acquisition of objects of art. The Dean who could have written "beautifully about a broomstick" could have written agreeably—nay, even delightfully—at short notice about Hollar's etchings, drawings by Cavaletto, or Louis Quatorze furniture, although there is not the least reason to suppose that Jonathan Swift's knowledge of any of these things was more than very superficial. But the connoisseur is scarcely ever a born writer at all, and when he is, the instinct of the writer, his care for his own art, obliges the writer to dominate over the judge. Unless he is writing upon the particular art-subject which is his special fad—with one man it is Dutch pictures, with another exquisite Prints, and with another Porcelain and precious stones (since these become Art by virtue at least of their treatment by lapidary or jeweller)—he will regard strict accuracy as of less importance to the world than that no one of his sentences should be incomplete, or lacking in rhythm or in charm, or it may be even in humour, and so his essays will be agreeable literary exercises rather than very matter of fact handling of his nominal theme. Now for Mr. Frederick S. Robinson—a son of the well-known expert—there is this to be said: that his position is somewhat between that of charming writer and accomplished dry-as-dust. If his work is not a remarkable instance of literary craftsmanship, it is nevertheless done neatly, or, at the least, flowingly. He does not pretend to put before us an assemblage of undressed facts. He is fairly readable, at all times, and if some of his stories have seen the light before, he yet abounds in interesting anecdote—much of which he owes, doubtless, to his father—in relation to the business of collecting and the vicissitudes of precious things; and if his writing is never either very profound, on the one side, in its displays of accumulated knowledge, nor, on the other, very brilliant in its manipulation of our English tongue, yet is the work careful and creditable; and, if not the connoisseur, then, at least, the

intelligent person dipping into a fresh subject, will find much that may entertain him to know and to remember in Mr. Frederick Robinson's handsome tome.

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"TEMPLE DRAMATISTS."—*Edward the Third.* Edited by G. C. Moore Smith. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

*Edward the Third* is one of the half-dozen so-called "pseudo-Shakespearean" plays as to which a serious case for Shakespeare's authorship or part authorship can be made out. As a whole, it is a somewhat tedious and uninspired specimen of the historical drama. The first two acts, however, and especially those scenes which contain the famous Countess of Salisbury episodes, are in another vein; and here it is that divers critics have plumed themselves on recognising the hand of the master. Others, again, admitting the merit of the work, but not feeling quite sure about its resemblance to Shakespeare's, have preferred to assign it to some writer of considerable gifts otherwise unknown to us—some "one-playman"—in the terrible jargon affected by Dr. Furnivall. These opposing views, and the evidence for them, are excellently summed up in the careful and scholarly edition now before us, Mr. Moore Smith himself evidently inclining to the view of Capell, that the authorship is "conjecture only and matter of opinion, and the reader must form one for himself." With this, on the whole, we agree, though we doubt whether Mr. Smith has quite laid enough weight on the occurrence of a phrase and a line from the play in the 94th and 142nd of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Mr. Moore Smith thinks that they both fit the context better in the play than in the sonnets. We agree, as regards the line—"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds"—not as regards the phrase, "scarlet ornaments," which in the play is applied to cheeks, in the sonnet, more appropriately, to lips. But is there any other instance in the Sonnets of Shakespeare cribbing a whole line from someone else's published play? And is it not an unlikely thing for a sonneteer to do? We suspect that the line was in Shakespeare's head, and that he used it twice at about the same time. In any case, as *Edward the Third* was entered on the Stationers' Registers in December, 1595, the parallel tells in favour of an early date for the sonnets.

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*The Counsels of William De Britaine.* Edited by Herbert H. Sturmer. (F. E. Robinson.)

This book has been wrought upon long and carefully, but it is a strange product. Mr. Sturmer came upon the title *Humane Prudence* in a catalogue, and found that it belonged to a book on the conduct of life which appeared anonymously in 1680. He read the book, tracked it through twelve editions, and found out all that he could about it. That did not amount to much, for a somewhat tedious inquiry only leads Mr. Sturmer to suggest that William De Britaine may disguise the personality of John Davies, of Kidwelly (Carmarthenshire), a writer of sufficient note to have found a place in

the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Mr. Sturmer's faith in his theory is so modest that he concludes the whole argument with the observation: "But I think that, whether 'De Britaine' was John Davies or not, his ideas are worthy of preservation." We doubt it. To begin with, the ideas were not so much De Britaine's as other people's. The book seems to belong to that school of ethical collections which had great vogue with our Puritan forefathers, and of which Penn's *No Cross, No Crown* was the best example. But whereas *No Cross, No Crown*, derivation though it was, had animation, this book has none. We should be loth to think that Mr. Sturmer's re-writing of it is responsible for this. We are willing to believe that the "hundreds of little alterations, transpositions, and excisions" which he has made have actually enlivened De Britaine's text. Yet turning over these pages we almost sigh for the "printer's errors," and the "extraordinary mélange of styles" of which Mr. Sturmer has so industriously purged the original.

Maxims, counsels, and moral reflections generally, need sauce of some kind. Either they must be beautifully logical and clean cut, or they must disclose a man. But these chapters on Study, Religion, Censure and Detraction, Passion, Riches, the Art of Being Happy, and what not, are to us unreadable. Even the obscure De Britaine admitted they were only a compilation, and having admitted it he cheerfully dispensed with quotation marks. Thus the De Britaine clay is varied with dulled if distinguishable passages of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. To our rescue comes Mr. Sturmer with a fringe of notes that wanders along the bottom of the pages; but he only deepens our despair when he admits that some of the notes are introduced "in the hope of making the pages look less monotonous than they otherwise might do." We do not think that their monotony could be made less or greater than it is. The book may fulfil its special object of helping the serious "young man, coming of age, or leaving a public school."

\* \* \*  
*Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Connacht and Ulster.* By Hugh Allingham. (Elliot Stock.)

CAPTAIN CUELLAR was a Spanish officer on board the Armada. He was wrecked off the coast of Donegal, and after many "hair-breadth 'scapes" among the "savages," reached the fort of a rebel MacClancy clan, and there stood a siege by the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam's troops. In the end he made his way to Scotland and so to Antwerp. From here he wrote to a Spanish friend a detailed and racy account of his adventures. This narrative has already been used for historical purposes by Captain Cesareo Duro in *La Armada Invincible*, and again by Froude in *The Spanish Story of the Armada*. Mr. Allingham now prints a new and careful translation by Mr. Robert Crawford, together with an elaborate essay of his own in which he discusses the geography of Cuellar's wanderings and various points of archaeological interest that arise in the course of



his story. The little pamphlet, for it is no more, makes very entertaining reading. Captain Cuellar, though in rags and fearful for his life, was, like a true Spanish *Caballero*, not insensible to the charms of Irish eyes. He records, for the envy of his home-keeping friend, how he met many women *hermosissimas por todo extremo*, and how exceedingly kind they were to him. In other respects, too, he kept his eyes about him, and his observations tell us a good deal about the manners and customs of the "savage" Irish of the sixteenth century. It is curious to read that, "savage" as they were, many of them were able to discourse with strangers in Latin. This is what Cuellar says of their general mode of life:

"They live in huts made of straw. The men are all large bodied, and of handsome features and limbs; and as active as the roe-deer. They do not eat oftener than once a day, and that is at night; and that which they usually eat is butter with oaten bread. They drink sour milk, for they have no other drink; they don't drink water, although it is the best in the world. On feast days they eat some flesh half cooked, without bread or salt, as that is their custom. They clothe themselves, according to their habit, with tight trousers and short loose coats of very coarse goat's hair. They cover themselves with blankets, and wear their hair down to their eyes. They are great walkers, and inured to toil. . . . The most of the women are very beautiful, but badly got up. They do not wear more than a chemise and a blanket with which they cover themselves, and a linen cloth, much doubled, over the head and tied in front. They are great workers and house-keepers, after their fashion."

In the introductory essay, Mr. Allingham, who has an intimate knowledge of the locality, patiently tracks Cuellar's route, and corrects some errors of Froude and others. He adds some interesting remarks upon the nature of the iron treasure-chests which are so often exhibited as relics of the Armada. These appear to have been freely in use over the whole of Europe during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and many of them had probably reached both England and Ireland in the ordinary course of trade long before the Armada came. Others, however, have been recovered from wrecked ships, and are therefore genuine trophies of the great victory.

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*Notes on the Painted Glass in Canterbury Cathedral.* With a Preface by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. (Aberdeen: University Press.)

THE Dean's preface to this little anonymous book misquotes Milton, but justly points out the worth of such a monograph. The aim of the writer is "to give some account of the changes which have taken place in the arrangement of the old painted glass, and to keep a distinct record of modern additions." Her object has been achieved, though not, perhaps, in the clearest manner. There are signs of carelessness in the text, as where we are referred to a non-existent foot-note (p. 50), or where the North Transept of the choir is called the South Transept (p. 3). Again, the naming and numbering of the twenty-seven plates might with advantage have been connected directly with the plans of the windows given by the author, and

with her descriptions of them, rather than with her list of the plates themselves. But these are small, if irritating mistakes, which will doubtless be rectified in a future issue. In the meantime the Canterbury Pilgrim who desires to understand the Cathedral glass and its pious histories will find the "Notes" of great value. The Pilgrim who is also a humorist will be grateful for the reprint of amazing Culmer's account of the destruction of "proud Becket's glassy bones," which were joyously rattled down out of their place, where the "prime Cathedral saint-Arch-Bishop" was "most rarely pictured—in full proportion, with cope, Rochet, miter, Crosier, and all his Pontificalibus."

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*The Victorian Era in South Africa.* By H. A. Bryden. (African Critic Office.)

ALL through the prolonged crisis of the past two years there has been great need of a handy and compendious history of South Africa, giving in small compass the outlines of what has gone on since the beginning of the century. Mr. Bryden has undertaken to fill that want, and though his sketch of South African history really starts with the Queen's accession, it is quite sufficient, for there is nothing in the present situation which cannot be explained by a reference to the history of the past sixty years. In 1837 only the Cape Colony, which then occupied the extreme south of Africa, was a British possession, and north of it was an uninhabited wilderness tenanted chiefly by vast legions of game and by lions. The great trek of the Boers to the north took place just at the time the Queen came to the throne, and with that anti-British movement the politics which culminated in the present crisis may be said to have had their rise. Mr. Bryden summarises the period in ninety easily read pages, and in addition to giving the bare outline of facts, shortly indicates the tendency of each successive movement and its ultimate bearing on the present situation. This he does with great impartiality, saying all he can—many people will think too much—in favour of the Boers, though he evidently is no great admirer of the race. There are some sad stories of Colonial Office ineptitude and ingratitude in the little book, but it is just what the newspaper reader needs to enable him to get a just appreciation of questions of the day. Two portraits of the Queen, in 1837 and in 1897, are frontispieces to the volume, the value of which is increased by maps of South Africa in the same years, and by a very useful little index.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### "IN REPLY."

THAT everyone is out of town is almost the only fact to be chronicled in the book trade. Still *The Christian* and Prince Ranjitsinhji's book must be selling somewhere, and must also have been subjects of much remark among booksellers. It occurred to me to write three or four letters to as many booksellers asking for reports on the only matters on which I could trouble

them with inquiries with any show of reason. Two large London booksellers, who, I trust, have enjoyed their holidays or are on the brink of doing so, have replied as follows. The first, writing from the West End, says:

"The two leading books of the week have, undoubtedly, been *The Christian* and Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket*. Considering it is the dull season, and a large number of our customers are out of town, we have done remarkably well with both books. The fact, however, that the former work has appeared in the *Windsor Magazine* has militated against its sale in book form. The many criticisms, *pro and con*, upon the work will tend to promote its sale. Ranjitsinhji's *Cricket* is so full of interest to all lovers of the game that it will continue to sell well for some time. The *édition de luxe* does credit to its publishers, and will shortly become a scarce book. One other work, *The Choir Invisible*, is selling well."

My second correspondent, whose report refers to more central London, writes:

"The publication of Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* and Hall Caine's *The Christian* in August has been a great help to the book trade, the 6s. edition of the former having been sold out by the publishers in three days. We have had the mortification of sending customers away, as a fresh supply is not yet forthcoming, the publishers apparently experiencing considerable difficulty in coping with the enormous demand. On the other hand, we hear that 50,000 copies have already been printed of *The Christian*. The get-up of the Prince's cricket-book (6s. edition) is disappointing, many of the illustrations being anything but good, the page is ugly and the margins are very small. There are, however, two *éditions de luxe*, on larger paper, both of which are well done, though rather too thick and heavy."

"The persistent booming of *The Christian* before publication has had a distinct effect on the demand, which far exceeds that for the *Manxman*."

"The leading writers of fiction are still keeping up their popularity and making many new friends among the holiday-seekers. Among books more especially in demand we notice the following:

"*The Chevalier d'Auriac.* By S. Levett Yeats.

"*An African Millionaire.* By Grant Allen.

"*Dracula.* By Bram Stoker.

"Mr. W. H. Jacobs' *Many Cargoes* continues to sell well; perhaps its stories of coasting life appeal to the seaside visitor. Captain Mahan's books are also selling well now. We may look forward to a very full and busy publishing season, so many books having been held over from the spring. Trade generally is quiet, but holiday literature is going strong."

Our Brighton correspondent writes:

"Prince Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* has had a very large sale in Brighton, especially the 25s. fine paper and the popular 6s., this fact being perhaps due to the fact that one of the collaborators to the volume is attached to the staff of the leading bookseller in Brighton and Hove."

"Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian* is having a fairly good run among our literary subscribers, but the consensus of opinion appears to be that the production is not up to the previous standard of Mr. Hall Caine's books."

"Guide-books (English and Foreign) still enjoy a steady sale. Other sales dull in the extreme."

The expectation of a big publishing season is general; and by the end of next week there should not be wanting signs of its definite beginning.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*An Altruist.* By Ouida.  
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Ouida's new book is not precisely a novel, for it is almost entirely a discussion of socialistic opinions, nor is it a pamphlet, for it does not advocate any view; perhaps, on the whole, it is less unlike one of "Gyp's" sketches of social life than anything else. At all events, it is exceedingly different from the author's usual work, yet exceedingly characteristic in its attempt to reconcile her sympathy for all noble aspirations with her settled conviction that well-bred people ought to have an ornamental setting. The story is briefly this. Wilfrid Bertram, a young gentleman who is first cousin, nephew, or godson to most of the peerage, has acquired communistic theories which he propounds in print to the world and orally to such of his relatives as will listen to him. Naturally the relatives scoff or get angry according to their various temperaments, but unanimously disapprove. Bertram, however, has concealed the worst blow that is in store for them. He proposes to contract marriage with a young person of blameless character, whose mother, Mrs. Brown, is a thriving laundress. The marriage is to be the result of principle, not of inclination. The crisis begins when Lord Marlowe, one of the most unbridled scoffers, discovers Bertram *à tête-à-tête* with his fiancée, and by injurious comments goads the Socialist into an avowal of his purpose. In the same morning an anarchist orator is arrested in Hyde Park for being drunk and disorderly. Bertram goes to assure the constable of his personal knowledge that the man is a total abstainer. Unfortunately, however, facts are against that view. He returns sadly home, only to find his valet, whom he esteemed so highly that contrary to all socialistic principles he retained his services, engaged in pillaging his jewel-case. On the top of these agreeable experiences, in comes a lawyer with the announcement that a little-known Italian cousin has just died leaving Bertram heir to an immense property in England and Italy. This is the last straw, and a heavy one. "Sir," says the aggrieved Socialist, "do you mean to insult me?" Fortunately, however, there is an acceptable alternative. In the event of Bertram's failure to accept the inheritance, it goes to Magdalen College, Oxford; and this is an arrangement which the philosopher can contemplate with equanimity. Accordingly, to the consternation of his friends and relatives, he refuses to have riches thrust upon him. Luckily for him, Miss Annie Brown, for motives highly creditable to her head and heart, releases him from his engagement; and Miss Cicely Richards, a charming young lady of his own class, who throughout has administered the most violent snubs to all scoffers, definitively approves his decision. Then in the last scene of the small volume comes the happy termination. A letter appears, written by the Italian cousin on his death-bed, in which that gentleman explains that, being himself cut off in the unrepentant bloom of his wickedness, he is nevertheless conscious that he is wicked; he has read Bertram's paper, *The Age to Come*, admired (platonically) its principles, and therefore bequeathes his property to a man who will do his duty by the tenantry. What is Bertram to do—stand by his refusal and let Magdalen profit, or go back on it and take up the duty to be done? He appeals to Miss Cicely: she decides for respecting the dead man's wishes, and as the lawyers have not yet acted on Bertram's refusal, the matter is easily settled, and we are given to understand that the pretty young lady will help the earnest young man. So no principles are compromised, no incongruous marriage is made, and the young gentleman remains in his native station as dispenser to the poor of this world's blessings.

Let it be granted that in real life things do not, as a rule, fall out so conveniently; granted, also, that Wilfrid Bertram is the

most rabid type of prig, ignorant and conceited; and granted, finally, that the book, with a great appearance of argument, proves absolutely nothing. Nevertheless, it is never dull, and there are a good many things in it that show a true knowledge of the world. Mrs. Brown, Annie's mother, is a purely theatrical type; it would be hard to invent anything more wildly improbable than the scene in which she begins a discussion with Lady Jane Rivaux and the sympathetic Cicely in Hyde Park, and breaks it off to advertise her own business and solicit custom. "Mrs. Brown," says Cicely; "ah, that rare name! you must certainly be the mother of Annie." But, conventional as she is with her Adelphi dialect, Mrs. Brown has some very good lines to speak. She has been asked to advise Bertram on the dilemma—to accept or reject the inheritance. "Take it," she says.

"Mrs. Brown," says Bertram, "your daughter would not say so."  
'Likely not, sir. She's a slim snippet of a girl as haven't felt any of the weight o' livin' yet. When she hev, she'll know that a full money-box is the softest pillar one can lay a tired head on any night.'"

And here is a dialogue between Annie and her betrothed, in which it will be seen that Annie talks very shrewd sense; what Bertram says is no more a caricature than the rest of his utterances:

"Oh, why do you want love? It is something so vulgar, so unspiritual, so indicative of an unoccupied mind! I have the highest respect for you, which I am about to prove in the strongest manner that any man can from his sentiments."

'Yes, I know, sir; but—but—'

'But there are finer sentiments than love!'

'Perhaps there are, sir, for the gentry. But love's poor people's feast; the only one they ever knows all their days. And—you—don't love me?'

It is a pity that Ouida thought it necessary to make Bertram such an incredible prig; but it is quite sound to emphasise the truth that a prig may be heroic on occasion—in defence of his priggishness. The defect of overcharging all effects seems incurable with this lady, and that is easily understood; but I am amazed that such an experience of authorship should not have convinced her that accuracy in small points is desirable. *Au bout des lèvres* is very odd French. "As for taxation, it is the arc of Toryism," is a strange looking sentence. "Lubies" is not an English word, though printed as one. Max Nardau is unfamiliar. Lord Southwold (who, by the way, is very well sketched) is described as a "choleraic, but amiable person." This gentleman wore for a watch-chain his "poor old Hector's steel collar. How he'd thresh out five acres of turnips before luncheon." Surely to work through one turnip field of such reasonable dimensions before even the earliest lunch is no great achievement for the most elderly pointer. However, in these matters Ouida is incorrigible; and she is always readable, though *An Altruist* is by no means equal, for instance, to *The Massareenes*.

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*The Octave of Claudius.* By Barry Pain.  
(Harper & Brothers.)

By those who like Mr. Pain's work, this, his first long story, has been waited with some eagerness. He has proved himself, during the years in which he has been writing, the possessor of much fancy and invention, unusual readiness, a whimsical and humorous point of view, and a style always crisp and clear and often distinguished. Hitherto he has not publicly attempted anything but fantastic tales and comic or satirical sketches. In *The Octave of Claudius*, his first novel, Mr. Pain has not, I think, succeeded. At the outset the reader is led to expect two things—a mystery, and minute humorous social observation; and in the end he comes short of both. The mystery is averted by a catastrophe; the

human nature is never deeply studied. The book, in fact, never quite makes up its mind what it will be—a fatal fault.

Here are the first four sentences:

"Mrs. Wycherly was not quite old. She seemed always to be keeping one foot on the tail of her youth; the poor thing squeaked, but could not quite break away. In her conversation she would often drag you, all tremulous, with her into the confessional, where you found to your disappointment that she had no sins, only errors of diet. She was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out."

It is as well, perhaps, that such a tension is not sustained throughout the three hundred pages that follow, but here, surely, the author implies a promise that ought to be kept. A first page should give some kind of keynote to a book; yet once Mr. Pain has passed the threshold he practically takes leave of epigram; Mrs. Wycherley becomes nothing, a mere shadow, unworthy of this prominence, an obstacle between the reader and Claudius; and social observation gives place to melodrama and mystery. With the introduction of Claudius the story, as story, begins, and Mr. Pain warmly attacks his task. Claudius is a young gentleman weary of life, who is picked up by Dr. Gabriel Lamb, a fanatic vivisectionist, in a London suburb; nursed back into health by him; and finally bought, body and soul, for a dark and terrible experiment in exchange for eight thousand pounds and eight days to spend it in. Mr. Pain's avowed theme is the story of those eight days—that octave; but he has made Dr. Gabriel Lamb so intensely mysterious that his most admiring readers will look upon this interval only with impatience. As on the night of Claudius's return to Dr. Lamb, the night preceding the great experiment, the doctor is murdered by his wife, the story, to all who are interested in the mystery rather than the intervening eight days—which is to say, to forty-nine out of every fifty readers that it gains—closes as a "sell," a variant of *The Lady or the Tiger*. I view it in this way myself. I feel that I have been Mr. Pain's victim; although at the same time I believe him honestly to have meant to put his strength into the account of the eight days.

None the less, even if there were not this irritating anxiety to get through that period, the book would not attract me. Mr. Pain has not enough interest—to use an idiomatic phrase, he is not "keen enough" on people—to make a good novelist. His point of view is too whimsical, too humorous: he has too little sympathy; he needs to be more intent and serious. There is excellent writing in the book, but one never forgets that it is the result of artifice. One is not convinced. It is not made clear to me that Claudius would sell himself to Dr. Lamb. Mr. Pain alleges it, but he does not prove it. Nor has Angela the breath of life. Burnage is a clever study, although too much space is given to him. The triumph of the book is Dr. Gabriel Lamb, who, though he reminds me alternately of *The New Arabian Nights* and the scientific stories of Mr. Wells, has yet an individual being. Here is a scrap of one of his conversations with Claudius, preparatory to the offer concerning the great experiment:

"Ah, Sandell, it is well enough that we should look backward—from man to the anthropoid ape, from the ape to the original bird or reptile; but to look forward is better. We are not at the end yet. I see—yes, in my mind's eye, I actually see—this new humanity. It walks erect, cringing to no mystery. It holds the keys of life or death—of heaven and hell. It is the master of its fate, makes its character, moulds its physique, has just what intellect it wills. And all that may happen if I will tell it, as I hope to tell it, some two or three things."

I strongly advise Mr. Pain to leave pictures of middle-class society to others, and confine himself to fantasy, grim or comic. He has rare gifts in that direction.

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*By Stroke of Sword.* By Andrew Balfour.  
(Methuen & Co.)

It would be fair, perhaps, to begin with Mr. Balfour's full title: *By Stroke of Sword; a Romance taken from the Chronicles of Sir Jeremy Clephane, King's Justice and Knight of the Shire of Fife; Overlooked by Master Judas Fraser, Dominie of the Parish of Kirkcoun, and Rendered into a More Modern English by Andrew Balfour.* To those who are initiated there is rich promise in such an opening; a promise well supported by the table of contents. It is not, however, immediately fulfilled, for the two first paragraphs of the

story (which is a matter of over three hundred pages, of five hundred words apiece) run thus:

"It seems strange to me, Jeremy Clephane, that at such an age as it hath pleased God that I should reach—and He knows it is not a small one—I should take upon me to set on paper those strange wanderings, and yet stranger escapades, which have fallen to my lot.

I say that it passes my comprehension that it should be so, and would, without doubt, have passed that of many I once knew, though truly but few of them had much at the best, but as it happens they have one and all gone to their own place, albeit many a one of them hath wagered with me that I should go before him; but whither am I wandering?"

Dull books have begun after the same long-winded fashion; and "How on earth can I have patience to read a book written like this?" says the reader to himself, feeling that were it not for the table of contents and a certain business-like air which the volume wears he would be for laying it aside and turning again to *Lorna Doone* for the genuine article. Such, I will admit, was my own attitude. But, instead, I skipped a page or so and came to Chapter II.—"Of the strange man who dwelt upon the shore"—and after that all was well. Singularly well, indeed. Mr. Balfour's romance is a banquet of good things: he knows all the favourite dishes of the lover of boys' stories, and he has included a sufficiency of each. We have the man of enormous strength, continually in peril and always extricating himself by cunning, wit, and "De Cusac's wrist-stroke"; we have land fights and sea fights; we have piracy and Papist plot; we have Dons and hidden treasure; we have rough jests and rude snatches of song; and there is also the inevitable maiden—beautiful Marjorie Bethune—but very wisely Mr. Balfour admits her only at the beginning and end of the book, and though the hero of course weds her they nobly abstain from caresses in public. In short, it is not too much to call *By Stroke of Sword* the best book to give boys that has been written since *King Solomon's Mines*. Thackeray is said always to have offered the same delicacy—apricot tart—to boys who lunched with him. I can recommend *By Stroke of Sword* to all hesitating fathers and uncles as quite as safe a rule in presents. It is certainly gory enough, but blood shed three centuries ago in a good cause can harm no one. This is the kind of thing:

"With bill and hanger, pistol, pike and rapier, crew fought crew, till the red blood ran in streams in the scuppers, and a pile of dead lay upon the deck, while oaths and curses, yells and groans filled the air, and once more the round shot from the galleon came crashing aboard, striking down Englishmen and Spaniards alike. Good luck! within five minutes' time I had slain three men and come within an ace of being killed, while I was stained with blood and wounded on the head by a splinter. I saw Simon hurl a don fairly overboard, and heard old Hocus shouting his war-cry."

Mr. Balfour's period is the reign of Good Queen Bess, who, indeed, figures in the book, as also does Sir Francis Drake. To write about such a time without the plentiful slaughter of Spaniards would be a disgrace.

What is lacking to the story is a coherent plot and any definite progress towards an end; but in the eyes of boys these faults will be atoned for by the profusion of exciting adventures. The printers, by the way, should have been more careful about quotation marks.

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*The Tombstone Treasure.* By Fergus Hume.  
(Jarrold & Sons).

If anyone ought to write a good detective story it should be Mr. Fergus Hume. There are, I know, people who shoot out their lips at *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. But it was a mystery; and that's the point. Mr. Fergus Hume, to be quite frank, has no more style than a bill-broker. But the mystery of that murder in the cab held you from start to finish, if you had any of the elementary emotions left in your nineteenth-century soul—because the author knew how to build a plot. Now you may have noticed that many men, so soon as they have discovered that they can do one thing well, instantly set to work on the attempt to do something quite different. Wherefore Mr. Fergus Hume, having discovered that he can write a story which will float a publishing company on its plot, insists upon writing stories which would sink a syndicate in its style. *The Tombstone Treasure* is a Georgian story, and is concerned with a sum of money reported to have been hidden by "Wild Ralph" who died in sixteen hundred and

something. The clue to the hiding-place lies in Wild Ralph's epitaph, which runs:

"Here lyeth one who from hys birth  
Numbered y<sup>n</sup> yeeres but VI. of VII.,  
Monies hee hadd not when on earth,  
But layed up al hys spoiles y<sup>n</sup> aire."

From this the wicked French Marquis, the melancholy Oswald (who descends from Ralph, and has no prospect of making a decent living unless he solves the riddle), and the sprightly Lady Sue try to find their way to the treasure. You know who found it. You would yourself find the way from the tombstone in the churchyard to the hidden treasure before you got halfway through the book. And that is my grievance against Mr. Fergus Hume. I know that the man who shouts "encore" is both ungrammatical and unfair, and that a man who writes one good story is not necessarily capable of writing another equally good and entirely different. But if Mr. Fergus Hume will sit down quietly and dovetail another plot as complicated and mysterious as the hansom-cab murder, and make a book of it, I will buy the book and not worry about discount.

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*The Eye of Istar.* By William Le Queux.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

Mr. Le Queux, in his latest story of African adventure, has found a way out of the great difficulty which besets writers of his class. Instead of making his hero one of those adventurous Englishmen whose characters are becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate from the host of previous heroes of fiction of the same type, Mr. Le Queux chooses for his principal character a Mohammedan. This, with the scene of his story—Central Africa, from the Soudan to the Niger—gives opportunities for unlimited "local colour," of which the author avails himself somewhat to excess. *The Eye of Istar* is, probably, not intended for adult readers. It is of the school of Mr. Haggard's *She*, and is crammed with hazardous adventures. I do not think it a particularly good specimen of its class.

## AN OLD "PROPERTY" OF FICTION.

THE BULL, THE GIRL, AND THE RED SHAWL.

THE following amusing study of one of the most venerable of the novelist's "incidents" appears in the New York *Critic* above the signature of Mr. Charles B. Loomis:

"There is no incident in all the realms of literature, from the 'penny dreadful' up to the three-volume novel, that has afforded so much material for the pen of the writer of fiction as the delightful episode of the bull, the young girl with the red shawl, and the young girl's lover. Sometimes the cast includes the lover's hated rival, but the story may be told without using him.

It is thirty-odd years since I first came across this thrilling adventure in the pages of a child's book, very popular at the time. How well I remember how my young blood—to be exact, my seven-year-old blood—thrilled as I mentally watched this frail girl, with a start of just three feet, lead the tremendous and horribly savage bull in a three-hundred-yard sprint, only to trip at last on the only obstruction in the ten-acre field; how, just as the bull reached her, she flung her red shawl a few rods to the right; how, the bull, leaving her, plunged after it; how she, weak and trembling, ran to the stone wall and managed to vault it just as her lover, a brawny blacksmith, who had seen the whole affair at too great a distance to be of immediate service, reached the wall and received her in his arms. 'Oh, Kenston,' she murmured, 'you have saved my life!' and then she fainted—and I believe the bull ate up the shawl. At any rate, its part in that particular story was ended.

I have always felt that, thrilling as this scene was, it had not been worked for all it was worth; but an extensive reading since then has brought me to the conclusion that, first and last, it has been worked for its full value.

The next time that I read the enthralling narrative, I was some years older, but the memory of the other telling was still fresh within me; and so, when, in the second chapter, I read about a savage old bull, one Hector, the property of Squire Flint, the meanest man in the county—not that his meanness had anything to do with the story, but it is one of the conventions that a savage

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bull shall be owned by a cross, crabbed, and thoroughly stingy man—I say, when I had read thus far, my pulse quickened. Inexperienced as I was, I somehow sensed the coming situation. I seemed to know as by clairvoyance that, however limited the heroine's wardrobe might be in some respects, there was one article of apparel that she surely possessed, or would possess, in time to meet the exigencies. True enough, in the very next chapter, her maiden aunt, a saintly old lady of ninety, died and bequeathed to her sorrowing niece a red pongee shawl of great value—as a bull-enrager. The book had seemed prosy at the start, but now that I knew what was coming, and that it was *that* that was coming, I read on breathlessly.

Needless to say that, in the next chapter, the young girl fell in love with a strapping young fellow, who immediately proposed—that they take a walk. How well I knew, though they did not, where that walk would lead them. The mad bull—in this case it was mad, although any old bull will do, mad or not—was rampant in a lot, a mile south of the young girl's house, and they started to walk due north; but I knew full well that they would need to cross that particular pasture before they got home; and a few pages later found them climbing over the stone wall into the bull's domain, and then they walked along, intent only on their new-found happiness. The day was chilly (in the middle of a particularly hot July), so that the girl could have an excuse to wear her red shawl. Now, having brought two of the actors on the stage, the cue was soon given to the bull, and in a moment the happy lovers, feeling the ground tremble beneath their feet, turned and saw Hector, his horns gyrating with rage, his eyes bulging out, and his head lowered as he thundered along, straight for the pongee bequest. To take her under his strong arm and to rush forward were the only things for the young man to do, and he did them; and then, the rest ran as per schedule. I believe that in this case the young man threw the girl into a tree and then plunged down a woodchuck's hole. At any rate, the girl was unharmed. That is the one unalterable formula in constructing these bull stories: save the girl unharmed. You may break the young man's leg or arm, and you may do what you will with the bull, but the young girl must come through unscathed.

It was years before this "moving incident" ceased to hold me, and in that time how many changes were rung on it. Once only was the red shawl absent, and I wondered how in the world the bull was to be infuriated, as he was a singularly mild beast in the earlier chapters and on May Days had been festooned with garlands. Then, too, the girl was in deep mourning—for her lover! But the ten-acre lot was all right, and as the author was a clever man, I felt that he would find a way to run the act with a small cast and no properties. So I read on, and after wondering, together with the girl herself, what could have caused the peaceful old bovine to chase her, tail up and head down, the full length of a particularly long pasture, she and I found out, when she realised, that, the day being sunny, she had picked up her cousin's parasol, which was, necessarily, of a brilliant scarlet. She had no lover, for, as I say, he had died—two chapters before the book was begun; but she did have presence of mind, and so she inserted the point of the parasol in the bull's mouth and then opened it, and while he was extracting it with his forepaws, she reached the fence and vaulted it in the usual way.

The possibilities of the incident are by no means exhausted, and so far from 'Amos Judd' being the last story in which it was used, I saw it in a tale published this month; and this time with the full paraphernalia of hated rival, lover, red shawl, and all; but for me it had lost its zest. To be sure, if they would make the hero an athlete and have him bravely stand his ground, while the girl climbed to the top of an enormous elm, and then, just as the bull lowered his head to toss him, have the hero jump high in the air and make the bull pass beneath him, and as he reached ground again, seize the bull, not by the horns, but by the tail, and, swinging it three times around his head, dash it against a tree and stun it—that is, if its tail were securely welded to its body—there would be an original treatment of the subject. And if its tail were but loosely fixed to it, the hero could pull it out, and the bull, filled with chagrin, would walk off dismayed and humiliated.

But pending that form of the story, I am studiously avoiding all novels that contain heroines with red shawls, or that make early reference to fierce bulls, or that speak of a certain ten-acre lot, peculiarly adapted for lovers' peregrinations."

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THE advantages of education and of that culture which Matthew Arnold wished might become more and more widespread are not admitted by everybody. They are not admitted by Mr. Nicholas Christian, who has written a book which he describes as "A Study in the Real Decadence," and entitles *That Tree of Eden*. Mr. Christian deplors the physical degeneration which he believes to be the accompaniment of popular education, and still more the decline of religious faith, for which he considers education a vain substitute. In an "Apologia," the author writes:

"Our position is that education *en masse*, and by forced marches, spells disaster, not so much in the immediate present as to succeeding generations. In every generation there is so much force stored up. . . . Nature sternly insists that this force shall not be impaired. If it be impaired by vice or hard conditions of life, or any similar causes acting on the great scale, the race dwindles, becomes weak, falls into the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water for stronger and more virile races. Force upon any individual, or any number of individuals, conditions under which the physical basis is not allowed fair play, and you will look for many generations of that individual, or group of individuals, in vain. Under the strain of cultivation and culture, in conditions far above any possible average that could be attained in the most favoured Utopia, we see the higher strata of our existing society continually dying out, being renewed from the unexhausted humanity below. Raise all the individuals in that unexhausted reservoir to a similar state of culture, and your race will collapse as if smitten with the pestilence."

Concerning religion, Mr. Christian writes:

"Catastrophe always has fallen on a nation that has lost the spirit of worship, the inner and

subtle significance of religion. For, truth to tell, religion is the one thing which gives us the sense of proportion in the life we lead, which restrains us from projecting forward our own obscure and ridiculous personality until it shuts out the vision of all other and more beautiful objects."

Books about Shakespeare—so they be sincere—have a kind of prescriptive welcome. The latest, *Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant*, has been written by the Rev. T. Carter to prove that John Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, was not only no Papist, but so advanced a Protestant as to deserve the name of Puritan. The book has an introduction by the Rev. Principal J. O. Dykes, who writes:

"If Mr. Carter's reading of the elder Shakespeare's life can be justified, the poet was, at all events, reared in a 'Puritan' home. The presumption which would thence arise—that the aims of the advanced Protestants, as they commanded the sympathy of Shakespeare's earlier contemporary, Edmund Spenser, and claimed the powerful pen of his younger contemporary, John Milton; so they retained a hold on the mature intelligence of a greater than either—is one which there is little or nothing that I know of in his writings to outweigh. . . . Those who recognise in the advanced Protestants or early Puritans under the Tudors the men who in their day embraced most faithfully the ideas of a new era—the men of freest thought and keenest sympathy with pure and true religion—will find the suggestion no less natural than welcome 'that William Shakespeare was the child of a Puritan and Bible-loving home.'"

American explorations in the East in the interests of archaeology are watched in this country by only a limited and a learned public. But the volumes in which Mr. John Punnett Peters has begun to narrate the adventures of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylonia in the years 1888-1890 may hope for wider recognition. The work, of which the first volume is before us, is well supplied with illustrations and maps. A second volume will follow, each bearing the title of *Nippur*. Before the explorations here detailed Nippur was scarcely known except as having been an important place in Babylonia. But, says Mr. Peters:

"We found that Nippur was a great and flourishing city, and its temple, the temple of Bel, the religious centre of the dominant people of the world at a period as much prior to the time of Abraham as the time of Abraham is prior to our day. We discovered written records no less than 6,000 years old, and proved that writing and civilisation were then by no means in their infancy. Further than that, our explorations have shown that Nippur possessed a history extending backward of the earliest written documents found by us, at least 2,000 years."

A seventh edition of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons' *Authors and Publishers*, rewritten, and with additional material, reaches us. The first edition of this manual appeared in 1883. Questions affecting the relations of authors and publishers have, perhaps, lost something of their acuteness since then, but on the authors and publishers are more numerous than ever. It is still true, as is pointed out by the editors of this work, that

"there seems to be some special fascination for

a considerable proportion of the community in matters connected with the production of literature, and even with the methods of the manufacture and distribution of books; and the large measure of interest shown by successive generations in the reminiscences of authors, and in the details of their work, indicates that the *quidquid agunt scriptores* is felt to possess a greater general importance than attaches to the doings of workers in other divisions of human activity."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART, POETRY, DRAMA, BELLES LETTRES.

SAUL, A TRAGEDY, AND OTHER POEMS. Vol. II. By Paul John. Mowbray & Co. (Oxford).

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF TIMOTHY OTIS FAINE. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

REALISM AND ROMANCE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the late Henry Macarthur. R. W. Hunter (Edinburgh).

SCIENCE.

ELEMENTS OF THE COMPARATIVE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATES. Adapted from the German of Dr. Robert Wiedersheim by W. N. Parker, Ph.D. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. 12s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CITIZEN BIRD: SCENES FROM BIRD-LIFE IN PLAIN ENGLISH FOR BEGINNERS. By Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Conner. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

FICTION.

ONE HEART ONE WAY. By W. Rousbeck Storer. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

WHERE THE SURF BREAKS. By Mary F. A. Tench. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

'Twas IN DEROLL DONEGAL. By Mac. Downey & Co. DOWNEY'S SIXPENNY LIBRARY: MR. MIDSHIPMAN EAST; ESMOND; BAIL; FRANKENSTEIN; THE O'DONOGHUE; OLIVER TWIST.

THE DIAMOND BANGLE. By Lillie Crane. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.

THE WORSHIP OF LUCIFER. By Mina Sandeman. Digby Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SNOW-PEARLS: TALES OF PAGET SOUND. By Ella Higginson. The Macmillan Co.

A WOMAN OF MOODS: A SOCIAL CINEMATOPHORE. By Mrs. Charlton Anne. Burns & Oates. 5s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

NIPPUR; OR, EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES ON THE EUPHRATES. By John Punnett Peters, Ph.D. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EDUCATIONAL.

CICERO PRO PLANCIO. Edited by H. W. Auden, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY. By F. Jeffery Parker, D.Sc. Macmillan & Co.

MODEL DRAWING OF TRUE PRINCIPLES. By William Mann. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON MANY SEAS: THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF A YANKEE SAILOR. By Frederic Benton Williams. Edited by W. Stone Booth. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS. By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EPITOME OF THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. By F. Howard Collins. Fourth Edition. Williams & Norgate.

THE A B C OF THE X RAYS. By William H. Meadowcroft. Simpkin, Marshall. 4s.

CRICKET LYRICS. By T. Disney. Digby, Long & Co. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE, PURITAN AND RECUSANT. By Rev. T. Carter. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s. 6d.

THE BEST BOOKS AND THE READER'S GUIDE IN SEPARATE SECTIONS: BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LITERATURE, 5s.; ARTS, TRADES, AND SPORTS, 5s.; GEOGRAPHY, 4s. 6d.; MEDICINE, 2s. 6d.; PHILOLOGY AND ANCIENT LITERATURE, 10s. 6d.; MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE, 2s. 6d.; SCIENCE, 3s. 6d.; ARCHAEOLOGY AND ANTIQUITIES, 2s. 6d.; THEOLOGY, 6s.; HISTORY AND HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY, 4s. 6d.; SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, LAW, AND EDUCATION, 6s.; PHILOSOPHY, 2s. 6d. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THE PRINCIPLES OF FRUIT-GROWING. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Co. 5s.

THAT TREE OF EDEN: A STUDY IN THE REAL DECADENCE. By Nicholas Christian. Hutchinson & Co.



## NOTES AND NEWS.

FROM Wednesday's *Times*:

"KIPLING.—On the 17th Aug., at North End House, Rottingdean, Sussex, the wife of RUDYARD KIPLING, of a son."

IN the current *North American Review* Mr. Edmund Gosse examines the literary history of the last ten years in England and comes to some interesting conclusions. In answer to the question, What can we discover of the form and character of 1887-1897? he replies that the first and foremost fact is that it has been a period of the removal of landmarks. Most generations have some great and venerable writer whom they may honour and exalt into almost godlike eminence. To-day we have none, if we except Mr. Gladstone, who is primarily not an author; Mr. Ruskin, who is no longer vocal; and Mr. Spencer, whose voice does not penetrate to the people. But during the ten years now completed the deaths have occurred of Browning and Tennyson, Tyndall, Darwin and Huxley, Kinglake and Froude, Newman and Jowett—all landmarks and all without successors. The men who should have succeeded some of them have unhappily died too: Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Pater, Lightfoot, Freeman.

THIS fact, that they have not left successors, is perhaps more melancholy than their own deaths, which for the most part occurred in the fulness of years. Mr. Gosse names but two, and these will not attain quite to the position of landmarks—or soothsayers made half supernatural by age—for some time. In Mr. Gosse's own words:

"If Mr. George Meredith is spared to us for ten years more, he will become one of those quasi-fabulous figures which stimulate curiosity so much, and serve so well to keep alight the flame of enthusiasm. But to find a single other name which can conceivably be put in the same topmost rank we must come down to a still younger generation—to Mr. Swinburne and his juniors—and it will be long, indeed, and far into the twentieth century, before Mr. Swinburne, *flos juventutis* of our poetry, can consent to be venerable."

MR. GOSSE next comes to the prevailing mode of literary expression—the novel. He considers the outburst of fiction under which we now labour to be disastrous, not only because it diverts readers from better things, but because it also turns authors into wrong channels.

"For example, Stevenson, manifestly born to be an essayist and perhaps a philosopher, was dragged, as a magnet draws a needle, to the irresistible rock of story-telling, and *Treasure Island*, begun as a joke for a boys' newspaper, was made the pioneer of a series of tales to which the author's exquisite style gave the persistence of literature. In Mrs. Humphry Ward a most accomplished literary critic has been lost to us; in Mr. George Moore a candid student of sociology; in Mr. Stanley Weyman a historian of the school of Robertson."

It is almost certain, says Mr. Gosse, that if *Modern Painters* or *The Grammar of Assent*

or even *The History of Civilisation* had been published within the last ten years, it would have scarcely attracted any attention at all, outside a narrow circle. It is more than probable that Buckle and Newman, if not Mr. Ruskin, would have resigned themselves to the inevitable, and have tried to present their views and convictions in the form of tales.

An article in the *Phonetic Journal*, says a correspondent, includes Charles Kingsley among "men of genius" who wrote a good hand. Yet it was Kingsley who so shocked a timid correspondent by the Socialistic extravagance of a postscript which ran: "My station is Wokingham." She read it, "My trust is the working-man."

MOST of the boys and girls who have had the good fortune to read Mr. Kipling's two *Jungle Books* have laid them aside hoping for more. But it has been reserved for an American boy to put the question to the author. "Dear Clement," was Mr. Kipling's reply—"Yes, I know some more jungle stories, but they are so bad that I am afraid the mothers of the little boys who read the other stories wouldn't want them to read this second crop; this is the reason I have not written them." Still there are one or two good stories for children which have not yet found their way from the serials in which they appeared into a book: the incomparable "Maltese Cat," for example, and a stirring tale of a boy who acted as pilot on the Hooghli.

CONCERNING the very successful invasion of London by American actors, the *Critic* writes as follows: "It is the raciness of the plays we have sent them that has made them popular. Gillette with his American war drama, Neil Burgess with his Yankee spinster, have taken the town; and now Mr. Charles Frohman tells us that he is going to give them Mrs. Leslie Carter and her great bell-clapper act. Though curfews are not rung in America outside of Nantucket, it is an 'American' idea to have a woman swinging from the clapper of a bell to prevent its ringing. I am sure that heroic scene will thrill the British pit with a new thrill, one that even Wilson Barrett could not give it."

THE moral drawn by the *Critic* from this success is that if American writers as well as playwrights would achieve raciness, American books would be equally popular here. "It is only the American author, the mere writer of books, who is not getting that appreciation at the hands of English readers that he deserves. Our best writers, they claim, are too much like their own; give them something racy in books, as we have given them in plays, and we shall have no reason to complain." This probably is true. Mr. Bret Harte, for instance, was at one time extremely popular in this country, principally because of the raciness of his work.

*Lorna Doone* is to be added to the long list of novels obtainable in sixpenny editions.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are the publishers. Meanwhile Messrs. Blackwood will shortly issue Mr. Blackmore's new romance, *Daniel*, which has been running in "Maga," Messrs. Blackwood, by the way, are themselves contributing to the sixpenny editions of fiction by bringing out George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* in that form.

IN addition to the selection of the prose writings of the late W. B. Rands, better known under his pseudonym of Matthew Browne, which Mr. Brimley Johnson is editing for Mr. James Bowden, there is likely to be a new edition of his verses for children, the copyrights of which have recently been acquired by Mr. John Lane.

OWING probably to the success of *The Sowers*, and possibly to the illustrated covers in which the new edition is published, Mr. H. S. Merriman's story, *The Grey Lady*, which fell comparatively flat on its appearance in 1895, is having a belated season of popularity in America. Two editions have rapidly been purchased since the middle of July.

MR. C. H. SHANNON has been awarded a gold medal of the first class at the International Exhibition of Munich for his picture, "The Wounded Amazon," which appeared in this year's *Pageant*. Sir Edward Burne-Jones also receives a first-class gold medal for his "St. George and the Dragon" series, and Mr. John Swan for his drawings of animals.

MR. DAVID NUTT has now in the press, and will shortly publish, a book entitled *Gossip from a Muniment Room*, by Lady Newdegate of Arbury. It contains interesting details in the lives of two Fitton sisters, one of whom married Sir John Newdigate of Arbury, and the other was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth. The private letters—of which the book is chiefly composed—tell their own tale, and give a curious insight into life behind the scenes of nearly three hundred years ago. Among Anne Newdigate's chief correspondents may be mentioned Sir William Knollys, Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Richard Leveson, and Francis Beaumont. The book will be illustrated from family portraits.

*To Be Had In Remembrance* is the title of a new anthology of poems concerning the future life, which Mr. Elliot Stock announces for early publication. The volume is edited by A. E. Chance, and illustrated with numerous designs by B. Montagu-Pollock.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. will publish early in September another romance of military life, to be entitled *The Rip's Redemption*, from the pen of Mr. E. Livingston Prescott, whose story *Scarlet and Steel* recently aroused so much attention among Army men by reason of its strictures on flogging.

# SHAKESPEARE AS A LONDONER.

THE pleasantly unusual view taken by Mr. Sidney Lee that, after all, we know a good deal about Shakespeare is not weakened by the fact that the London which Shakespeare knew is an open page to us. The page is mainly John Stow's. Many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and notably Ben Jonson, have left us vivid, racy pictures of London characters and customs; but Stow's plodding "Survey" enables us to see the whole, and to fit in the parts.

It was, indeed, a literary providence that raised up Stow among the Elizabethans. While they ransacked the world for beauty, the ages for tragedy, and exhausted euphony on their lines, this plain man was mapping out the streets and describing the churches and houses and shipping which constituted the centre and home of this literature, and of the human activities that inspired it and were by it inspired. We may be sure that Stow's love of London was shared by Shakespeare with added depths of love and insight proper to his larger mind. Shakespeare did not behold the London crowds, the palaces of the Strand, and the narrow, bustling alleys of the City unmoved; and to discover, as far as may be, just what he did see, and how he was affected by it, is no idle employment. It has been the employment, at all events, of Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, whose *Shakespeare's London*, recently published by Messrs. Dent & Co., is, we think, the first careful attempt to draw Shakespeare as a Londoner.

Mr. Ordish has had the wisdom not to fret about disputed facts and dates in Shakespeare's career. He has taken the generally accepted *life*, and after all no one who admits that Shakespeare was Shakespeare disputes that he spent his best years in London. How and why he came to London we do not know for certain. Supposing the deer-stealing story to be true, it is not clear that Shakespeare came to London immediately after, or in consequence of, that incident. There is some reason to believe that he went first to a village near Stratford. An old tradition had it that he supported himself for a time as a school-master. But to London, sooner or later, Shakespeare must needs have come.

Being yet buoyant he may have been moved to travel thither by nothing more material than that passion to see the metropolis, to plunge into its crowds, and to be "of the centre," which still brings youths of twenty-two up from the counties. It is probable that Shakespeare came to London on foot by way of Oxford and High Wycombe. Even then the lights of London must have flared like "a misty dawn" on the night sky, and we may imagine that Shakespeare's heart throbbed a little as he drew near to the splendid city. Splendid it was. Let the reader look at Visscher's view of Elizabethan London, which Mr. Ordish reproduces as the frontispiece to his book, and declare whether this was not a London in which Shakespeare might have retained, as he did, his love of Nature, and have absorbed also his deep sense of the grandeur of cities, the majesty of law, and the humane influences of commerce.

Visscher's panoramic view, taken from Bankside in the very year of Shakespeare's death, seems like another providential contribution to our knowledge of the man. His personality eludes us. Not the less is it a joy and an education to approach inch by inch through any and every medium to a closer acquaintance with the greatest of Englishmen. And one can spend hours poring on Visscher's minutely careful view of London, and say at least: Thus London looked to Shakespeare! We are standing on Bankside just far enough back from the river for the view to include two curious octagonal buildings, one of which is labelled "The Globe" and the other "The Bear Gardne." Beyond these we see the backs of the houses that fringed the Surrey side of the river from St. Mary Overy westward toward the site of Waterloo Bridge. Over these houses which lie low in the foreground we see the broad river. Visscher seems to have felt its majestic flow, and assuredly he felt its breeze; every sail, and there are many in his picture, is bellying proudly. Beyond, London proper stretches from the Tower to Charing Cross, throwing up its spires against the heights of Islington and Hampstead, and against the sky. London Bridge, sole link between the two banks, seems to groan under its houses and battlemented entrances. The roof of the south gate is like a ghastly pincushion with its traitors' heads stuck on poles. Thence turrets and gables, closely packed, lead the eye across to Fish-street and Cannon-street. Old St. Paul's dominates all. Nor are rolling clouds—not mere conventions of the engraver, but such white cumuli as Londoners might then see in their pure sky, and reflected in their pure river—wanting to a scene majestic and complex enough to have been in Shakespeare's mind when he made Prospero predict the fading of "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all that it inherit."

Several neighbourhoods of London are believed to have been known to Shakespeare with the intimacy which comes of daily routine. The traditions agree that in his first seven years in London he existed, "by very mean employments," in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. The father of Burbage, the actor, whose children claimed for him the distinction of being the first builder of playhouses, kept livery stables in Smithfield, and it was the custom of the town aristocracy to ride out to the two theatres—the "Theatre" and the "Curtain"—near Shoreditch Church. Shakespeare is said to have looked after the horses while their riders were absorbed in the play.

It may be surmised that in these years, being unattached—for it is certain that he saw little of his wife and children for eleven years after he left Stratford—Shakespeare joined in, or at least witnessed, the sports and pastimes of the town. He must often have walked in Finsbury Fields and seen the train-bands drilling and practising archery at the butts. One student has recently argued that Shakespeare was himself a practised archer. It has been noted that archery terms, correctly used, are scattered throughout the plays. Does not Shallow

exclaim on the death of "Old Double": "Jesu! Jesu! dead! a' drew a good bow. . . . Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see." Nor is Mr. Ordish without justification in suggesting that Shakespeare must have enjoyed many a walk northwards through the fields to Islington, Highbury, and to the woods and heaths of Highgate and Hampstead. It is not in the least necessary to suppose that Shakespeare brought most of his knowledge of nature from Warwickshire. Gerard's *Herbal* names hundreds of wild flowers that were to be found in the fields around London or at Hampstead, and many of these flowers are immortalised in the plays.

It was not long, however, before Shakespeare came further into the town. The theatrical companies of the Earl of Sussex, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Pembroke, were performing on the other side of the Thames, and Shakespeare became associated with them. Malone is the great supporter of the tradition that he lived between 1596 and 1608 on Bankside, close to the Globe Theatre, which had been opened there by the Burbages. It should be remembered that the "Globe" was burnt down in 1613, so that the building represented in Visscher's drawing is only the successor of the house that Shakespeare knew. But the Bear Garden, which had no such fate, appears as Shakespeare saw it. There are few more interesting transcripts of Elizabethan life in this quarter than the conversation about the bears, and particularly the notorious bear Sackerson, that takes place between Slender and Anne in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

If we accept the theory that for some years Shakespeare lived in Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, we may accept Mr. Ordish's sketch of his daily journeys to and from Bankside. "Residing at St. Helen's, Shakespeare . . . must have frequently walked . . . along Bishopsgate, down Gracechurch-street (Grass-street, as it was called then, past Eastcheap, over the Bridge to the Clink. At this time, too, the Burbages had another theatre at Blackfriars; and, after attending a rehearsal at the Globe, Shakespeare would walk on past the pike-ponds to Paris Garden stairs, and take the ferry there to Blackfriars." Such surmises of Shakespeare's daily movements are reasonable and refreshing. Mr. Ordish makes an excellent point when he says: "It is probable that, had it been adequately known how many-sided was the life of London as it presented itself to Shakespeare, how full of variety in a small compass, some of the books that have been written to prove he was a lawyer or some other profession; that he must have been on the Continent, especially to Italy; that he must have made an ocean voyage in a ship, or what not; might not have seen the light."

What Shakespeare could not learn from London, from London's river, and from those books of which we know he was a student, he could leave to more learned and less gifted men.

## THREE NEGLECTED BOOKS.

## I.—“DAGONET THE JESTER.”

It is a pleasant theory to nourish, that every deserving book sooner or later finds its way to those that can love it best. There is fate in these matters; a destiny that leads readers—by devious ways, it is true, and often very slowly, but surely enough—to those authors in whom they find most of that sympathy or attraction which it is the reader's end in life to discover. Some optimistic fatalists go farther and maintain that one always comes to a book at the right moment. Be that as it may, destiny is ever watchful to effect wise introductions. Sometimes her instrument is the reviewer: oftener this meeting grows out of conversations—a new friend always can tell us of a new book: now and then a belated appreciation performs the office; and it is not disagreeable to feel at this moment that it was destiny at our elbow which prompted the eulogy of three unobtrusive but real and individual little works that have never, we think, appealed to as many intellects as they should.

The first is *Dagonet the Jester*, by the ill-fated Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan, a tender, fragrant little fantasy of a nature very rare in English literature—the story of the Fool, or Jester, of my Lord Sandiacre; of the offence he gave to my Lady and consequent expulsion from the house; of his settlement in the village of Thorn Abbey as a cobbler; of his marriage to Nancy of the inn; of Nancy's change from ripe gaiety to seriousness; and of the bitter end their marriage had, by reason of the irreconcilability of the two natures—he being a child of nature, free of word and deed, untroubled by self-searchings and misgivings, void of offence; and she, though not less void of offence, fearful of impulse, anxious for her soul's good and his, a Puritan at heart. The period of the story is early Stuart, the border line of time dividing Merrie England on the one side and our own conscience-stricken England on the other. The historian is Master Aaron Blenkinsop, a boy of Dagonet's village, and the son of his best friend, Mistress Blenkinsop, and one who, coming under the patronage of the Sandiacres, grew to be a man of learning and a satirical wit.

It is a delicate, kindly fancy, touched with gentle communicative melancholy. The reader who desires a definite plot, or character-drawing firmly done in black and white, will find little to his mind here. The tints are low and faint and suggestion is more than statement. Yet why more persons are not familiar with the book is hard to say. We as a race may require facts boldly or extravagantly set down, but a steadily increasing number among us prefer the quieter way and are continually vigilant for good work. For those who would choose to be whispered to rather than shouted at Dagonet's story should have fascination: the good Aaron who tells the tale has so much of that indefinable quality which we call charm.

The title, truly, is a little misleading. When we see Jester on the cover of a book we expect fun; or, as in the case of Chicot,

adventure. But Dagonet offers more tears than laughter. He is not the rich man's Jester or Fool as, outside of Shakespeare (whose Fools are not the least radiant jewels in his crown of glory), he is understood in English literature. Dagonet rises head and shoulders above these. Dagonet is of the greatest, owning kinship with the fool in *Lear* himself. His was that folly that lies nearest wisdom. Perhaps a better name for it is unpracticalness informed by wit, the negation of the trick of “getting on.” The truest, gayest artists have it. Dagonet himself was an artist, in a day when men could be artists and not know it. He lived his own life.

Lady Sandiacre, being a vain woman blinded by conceit, missed Dagonet's rectifying smile when one night he offered her a quip, and he was straightway led to the confines of the park by his lordship, who, with tears in his eyes, bade the Fool farewell. At this point the story opens. Dagonet then settled down in the neighbouring village to cobble, and to be as merry as God willed amid the insidious beginnings of Puritanism. He lodged with the blacksmith Blenkinsop and Mistress Blenkinsop, the mother of Aaron, who tells the tale; and Mistress Blenkinsop that morning sent to the “George” for a flagon of Burgundy for breakfast, “wishing, as she said, to let Master Dagonet down easily from that high estate to which he had been used.” This Mistress Blenkinsop is a notable figure:

“Dagonet,” said Aaron later, “was born into a world which left confession to the parson. Much of his life was lived before every man was fain to be considered a priest, and when even the priest could look with smiling on May games and May blossoms. My mother was another such forest changeling, and minded her, as Dagonet doth still, of the green and growing earth, though my father could see nothing but the blackness of the Ironsides' empire between our tender lives and the avenging fires of God.”

Thus, we find Dagonet suffering not alone from the invasion of conscience. Mistress Blenkinsop breathed the same air; she, too, was very nigh to Nature's heart. Fiction is rich in good mothers, but few have more charm than this winsome dame. Yet too much even for her, with her indomitable spirit and sense, was the seriousness setting in at that time, and she, too, became troubled in mind and lost her gaiety. With her death the first part of the book, made valuable chiefly by her share in it, closes.

In the second part, twelve years later, we find a new Lord Sandiacre, young and foolish, with Aaron as his secretary. The scene opens with the return of my Lord to his home. He paused at the “George” for liquor, which was brought to him by the other woman of the story, Nancy Cotes, “that beautiful whirlwind,” as Aaron calls her. “When my Lord dismounted she strode up and threw one arm over his horse's neck, looking at us all with a kind of reckless defiance.” My Lord was struck, and Dagonet, standing by, saw it. It was perhaps with a view to her protection that a few days later Dagonet and Nancy were married; and with that step came the beginning of the end.

Dagonet was not for the fetters of marriage, nor had Nancy enough breadth of mind to admit so elvish a nature as her husband's. The Jester was the soul of kindness, but Nancy grew daily more anxious and less and less the beautiful whirlwind. Indeed, the memory of that day when she brought the drinking-cup to the young lord and met his eyes with gaze of equal frankness dwelt with her. The Calvinistic preacher was abroad, damnation was in the air, and weak vessels who had not sinned imagined sins with which to torture themselves. She was another of Puritanism's victims.

In such an atmosphere Dagonet languished and grew faint; moreover, his popularity in the village had gone, he was eyed askance. Scandal was talked of him. Wit was in bad odour, gaiety in worse. Dagonet, Nancy complained, could do nothing for her soul. He could not see. She wished to convince him of her love, but also of her unworthiness, and he would not understand. “He only pats and strokes me with ‘Good child! good child! I do most exceedingly love thee. And what a heart is thine too, Nanny! Be merry and love me as thou canst.’” No wonder that, observing this condition of things, Aaron exclaimed: “Woe unto the prophets of woe! Woe unto those that are ever urging on the poor soul to probe into its sores and its sins, as if a mere thought of evil should float for ever like a cloud before the Mercy Seat.” Aaron's last glimpse of husband and wife together was one cold evening when Nancy's mood was for the moment gay almost as of old:

“Looking in I saw through the cloud of smoke a most singular scene. With his back to me, and dressed in his old jester's suit, sat Dagonet, the married cobbler, drinking in tobacco, and making sharp strokes in the air with his bauble. Facing me, with a window-sill at her right hand, where were set holly-boughs and yew-twigs in a rich confusion, sat Nancy his wife. She had just been giving suck to her little boy, and her right breast shone through the firelight and blue smoke like a sea-foam of a creamy gold, blown suddenly into a glorious orb, and touching the sea-floor like another sun.”

“Be merry, little knave,” Dagonet was saying to his son, “but take to thee early the garment of wisdom and the mask of gravity”; and then Nancy produced from a secret place a little suit of motley for the child, and all were as merry as larks. But of a sudden Nancy's mood changed and she became sober again, and called for a truce to gaiety. It was Dagonet's last trial. He rose and slipped softly out with a bundle in his arms, while Nancy turned to the study of Ezekiel.

“I go to take the air,” Dagonet said, “and spell out on the gravestones the names of some of my dead cronies.” Some while later a suspicion came upon Nancy and Aaron that all was not well, and they set out to look for their friend. They sought in vain; but meeting with one Jock learned that he had but half an hour since talked with the Fool in the churchyard. He carried a torch and was reading the names on the stones. “Oh, for the goodly company of my friends who lie below,” he had

said—"Master Blenkinsop and his wife. . . . There will be no such cronies for me again. They reminded me never of my dishonour. And they who are left can think of nothing else." Dagonet was never seen alive again. They found him dead against Mistress Blenkinsop's tomb.

If you like to read a deeper meaning into the story you may. The author, indeed, helps you to it. In the transformed Nancy, so debonair by nature, so free and frank in her youth, and latterly so conscious of her soul's danger, and so timorous of spontaneity, you may discover the beginnings of that morbid desire for safety in the after-life from which so many have since suffered. "The conscience-stricken plaining mother at my side," said the observant Aaron, "was a type of the new woman, in whom the sense of sin was to be the predominant feature." And again, at the end: "For I think ever of the sap of the merry greenwood and the life-streams of England's wanton revelry frozen suddenly in Dagonet's beloved form." We may, indeed, if we like, consider *Dagonet the Jester* its author's protest against a world whose atmosphere is too bitter for the genial soul of the artist. Many a writer has come to this conclusion—it is native to the artistic temperament—but few have stated it more reasonably. A man had to feel deeply and love England and mankind well to write such a book as *Dagonet the Jester*. It is a persuasive plea for a franker life, less fearful and more merry: "Woe unto those who are ever urging on the poor soul to probe into its sores and its sins, as if a mere thought of evil should float for ever like a cloud before the Mercy Seat."

## ART.

### THE TATE GALLERY.

#### I.

IT might have been hoped that the experiment of a Greek façade in the London climate and London light had been sufficiently proved. In all the hope of the whiteness of the quarry and of the quarried stone, in the confidence of tradition, the new architect, age by age, has made the attempt anew, in indomitable defiance of the smoke, of time, nay of the sun itself. For the London sun does not ride so high that he can be tempted to lodge horizontal shadows under the levels of the heavy Grecian lines; he is a sun wheeling somewhat low—or somewhat low on an average—round the sky, and, therefore, a sun whose shadows are to be caught by the outstanding buttresses and the flying lateral members of the Gothic order. But there they stand, the triumphs of hope over experience, the Greek porticos banished from the upright Southern sun, and water-coloured so dead black at the freakish will of the soot and rain that the question of shadows is quenched on their pediments and among their columns for ever. That capricious aquarelle of the London winter climate takes little account of the hollows and shelters of architecture, and blackens impartially; the structure lodges pallid,

grey, half-hearted London shadows that are absorbed in the local black, as the half-sunshine is also. There is no play of natural climate over a blackened building in London upon which the artificial climate of smoke has done its work. Yet here, in the Tate Gallery, is an undiscouraged public building, Corinthian as to its portico, and raised on the horizontal lines of the South, save only that the cupola springs into air in defiance of everything. And for the moment the clear whiteness of the structure, and the sun of summer noon-day seem to justify the old experiment—all looks brilliant. And the architect is to be much commended for making some attempt to suit the scale, and especially the height of his building, to the style. The Tate Gallery is not only in its parts, but in its completeness, fairly proportionate to human life. Therefore it composes well with the river, among other things—nay, with the cloud itself.

Whiteness and a shedding of strong light rule everything within, and the recesses of the domed central hall hold, in sharp contrast, the dark bronzes of the statues—Lord Leighton's "Sluggard" and "Athlete"; Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Teucer," of which Millais said that if it were but a little injured, and had been dug up, it would have the respect it would never get to the full, being whole; the "Boy at Play" of Mr. Goscombe John, and the "Perseus Rescuing Andromeda," the buoyant and vivid work of Mr. H. C. Fehr. The "Boy," with its balance and its action, is a work somewhat lacking in beauty, and the sculpture of action is not entirely justified by Mr. Fehr's placing his Perseus on the back of his dragon, which lies crouching upon his Andromeda. The winged sandals, and the spirit, and the alighting movement of this well-designed figure, hardly do away with the sense of an added burden upon the undermost Andromeda. The "Sluggard," the "Athlete," and the "Teucer" are also all so many examples of the sculpture of action, but the action here is not dependent upon so delicate a thing as the very flutter, as it were, of poise. It is worth saying that the pretty and cheerful fountains circled out in the pavement should have something to mark them for the pre-occupied feet of strolling Westminster people, unused to find goldfish and lilies in their path, the while their eyes are wandering over the subtle lines of Mr. Onslow Ford's statuette of "Folly" just beyond. The two drinking fountains are very well imagined. They give a local air at once to the Gallery—a building set in the midst of a poor riverside people, whose children straggle in from the dust of the alley and the tramway street.

The pictures within might be expected to present the effect of a trebly mixed motive; but, after all, there is no cause why the pictures chosen by the judgment of Mr. Tate and those selected by the Council of the Royal Academy should specially differ; nor why these two sections should be unlike (except upon the matter of age in a few instances) from the pictures eased out of the National Gallery. Every collection is heterogeneous, and this

not more than another. But the hanging, in such a Gallery, should be above reproach. If the arrangement is temporary, it would be well to make some confidence on that point to the public; but for the present, at least, all confidences are markedly withheld, and we do not yet know whether we are to be guided by a catalogue, or whether the far better way—the only national way—will be taken in giving every picture its name upon the frame. When the building is complete, then, possibly, Cecil Lawson's "August Moon," Mr. Henry Tuke's "August Blue," the hill-side cattle picture of Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Lady Butler's "Remnants of an Army" will no longer be hung at their present height. If the "August Moon" were to continue where it is there would be an abiding reason for outcry; for it is lifted up on the top of the "Derby Day."

"August Blue" is a brilliant and beautiful picture, and, merely to match Mr. Tuke with himself, "All Hands to the Pumps," for all its many excellences, must be judged to be less perfect upon the point of action. It is too late to complain of the Chantrey choice in certain instances (and there is cause) but it is never out of date to approve the happy readiness that took possession of such a radiant work as Mr. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose." The utmost of delicacy, the extremity of refinement, without a moment of exaggeration of what is sweet and fastidious—a tact and choice without reproach—go with his triumphant sense of beauty in its rarer form. White is to be painted with one of two beauties—the hidden gold of Sir Joshua Reynolds or the cool latent violet which is the secret of the white of Mr. Sargent. Both are, at their best, so fine that by the white rather than by any colour are we inclined to judge a colourist able to charm us so. Of both kinds of white the beauty consists, needless to say, in the light, for there is as much light in the white opal of Mr. Sargent as in the glow of the warmer manner—and with light, spirit. The painting of the white dresses and of the fine childish flesh in the faces and necks of the "Carnation Lily" children is one of the most spiritual things ever done by colour.

It is a mingled pleasure to see again, in a good light, the famous "Ophelia" of Millais. The beautiful painting of the ordinary face is undeniable, but the beauty of the accessories—especially the bush of open wild roses—has to be sought for. For example, there is no manifest sunshine in the picture, and the strong green of the leaves does not look like the green of sunshine, but yet in the almost microscopically-seen middle of every rose there lies, as in a cup, a golden glow of sunlight, radiantly painted. It was apparently a part of the fashion—as a protest against prettiness—to paint the heroines of poetry with the faces of dressmakers—not prosperous dressmakers—and with expressions of head-ache. "Digging the Grave" seems really much inferior to this rich "Ophelia"; it is a hard picture, much more intent upon colour and contrasts than upon harmonies and lights. Its interest is almost all in the subject, with its vigorous gloom and sentiment. The



figure of the nun who is brawnily spading the grave-mould out is in fact strongly conceived, but the novice sitting by is somewhat sentimental, and singularly ununlike. There are some yet living who tell us that they saw the picture when the face of this vestal was of the ugliness sought for by the resolutely retrograde "advance" of the time; when Millais, many years later, relaxed the rule, he gave his nun the present rather handsome face. "The North-West Passage" represents Millais at a far different time; and "Speak! Speak!" is the most ably painted of the pictures of the last years, most of which the master's best admirers would gladly see destroyed.

The number of works by that poor painter E. M. Ward, to whom, in the day of our boastfulness, was entrusted some of the decoration of the House of Lords, is disproportionately large; they are disagreeably well-known to us all; so is the blatant "Hamlet" of Maclise, so is the work of the less obtrusive and quite undistinguished Augustus Egg; so is much else that for many years diminished the dignity of the official national collection in Trafalgar-square. For the landscape of Linnell we have no tolerance: it is lightless, spiritless, and violent.

## DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH the stage has seldom been more fully given up to frivolity than at the present moment, Shakespeare continues to hold his own, and more. He is an important item in most of Sir Henry Irving's seasons (though, to be sure, next winter, with "two new plays and three new playwrights" coming forward, there may not be much room for him at the Lyceum); Mr. Tree announces "Julius Cæsar" in addition to "Hamlet" for the coming season at Her Majesty's; and Mr. Forbes Robertson, occupying the Lyceum in Sir Henry Irving's absence, intends to give "Hamlet" and possibly one other Shakespearean play. All this betokens a praiseworthy devotion to "the legitimate." One wonders how far it is dictated by the natural desire of our rising or risen actors to range themselves in line with the great names of the past and how far by the demand of the public for classic drama. Assuredly the former consideration is not without its importance. Plays such as "Virginius" and "The Hunchback" have outlived their period solely because they are associated with famous personalities with whom the modern actor and actress like to bring themselves into juxtaposition, and naturally Shakespeare forms a useful connecting link and a standard of comparison for all dramatic periods. This is one reason why the classic drama can never be left out of the reckoning. Yet supposing one to be familiar with the dramatic and literary beauties of "Hamlet" (as the experienced playgoer is), the margin of novelty left for each new rendering of the central character must be comparatively small. What is there to be learnt of the character of the Prince of Denmark that

the histrionic and critical genius of this century alone has not amply revealed? The pessimist might well be pardoned for complaining of the "damnable iteration" displayed in the continued revival of "Hamlet."

On the other hand, the living texture of the drama, the play of character apart from the story (which many of the cultured intellects of the Latin races still take no more kindly to than did Voltaire), seems to exercise a spell over the public. The tradition may or may not be strictly accurate that, in the days when Shakespeare was more frequently played in the provinces than he is, the gallery boys were occasionally known to prompt the leading actor. But a significant fact is this, that when Mr. Tree interrupted the run of "The Silver Key," in order to close his season with a performance or two of "Hamlet" at Her Majesty's, he had crowded houses; which may imply, indeed, a sense of duty on the part of the public to patronise "the legitimate," but which is more likely to be the outcome of a keen interest in the treatment of the character *per se*.

To whatever cause the continued popularity of the legitimate drama may be set down, the fact is one of excellent import, especially in such periods of dramatic frivolity as that through which we happen to be passing. For it must not be forgotten that a country with magnificent dramatic traditions may, nevertheless, lose taste for its masterpieces. Spain is a case in point. All the great names in Spanish drama are now relegated to the upper shelf; the theatres of the Peninsula being given up mainly to musical farce, or translations of French modern pieces, with a small and insignificant leavening of Echegaray, Perez Galdos, and other native writers. Bull-fighting has killed tragedy in Spain. It is the one great national sport, and in second and third-rate provincial towns it can be reckoned to draw a mighty concourse of 10,000 or 12,000 spectators at prices that compare with our highest theatrical tariff. In ancient Rome the combats of the gladiators inspired a distaste for the feebler and more subdued effects of mimic tragedy, and so it is with the *corrida de toros*, which tolerates beside it only the *sarsuelas* of the popular stage. Perhaps the taste of the day is not in itself too favourable to tragedy. How the classic drama would fare in France at the present time but for the operation of the subsidised theatres it is hard to say. Certainly private managerial enterprise seldom or never leans in that direction, and the devotees of the old school are constantly lamenting the decay of the national taste for that class of entertainment.

It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that in the West-end theatres of London there should be such a recrudescence of classicism as the announcements for the coming season denote. Mr. Tree's "Hamlet," of which we are to have a further taste, is a curiously æsthetic, and one might almost say feminine, rendering of the character. While deficient in virility, by comparison with the rugged

interpretations known to the stage, it is almost surcharged with the airs and graces wherewith this romantic actor adorns his more imaginative work. Mr. Tree's is a tender, refined Hamlet, as indulgent with Ophelia, except where he detects her seeming duplicity, as he is impatient with the senilities of Polonius. He is never a mad Hamlet, but his nature is obviously too sensitive and highly strung for life at the Court of Elsinore. Like most leading actors of the present day, Mr. Tree has his favourite readings. Of these,

"The cat will mew, the dog will have his bay."

is perhaps the most striking. It is one of those which, if they did not rest upon some authority, might well be invented to suit the sense of the text. That every dog has his "day," according to the accepted version, has become proverbial, and will no doubt retain its place in popular speech, but on literary grounds there is much to be said for Mr. Tree's emendation. Evidently the line is meant to express an antithesis, and baying to a dog is as natural as mewing to a cat. Moreover, baying as applied to dogs was a word familiar to Shakespeare, who elsewhere uses it, as in the passage:

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon," &c.

THE typical summer piece continues its career. In its latest form it is presented, at the Criterion, as an adaptation from the German of forty or fifty years ago, under the title of "The Sleeping Partner." Neither the age nor the origin, however, of a summer piece matters, provided it belongs to what we are accustomed to regard as the more primitive school of humour or dramatic effect. "Primitive" is the appropriate word in the present instance. The piece is concerned with the relations of a father, a daughter, and a son-in-law. The father finding a room stuffy throws up the "practicable" window; the son closes it. This is repeated several times to peals of laughter from an unsophisticated house. Then the mechanical joke is reversed with equal effect, the son opening the window and the father as regularly closing it. Afterwards much merriment is produced by a butler's insisting upon laying the tea-table at inopportune moments, until finally he is kicked out with such violence that he falls down and smashes the tray—a stroke of humour which is equivalent to the time-honoured joke of sitting down on a handbox, or the buttered slide of the Christmas clown. The serious side of the piece is hardly more impressive. Through the excessive devotion to each other of a father and daughter, the latter becomes temporarily estranged from her husband. The sentiment here is forced and maudlin, though tactfully rendered by Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Lena Ashwell as the young couple, and Mr. James Welch as the father, the sleeping but still aggressive member of the firm. Summer audiences, however, when they are not on the guffaw, like to be on the whimper. It is a curiously old-fashioned phase of theatrical effect that the typical summer piece presents.

J. F. N.



# SCIENCE.

I ALLUDED last week to the miner's fancy that diamonds were a gift from heaven, and added the interesting explanation given by Sir William Crookes, that diamonds were common in meteoric stones. It is somewhat of a coincidence that there should immediately afterwards appear in *Nature* (reprinted from the *American Journal of Science*) a paper by the late Prof. Hubert Newton, proving that all over the world it has been customary to worship meteorites as gods. Some of the instances quoted are so interesting that a short list of them would not be out of place. The oldest of all is one that was found in an Ohio mound on a brick altar, surrounded by numerous apparently sacred or ornamental objects. What its significance may have been we can only conjecture. It is otherwise with the cases of stones placed on record as worshipped by African tribes, by Buddhist Hindus, and by Japanese and Chinese astronomers. In 1492 a stone weighing 300 lb. fell in Alsace, and was regarded by the Emperor Maximilian as such a portent that a Council of State was held to consider its meaning, and it was solemnly placed in a church. Raphael painted into an altarpiece in the Vatican a fireball which fell at Crema, and was held to have brought deliverance to Italy from the French. It is in classical theology, however, that Prof. Newton claims the most striking part for his meteorites. He holds the distinction between εἰκὼν, an image, and the earlier ἀγάλμα to prove that shapeless objects were worshipped before statues, and then tries to show that all images reputed to have fallen from heaven were either meteorites or statues which replaced meteorites. Thus the earliest statue of Aphrodite at Paphos was such a stone, rude and triangular in shape. So was the image of Artemis at the Tauric Chersonnese, celebrated in the legend of Iphigeneia. The Palladium of Troy is described in terms which bespeak a meteoric origin; whether it was in this form that the reputed Palladium was brought to Rome and guarded by the Vestal Virgins there are no means of knowing. Quite otherwise is it with the famous statue of Cybele at Pessinus, celebrated by Catullus in the "Attis." This was the "Idæan goddess," whose transport to Rome by command of the Sibylline oracle was supposed to have been operative in driving Hannibal out of Italy. The appearance of this "divinity" is described by many writers, in whose lifetimes it still existed as an object of worship. It was conical in shape, and resembled a needle of brown lava. When its temple on the Palatine was explored by Lanciani it could not be found. The clue to its disappearance is probably to be found in a note of 1730, when the temple was searched, and the author records his disappointment at finding no statue, but only a brown stone. After the foregoing we are not surprised at being told that the Ephesian Diana was in her earliest form most probably a meteorite, and that the statue which afterwards became so famous was either due to a desire for

artistic improvement, or else was a device of the gold and silversmiths, who made a living by the sale of replicas. One other interesting meteoric relic is mentioned by Prof. Newton. The veneration of the inhabitants of Arabia for their stone god was so deep-rooted that Mohammed spared it. "To-day that stone is the most sacred jewel of Islam."

H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

London: August 14.

After the use by Mr. Chambers of such expressions as "taking refuge in an unworthy quibble," "a very red-herring of a conjecture," "an argument *pour rire*," I might not unreasonably decline further correspondence. There is, however, one matter which I can scarcely pass over without notice. I am asked to "print in full" a certain letter in the Marquis of Salisbury's collection from Sir Edward Fitton to Cecil (dated August 5, 1600) "and add to it any other letters from Fitton to Cecil of the same date which may be in the collection." Other letters from Fitton to Cecil of the same date have, I should suppose, no existence. But, of the letter more particularly mentioned, I do not know that I ever had a complete copy. Lord Salisbury and his librarian, Mr. R. T. Gunton, were very liberal and kind in giving facilities for the research. Complete or partial copies of letters were sent, as seemed necessary. Some letters I personally inspected. Mr. Gunton, indeed, seemed to take a personal interest in the investigation. Mr. Chambers may rely upon it that nothing was withheld which was likely to elucidate Mary Fitton's early history. Without much better reason than at present appears, I cannot ask Lord Salisbury that further trouble should be taken in relation to the matter. Mr. Chambers does not allude to the really important fact that objection was made to paying "her portion" to Sir Edward's daughter (certainly not Mary Fitton's sister, who, since 1587, had been Anne Newdigate, and who was not at all likely to be "hindered") on the ground that the discharge was not a good one.

It is at least possible, as I said previously, that additional light may be thrown on the matter by the Fitton letters at Arbury which Mrs. Newdigate is editing. When I saw this lady—now some time ago—she told me she intended making a thorough research. This, I presume, she has done. The book is, I understand, already in the press, and may be expected shortly.

With regard to the supposed allusion to the relations between Pembroke and Shakespeare in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, and the authorship of the poem, "Soules ioye, when I am gone," &c., I need only refer to what was actually said in my book.

THOMAS TYLER.

SPANISH PROTESTANTS.

On reading in the last issue of your paper the notice of *Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century*, in which it is regretted that the book did not appear *in toto*, I am reminded of the well-known fable, in which the man was driven into carrying the donkey in his efforts to please the public, for it was only because all the chief London publishers declined to bring out the complete translation of the original, on the ground that the subject was not of sufficient public interest to warrant the expense, that, to my great regret, I found myself obliged to concede to the condition of its abridgment.

In justice to my work, I trust I may be permitted to say that the author (Dr. Wilkens) has himself written to me to say that he is greatly pleased with my compilation of his work, as his diffuse style and want of methodical arrangement would have prevented the translation of the original being satisfactory to English readers; while he was glad to find I had omitted no point of historical interest.

When the reviewer says: "At no time could Spain be said to present a promising field for the dissemination of Protestant ideas," he seems to have overlooked the late Lord Plunket's Introduction to my compiled volume, in which he says there are now fifty Protestant native congregations in Spain and Portugal, embracing among them considerably more than 10,000 souls.

RACHEL CHALLICE.

HERRICK AND MARTIAL.

Oxford: August 17.

In reference to Dr. W. F. Cobb's letter in the current number, allow me to say, that though I have often read Martial's famous epigram (x. 47), I was not thinking of it at the time of writing my own version of Herrick's lines. The "sine lite dies" and the "focum perennem" came to me as an almost literal translation of the English. The other epigram (ii. 90) I did not even know, though, of course, I see now that Herrick's first two lines are an exact reproduction of the lines which Dr. Cobb quotes. He asks how I scan *accedat* in my third line; but where is the difficulty? Surely "*Hic* (not *hic*) *sūpēr* | *accē* | *dat*," &c., is according to rule.

Thanking you for the favourable notice of my Selections which appeared in the *ACADEMY* of July 31.

C. S. JERRAM.

MR. BORLASE ON IRISH ARCHEOLOGY.

London: August 18.

In reply to my friend Mr. Alfred Nutt's letter in your issue of August 14, I beg to assure him that the two sentences which he places in inverted commas are not my own, but my reviewer's, and that they do not represent my views on the subject, as Mr. Nutt will discover for himself when he reads my work.

It naturally cannot be expected of me that I should reply to the criticisms of those who have not even seen my book. On the other hand, however, nothing will give me greater pleasure than to have errors pointed out to me of which in my preface I admit there must be many dispersed through my 1,234 pp., and to have at the same time occasion afforded me of defending the position I have taken up in the latter portion of vol. iii., and of supplementing, by additional material, my evidences as to the stem-lands of the Picts and Scots, the pivot on which the question of the origin of the subject-matter of Irish tradition must inevitably rest.

With regard to the "strained etymologies" to which my reviewer, in his generally appreciative article, somewhat vaguely alludes, and in which he probably includes my derivation of *Boraimbe* (popularly spelt *Boru*), I should like to be allowed to point out that I have just been made aware that the same view—namely, that the word originally meant the "Cow-Tribute of Rome," that is, the contribution in kine levied by the Romans on the barbarian tribes of the North—has recently, and quite independently, been adopted by an eminent French philologist.

WILLIAM C. BORLASE.

[We wish to state that a few errors of spelling which crept into the letter from Mr. Alfred Nutt, printed in our last issue, were due to a failure of the post.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

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REVIEWS.

WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

*Calamus: a Series of Letters written during the Years 1868-1880 by Walt Whitman to a Young Friend (Peter Doyle).* Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D., one of Whitman's Literary Executors. (Boston: Laurens Maynard.)

IT is the fate of big, breezy, kindly natures to have rather tiresome admirers, and Walt Whitman is no exception. Whitmaniacs are not good to live with. The band of enthusiasts who devote their lives to the expansion of his philosophy in America, whose organ is the *Conservator* of Philadelphia, have the best intentions but no humour. After perusing one number of the *Conservator*, it is possible to come away a little frightened of their prophet. A better way is to read *Leaves of Grass* pure and simple, and let the commentators and illustrators and improvers go. Walt Whitman needs no gloss. Everything that he wished to say he said as clearly as might be; and once the reader can overcome his antipathy to the boisterous, unkept manner, once his ear is willing continually to be balked of music, there is the generous tingling message of democracy glowing before him. Walt Whitman was, more than any other writer, impatient of intermediaries: he wished to be alone with his reader, just you and he.

Whitman's imitators—even Mr. Carpenter, who has a true message of his own—are very trying, and for the most part his celebrators are apt to give false impressions. We except John Burroughs and W. D. O'Connor, both of whom understood the fulness of the man, but the majority of those who write with enthusiasm of Whitman do him injustice. He was more normal, more reasonable, than they would have us suppose: much more a man like unto his fellows. It is because these letters to Peter Doyle, and more especially Peter Doyle's narrative, emphasise this fact—adjust the balance, as it were—that we welcome *Calamus*. It is an illumination, a revelation. It is well for Whitman to stand aside from Whitmaniacs

now and then. It is even more desirable that he should be defended from that other faction which calls him satyr and savage: for to most persons Whitman is either god or devil. This book shows him to have been neither, but a much better thing: a wholesome, simple-hearted, affectionate, keen-sighted, sweet-minded, impulsive, idle, tolerant, charitable, boyish, merry, vigorous old man; a passionate lover of humanity, of the open air, of the sea, of active moving life, of his country.

The book is valuable less for the letters than for the picture of Walt Whitman which is offered by Peter Doyle, his friend. At the time they met Whitman was a man close upon fifty, and Doyle a youth thirty years his junior. Whitman was a clerk in a Government office at Washington, Doyle was conductor of a tramcar. Whitman seems to have had a peculiar fondness for tramcars and ferries: they enabled him to indulge in his favourite pastime of observing moving masses of people, to be passive—to "loaf," to use one of his favourite words—in the midst of activity. There is something childlike, boyish, in this; and Whitman was much of a boy all through life. Where there was water he was always drawn to it, either to bathe or to sail, but inland he seems to have sought the cars. His letters are full of references to them, and messages to friends who were working upon them. Thus, he wrote from Camden, after his first paralytic seizure in 1873:

"I have become sort of acquainted with most of the carriers, ferrymen, car conductors, drivers, &c., &c. They are very good indeed—help me on and off the cars, here and in Philadelphia—they are nearly all young fellows—it all helps along."

And, again, from Brooklyn in 1870:

"I find myself going with the pilots muchly—there are several that were little boys, now grown up, and remember me well—fine hearty fellows—always around the water—sons of old pilots—they make much of me, and of course I am willing."

The young men always drew him; he could influence them, colour their potentialities; they were frank and fresh and spirited and unaffected. It was necessary to be natural, human, to attract Walt Whitman. In cultured society Whitman could hold his own, and did; but he went to it from curiosity, and his curiosity was soon satisfied. He wrote of the conversation of a certain literary set:

"I take a hand in, for a change. I find it entertaining, as I say, for novelty's sake, for a week or two—but I know very well that would be enough for me. It is all first rate, good and smart but too constrained and bookish for a free old hawk like me."

Whitman, at any rate at this time, in middle life, seems to have had few close friends. He loved boundlessly; he sympathised with most forms of human endeavour and human weakness; but he admitted few individuals to his holy of holies. Doyle was his chosen intimate. While this book was in preparation, Dr. Bucke and Mr. Traubel, the high priests of Whitmania, paid a visit to Peter Doyle and took from his lips his recollections of

Whitman. They found Doyle very ready to talk. His words, almost as they were spoken, were recorded by Mr. Traubel, and subsequently Doyle revised the proofs. Hence we have a very interesting first-hand account of a remarkable friendship.

Peter Doyle's narrative is the gem of the book, a piece of real literature. He began with a few words about the cars:

"Walt rode with me often—often at noon, always at night. He rode round with me on the last trip—sometimes rode for several trips. Everybody knew him. He had a way of taking the measure of the driver's hands—had calf-skin gloves made for them every winter in Georgetown—these gloves were his personal presents to the men. He saluted the men on the other cars as we passed—threw up his hand. They cried to him, 'Hullo, Walt!' and he would reply, 'Ah, there!' or something like. He was welcome always as the flowers in May."

Subsequently Doyle gave a good reminiscence of Garfield and Whitman. Garfield's call of salutation to Whitman across the street was "After all, not to create only," the opening words of the "Song of the Exposition." "After all, not to create only," he would cry out in his large, manly voice, and then the two men would talk and talk and talk.

Here are other remarks of Peter Doyle's, not quite in the order in which he made them:

"I never knew a case of Walt's being bothered up by a woman. . . . Woman in that sense never came into his head. Walt was too clean, he hated anything which was not clean. No trace of any kind of dissipation in him. I ought to know about him those years—we were awful close together. . . . He had an easy, gentle way—the same for all, no matter who they were or what their sex. . . . He could shut a man off in the best style, you know. He had a freezing way in him—yet was never harsh. But people got to know that he meant what he said. . . . Walt's manners were always perfectly simple. We would tackle the farmers who came into town, buy a water-melon, sit down on the cellar door of Bacon's grocery . . . halve it and eat it. People would go by and laugh. Walt would only smile and say: 'They can have the laugh—we have the melon.' . . . He had pretty vigorous ideas on religion, but he never said anything alighting the church. . . . He never went to church—didn't like form, ceremonies—didn't seem to favour preachers at all. I asked him about the hereafter. 'There must be something,' he said, 'there can't be a locomotive unless there is somebody to run it.' I have heard him say that if a person was a right kind of person—and I guess he thought all persons right kind of persons—he couldn't be destroyed in the next world or this. . . . He seemed to have a positive dislike for tobacco. He was a very moderate drinker. . . . In his eating he was vigorous, had a big appetite, but was simple in his tastes, not caring for any great dishes. . . . Dollars and cents had no weight with Walt at all. He didn't spend recklessly, but he spent everything—mostly on other people. Money was a thing he didn't think of as other people thought of it. It came and went, that was all there was to it. He didn't buy many books, but I remember that he once bought a set of Alexander Dumas."

All this is just what is wanted. It shows us the unfamiliar side—the man day by day. It enables us to disentangle Walt Whitman from the web of illusion that



hangs about him. Everything we learn of Peter Doyle tells us more of Walt Whitman and more of that section of *Leaves of Grass* called "Calamus." To some persons the tone of that section is objectionable: it can be so no longer after reading this little book.

The letters themselves are intrinsically no great literary treasure. They are affectionate, solicitous, hearty, bluff. Whitman had a paternal love for his young friend: he told him what seemed likely to interest him, now and then sent a book, or a paper containing something of his own, asked for news, often enclosed presents of money. This is a fair specimen letter:

"Brooklyn, Friday forenoon, March 22 [1872]. Dear Pete, I received your letter yesterday. Pete, you must be quite steady at work, and no time to spare. Well, perhaps it is just as satisfactory considering all things. The cold weather has just kept on here as before—cold enough all the time—and then a spell of damned bitter stinging cold every now and then extra—not one single mild warm day since I have been home—six weeks—I am middling well, go out some every day, but not much—Best thing is my *cutting and sleeping*—I fall back on them altogether—I sleep splendid, have a good bed, plenty of cover—get up pretty early though and make the fire, and set things agoing, before mother comes out—she has had some bad times with rheumatism etc.—one hand and arm quite disabled—still she is very cheerful, looks well in the face, and does more work cooking, etc, than most young women—We have grand breakfasts, buckwheat cakes, coffee, &c., eggs, &c.—just wish you could come in mornings and partake. We two always breakfast together, and it is first rate.—So you see I fall back upon sleeping and eating, (as I said).—Should be glad to see Parker Milburn—hope he will call to-day.—I send you a paper by mail.—Well, Pete, I believe that is all, this time. Good bye, my darling son.—So the *new shirts* turn out a success do they? I have a great mind to be jealous.—Give my love to Wash Milburn, Adrian Jones, and all the R.R. boys. Your loving old Walt."

Whitman subscribed himself in various ways: "Your loving comrade and father"; "Your affectionate comrade and father"; "Your loving father."

The letters, it will be seen, are not particularly quotable. We have made, however, a few short extracts which seem luminous. In 1868, Walt Whitman wrote to Doyle from New York concerning the enmity to *Leaves of Grass* in certain quarters:

"There are some venomous but laughable squibs occasionally in the papers. One said that I had received twenty-five guineas for a piece in an English magazine, but that it was worth all that for anyone to read it. Another, the *World*, said: 'Walt Whitman was in town yesterday carrying the blue cotton umbrella of the future' (it had been a drizzly forenoon)—so they go it. When they get off a good squib, however, I laugh at it just as much as anyone."

In the same year, when he was forty-nine, Whitman wrote as follows:

"The truth is Peter, that I am here at the present time mainly in the midst of female women, some of them young and jolly, and meet them most every evening in company, and the way in which this aged party comes up to the scratch and cuts out the youthful parties and fills their hearts with envy is absolutely a caution."

Given the foregoing passage with no name to it and no clue save that it was from a private letter, and who would put it down to Whitman? This sounds more characteristic:

"I am glad to hear what you wrote about your mother—everything about fellows' old mothers is interesting to me."

During the Franco-Prussian war he wrote:

"Of course you may know that the way the war turns out suits me to death—Louis Napoleon fully deserves his fate—I consider him by far the meanest scoundrel (with all his smartness) that ever sat on a throne. I make a distinction, however, I admire and love the French, and France as a nation—of all foreign nations, she has my sympathy first of all."

A little later he made a slight change in his tone:

"I find myself now far more for the French than I ever was for the Prussians—Then I propose to take my first drink with you when I return, in celebration of the pegging out of the Pope and all his gang of Cardinals and Priests—and entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome, and making it the capital of the great independent Italian nation."

In 1873 Whitman had a paralytic stroke, and after that the tone of his letters is much less buoyant. He was brave and patient under his affliction. The following extract is from one of the last letters, dated 1879, written from St. Louis. It throws light on the relations between Whitman and the soldiers he nursed in hospital:

"I stopt some days at a town right in the middle of those Plains, in Kansas, on the Santa Fé road—found a soldier there who had known me in the war fifteen years ago—was married and running the hotel there—I had hard work to get away from him—he wanted me to stay all winter."

Yet though the letters are not brilliant they tell much concerning their author. Two things we learn very clearly from them: that Whitman's poems were works of deliberate architecture, and that he kept his poetry and his life distinct. To some extent we may attribute the careless, commonplace diction of these letters to the mental capacity of the man to whom they were addressed; but it would have been impossible to sustain so thoroughly a mediocre manner if it were not normal. Walt Whitman was a loafer in correspondence as in life. He took words as he took things—as they came; nor was he in his outlook in the least literary. He lived perfectly naturally, passing on from joy to joy, without at the time subjecting them to any analysis. Not till afterwards, when the pen was in his hand, was he conscious of how good they were. Before sitting down to write his poems he tightened himself up. In his conversation and correspondence with Doyle, his closest friend, he was as ordinary a high-spirited man as America possessed, giving no suggestion of his intellectual power and delicacy or his great gift of epithet. Yet his poems written at this time, notably the wonderful elegy on Lincoln, have exquisite collocations of words. Doyle tells us that Whitman sometimes would quote Shakespeare on their walks; and the following passage is interesting:

"Yes, Walt often spoke to me of his books

I would tell him, 'I don't know what you are trying to get at.' And this is the idea I would always arrive at from his reply. All other people in the world have had their representatives in literature: here is a great big race with no representative. He would undertake to furnish that representative. It was also his object to get a real human being into a book. This had never been done before."

It is worth remembering that at the time when Whitman in America was striving to put a real human being—a whole man—into a book, Thackeray was complaining in England that it might not be done. The "free old hawk" cared little for "might not."

We may take leave of Peter Doyle with the following extract, and the wish that his peace may not be much disturbed by admirers of Whitman who burn to know more:

"I have Walt's raglan here. I now and then put it on, lay down, think I am in the old times. Then he is with me again. It is the only thing I kept amongst many old things. When I fit it on and stretched out on the old sofa I am very well contented. It is like Aladdin's lamp. I do not ever for a minute lose the old man. He is always near by. When I am in trouble—in a crisis—I ask myself, 'What would Walt have done under these circumstances?' and whatever I decide Walt would have done that I do."

#### THE STANHOPE ESSAY.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.* The Stanhope Essay.  
By John Buchan. (Blackwell.)

It is an old and not a very wise custom which requires the winner of an Oxford Prize Essay to print his work for the benefit of the public at large; and, as a rule, we should rebel against being expected to treat such lucubrations with the honours of a serious review. We are willing enough, however, to make an exception in the case of Mr. Buchan, whose Stanhope Essay on Sir Walter Raleigh shows maturity and critical insight considerably beyond the average, and who, indeed, has already won his spurs in the field of literature elsewhere. The life of Raleigh has before now tasked the endeavour of many competent pens, and Mr. Buchan does not attempt to bring to light any new biographical details. Little, in fact, needs to be added to the exhaustive and scholarly monograph published a few years ago by Mr. Stebbing. Mr. Buchan's aim is critical rather than in the stricter sense biographical. He wishes to get at the personality behind the career, to gather from the record of his varied deeds some conception of what manner of man Raleigh essentially was. Certainly a task worth accomplishing, for Raleigh, like his great contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, presents us with a problem, the problem of the man whose reputation has outrun his achievement, whose impression, alike upon his own age and upon posterity, has proved more enduring than any of his specific actions are quite sufficient to explain or justify. Therefore, as Mr. Buchan points out, he becomes a most fascinating subject for the curious critic, "the psychologist of history, the lover of strange souls and

mingled motives." We are unable to follow in detail Mr. Buchan's singularly patient and suggestive study of Raleigh's chequered career; it strikes us as an admirable and discriminating piece of work. While keenly alive to the idealism and general honesty of purpose that marked the man, the essayist does not slur over the frequent acts of treachery, cruelty, and greed that stain his name and grieve his admirers. Raleigh's "intellectual keynote," the quality which goes far to explain alike his brilliance and his ultimate ineffectiveness, Mr. Buchan finds in the very range and versatility of his interests. Soldier, courtier, explorer, monopolist, scientist, historian, poet: his energies were dissipated in the mere contemplation of the immense fields which his subtle and penetrating spirit yearned to conquer. For the dogged industry, which through a thousand small delays masters success, he had neither the patience nor the self-restraint. So far as he did accomplish anything outside the world of letters, it was as a navigator and coloniser, a pioneer of the greater Britain beyond the seas of which nowadays we babble so much. The sea, as Mr. Buchan points out, touched the fibre of romance in him:

"He had always something of that love of the free face of heaven, the salt wind, and the fierce delight of action, which is the glory of his race. Over him and his like the old glamour of the 'swan's path' had fallen in all its power. He and men of his kind at the very height of achievement in other spheres seem always weary for the sting of wind and rain and the ecstasy of motion. And for them in their toils there was a richer hope than for others of the craft in later times. For the world was not yet shorn and parcelled; treasure might still be looked for, portents awaited, and the white harbour-wall of the Devon town was the boundary of the unknown."

We doubt whether Mr. Buchan does justice to Raleigh's poetry when he speaks of it as "little above the level of a minor lyricist." The fragments of "Cynthia" we will surrender to Mr. Buchan at once: that was clearly a *tour de force*, written down to the level of Elizabeth's taste. But among the lesser poems there are at least half a dozen which are quite first-class and which strike an individual note. Raleigh stands halfway between Spenser and Donne, and misses the weaknesses of either. He is neither garrulous nor contorted, but simple, direct, and vigorous. A short specimen comes to hand in the following lines, which may serve also to confute the *canard* of Archbishop Abbot that Raleigh "questioned God's being and omnipotence":

"Even such is time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

As a satirist, too, Raleigh had a mordant wit. "The Lie" is unequalled in its generation, and the epitaph on the Earl of Leicester provoked King James to a devout hope that the author would not outlive him; a contingency, by the way, which he took measures, at a later period, to ensure.

# POETRY AND PREFACES.

*Optimus, and Other Poems.* By M. R. S. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

*A Divan of the Dales.* By Swithin Saint Swithaine. (Digby, Long & Co.)

*Fugitive Lines.* By Henry Jerome Stockard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine.* (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Saul: a Tragedy; and Other Poems.* By Paul John. (Mowbray & Co.)

*The Book of Tophi.* By J. A. Goodchild. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

SHALL the poet be known by his preface? Lord Tennyson gave the affirmative. He went so far as to harbour a theory that a poet could be so known, even without regard to the quality of the preface, by its quantity alone. His own prose words, by way of explanation, were of the fewest; and when he took up the books which every younger poet save one sent to him, he had a habit of regarding any preface at all as a sure mark of minority; and by inverse ratio he roughly measured its length against the merit of the verse it heralded. The critic, especially the critic with a batch of off-season books of verse before him, may amuse himself by seeing how far astray so ready a method of reckoning may take him. A bird is known by its feathers; but not the bird's singing by its feathers. The poet himself is known by his preface; and, if his singing also is known by it, you have the double interest in the comparative study of the poetic and the human.

The plumages of the author of "Optimus" are at first sight a little perplexing. Her portrait, an adorning frontispiece, showing a fine maternal figure, certified at the age of thirty-three, is signed "Yours, with loving memories, The Author." The title-page, more confiding, assigns the authorship to "M. R. S."; and the binding, with an outburst of confidence, lets out the whole, M. R. Steadman. This coyness is carried out in the page which the author calls "Preface," but which conceals also a dedication: "I dedicate this collection of verses to my school-girls," it begins. The patient reader will learn that these school-girls were, rather than are; the author parted with them "in our Lecture Hall at Eastbourne in 1895." As for the verses, they were written so long ago as between the years 1858 and 1869. Indeed, the author, now nothing coy, gives the individual date of each, as well as the name of the town that saw its birth, Leyton, Cromer, Woodford, and the rest. The old pupils, she thinks, "will not look for either artistic perfection or intellectual greatness in these verses, as when I wrote them I was, perhaps, too young to write well." Further frankness discovers to the reader that the reason for the publication of these verses at last is that the author is "not very well off for money," and that money is needed to carry on a good work which this book may therefore help; a pathetic piece of human optimism, surely. There is a second reason, which is that "having just read them over, after they have

been locked away in an old box so many years, they have touched my heart, old as that heart is, and I should like to share them with younger hearts to-day." You may know exactly the quality of the poetry that is so explained. The preface is no superfluity; for the verse, sentimental, facile, and not profitable for quotation, would not stand alone.

The verses of the author of *A Divan of the Dales*, which come to us prefaceless, reach a much higher mark of execution, all to the confirmation of the Tennysonian legend. We have, however, a rhymed poem, in which the author appears at his worst, and a dedication, in which he is unequal. The directness of the inscription to his mother—

"For thou hast taught me more in deed,  
Than I may hope to teach in word"—

does not find an answering sanity in the companion lines:

"Since thou art worthier than a lord,  
That owns a thousand-acred herd."

The first poem, "Micah," is the best. It is a story of misunderstood love, hackneyed in fact, but fresh in feeling. We take from it an allusion to autumn:

"And with the falling of the light,  
The creeper died upon the porch;  
The sun was low by day; the torch  
Upon the window flared at night.

"The apple tumbled from the tree;  
The orchard bowed unto the ground;  
A sigh was heard in every sound  
Upon the land, upon the sea.

"The leaves fell curling in the air;  
The flowers lay down upon the grass;  
And Nature covered up her face  
While death was walking over her."

In such poems as "The Fellowship of Men," this poet with a name that is too fanciful for serious quotation shows himself a serious person; although, of course, he is doing little more than diffusing, in two ways, the motive of Rossetti's sonnet on "Refusal of Aid Between Nations."

Mr. Stockard's pretty little volume from the Knickerbocker Press is unprefaced, and has the briefest of dedications—"To my wife." The verses are all to the point, if it is only a little one. If they are not imaginative or even fanciful, they are never mawkish or foolish. Our preference for quotation lies with lines that incidentally show the author to be modest and to know the man with whom lies mastery:

"My fountain-pen with which I write  
This would-be poetry to-night  
Was bought me by my children dear  
With pennies picked up here and there,  
Each one contributing a mite.

"And now they claim that, in their sight,  
I make a rondeau to requite  
Them for the present given me here—  
My fountain-pen.

"O, Muse! I'm in a sorry plight.  
Come to my aid! Help me indite  
The lines they crave, for I declare  
That fitting thoughts are nowhere near.  
For once endow with Dobson's sleight  
My fountain-pen."

From the same Press come the *Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine*, a

volume of which the preface is the main-spring. The late writer of the verses, who was a pastor and an archæologist, is introduced to us by a member of his family, "S. W. P.," in words that are endearing. Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic student of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*; of the arrangement of the speaking stones of Solomon's Temple; of "the visions of God in Ezekiel, and in them I do know something—near—I know Ezekiel's heart." He knew other things, for he looked Nature straight in the face. "He even caught the reflection of a violet in the clear eyes of the grazing cow." Rather than quote one of the simple and not exceptionally observant stanzas, we take another sentence from the discreet preface, in allusion to the life of use and of enthusiasm which the poet led: "No more could this life be attained had he not had a home in which he found perfect sympathy, rest, and renewal; a home where he received as he gave, and where he still gives from beyond."

Of *Saul: a Tragedy*, there need be nothing said except that its publication is one, although no preface in this case strikes any note of friendly warning. In *The Book of Tophi*, Mr. J. A. Goodchild, in a preface which is all pertinent and informing, declares that his

"own rough and erroneous reproduction of the main features of a story which has deeply influenced the national, clerical, and literary history not merely of Celtdom, but of all non-Selavonic Europe, is chiefly based upon the excellent modern translations of Messrs. Standish O'Grady, Whitby [*sic*] Stokes, and others."

He has made good use of his material, with a ready command of diction that accords well with it. To Maistie comes a guest, "a Canaanite from the South." This is Grisbane, who is thus described:

"A poppy bloomed in her mouth;  
Her eyes danced sapphire sparkles. A baal-fire gleamed in her hair  
Of ruby and gold and amber, for the woman was very fair,  
Skilled in the twisting of tiars or stringing gems for the neck,  
And her own was white as hawthorn. On her snowy arms no speck  
Was discerned on their round whiteness; but evil of heart was she,  
And skilled in unholy cunning, knowing the fruit of the tree  
Which is harmful, and herbs that are deadly, and fashioning charms thereof  
To slay the spirit of man or kindle his soul to love."

Mr. Goodchild is equal to the task of producing a narrative 250 pages long in rhymed language as competent as that.

AN excellent anthology of our national lyrical poetry is published on the authority of a Transatlantic student, Mr. Frederic Ives Carpenter, Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Chicago. His *English Lyrical Poetry* (Blackie & Sons) does not pass beyond the two rich centuries, 1500 to 1700, during which the chorus of lyricism was multitudinous—silence, complete or merely interrupted, keeping both gates of

that vocal bower. It is only of late years that the general reader has been asked to take a literary interest in any but the greater names among the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline poets. Mr. Palgrave, with his *Golden Treasury*, moved scores of volumes from the upper shelves to the drawing-room table; but he seemed to be somewhat shy of trusting much to the reader's care for those former centuries, so that the nineteenth century takes up a proportionally large space of his small volume. Later anthologists do well to show more courage and to give readers credit for having liberal admiration and interest ready for the work of poets whose names they had not been educated to revere and had indeed hardly heard years ago—Thomas Campion and Henry Vaughan among the number. The work of the anthologist is of twofold value. He gains readers for what ought to be read, and indirectly he cuts off what ought not to be read, and makes it unnecessary, for young students at any rate, to touch the pitch that lies thick upon the words of nine out of ten of our older lyrists. From this Mr. Carpenter, who rightly has not feared to print Spenser's "Epithalamion," of course keeps his book free, and in the literary sense his choice is excellent, erring, if at all, by too much inclusion—a safe fault.

#### THE EVOLUTION OF THE FREE LIBRARY.

*The Free Library: its History and Present Condition.* By John J. Ogle. (George Allen.)

MR. OGLE's book is the first volume of "The Library Series." The lay reader may be pardoned for thinking it "dry" on sight, but not for failing in an honest attempt to extract interest from its pages. At the outset Mr. Ogle removes, without specifically proposing to do so, the common impression that Free Libraries owe their existence to a mere Act of Parliament passed forty years ago. We are not a spasmodic people, and it would be strange if free libraries had dropped from the clouds, or been devised on a sudden by a few gentlemen with an idea. To glance back on the history of libraries in this country is to see Free Libraries coming far along the road. By the beginning of the seventeenth century private owners of libraries had become not only numerous, but generous. Norwich received a library by bequest in 1608. Five years later Bristol was given a library by Dr. Toby Matthew, Archbishop of York, and by citizen Robert Redwood. It is there to this day. Leicester has had a Free Library since 1632, which still does its work, though not under the Free Libraries Act adopted by that town in 1870.

Moreover, Free Libraries were actually proposed two centuries ago. In 1699 one James Kirkwood, a Scottish minister, issued anonymously (the scheme was, perhaps, too magnificent for signature) "An Overture for Founding and Maintaining of Bibliotheks in every Paroch throughout the Kingdom." It is amusing to note

that three years later the same gentleman issued a pamphlet of a less ambitious scope: this was merely "A Copy of a Letter anent a Project for Erecting a Library in every Presbytery or at least County in the Highlands." It is nothing less than surprising to find that Kirkwood's efforts resulted in a resolution, passed in 1704 by the General Assembly "about the ordering and preserving of libraries in the Highlands and Islands." We may be mistaken, but we doubt if this has been noted by the various editors of Johnson's *Tour in the Hebrides*; yet few facts throw more light on the culture which surprised Johnson in Scotland, and made his visit so acceptable in its remotest districts.

A curious and accidental development in the history of Free Libraries also took place in England. Dr. Bray, founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, happened to be collecting funds for sending missionaries to America. He was told (and the significant thing is simply that "he was told") that England wanted libraries more than Americans wanted missionaries. Wiser than Mrs. Jellyby, he gave heed to this council, which "led him to collect funds for and establish libraries in various parts of the country while persecuting his mission work." These and similar facts brought forward by Mr. Ogle are really new to the public, whose knowledge of library history in the eighteenth century is confined to the foundation of the British Museum. This event, of course, had a great forwarding influence on the establishment of local public libraries. The Commission on Free Libraries, which sat from 1849 to 1851, was directly influenced from Great Russell Street.

Later, Lyceums and Athenæums were born up and down the country. The Liverpool Lyceum, which still flourishes, was founded in 1758, only five years after the British Museum. Mr. Ogle mentions the system of village libraries, which obtained in Scotland quite early in the present century. The plan was a curious anticipation of some proposals made by Mr. Stead a year or two ago, to send boxes, each containing fifty books, from village to village. The multiplication of Mechanics' Institutes in the twenties, thirties, and forties of the present century was such that on the very eve of the Free Library era they numbered four hundred, and possessed between 300,000 and 400,000 books, with a lending circulation of more than a million. This, be it remembered, was twenty-one years before Compulsory Education. In 1850 came Ewart's Act, which provided for the erection of free libraries under the same conditions as museums, but so far as the Act went the museums were left without specimens and the libraries without books. The expansion and perfecting of the Free Library system after this date are the subject of Mr. Ogle's four succeeding chapters. It is curious to note the order in which the towns of the United Kingdom have adopted the Free Library Acts. Norwich led the way; it adopted Ewart's Act, two months after it was passed, by a huge majority. Who would have supposed that Winchester would have taken the second place in the procession of adoptions? Yet it did, to be followed by

Bolton, Manchester, Oxford, Liverpool, Blackburn, Sheffield, Cambridge and Ipswich. The first London adoption took place in 1856 in Westminster. Seventeen years elapsed before a second Metropolitan Free Library was heard of at Wandsworth. Fifty-one London parishes, forming thirty-six "areas of adoption," have now come into the fold, but the unwilling ones include the wealthy districts of St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, St. Mary, Islington, Paddington and St. James. Glasgow now provides the most flagrant case of rejection. But the rejecting towns show like patches of sand that turn themselves into futile and temporary islands as the tide rushes on.

Mr. Ogle has made a rather poor attempt to state who are the authors most favoured in various libraries. Many librarians, he says, assert that it is not possible to name the six most popular authors in their libraries. Concerning the tastes of London readers, we have a not very convincing note to the effect that "probably" Mrs. Wood and Miss Corelli lead the way in Fiction, and that of serious writers Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, and Dean Farrar are most read; the tastes of provincial readers are seldom noted. But Mr. Ogle has given a full yet succinct account of a great and rapid movement, and to his brother librarians his book will be useful as a compendious history of their profession.

#### A NAVAL HANDBOOK.

*Naval Gunnery.* By Capt. H. Garbett, R.N. (George Bell & Sons.)

THE fourth volume of the interesting series of "Navy Handbooks" which Messrs. George Bell are publishing has at last appeared, nearly six months later than it had been expected. The reason for the delay, however, is clearly apparent. The book is larger and, in a sense, more ambitious than its predecessors. Whereas the volumes dealing with Engines and Torpedoes extended each to about 260 pp., the Handbook on *Naval Gunnery*, which Capt. Garbett has just written, fills no less than one hundred pages more, and is illustrated with a very large number of photographs and diagrams. The increase in size, however, was, perhaps, inevitable. The Science of Naval Gunnery is divided into so many departments, and covers such a large field of knowledge, that the wonder is that Capt. Garbett has managed to deal properly with it in so small a space. It must be remembered that ammunition and ordnance, not to mention other numerous subjects, each fill voluminous service text-books, and this is the first occasion in which any serious attempt has been made to condense all these subjects into the compass of one small volume. The author has certainly succeeded in his task to a remarkable degree, and we confidently predict that his book will be gratefully welcomed by the service at large, and more especially by those officers who from time to time are called upon to go through a "short course" on the *Excellent* or *Cambridge*. The navy is full of science, and our ships are nothing

less than huge boxes of intricate machinery, while every day finds the education of a naval officer becoming more and more arduous. The handbooks which Messrs. Bell are now publishing will thus prove of the greatest assistance, for while saving a harassing study of the service text-books, they will afford as complete an insight into the different departments of naval science as any officer, except the specialists, can ever hope to obtain. At the same time, that largely increasing portion of the general public who now take a keen interest in naval matters, will find in the book a plainly written description of one of the most interesting and important features of naval warfare.

Nine chapters are devoted to the subject of guns, beginning with the ancient cannon, or "crakys of war" of the time of Edward III., and continuing right on through the history of ordnance up to the latest development of quick-firing gun. The author, however, very wisely refrains from attempting to deal to any full extent with the older patterns, but instead brings his readers quickly to a consideration of the latter-day muzzle-loaders, many of which are still to be found on board our second-class battle-ships, and the different forms of breech-loading guns. It was not until 1864 that any serious attempt was made to increase the penetration and power of our guns, but in that year, owing to the adoption of armour-plating to war vessels, it became absolutely necessary for an advance to be made. After a long series of experiments, smooth-bore ordnance was finally condemned to make way for rifled guns, and at last, in 1879, the breech-loading system was properly introduced. Since then the science of gunnery has advanced by leaps and bounds. Perhaps its greatest triumph is the feat performed lately by wire-wound guns at Shoeburyness, which when placed at an elevation of 40° can fire a shell to a height of three miles, and hit at a distance of twelve miles, the time of flight taking just over a minute! To those who have a taste for mechanics the book should be of absorbing interest. The delicate working of the breech mechanism, the process of gun manufacture, the ingenious methods of loading, the construction of different forms of fuses, and many other triumphs of mechanical skill are dealt with in an elementary and plainly worded manner.

The chapters on powder and projectiles are also brought well up-to-date, though the one dealing with armour necessarily omits any mention of the wonderful trials recently carried out with a special nickel-steel plate four inches thick, when projectiles fired from a five-inch breech-loading gun, with a muzzle velocity of 1,406 feet per second, simply splashed on its face without effecting any indentation whatever. The science of naval gunnery is a fascinating subject for anyone who takes the trouble to master it even to a merely elementary degree, and Captain Garbett's book will enable the average reader to do this in the pleasantest manner possible. The excellent style of printing and illustration which formed such an attractive feature in the earlier volumes is fully maintained in this latest one,

#### FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*The English Constitution: a Commentary on its Nature and Growth.* By Jesse Macy, M.A., Professor of Political Science in Iowa College. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS work is an attempt to translate into American forms of speech standard English descriptions of the British Constitution, and is the result of the author's experience in trying to interest American college students in the study of the political institutions of the mother-country. The book suffers somewhat from the necessity under which Mr. Macy finds himself of constantly reminding his hearers that Great Britain is, after all, a free country, and this leads him somewhat to under-rate the influence which is exercised in our public affairs both by the Crown and the House of Lords. Still, he has much to say which is of interest and value for the English reader. The stress which is laid on certain phases of our political system serves to emphasise in a new way the importance of the changes in which the nation has learned to acquiesce. To take an obvious instance—the exercise by Parliament of both executive and legislative powers is a startling novelty to the American student, and a treatment of this subject which is adequate in his case can hardly help leaving the British reader with some clearer ideas on the subject. Again, take a case which is less familiar—the controlling power which the American courts so constantly exercise over both the Federal and State Legislatures. The contrast between the direct action of the American courts and the indirect powers of English judges, through their powers of interpreting a statute, forces the British reader to reflect, as perhaps he has not done before, upon the precise limitations within which judge-made law exists in England, and then to recognise that even this apparently distinctive feature of the American Constitution, the power of a court of competent jurisdiction to veto the action of the Legislatures, has a British origin. The chapters are not of equal value, but the book as a whole may be commended as a thoughtful and scholarly piece of work.

*The Worship of Lucifer.* By Mina Sandeman. (Digby, Long & Co.)

AN attempt to exploit further the doings of the imaginary sect of Satanists upon which M. Huysmans has already founded a powerful, unpleasant romance. One Perkyns, a South African millionaire, hires a haunted grange for the greater convenience of the worship of Satan, being instigated thereto by his companion, a Roman Catholic priest, who has rid himself of his orders by the simple process of "sending in" his resignation. At its lodge gates stands a small house containing the virtuous heroine and her aunt, a vinegar-cruet of quality. Perkyns and the priest try to evoke Satan by magic ceremonies, but get no manifestations superior to those of the usual medium-attended *séance*. The priest thinks that, for imperfectly explained reasons, the evocations will be more successful "if a virtuous girl



would consent to grace them with her presence." He therefore drugs a cup of coffee and gives it to the heroine, who has taken shelter in the grange from a thunderstorm and has stopped to afternoon tea. The lady becomes insensible and is carried into the evocatory chapel by the priest and his accomplice, but the result is disappointing. Satan remains invisible, and in his stead appears a globe of white light which tells the two Satanists that there is no devil, and calls upon them to "turn over a new leaf." Later, the priest accidentally poisons himself, and Mr. Perkyns, to avoid the bother of an inquest, buries him and his portmanteau in the shrubbery. He then abjures Satanism, and pursues the heroine with an eye to matrimony. She foils him by accepting a young lord who is staying with her aunt after "doing the London season," and he is punished for his past sins by a match with a farmer's widow.

The author of this feeble book is, apparently, a spiritualist, but is not otherwise well qualified for the task she has set herself. She calls a thurible a crucible and the Satanists Luciferians—though the latter name belongs to another order of fiction. Her English is distinctly slipshod, and she shows but a very slight knowledge of the habits of the class to which her principal characters are supposed to belong.

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*Familiar Wild Flowers.* Figured and Described by F. E. Hulme. First Series. (Cassell & Co.)

This little volume deserves much commendation. Considered merely as a description of some fifty of the commonest flowers of the country, it will form a useful help to those who are desirous of knowing something of English wild plants. But Mr. Hulme has put together such interesting accounts of the associations suggested by these flowers, and opened so many by-roads of research, that it forms a book very likely to induce the student to take up botany, or some branch of it, to his great satisfaction. The wild flowers of England have indeed been keenly studied, but much yet remains to be learnt respecting them, while Mr. Darwin's works show with what facility they afford numberless problems by their distribution and character. This book naturally consists of two parts—the forty-four coloured engravings, and their descriptions. Save in the most expensive hand-painted pictures, plates of bird and plant life are apt to be too bright. Shades of colour are difficult to obtain for process-pictures. Thus the pink tints of willow herbs and persicurias are not in Mr. Hulme's engravings quite true to nature, while the leaves of the primrose and arum are too metallic. On the other hand, the plates are always characteristic and truthful in their *pose*, while the delicacy of the meadow crane's bill petals is excellently caught. The knapweed, again, is so faithful a representation that no one could mistake it. As for the letterpress, it gives just the points which a beginner requires, wastes no space in sentimental writing, and touches on many points of interest connected with each flower. Thus folk-lore and folk-medicine, the lore contained in the

etymology of plant-names, quotations from the old herbalists, the truth about the Glastonbury thorn, the kindred ties between the foreign *ipomœa purga* and *convolvulus scammonia* and our own bindweed are dwelt upon as instances of the associations of English wild plants. This book ought to foster botanical research, and is highly creditable to Mr. Hulme.

\* \* \*

*Mohammedanism: Has it any Future?* By the Rev. Charles H. Robinson. (Gardner, Darton & Co.)

A LITTLE book by the "Ripon Diocesan Missioner," and made up, apparently, of lectures delivered within that diocese. The author wishes us to believe that Islam is in a moribund condition, and that Christianity is everywhere its superior as a civilising institution. His arguments are founded on assertions rather than on facts, for M. Binger, one of the very few travellers whom he quotes in support of his contention, sums up against it. Surely, too, Mr. Robinson gives away his case when, in the effort to be impartial, he says: "In the comparatively few cases in which it (*i.e.*, Mohammedanism) has succeeded in gaining an influence over cannibals or degraded savages, it has undoubtedly raised them to a much higher level of civilisation, and it has done this more rapidly perhaps than Christianity would have done it." The English admirers of Islam have never, so far as we know, made any higher claim on its behalf.

Mr. Robinson was sent in 1892 as an envoy from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Armenian Church. We suppose this must be his apology for his description of the Sultan of Turkey as "a ruler who has brought more dishonour to the name of Islam than perhaps any other Mohammedan whom it would be possible to name." We are sorry that the Bishop of Ripon, by contributing an introduction to the present volume, should appear to warrant so absurdly exaggerated a statement about the head of the Mohammedan world and an ally of the Queen.

\* \* \*

*Creation with Development or Evolution.* By J. Dudley R. Hewitt. (Kegan Paul.)

CAPTAIN HEWITT, late of the Royal Navy, is now resident in New Zealand. He is very much shocked by the system of secular education in vogue in that island. He has also read Mr. Samuel Laing's *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, and is very much shocked by that. Hence this farrago of fallacious logic and ill-digested fact in which Captain Hewitt runs a tilt at "such intellectual giants as Darwin, Huxley, Tindall, Laing, and others," and asserts his belief that evolution is development controlled by design. Captain Hewitt's qualifications for his task may be gauged from the following innocent admission:

"Now we take up 'development,' but without any special knowledge of it, and, fortunately or unfortunately, without access to the works of writers on the subject; but through magazine articles, &c., we have a sort of idea that Herbert Spencer is the apostle of the theory that the germ may be altered by its environment."

He has "definite views as to the distinction between soul and spirit" in which he has been confirmed by Bishop Hadfield; and he believes that the spiritual life may be symbolised by electricity: "the soft iron core is the heart, the currents in primary and secondary coils are the ideas circulating round the heart, strengthened by power from the heart when brought in close contact with the source of all spiritual power." This view depends on the acceptance of "thought as being the passage of impressions from the brain to the heart," a theory which we believe that modern anatomy does not entertain. Capt. Hewitt also believes in pre-Adamite races, and has a private corollary that Cain adopted plant-worship and Abel animal-worship. Such books are unfortunate results of the spread of education, but a believer in final causes may take comfort that his philosophy does not depend on the babblings of an ignorant sea-captain.

\* \* \*

*The Pursuit of the House Boat.* By J. K. Bangs. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

FOR the right appreciation of Mr. Bangs's book one ought, we understand, to have read the work which preceded it—*A House Boat on the Styx*. This we have not done, nor, we must admit, do we wish to. Mr. Bangs's humour is of that immature kind which relies for its effect upon bringing together irreconcilable people. In these pages we find Socrates and Sherlock Holmes, Noah's wife and Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Raleigh and Delilah, and the shades of a score of other real and fictitious persons, jostling each other and exchanging intensely modern jargon. The fun of such juxtaposition is soon exhausted, and after that Mr. Bangs gives us nothing. He has made hardly an effort to reproduce or parody the conversational manner of his figures, and the remarks that they make are very mildly amusing. On the other hand, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Peter Newell's illustrations, which are comically and weirdly grotesque and genuinely humorous. Mr. Peter Newell is a draughtsman of whom we hope to see more. A little of Mr. J. K. Bangs goes a very long way.

\* \* \*

*The Oxford Debate on the Textual Criticism of the New Testament.* (George Bell & Sons.)

THE report of a debate held at New College between two opposing schools of New Testament critics. One, with which the Bishop of Durham and the late Prof. Hort are identified, contends that the greater part of the existing MSS. contain a revised and not the original text; the other, championed by the late Dean Burgon and Prebendary Miller, that the same MSS. represent with substantial accuracy the original documents "as they issued from the pens" of the writers of the New Testament. The debate appears to have been conducted with much learning and good temper, to have arrived at no conclusion whatever, and to have been brought to a premature close by the college dinner-bell.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*From the Land of the Snow Pearls.* By Ella Higginson.  
(Macmillan.)

I confess that I open a book with the imprimatur of American success upon it with as much fear as pleasurable expectation; there is as much chance of being set shuddering by terrible and ear-racking phrases as of finding character crisply and sympathetically developed. Such a title as *From the Land of the Snow Pearls* suggests nothing to English ears, but having reconciled myself to it the reward was assured.

It is not necessary to know anything of Puget Sound, of Sehome or Oregon City, or the great snow mountains to be sure that Miss Higginson has observed truly and well. These stories are of a simple people, simply told—people who have an ambition to possess frigid “front rooms” and organs, who work hard in field and kitchen, and have all the jealousies that move the greater world; but they have also the primary virtues, and both are set before us with appreciation and skill.

The longest story, “A Point of Knuckling Down,” is perhaps the firmest in workmanship. Everything was going smoothly in the love matters of Emarine Endey and Orville Palmer until Miss Presley came to bring discord into the Endey household by gossip concerning Orville’s mother:

“Then Mis’ Parmer just up an’ said with a tantalisin’ laugh that if you didn’t like the a-commodations at her house, you needn’t to come there. Said she never did like you, anyways, ner anybody else that set their heels down the way you set your’n. Said she’d had it all out with Orville, an’ he’d promised her faithful that if there wa’ any knucklin’ down to be done you’d be the one to do it, an’ not her.

Then Emarine broke off the engagement and became ill, and after a time Orville repented, and called round to say so. Said Emarine’s mother: ‘I reckon we’d best settle all about your mother before we go in there, Orville Parmer.’

“What about ‘er?’ His tone was miserable, his defiance was short-lived.

“Why, there’s no use ‘n your goin’ in there unless you’re ready to promise that you’ll give Emarine the whip-hand over your mother. You best make up your mind.”

“It’s made up,” said the young fellow desperately. “Lord Almighty, Mis’ Endey, it’s made up!”

At which Emarine promptly recovered and married him. But the Palmer household became a battle-field, and finally poor old Mrs. Palmer was driven forth to live alone; and Orville, true to his promise, let her go. At last, however, Emarine’s love for her husband wins, and she goes secretly to the old lady and invites her to the Christmas dinner.

“‘You set right down, Mother Parmer, an’ let me take your things. Orville don’t know you’re coming, an’ I just want to see his face when he comes in. Here’s a new black shawl for your Christmas. . . . Oh, my, don’t go to cryin’! Here comes Orville.’

She stepped aside quickly. When her husband entered his eyes fell instantly on his mother, weeping childishly over the new shawl. She was in the old splint rocking-chair with the high back. “Mother!” he cried; then he gave a frightened, tortured glance at his wife. Emarine smiled at him, but it was through tears.

“Emarine ast me, Orville; she ast me to dinner o’ herself! An’ she give me this shawl. I’m—cryin’—fer—joy.”

“I ast her to dinner,” said Emarine, “but she ain’t ever goin’ back again. She’s goin’ to stay. I expect we’ve both had enough of a lesson to do us.”

But it is difficult to quote from work of this kind, in which atmosphere and delicate observation count for so much. The stories are in no sense great, they make no claim to greatness, but within their limits they are so much better than the ordinary short story that I am glad to give them praise.

*A Rash Verdict.* By Leslie Keith.  
(Bentley.)

I do not feel able to seriously defend the plot of *A Rash Verdict*. It is too wildly artificial for anything but a farce, and the manner of Leslie Keith is the antipodes of the farcical. A rich merchant leaves his niece a fortune on the condition that she shall not marry a certain young man whom she has never seen or heard of. This is the merchant’s revenge because the young man differed from him about the morality of a business transaction. Of course, the only possible outcome is that Margaret Thrale and Marcus Gale should meet accidentally, fall in love at once, and ultimately renounce the fortune for the joys of a crust and a cottage. They do meet, but one only falls in love: Margaret, who believes in her uncle, thinks that the young man must have done something very bad to get his name mentioned in the will like that, and refuses to admit him even to friendship. The breaking down of this prejudice proves rather a thin peg to hang a couple of volumes upon. Fortunately the merit of the book does not in the least depend upon the plot. Leslie Keith has a distinct gift of suggesting character, and a serene way of regarding life, whether from the humorous or the sentimental side, which takes my fancy. I have found her a good antidote to a pretentious novel, of the kind which gets a postcard from Mr. Gladstone. Leslie Keith, to be sure, has much to learn in her art; but she has at least two good qualities—a quiet eye and an unaffected love for the things that are more excellent in nature and in life. Margaret Thrale is good all through, with her gropings after the way of life, her attempts to reach knowledge by means of visits to the British Museum, and usefulness by means of slumming in the East-end. Some of these experiences give an opportunity to Leslie Keith’s sense of humour. Margaret has penetrated, with a sense of awe, to the great reading-room in Bloomsbury.

“In the dressing-room, where she went to hang up her hat, she received a chill; for there a stout lady, whose mind ought surely to have been bent on graver matters, was discoursing upon a sole—a fried sole with browned potatoes, served on the best china, and kept warm by a silver cover, all for the sum of one shilling—on which she had that day dined, and a young lady, throwing down a thick notebook and stumpy pencil, had tripped to the glass, and was bent seemingly on the nice adjustment of a string of blue beads, and the placing of a telling little bow in her curly locks. Margaret felt that they ought to have been above such small weaknesses, and did not permit herself a single glance at the mirror as she passed out, and took her way to the glass door, behind which, as it seemed to her, all the wisdom of the ages was stored.”

In the description of Margaret’s country home, her old-fashioned garden, and the sometime Tudor palace close by, Leslie Keith shows a power of dainty description, of insight into some of the more intimate relations of things which is not altogether common in books of the kind. I should like to see her leave this sort of novel alone, and try her hand at some more subtle form of literature. I fancy she could write an essay.

\* \* \* \*

*In Camp and Cantonment: Stories of Foreign Service.* By  
Edith E. Cuthell. (Hurst & Blackett.)

These stories may delight some; they delight not me; they remind me too much of Mr. Kipling’s—by contrast. For here we have the frivolous, flirtatious, champagne-popping side of Indian life unrelieved by any of those notes of greatness and tragedy which are as a refrain to Mr. Kipling’s most rollicking tales. For anything so true and deep and memorable as *The Story of the Gadsbys* I should not, of course, have looked; but I should have expected some suggestion of the intimate and beautiful side of Anglo-Indian life

revealed in that story. Not that there is no death or cholera in Mrs. Cuthell's stories, nor any hint of fighting. Her first story is called "The Camp of the Shadow of Death," but the title is not deserved by this tale of picnicking and tennis and theatricals in the hills, this rather sordid love-story with its "Soiled Dove" making mischief between her old admirer and his new love, with its scheming mother of a silly girl, and its cheaply sudden *dénouement*:

"Ashton Gray's tent was left standing alone, but by evening it also had been struck, and there was a new-made grave in the mango grove.

Posie Prynne cried herself nearly ill, and almost ugly. The theatricals had to be put off for quite a week."

The story of "The General's Glass Eye" is a poor attempt at a humorous love story. General the Honourable Stacy Wymerell and Charlie Clarke, A.D.C., are each bent on winning the hand of a young American widow, to whom Cairo presented itself as a happy hunting ground in her search for a second husband. The General keeps an assortment of glass eyes—a fierce one for parade, a jovial eye for dinner, and so on; and the story tells how the little A.D.C. cut out the big General at a dance by entering the General's bedroom and abstracting his dancing eye. The result was that the General appeared at the dance wearing his parade eye, and the widow fled to the A.D.C. for permanent protection. This kind of thing does not amuse me, even when I find it in Charles Lever.

"Bullied by a Bull" is better. Weevor, a visitor to the station at Shikapur, and a suitor, there, for the hand of Kitty Bligh, has made himself so obnoxious to the regiment by his boasts of his property, his horses and pheasants (they were poor and proud at Shikapur), that everyone was praying for his departure, and, notably, "the boy," a gallant young officer, the pet of the mess, and the favoured suitor of Kitty, as Weevor was of Kitty's mother. Weevor's collapse came about one day when he started off to shoot black buck. His non-return was causing some curiosity when Dickens, the magistrate, drove up, crying: "I say, you fellows! Is the colonel in? Or Robertson" (our adjutant)? "Here's your friend—what's his name—Wee—Wee—vor been getting into the very deuce of a mess! The police at Gowka Thana have sent in to me. They've got him there!" There Weevor is found, sitting in the Thana, looking very disconsolate, and a good deal frightened, for against the window were pressed the faces of angry and jabbering *ryots*. It turned out that Weevor had suspended his deer-stalking to take a nap under a bush, and on waking had seen, as he believed, a huge bull bison, which he shot through the chest.

"You didn't know there were any bison so near, did you, now?" he added, turning to Riversden and the magistrate, with an air of superiority.

Old Dickens wagged his beard at him for a moment in silence.

"Bison be blowed!" he said, at last. "Do you know what you've done, boy? You've shot the sacred Brahminee bull of Gowka! This is a Hindoo village," he went on, "and I wonder they didn't tear you limb from limb!" he added, waving to the angry black faces outside the windows.

Poor Weevor looked at them and shuddered.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Not a bison? What have I done?"

"The sacred bull, sir," continued Dickens, in his most impressive manner, "blessed by the priest as a calf, and allowed to run about tame, feeding when and how it likes from the *buniachs* grain baskets or their stalls, from the ripe crops—anything, anywhere. Not a soul would touch a hair of its head. And now," he added, "to get you out of this!"

Such stories will pass as holiday reading.

\* \* \* \*

*Where the Surf Breaks.* By Mary F. A. Tench.  
(Hurst & Blackett.)

This book makes no pretensions to being a story. It is a series of reminiscences, mainly of old servants, family retainers, and Irish villagers. In its attention to excessive detail it reminds me of the diary written by the conscientious sister at sea for perusal at home. Its virtue is its simplicity; its fault is its tediousness. This sort of thing, continued for 300 pages, tends to irritation:

"What's the good of killing the poor little wretches, Essie?" she would say. "They're so few of them that they wouldn't be a mouthful apiece, and they're very happy swimming about here. How would we

like some great monster to come and put a net over us and stick us in a pot of boiling water while we were alive! It's just the same thing."

But what my cousin enjoyed as much, if not more than shrimping, was to stand on a rock either like Canute commanding the sea to come no further, or else spouting 'po-o-o-etry,' as Fred expressed it. How well I remember one morning—

And so on. A vein of innocent triviality is excusable enough in chapter i., but it pervades the book from cover to cover—this particular passage is taken from chapter xviii.—not that we do not meet occasional flashes of genuine wit and pathos, and fugitive scraps of anecdote. But the truth is, that, except for the friends to whom the volume is dedicated, and for students of the Irish dialect, it has no real interest.

\* \* \* \*  
*Ill-Gotten Gold.* By W. G. Tarbet.  
(Cassell & Co.)

*Ill-Gotten Gold* opens excellently, and the first chapter or two really shows considerable dramatic power and skill in introducing the theme of the story. The characters, too, of the old lord and his faithful retainer, Maxwell, are very ably indicated. Unhappily, the rest of the book is disappointing, and the firm, careful touch of the earlier chapters seems to give place to a more cursory style of treatment. The plot is not well managed, and more might have been made of it if the author had gripped his subject better and worked it out more strongly. As it is, the story is crowded with incidents, many of which have slight bearing on the main thread of the narrative, while as pictures of events they are too often "scamped." *Ill-Gotten Gold*, in fact, lacks construction. But it will probably interest younger readers.

#### MR. STEAD ON MARK TWAIN.

From Mr. Stead's very timely and readable character-sketch of Mark Twain in the *Review of Reviews* we quote the following remarks on Mark Twain as a man of letters:

"Mark Twain was not educated for a literary career, nor was he passed through the curriculum of the colleges. He graduated in the university of the world, in which he entered as a freshman at the early age of thirteen, when he was apprenticed to a printer. From the composing-stick to the wheel of a Mississippi steamboat, and from the Great River to the Great Desert, and the silver mines of Nevada—these were his class-rooms. He is a graduate of the Far West. Born in Florida, trained on the Mississippi, he took his degree in the Rockies, made his first mark as a descriptive writer as special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands, and first achieved fame in his humorous description of the Old World, as seen by this most modern of all the children of the newest West. Few men have had more ups and downs. He has experienced almost every extreme of good and ill fortune. He has confronted the temptation to commit suicide when he had only a ten-cent piece in his pocket, he has been one of the wealthiest of authors, and he is once more in financial straits, facing the difficulties like a man confident now as ever of coming out on top.

And as the result of this rich and varied experience Mark Twain, altogether apart from his humour, has developed a literary genius which entitles him to rank in the forefront of contemporary authors. Mr. Howells, who is no mean judge, declares he 'portrays and interprets real types not only with exquisite appreciation and sympathy, but with a force and truth of drawing that makes them permanent.' If the literary man is he who alone can express things in words so that they live before the eye of the readers, Mark Twain is one of the first literary men of his day. For vivid portraiture of men and things it would be difficult to find his equal. His description of the way in which the coyote is hunted over the plains is an excellent illustration of his peculiar talent. The coyote, or wolf of the plains, he says, first fools the dog by allowing him to keep within a few feet of his rear. But when the dog grows desperate and makes a sprint, 'forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude.' In another vein, but not less effective, is the

little sketch of the significance of a cat as an element or character of a house:

'When there was room on the ledge outside of the pots and boxes for a cat, the cat was there—in sunny weather stretched at full length, asleep and blissful, with her furry belly to the sun and a paw covered over her nose. Then that house was complete, and its contentment and peace were made manifest to the world by this symbol, whose testimony is infallible. A home without a cat—and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat—may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?'

His description of the Sandwich Islands remains to this day unequalled. 'Roughing It' to this day is the standard description of the beginning of the Great Silver States. And who is there among all writing men who has so completely and satisfactorily interpreted a great river to the world as Mark Twain has interpreted the Mississippi? As Mr. Twichell says:

'His description of the Father of Waters, for beauty and splendour and deep feeling of Nature in some of her rarer aspects and most bewitching moods, was doubtless never surpassed.'

His sympathy with Nature, which betrays the soul of the poet behind the mask of the humorist, is always present in Mark Twain's writings. Here is an extract from some of his private letters quoted in *Harper's*, which illustrate this fact. Writing on November 20, 1895, from Napier, New Zealand, he says:

'Here we have the smooth and placidly complaining sea at our door, with nothing between us and it but twenty yards of shingle—and hardly a suggestion of life in that space to mar it or make a noise. Away down here, fifty-five degrees south of the equator, this sea seems to murmur in an unfamiliar tongue—a foreign tongue—a tongue bred among the ice-fields of the Antarctic—a murmur with a note of melancholy in it proper to the vast, unvisited solitudes it has come from. It was very delicious and solacing to wake in the night and find it still pulsing there.'

Take as another example the following rhapsody over the Alps:

'O Switzerland! the further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it, and the cheer of it, and the glory and majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow. Those mountains had a soul; they thought; they spoke—one couldn't hear it with the ears of the body, but what a voice it was!—and how real! Deep down in my memory it is sounding yet. Alp calleth unto Alp!—that stately old Scriptural wording is the right one for God's Alps and God's ocean.'

How puny we were in that awful presence—and how painless it was to be so; how fitting and right it seemed, and how stingless was the sense of our unspeakable insignificance! And, Lord, how pervading were the repose and peace and blessedness that poured out of the heart of the invisible Great Spirit of the Mountains! Now, what is it? There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world—but only *these* take you by the heart-strings. I wonder what the secret of it is? Well, time and time again it has seemed to me that I *must* drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a *longing*; a deep, strong, tugging *longing*—that is the word. We must go again.'

Readers of his 'Jeanne D'Arc' need not be surprised to know that nothing is so fascinating to the wild humorist of the Pacific Slope as the history of the Middle Ages. Says Mr. Twichell:

'In those fields he has been an indefatigable, it is not too much to say, exhaustive, reader, while, by grace of a rarely tenacious memory, his learning in them is remarkably at hand and accessible to him. Hardly ever will an event of any importance in their annals be mentioned in his presence that he cannot at once supply the date of it.'

The aspect of remote times that chiefly fascinates his interest is the social. Books like Pepys's *Diary*, that afford the means of looking narrowly and with human sympathy into the life and manners of bygone generations, have a peculiar charm to him.'

He is a laborious and conscientious worker, returning often to his MS. after the lapse of many years. 'It is a strange thing,' he once told a friend:

'You have your ideas, your facts, your plot, and you go to work on your book and write yourself up. You use all the material you have in your brain and then you stop, naturally. Well, lay the book aside and go to work on something else.'

After awhile, three or four months, say, or perhaps three or four years, something suggests that old story to you, and you feel a sudden awakening of interest in it. And then, lo and behold! you find that your stock of ideas and facts has been replenished, and your mind is full of your subject again, and you must write, your brain is overflowing and you finish your book—if you are lucky.'

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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THE publications of the week are not sufficiently numerous or interesting to justify a descriptive chronicle. We have received the following:

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF JESUS: AN ESSAY IN CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY. By Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

REMAINS HISTORICAL AND LITERARY CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF LANCASTER AND CHESTER. Vol. XXXVI. The Chetham Society.

## ART, POETRY, BELLES LETTRES.

STUDIES IN TWO LITERATURES. By Arthur Symonds. Leonard Smithers, 6s.

## FICTION.

THE WORST OF IT. By Mary Gaunt. Methuen & Co. 6s.

A RARE VERDICT. By Leslie Keith. Richard Bentley & Son.

STAPLETON'S LUCK. By Margery Hollis. Richard Bentley & Son.

A WELSH SINGER. By Allen Raine. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

TALES OF THE ROCK. By Mary Anderson. Downey & Co. 3s. 6d.

A WOMAN OF MOODS: A SOCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH. By Mrs. Charlton Anne (Ellam Fenwicke Allan). Burns & Oates.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

GUIDE TO THE DUTCH EAST INDIES. By Dr. J. F. VAN BENMELLEN and G. B. HOOYER. Translated by Rev. B. J. BERRINGTON. Luzac & Co.

## EDUCATIONAL.

SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH. With Notes by W. T. WEBB, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW: A MAGAZINE FOR THE ARTIST, ARCHEOLOGIST, DESIGNER, AND CRAFTSMAN. Vol. I.

A COMMON-SENSE METHOD OF DOUBLE-ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING ON FIRST PRINCIPLES. By S. DYER. Part I.: THEORETICAL. Part II.: PRACTICAL. George Philip & Son.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech at Dumfries on Tuesday contained a very excellent summary of the genius of Burns, and proved once more how fine a critic of letters has been lost in the leader of the House of Commons; or, rather, not lost, but, for the most part, discouraged. To praise Robert Burns at Dumfries would be sufficient to satisfy the burghers, if they had not been previously convinced, that here was a man worthy of the freedom of their town; but Mr. Balfour did more—he grouped with Burns as great Scotsmen, Carlyle, Scott and Stevenson. To Burns naturally fell the lion's share of eulogy, but the incidental references to the three other men, though much briefer, had equal felicity.

MR. BALFOUR'S "aside" concerning R. L. Stevenson may be quoted, since, at the present moment, it is interesting to collect all estimates of that much discussed writer. "Stevenson," said Mr. Balfour, showing, by the way, a somewhat limited knowledge of the intrepidity of the hardy critic, "has been too recently taken from us for even the hardest critic to venture to prophesy the exact position which he is destined ultimately to occupy in the literary history of this country. But I think, however, we may say of him that he was a man of the finest and most delicate imagination, and that he wielded in the service of that imagination a style which for grace, for suppleness, for its power of being at once turned to any purpose which the author desired, has seldom been matched—in my judgment it has hardly been equalled—by any writer, English or Scotch."

IN the September *Harper's* Mr. Henry James writes, with his accustomed delicacy, of the late George Du Maurier, whom he knew well. In the course of this most readable, sympathetic article we learn again how great a loss English romantic literature suffered through the late blossoming of Mr. George Du Maurier's narrative faculty, and his early death. The following passage offers a glimpse of one of his many unwritten stories, in the telling or elaboration of which he found so much amusement:

"He had worked them out in such detail that they were ready in many a case to be served as they stood. That was peculiarly true of a wonderful history that occupied at Hampstead, I remember, years ago, on a summer day, the whole of an afternoon ramble. . . . A title would not have been obvious, but there would have been food for wonder in the career of a pair of lovers who had been changed into Albatrosses, and the idea of whose romantic adventures in the double consciousness struck me, I remember, as a real *trouville* of the touching. They are separated; they lose each other in all the wide world; they are shot at and wounded; and though, after years, I recall the matter confusedly, one of them appears, by the operation of the oddities among which the story moves, to have had to reassume the human shape, and wait and watch in vain for the wandering and distracted other. There comes back to me a passage in some old crowded German market-place, under a sky

full of gables and towers, and in spite of the dimness of these gleams I retain the conviction that the plan at least, to which years of nursing of it had brought a high finish, was a little masterpiece of the weird, of the Hofmannesque."

Elsewhere Mr. James expresses a wish, which many persons will echo, that a collection of Mr. Du Maurier's lyrics may be made.

"IN matters of commerce," wrote Caning, "the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." The Dutch pirate-publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin has discovered, gives nothing at all. Mr. Unwin, very naturally expecting Olive Schreiner's *Trooper Peter Halkett* to be popular in a Dutch translation, had arranged for a translation to be made, when he discovered that the work had already been brought out in Holland, and is doing well. It is unfortunate and regrettable, but Mr. Unwin should have been quicker.

IN reference to Mr. Gosse's remark which we quoted last week, to the effect that had *Modern Painters*, *The Grammar of Assent*, or *The History of Civilisation* been published within the last ten years it would scarcely have attracted attention outside a narrow circle, so bent upon fiction are all modern readers, Mr. White writes from the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield, urging that such could not have been the case since *Modern Painters* is still selling well. We are glad to hear it, but the statement does not really affect Mr. Gosse's contention. There is a difference between a book published in the last ten years and a book whose popularity has been gaining momentum for half a century.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, the young poet whose *Christ in Hades* was welcomed for its note of sincerity and signs of strength, had a remarkable poem in last week's *Spectator*. The piece, entitled "The Woman with the Dead Soul," was described as an attempt to render imaginatively a modern tragedy, the horror of which lies in the combination of death within and neatness without, so often to be seen in our great cities. Mr. Phillips did not, perhaps, carry the reader quite so far as his own mind travelled, but no one could read his lines without gathering a serious meaning, and experiencing a certain grim sensation of chill. They remind us a little of the late James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. We quote a passage describing the gradual death of the woman's soul:

"She felt it die a little every day,  
Flutter less wildly, and more feebly pray.  
Still it grew; at times she felt it pull  
Imploring thinly something beautiful;  
And in the night was painfully awake,  
And struggled in the darkness till daybreak.  
For not at once, not without any strife,  
It died; at times it started back to life;  
Now at some angel evening after rain,  
Built like early Paradise again;  
Or at some human face, or starry sky,  
The silent tremble of infinity,  
Or odour of strange fields at midnight sweet,  
Or soul of summer dawn in the dark street."

At the same time, we feel that the *Spectator* goes too far in its praise of the poem in a companion article. Poetry that is to draw



national attention to defects in great cities should not be at all involved or over literary in expression, nor need elaborate commentaries.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, whose touch seems to us recognisable, has been reminded by K. S. Ranjitsinhji's book upon cricket of the meditations of an earlier Indian sage, one Mohummud Abdullah Khan, whose *Cricket Guide* was published at Lucknow in 1891. The few extracts that are offered prove the book to be less scientific than the Jubilee volume, but of higher value as a work of humour. Thus: "Behave like gentlemen when the game is over; avoid clapping and laughing in the faces of the persons you have defeated"; and, "If you have any book to be signed by the captain of the opposite side, confessing his defeat by so many runs, please do it like men"; and, "The fielders must never sting the player with taunts, if they turn him out, for this often results in something disagreeable to human mind."

A SECOND edition of K. S. Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* is in preparation.

WE are informed that Lambeth Palace Library will be closed for six weeks, from to-day. Some scholars from Berlin and Upsala have lately been inspecting the MSS. for linguistic and critical purposes.

THE English short story for the September *Cosmopolis* will be contributed by Miss L. Alma Tadema, under the title of "The Unseen Helmsman," and the French one, by Edouard Rod, under the title of "Père et Fils." Vernon Lee is writing on the "Analytical Novel in France," with special reference to the works of M. Rosny. A further instalment of the letters of Turgenev to his French circle will also appear.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in the autumn *The Queen's Hounds, and Stag-Hunting Recollections*, by Lord Ribblesdale, Master of the Buckhounds, 1892-95, with an Introductory Chapter on the Hereditary Mastership by E. Burrows. The book will have numerous illustrations, including reproductions from oil-paintings in the possession of Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle and Cumberland Lodge.

PROVIDED that a sufficient number of guinea subscriptions can be obtained, it is proposed to publish at the Clarendon Press, by the collotype process, in imperial quarto, a facsimile of the original MS. of the Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, in Welsh, reproduced from the MS. of Bishop Richard Davies, and compared with the parallel versions of Salesbury, 1567, and Morgan, 1588. To this will be added an account of a draft petition for a translation into "the vulgar Welsh tong," and a bond in connexion therewith, bound with the MS., and biographical notices of the Bishop and his collaborator William Salesbury, together with a dissertation on some early Welsh versions of Holy Scripture, by

Archdeacon D. R. Thomas, Llandrinio. This publication will be helpful to students, apart from its intrinsic interest, in showing the formation of a Welsh theological terminology, and the development of a prose literary standard.

WE understand that Mr. Claude Phillips is already at work on a catalogue of the Wallace collection, and intends to follow it up with a more elaborate work on the same subject. Mr. Phillip's appointment as keeper to the collection was announced a short time ago.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS has arranged to make a lecturing tour in America in the autumn.

THE Rev. E. Conybeare is engaged on a history of Cambridgeshire for Mr. Elliot Stock's "Popular County History Series." One chapter traces the existence of a Cymric population in the Fenland, after the departure of the Romans. Particular attention has been bestowed on the part taken by Cambridgeshire in the Baronial wars of the thirteenth century.

## LITERARY HAMPSTEAD.

### THE THREATENED DEMOLITION OF CHURCH ROW.

THE rumour, which we fear is only too well founded, that Church Row, Hampstead, is to be pulled down to make room for modern flats is one that will give pain to every lover of old London, and to all who delight in old-fashioned ways and people. The perfect state in which these old Georgian houses remain, and their unimpaired ability to shelter old and young, would alone make the thought of their destruction very unwelcome. No wonder that the proposed change has called forth an earnest protest from Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie; is it too late to hope that her voice will be joined by others, and that "respite, respite, and nepenthe," will be accorded a few years longer to this unique precinct? For there Church Row stands in the irrecoverable glory of old brick and straight white latticed windows just as it was seen by Mrs. Barbauld, who lived in one of its houses; and by Lucy Aikin, her niece, who lived in another, and whose *Memoir of Addison* drew showers of praise from Macaulay; and by Joanna Baillie, their near neighbour, and by Sir Walter Scott, a frequent visitor; and by Crabbe, and by Wordsworth, and by John Day, of *Sandford and Merton*; and by many another gentle and gifted man and woman who lived in or visited Hampstead from fifty to a hundred-and-fifty years ago. Miss Lucy Aikin thus describes, in a letter to Dr. Channing, the Hampstead of 1830-1840. She had come to live in Church Row in 1822 to be near her aunt.

"Several circumstances render society here peculiarly easy and pleasant; in many respects the place unites the advantages and escapes the evils both of London and provincial towns. It is near enough (to London) to allow its inhabitants to partake in the society, the

amusements, and the accommodations of the capital as freely as ever the dissipated could desire; whilst it affords pure air, lovely scenery, and retired and beautiful walks. Because every one here is supposed to have a London set of friends, neighbours do not think it necessary, as in the provinces, to force their acquaintance upon you; of local society you may have much, little, or none, as you please; and with a little, which is very good, you may associate on the easiest terms. Then the summer brings an influx of Londoners who are often genteel and agreeable people, and pleasantly vary the scene. Such is Hampstead."

That was little more than fifty years ago. The palmy days of Church Row were even then beginning to pass. But Joanna Baillie was still Miss Aikin's friend and neighbour, and Joanna Baillie had many a time received Sir Walter Scott at her house. She had gathered there, indeed, all the great writers of the time, dividing the hospitality of Hampstead with Mr. Samuel Hoare, the banker. George Crabbe was often a guest of the Hoares. In June, 1825, he wrote in one of his letters: "My time passes I cannot tell how pleasantly. To-day I read one of my long stories to my friends, Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister. It was a task, but they encouraged me, and were, or seemed, gratified. I rhyme at Hampstead with a great deal of facility, for nothing interrupts me but kind calls, or something pleasant." Now and then Coleridge might be the caller—Crabbe frequently saw him in those days; or the arrival of Wordsworth or of Southey might be the "something pleasant." Wordsworth was there in May, 1815. Haydon relates that he walked with him on the Heath:

"I sauntered on to West End Lane, and so on to Hampstead, with great delight. Never did any man beguile the time as Wordsworth. His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, and the intense and eager feelings with which he pours forth all he knows, affect, interest, and enchant me."

With Mrs. Barbauld, who, however, had then removed to Stoke Newington, Wordsworth enjoyed a close friendship. He regarded her as the leading literary woman of her day. "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things," he said to Crabbe Robinson, "but I wish I had written those lines," and he quoted the last stanza of Mrs. Barbauld's "Address to Life":

"Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter  
clime  
Bid me Good Morning."

We will lift the veil of a few more years. Mrs. Barbauld—Anna Letitia Barbauld, let her be called for state—came to live in Church Row, Hampstead, with her husband in 1785. Mr. Barbauld had received the offer of a small Dissenting congregation there. Mrs. Barbauld had already done the greater part of her literary work, albeit her never-to-be-forgotten, or at least not yet forgotten, *Evenings at Home* were

written in Church Row. From just such a sweet hill-top street they should have come. Yet the *Evenings at Home* are too exclusively associated with her name. Not only did she collaborate on them with her brother, Dr. Aikin, but of the ninety-nine pieces contained in this collection of essays for the young only fourteen came from her own pen. These included "The Young Mouse," "Canute's Reproof," "Things by Their Right Names," "The Four Sisters," and other remembered pages. Indeed, we hear of Dr. Aikin being somewhat dissatisfied with his sister's inactivity at Hampstead, and urging her (in a set of verses) to give the world the benefit of her talents. She did rouse herself to write *A Poetical Epistle* to Mr. Wilberforce on the rejection of his Bill for the abolition of Slavery, and critical essays on the poetry of Collins and Akenside. A word about Dr. Akenside presently. Of Joanna Baillie Mrs. Barbauld wrote: "I have received great pleasure lately from the representation of 'De Montfort,' a tragedy which you probably read a year and a half ago in a volume entitled *A Series of Plays on the Passions*. I admired it then, but little dreamed that I was indebted for my entertainment to a young lady of Hampstead, whom I visited, and who came to Mr. Barbauld's meeting all the while, with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line."

In another of her letters is the following amusing passage:

"I have been to Dr. Beddoes, who is a very agreeable man; his favourite prescription at present to ladies is the inhaling the breath of cows; and as he does not, like the German doctors, send the ladies to the cow-house, the cows are brought into the lady's chamber, where they stand all night with their heads within the curtains. . . . It is a fact . . . that a family have been turned out of their lodgings because the people of the house would not admit the cow; they said they had not built and furnished their rooms for the hoofs of cattle."

And another of Mrs. Barbauld's letters is worth quoting; it is quoted by Howitt, who wrote delightfully on all these matters in his *Northern Heights of London*. The Barbaulds had received a young Spaniard into their house: "He is quite a man, of one or two-and twenty, and rather looks like a Dutchman than a Spaniard. Did you ever see *segurs*—tobacco-leaf rolled up of the length of one's finger, which they light and smoke without a pipe? He uses them. 'And how does Mr. Barbauld bear that?' say you. 'O! the Don keeps it snug in his own room.'"

We have mentioned the poet Akenside as an object of Mrs. Barbauld's editorial attention. He, too, had lived at Hampstead, and his was, perhaps, the only unhappy experience of that upland village that has come down to us. But, then, Akenside was unhappily constituted. He was ashamed of his humble birth, and is said to have refused, on one occasion, to acknowledge an aunt who called on him. Mr. Dyson, his friend and patron, purchased a cottage for him at North End, Hampstead, but the tenancy of the poet-doctor was not a long one. "Hampstead," says his bio-

grapher, "was not suited to a man like Akenside. The inhabitants were respectable and rich; but many of them were not only respectable and rich, but purse-proud, and therefore supercilious. They required to be escorted and flattered, and their sons to be treated with an air of obligation." This is a picture of Hampstead very different from Miss Aikin's of seventy or eighty years later. Perhaps the times differed less than appears. Miss Aikin was in the swim, and Dr. Akenside was not. We are now getting far back into the eighteenth century; no further back, however, than Mrs. Barbauld looked; for she edited selections from the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*, and she wrote the *Life of Richardson* and edited the old novelists. Even to her, Hampstead must have seemed to be steeped in the literary traditions of a bygone day. She could not have passed the "Upper Flask" inn in her morning walk without thinking of *Clarissa Harlowe's* flight thither from her plugging lover. It is *Lovelace* who writes:

"The Hampstead coach when the dear fugitive came to it had but two passengers in it; but she made the fellow go off directly, paying for the vacant places. The two passengers directing the coachman to set them down at the 'Upper Flask,' she bid him set her down there also. They took leave of her (very respectfully, no doubt), and she went into the house, and asked if she could not have a dish of tea and a room to herself for half an hour. They showed her up into the very room where I now am. She sat at the very table I now write upon; and, I believe, the chair I sit in was hers. O Belford! if thou knowest what love is, thou wilt be able to account for their minutiae."

We may be sure, too, that Steele's old cottage down the hill, whence his friends of the Kit Kat Club would bring him up to the "Upper Flask" for their weekly meeting, was an object of interest to Mrs. Barbauld and her friends. They would identify the house in which Dr. Johnson lived for a few months in 1749 to give his *Tetty* the air, and they would wonder if tradition lied in saying that Mrs. Johnson lived extravagantly and frivolously there while the Doctor toiled in Fleet-street. Here, at all events, Johnson did some sound work. "I wrote the first seventy lines in the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' in the course of one morning, in that small house beyond the church." And did not Gay come here to nurse his melancholy after his disastrous "little flutter" in South Sea stocks? Hither, did not Arbuthnot come to die, and yet was cheerful? "I passed a whole day with him," wrote Pope, "at Hampstead. He is in the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell and Mrs. Saggioni, and her sons, and his two daughters, are all with him." It is not easy to exhaust the literary associations of Hampstead. One may look, as it were, out of Mrs. Barbauld's windows in Church Row in the year 1800, forward and backward through time, and Hampstead's glories show thick and bright. Shall we hark back again to find Romney, old and dejected, in his room at Hampstead, his strength waning with the waning century; Constable watching the rainstorms sweeping the immemorial

Heath; Evelina repelling the attentions of Beau Smith in the Long Room? or shall we look forward to find Keats poising his frail figure to hear the nightingale; Dickens pressing up the hill to Jack Straw's Castle; Du Maurier taking his great dogs about the lanes of "soothing, amusing, simplifying, sanitary Hampstead," as its very latest eulogist has described it? Look as we will we shall see nothing to make the removal of Church Row—Hampstead's jewel—a whit more tolerable.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. BOURGET is always interesting, though never amusing. For one thing, he takes himself too seriously, and persists in regarding the art of writing fiction as a science. For another, he lacks wit, humour, charm, and lightness of touch. These are essentials for immortality, so one is safe to predict that M. Bourget's immortality will terminate with his obsequies at the expense of the State. He wrote one notable book, *Le Disciple*, and *André Cornélis* is a strenuous and sober study of considerable value; and here and there in his other novels he has reached the intensity of life and stirred emotion's deeps. But this achievement is rarer than it should be with a writer so sincere and studious. The explanation of his failure lies in the fact that M. Bourget pitches his note too high. Not content with the artist's ambition, he too ardently strives after philosophy and intellectuality. These qualities are out of place in fiction. They irritate and offend. We want our novelists to give us the best of ware, but our interest must be sustained, our emotions stirred, the arts and graces of literature must be used in the quest of our approval. So heavy, so austere, so philosophical a novelist as M. Paul Bourget, with never a smile, or a witty phrase, or a humorous or musical turn for our delectation, is as inappropriate in his profession as the lady who offers herself for public amusement in the guise of a "daughter of Joy," and turns out a loaded blue-stocking. The man who pays his money for entertainment feels justly that he would prefer to seek knowledge elsewhere. Our library shelves are weighted with well-bound tomes of philosophy and learning. Why must M. Bourget, who might do better things, inveigle us into dusty depths in the hollow disguise of insidious yellow cover and popular name?

His new book, a series of laborious studies of profiles gathered in varied travels and contributed to *Cosmopolis*, forms an interesting collection. There is even a fresh and graceful note in the Irish sketch, *Neptunevale*, which would have been completely charming if M. Bourget could, for a moment, have forgotten himself and his vexed theory of psychology. He places before this quaint and touching little romance—if one may dare to call by so simple a name the work of so tortured a master—the mournful Irish proverb, "There is hope from the sea, but no hope from the grave." M. Bourget has not

escaped the indescribable fascination of that melancholy and humorous race, which seems chiefly to exist for the pleasure of being misunderstood and wondered at. He, too, wonders, and admires in that sentimental, amazed temper most intellectual sympathisers fall into on this debatable ground. He writes regretfully of the "beautiful island so little visited by his compatriots, and so worthy of being much visited." He returns to Ireland, drawn thither again by its depth of green, its clear dark width of water, its isle-spotted lakes and veiled skies; "in a word, by the inexplicable charm of its matchless melancholy," of the tender and fatal pathos that ever enfolds it, as a kind of mist upon judgment; wins affection and repels reason.

*La Pia*, the last sketch, by its incomparable sobriety of emotion, a certain ironical tenderness, a less pedantic treatment, less of the obvious and irritating method of the trained psychologist, completely captivates us. The sketch of *La Pia* unites the two graces needful for the qualification of exquisite: vagueness and precision. A memory which holds regret and charm should be like moonlight, deeply shadowed, broadly illuminated. What could be more delicate, more strong, more brilliantly suggestive, than the end of this delightful little Italian sketch? Of the suspected and tarnished boulevardier, capable of a fine action, Bourget writes:

"It was one of those moments when the high chords of our nature have been too strongly stirred for the whole being not to respond to the vibration of generosity, and he squeezed my hand, saying, with a smile of irony and emotion, wherein I recognised the boulevardier: 'Promise me not to recount what has happened in the club. They'd take me for a simpleton. Perhaps I am. But that little one will pray for me sometimes. That never does any harm, and then, look at her eyes, how happy she is!' and with a deep voice: 'You know, it is sometimes good to prove to oneself that one is worth more than one's life.'"

*Nos Fils*, by Hugues Le Roux, is not cheerful reading for French fathers. It seems to prove with lugubrious emphasis that there is no hope, no opening for the sons of France in the Army, the Navy, Civil or State offices, and that salvation lies exclusively in the colonies. M. Le Roux tells the story of Mr. Frank Harris's life, as an inducement to overseas adventure. Mr. Harris is a very able man, no doubt, but it is information for his compatriots, on the authority of his French friend, M. Le Roux, that he has reformed English prose. Few of us suspected that the prose of Hazlitt and Ruskin required reform, and we have yet to learn the nature of the reform brought about by the genius of Mr. Harris, whom the French enthusiast compares with Maupassant, to Maupassant's apparent advantage. Friendly admiration is a pleasant thing, as our own log-rolled geniuses are aware, and the readers of *Le Journal*, the sprightly and improper paper to which M. Le Roux contributes, will be glad to feel themselves in advance of British opinion, thanks to the courage and originality of Mr. Harris's French admirer.

Oriental troubles have lent a fashion and

popularity to the theme of Oriental massacres and risings. *Zeitoun*, translated from the original Armenian of Aghassi, one of the chiefs of the revolt of 5,000 Armenians against 60,000 Turks, is a quick, graphic, and vital account, written somewhat in the note-book style, which is an appropriate and "living" form for a tale told from day to day, by a chronicler, sword in hand as well as pen, whose desk is often the saddle. The illustrations from the *Daily Graphic* are not well produced in this little volume, published by the *Mercure de France*, but the history of a revolt not precisely of European importance, and now swallowed up in the recent war, is full of interest, and told in a rapid, sober prose that is convincing and sincere. We hear of Armenia as peopled by a pacific race, adapted to oratory and thought, given to study, with an admirable literature and thirst for learning, "constantly ascending in patriotism and brotherhood." It is noteworthy that Armenia has drawn from M. Stéphane Mallarmé the single nearly lucid phrase he has ever written, addressed to M. A. Tchobanian, the translator of *Zeitoun*:

"That you should have, from a lake of blood, which is reflected redly on every thinking contemporary visage, awakened this pure lesson initiating an entire poetry, appears to me the most efficacious and delicate piety of a man of letters towards his devastated country, bruised and ready to spring from such evocations."

And for Mallarmé this is almost French and coherent.

H. L.

#### NEW BOOKS.

*Belles d'Août.* Auguste Marin.

*Fédor.* Alphonse Daudet.

*Le Baron Sinai.* Gyp.

*Pays de l'Ouest.* Gustave Geffroy.

### THE BOOK MARKET.

#### IMPROBABLE BOOKS.

"CAN you really sell a book like this?" "Certainly. I sold a copy only a little while ago."

The book was a calf-bound folio: *Voyage de Corneille le Brun*, printed in Paris in 1714. It was one of a number of large, musty-looking books that formed a sort of rampart to a little shop in Red Lion Passage. Now Red Lion Passage is a narrow lane whereby you escape from Red Lion Square, and it is well beloved of book-hunters. The sun was setting over the square and shedding its last red rays directly down the Passage, which, to one's blinking gaze, took on a seventeenth-century air. Surely, I mused, Le Brun's sun set long ago; yet here, in the night of its uselessness, in the year of Nansen and Andrée, his *Voyage* is hopelessly exposed for sale.

"Will you explain it?" I said to Mr. Hobbs.

"Well, I don't know that there is

much to be said. It is just this: here and there is a man who is interested in old voyages to the Levant and round about the East, and who perhaps finds the plates—you see there are many plates in the volume—interesting."

"But to buy it! I could understand him consulting such a book at the British Museum. It is entirely obsolete; it is hardly literature; it is in French; it weighs, I think, sixteen pounds: and you expect that a man will arrive and give you money for it and take it away?"

"I do."

"Well, come; here is *Dryden's Fables* in folio, magnificently printed, but surely unsaleable now?"

"I shall sell it. Indeed, it is partly sold already, for it has lost the plates!"

"Do you mean they have been bought out of the book?"

"Yes; I have no doubt that the last bookseller who had the volume sold the plates to a customer."

"Does that often occur?"

"Oh, yes."

"You mean that a customer will offer to buy the plates in a book, and the bookseller will cut them out for him with his pen-knife?"

"Certainly; it has been done here. You see, some people want pictures and some want reading; and in the case of a book of this kind it pays to divide them."

"Well, now, you won't pretend that you can easily sell these volumes that your kitten is playing on: Sir Paul Rycaut's *The Turkish History*, 1687? I see it is full of the lives of Othmans and Amuraths and Bajazets—gorgeous old stuff, no doubt; but can you sell such a book to a passer-by?"

"Not easily; but it will go, it will go."

"Echard's *History of England*, in three volumes?"

"That will not sell easily."

"Rollin's *Ancient History*, in seven volumes?"

"Yes; to a few libraries."

"Newton's *Principia*?"

"Yes."

"Now, I put it to you that you cannot sell *Zimmerman on Solitude*."

"But I can."

"Or *Sturm's*—"

"*Reflections*?" Yes; I own I'm a bit surprised when I sell that book, but I'm asked for it now and then, and also for Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs*."

"Well, what are these books in three long rows?"

"Now, there's an instance for you. That is a French Dictionary of Medical Science, published in Paris in 1812. I have the complete set in sixty volumes, all beautifully bound in calf!"

"And you can sell sixty volumes of a twenty-times-obsolete French medical work in Red Lion Passage to-day?"

"I think so. I bought it with that idea."

"It seems to me that as long as a book is a book it will sell at some price to some person."

"That is so."

# DRAMA.

THE successful revival of "The Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric Theatre solves a problem in criticism which had been left in a somewhat unsatisfactory state, at all events for a section of the critics. No modern piece has been more severely mauled than Mr. Wilson Barrett's quasi-religious play, and none, on the other hand, has been hailed more cordially by the public, or, to take a rough, but conclusive, test of success, has made more money. Already on its arrival in London "The Sign of the Cross" was enjoying a great provincial popularity. "But," objected the superfine critics, "this is not a genuine piece of dramatic work, it appeals to a passing craze; it will never, like a really good play, stand the test of revival." Mr. William Archer, if I remember rightly, went so far as to call Mr. Barrett's *magnum opus* a "Salvation Army pantomime," a thing of shreds and patches, not only destitute of literary and dramatic qualities, but offensive to good taste. Alas, for this somewhat robustious opinion! "The Sign of the Cross" has stood the test of revival very well, proving that it possesses at least the dramatic quality; and as for taste, it is undeniably palatable to the multitude to which it appeals, which, I fancy, is the highest praise that can be accorded to any popular enterprise. On analysis it will be found that the enormous popularity of "The Sign of the Cross"—a phenomenon which deserves, yet does not demand attention—is due to two causes: first, that it is a well-constructed play, expounding a theme which is popular under all aspects—namely, the power of love in impelling to self-sacrifice—and secondly, because dealing with the sufferings of the early Christians under Nero it has acquired the reputation of being a "Christian" play, and consequently attracts the clergy and a large class of people not usually addicted to the drama. In one respect the popularity of "The Sign of the Cross" is fictitious: it is "Christian" only by accident. Suppose Mr. Barrett had chosen as the setting of his story the wars of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads or the French Revolution, he would still have been able to inspire interest in his theme. Instead of Mercia, the Christian maiden attracting the love of the Roman patrician, Marcus Superbus, we should have had a demure Puritan heroine inspiring a passion in the bosom of a gallant Royalist, or a daughter of the people winning the love of a haughty aristocrat. The dramatic qualities of the story would have remained; but it would no longer have been "Christian," and, consequently, it would not have enlisted the sympathy of the clergy and the Sunday-school teachers.

If we strip this love episode between Mercia and Marcus of its verbal accessories, it is amazing that it should be regarded as enforcing a Christian moral. There never was a passion more completely sordid. Marcus Superbus is not in love with Mercia because of her Christian principles. On the contrary, he rejects these as superstition. He has an eye solely to the attractive

maiden, and at the last moment would have her renounce her faith. This she declines to do—indeed, on Mercia's part, there is very little evidence of a reciprocal passion at all. Marcus, then, as an afterthought, and with something of the exaltation of the suicidal lover, resolves to be thrown to the lions with his beloved, and presumably suffers this fate—for love, however, not religion! Marcus Superbus, whose death excites the compassion of the churches and chapels, is not a convert at all, or only a nominal one. He dies for the same reason that a blighted swain occasionally blows out his brains or takes a dose of "carbolic." Let us not forget, however, that the play could not have obtained its "Christian" vogue had it not been constructed on sound dramatic principles. At the risk of appearing to enunciate a platitude, I would say that nothing supersedes the dramatic element in drama. A play may be literary, "Christian" elevating, educative, what you please, but it must first of all be dramatic. That is the *sine quid non*. And it is here, I think, that hypercriticism has been guilty of some injustice towards Mr. Wilson Barrett as the author of "The Sign of the Cross." It has looked too exclusively to his dialogue, and not enough to his action. The peculiar dialect of "stageese" that Mr. Wilson Barrett affects is, I own, a hard nut for the literary critic to crack. It seems to be compounded of the Bible and Martin Tupper. "I would crave speech with thee," says one of his *dramatis personæ*. "I did but frame a jest," explains another. This is a species of gibberish of which the eminent author-actor, I believe, has a monopoly.

AND yet so strange a medium is the stage, the lingo, if I may without irreverence call it so, answers its purpose. It reminds us at least that the Romans of the Nero period did not talk English, and its *préciosité* conveys somehow a flavour of antiquity. "Marry, that will I," is a phrase of no particular race or period. For my part, I thank Mr. Barrett for it: it is a useful counter. A hundred years ago there were but two kinds of costume known to the stage—the ancient and the modern: the former covering all past ages without exception. It is Mr. Barrett's boast (if he chooses to make it one) that he has divided dialogue into two great sections—the ancient and the modern. It will be observed that, according to Mr. Barrett, they talked the same form of stageese in Babylon 500 years B.C. as in Imperial Rome. No estimate of the merits of the "Sign of the Cross," however, is just which does not acknowledge its admirable stage qualities. Its thrilling scenes are of the crescendo order; its motive is entirely sympathetic, and it flatters the unsophisticated eye with glowing pictures of the profligacy of the Roman ruling classes. Nor must we omit reference to the now famous shriek of the young actress who enacts a boy as he is about to be thrown to the lions, which, for their part, are heard roaring, "off." It recalls the blood-curdling shriek popularised some twelve or fourteen years ago by a now forgotten actress in a performance of "Jane Eyre."

WHAT strange news of ourselves we occasionally read in the French papers! Mr. Francisque Sarcy, the eminent critic of *Le Temps*, has been giving in his latest *feuilleton* a bird's-eye view of the London theatres, the luminous points of which, it appears, are our superabundance of Hamlets, and the success of "Tommy Atkins," at the Princes's. This end of the century, we are told, has seen four great Hamlets in London: those of Irving, Wilson Barrett, Tree, and—Gordon Craig! I am sorry to say I missed Mr. Gordon Craig's performance. M. Sarcy tells us that he has given up the question of Hamlet's madness as an *indéchiffrable énigme*. This is hard on several of the great Hamlets named, who have been but mad "when the wind was south-south-west," and who at other times have always known a hawk from a heronshaw. It is true I am unfamiliar with Mr. Gordon Craig's reading.

J. F. N.

# SCIENCE.

IT is not altogether without justice that the Toronto press describes Prof. Roberts-Austen's lecture on "Canada's Metals" as the most interesting address ever delivered in the Dominion. Frequenters of the Royal Institution are familiar with some of the remarkable experiments and discoveries connected with metals which have been made by the Director of the Mint, but the public at large are probably unacquainted with them, and very few, indeed, have seen his latest results, the series of instantaneous splash photographs of molten gold which I had the pleasure of inspecting shortly before the distinguished professor's departure for Canada. These are taken on the principle of the photographs of splashes of water shown by Prof. Worthington, and the drop photographs of Mr. Vernon Boys. They prove, in a striking manner, that in their liquid state metals behave almost exactly like non-metallic fluids.

THE metals which Canada produces, and which are destined to give it a leading position in the world, are gold, silver, nickel, copper, lead, and iron. In addition, there are found there chromium, manganese, antimony, zinc, mercury, platinum, and traces of the rarer metals, such as molybdenum, which, though not very abundant or useful in themselves, exert a most remarkable influence when alloyed in minute quantities with commoner metals like iron. The same may be said of nickel, which has recently become of first-rate importance on account of the enormous resisting power which it confers upon steel for armour plates. The curious nature of these alloys, and the necessity for extreme accuracy in adjusting the proportions, is well-known, and may be exemplified by an experiment of Guillaume's, quoted and exhibited in Prof. Austen's lecture. Steel containing 22 per cent. of nickel expands more when heated than ordinary steel does, while steel containing 37 per cent. of nickel hardly expands at all, so



that the nature of the material is entirely reversed in one essential particular by a difference of 15 per cent. in the admixture of one constituent. The most striking of all Prof. Austen's experiments are without doubt those on the mutual diffusion of two solid metals kept in a state of very close contact. Lead and gold are the two metals selected to exhibit this quality, which, although slow and necessarily limited in its action, is so remarkable as to upset our popular notions of a solid body altogether. In fact, Prof. Austen has shown that the three states of solid, liquid, and gaseous, instead of being utterly distinct, merge imperceptibly into each other, and that even in a solid there are molecules present which retain the freedom of motion possessed by gaseous molecules. Perhaps in time we shall need a Boyle's and an Avogadro's law for solids.

THE other lecture, given in accordance with custom to operatives of the town in which the British Association meeting is held, was one by Dr. Henry O. Forbes, on British New Guinea. Anything that Dr. Forbes selects to say about the Australasian and Malaysian groups is bound to be interesting, on account of the wealth of information which he has collected from those little-known regions, and their bearing upon the great problem of early continental distribution. Dr. Forbes, in his lecture, explained the meaning of "Wallace's line," and showed how the difference in the fauna and flora of regions separated by even so narrow a channel as that between Lombok and Bali is important as determining what lands originally belonged to the great northern continent, and what to the even greater continent which once surrounded the Southern Pole, embracing the major part of Australasia, South America, and, probably for a shorter time, South Africa. There is no greater story written on the face of the earth than that which records the manifold subsidences and elevations which alternately separated, insulated, or joined together the lands in the Southern Hemisphere. Here we can read the history of organic evolution on a dozen different lines, some almost entirely distinct, some blending at remote epochs, as we can see from the survival in South America of rare marsupial forms like those which now no longer exist anywhere but in the Australian continent.

By the time these notes are published the British Association meeting at Toronto will be a thing of the past, and members will be radiating away on their excursions and travels in every direction. There is no reason for regarding it otherwise than as a great success from the point of view of an international scientific gathering, the large intermixture of American and Canadian workers being an especially pleasant feature. What will appeal to most people even more than its success is, however, the felicitous thought which, in this year of Imperial jubileations, selected for the meeting-place England's oldest and in many ways most serviceable colony.

H. C. M.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Wisdom of Fools." By Margaret Deland. (Longmans.)

In the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. Courtney devotes his weekly column to the examination of these four stories from the pen which wrote *John Ward, Preacher*. "Are the commonplace people . . . right when they formulate rules based on a large and comprehensive mundane experience; or are the saints right—if indeed that be the correct term to apply to them—the unconventional souls, the visionaries, the fools? In each of her four stories Margaret Deland debates this argument, and, like an artist and a critic, she comes to no conclusion. . . . The critical ingenuity is the same throughout—that careful analysis of motives and contrast of ideals which gives to the artist his keenest intellectual satisfaction. But Margaret Deland must not call herself a student of life while she writes likes this; she is rather the critic who loves to watch the iridescent play on the surface of things. . . . And, he asks, "what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Well, perhaps this. There is a wisdom of this world and . . . another kind of wisdom, not of this world, which men usually call folly; but it happens, nevertheless, to satisfy some minds not the least worthy of honour and regard. If a man cannot make up his mind which . . . he is going to accept, heaven help him! He must not attempt to mix the two . . ." Says the *Chronicle*: "These stories have not quite all the gracious charm of style which we have learned to look for in everything that comes from Mrs. Deland's pen. They are, perhaps, a trifle overweighted with purpose." Also, "we find ourselves quite unable to reply with confidence to any of the interrogations with which these stories end. But we have enjoyed reading them none the less." Of "The House of Rimmon," which it describes as "the most powerful, the deepest, and the most momentous in the issues it involves," the *National Observer* writes that "the relation of capital and labour are set forth with an impartiality and bold realism that reflect the highest credit on the logic as well as the humanity of the author. . . . Mrs. Deland shows herself in each instance to be a thinker, a woman of the world, and a humanitarian in its secular sense." The *Pall Mall's* Irresponsible Critic writes: "These sketches, with their subtle characterisation, their depth of thought, and with the ease and humour of their style, are worthy of comparison with *Scenes of Clerical Life*."

"Ibsen on his Merits." By Sir E. Russell and P. C. Standing. (Chapman & Hall.)

"MR. STANDING," writes the *Chronicle*, "has nothing to say, and does not know how to say it. He has no critical faculty, and cannot even realise the problems which Ibsen presents to criticism. . . . He babbles backwards and forwards about the plays without any attempt at order or coherence; . . . moreover he registers with approval or condemnation the opinions of quaint and surprising people, from 'Tjngonde Häftat' [which means nothing more or less than No. XX. of some magazine] to Miss Marie

Corelli. . . . Mr. Standing's bump of admiration is indeed immense." On the other hand, Sir Edward Russell's lecture, though timorous and apologetic, is at least "the work of a competent man of letters." What mainly offends him in Ibsen is his "provincialism"—"an old reproach, which at best has only a local meaning. . . . But when with 'provincialism,' Sir Edward Russell brackets 'puerility' of technique, one can only wonder to find so eminent a critic writing in apparent unconsciousness of the dramatic movement of Europe." "The students of Ibsen," writes the *Saturday reviewer*, ". . . are like a choir who are endeavouring to persuade an unwilling audience at a concert to appreciate an abstruse new musician. They are not helped, they are much exasperated, by the rushing in of two volunteers who propose to assist them on a jew's-harp and a penny whistle." "The authors claim to have worked in collaboration; . . . but we are enabled to distinguish between them. Sir E. R. Russell rarely trusts himself to a definite statement, and is therefore less often startlingly wrong than Mr. Standing, whose boldness of assertion and daring defiance of books of reference are distinctly pleasing." The *National Observer* is disappointed to find in Sir Edward Russell's contribution to this joint production neither the indiscriminate eulogy nor the wholesale condemnation suggested by the phrase "on his merits."

Mr. Bellamy's "Equality." (Heinemann.)

"MR. BELLAMY," observes the *Chronicle*, "has evidently taken enormous pains with his work, and seen carefully to the joints of his armour. The book contains many good arguments, some unanswerable indictments of the present civilisation, and much that gives the reader cause to think. But we could have wished that it had been livelier." For the book "has not one of the essentials of fiction. There is no movement, no development, no characterisation, no drama, no psychology, no bright or in the slightest degree interesting dialogue." The characters "all talk about the same subjects in exactly the same way." "With the bad old order there will have passed away entirely, it seems, a sense of humour. . . . An unappeasable and unappeased longing again and again comes over us that someone would, at least, try to say something funny. . . . But what we thirst for most is the right to box the ears of some of the children." The *Daily News* permits itself to observe that "at least a social philosopher who undertakes to treat of overproduction should show some knowledge of the doctrines of the Ricardian school on this head." "A sequel," observes the *Standard*, "is apt to come as an anticlimax, and Mr. Bellamy's *Equality* is a case in point. . . . Mr. Bellamy has ridden a good idea to death—and a dull death."

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## REVIEWS.

## A PRINCE OF INDIA ON THE PRINCE OF GAMES.

*The Jubilee Book of Cricket.* By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THERE is more than a mere publisher's appropriateness in the title of this book. This Jubilee year is the apogee of the British Empire; it may also fairly be considered as the apogee of cricket. The art of preparing consummate wickets—wickets which make batting an ease and a delight, bowling a game of patience and endurance—has reached its height. A brilliantly sunny summer has done such wickets full justice; and a wonderful fertility of consummate batsmen has taken full advantage of the wickets and the weather. Yet—extraordinary to relate—it has also been a year in which bowlers have distinguished themselves. A race of bowlers has arisen capable of coping with these conditions. It might be supposed that they would be solely slow or at least medium-pace bowlers. But not so. Three of the most successful bowlers of the season have been Richardson, Mold, and Kortright—all three fast bowlers. What it means, in the way of endurance, for a fast bowler to keep up pace and length through these enormous innings, on wickets enough to numb the pluck of any bowler, only a thorough cricketer can understand. Yet another consideration completes the appropriateness of the title. The peculiar feature of the Jubilee has been the way in which it has drawn attention to the bonds between England and its great dependencies: and the batsman of the day who is acknowledged to be the most consummate in style and all-round power (though he may not be at the head of the averages) is an Indian Prince. This batsman, Prince Ranjitsinhji (perhaps the finest who has appeared in England, except Grace), is the author of this *Jubilee Book of Cricket*. A native of India teaches Englishmen their own national game; and they all, with one accord, hasten to sit at his feet. He is not only a practical master in the game, but he has analysed it

as a critic analyses the laws of literature. The book is illustrated with a profusion of instantaneous photographs of the principal cricketers, showing their attitude in bowling, fielding, wicket-keeping, or play as batsmen, which would alone render it uniquely valuable. And the whole range of cricket is covered with the utmost minuteness by Prince Ranjitsinhji's pen. Training and outfit, fielding in all its branches, bowling, batting, captaincy, and umpiring are the principal divisions of his work. No details are too minute for his consideration. For example, in the outset of the chapter on batting he instructs the batsman how to choose his bat, and with regard to his choice of batting-gloves and leg-guards. And very valuable his advice will be found. He has subjected everything, in fielding, bowling, and batting, to an unprecedented process of analysis, which for the first time provides us with a text-book at all points corresponding to modern needs. The older books were in effect based on the laws handed down from the times of under-hand bowling. But the methods of modern good-length bowling, with off and leg-break, a crowded off-field, and few chances for leg-hitting, you will seek in vain in them. The "pull" is mentioned by them only to be reprobated. Prince Ranjitsinhji discards tradition, and teaches the game as it is now played. The "pull" and the "hook" figure largely in his instructions, and he is justly severe on the coaches who ban both as illegitimate. Nevertheless, there was real reason, which he does not recognise, for the proscription of these strokes by the old players. He himself recognises that they are dangerous off a fast bowler, even on a true wicket, and that on a wicket rendered slippery by rain which has affected the surface, or a "sticky" wicket, they must be eschewed. Now the rough character of the old wickets always enabled the bowler to get plenty of work on the ball, and so the "pull" or the "hook" were really rash and ruinous strokes, were the wicket as dry as you please.

Detailed criticism of a work covering minutely the whole range of cricket is impossible in a review. I can offer only a few scattered commentaries on particular points. Prince Ranjitsinhji has done well to place fielding foremost, in the hope, as he says, that by so doing he may stimulate attention to the most neglected, yet very important, branch of the cricketer's art. Fine fielding is very largely the work of a captain who is himself a fine fielder, and knows its vast importance in winning matches. Many a match has been won rather in the field than at the wicket. And, if only a boy will set himself really to study its niceties, it is a most fascinating branch of cricket. Prince Ranjitsinhji remarks on the splendid opportunities of cover-point, and cites the Rev. Vernon Royle as the cover-point to whom all cricketers give the palm during the last thirty years. "From what one hears," he says, "he must have been a magnificent fielder." He was. And I notice the fact, because Vernon Royle may be regarded as a concrete example of the typical fielder, and the typical fielder's value. He was a pretty and stylish bat; but it was for his wonder-

ful fielding that he was played. A ball for which hardly another cover-point would think of trying, he flashed upon, and with a single action stopped it and returned it to the wicket. So placed that only a single stump was visible to him, he would throw that down with unfailing accuracy, and without the slightest pause for aim. One of the members of the Australian team in Royle's era, playing against Lancashire, shaped to start for a hit wide of cover-point. "No, no!" cried his partner; "the policeman is there!" There were no short runs anywhere in the neighbourhood of Royle. He simply terrorised the batsmen; nor was there any necessity for an extra cover—now so constantly employed. In addition to his sureness and swiftness, his style was a miracle of grace. Slender and symmetrical, he moved with the lightness of a young roe, the flexuous elegance of a leopard—it was a sight for an artist or a poet to see him field. Briggs, at his best, fell not far short in efficiency; but there was no comparison between the two in style and elegance. To be a fielder like Vernon Royle is as much worth any youth's endeavours as to be a batsman like Ranjitsinhji, or a bowler like Richardson.

In the chapter on bowling Prince Ranjitsinhji shows that he has studied this art as closely as his own art of batting. He is full of wise counsel with regard to all the styles of bowling, and their relation to the various kinds of wickets and batsmen. Nothing in his book is more useful than his analysis of a typical game on a good wicket (from a bowler's standpoint) between two first-class sides. The batting side, under thinly disguised names, is easily to be recognised as Surrey; the bowling side, from the absence of names, is harder to be recognised. It is evidently an actual match which the writer had the chance of observing; therefore, it is possible that the other side may be Sussex. I am glad to see that Prince Ranjitsinhji, showing in this the independence and actuality which he displays throughout his book, does not think it beneath him to recognise the possible value of lob-bowling, to expound its principles, and recommend its cultivation by cricketers who are that way inclined. He even goes so far as to surmise that other kinds of under-arm bowling might prove baffling to present-day batsmen if they were revived. I am of opinion that this would certainly be the case. On one point I think that the author does not quite bring out the peculiarities of under-arm. Namely, that "good-length bowling" is not as continuously necessary to under-arm as to over-arm bowling. Now, I think that the under-arm bowler can afford to pitch his balls well up, more than the over-arm bowler can; and that it often pays to do so—at least, against the present race of batsmen, who are unaccustomed to under-arm. For two reasons. In the first place, the over-arm bowler shrinks from pitching his balls up on account of the extra exertion involved. He does so only occasionally, as Prince Ranjitsinhji states, on account of this exertion. The under-arm bowler, on the contrary, because of the ease and naturalness of his action, can pitch his balls well up without any difficulty. In the second place, because



of the difference of trajectory between the two methods of bowling. An over-arm ball describes approximately a parabola, and when it is well pitched up comes therefore thoroughly on to the bat. But the drop of an under-arm ball, particularly if it be slow, is so much more sudden that it may comparatively and roughly be considered a straight drop. Even if fast or quick-medium, it is much more abrupt in descent than a like over-arm ball. Consequently a batsman who attempts to clout a well-pitched-up under-arm as he would a like over-arm ball stands a fair chance of playing over it, especially when he is unaccustomed to this kind of bowling. If, on the other hand, he plays back, it is difficult to get the ball away. So that he may be deceived, and if he adopts caution is not likely to score off the ball. Yorkers, again, are perfectly easy to an under-arm bowler; they put no great strain on the weakest arm. Admirable are all the author's lessons on bowling, had we space to follow them; and admirable his concluding declaration that it is head-work, and the study of the batsman's peculiarities, which puts the crown on a bowler.

"There are bowlers," he says, "who for some reason or other seem to fascinate the batsman, and make him do what they want in spite of himself. . . . The batsman has to fight not only against the particular ball bowled, but against a mysterious unseen influence. There are 'demon' bowlers in more senses than one. They are few and far between; but when they come, they win matches by their own individual might."

In other words, genius tells in cricket as in all else.

In batting, Prince Ranjitsinhji is on his own ground, and his instructions are up to the latest date. He dwells on forward play in a manner not to be met in the older treatises, though he confesses that his own predilections (as might be expected from a player so quick of eye and supple of wrist) are towards back play. His minute and perfect instructions must be sought in the book. Only one point I will comment on, because it is not borne out in the illustrations, though the author seems to imagine it is. He says, quite truly, that the position of the left (that is, the upper) hand should be changed in the forward stroke. That is, the left hand should be shifted round the bat, so that the finger-tips are presented towards the bowler, instead of the back of the hand, as in the ordinary position of holding the bat. Some players, he allows, do not so twist the upper hand round the bat in playing forward. He refers to the illustrations to exemplify the action. But, unless my eyes are deceived, all the batsmen here photographed in the act of playing forward have the left hand unchanged. If so, it is a singular chance; for there can be no doubt of its advantage. The position of the hand may be understood by reference to the portrait of Prince Ranjitsinhji playing back; for here he has the left hand shifted round as it should be in forward play. It is advisable, above all, in forward defensive play. And this because it guards against the two chief dangers in such play. These are, that the bat may not be kept straight, so as to cover the stump from top

to bottom; and that the tip of the blade may be pushed forward in advance of the upper portion of the blade, so as to put the ball up and give a catch. If the left hand be not shifted round, it exercises by its position a natural drag upon the handle of the bat, so as to deflect the upper portion of the blade to the left, and leave the superior portion of the stump exposed. Moreover, besides this lateral deflection of the handle, and consequently of the upper part of the blade, it also exercises a backward drag upon them, so as to leave the tip of the blade dangerously advanced, with the likelihood of a catch. Careful practice may overcome both these tendencies; but in a moment of excitement and inattention they are liable to assert themselves with ruinous results. Whereas the twisting of the left hand round the handle mechanically keeps the bat straight, and the upper portion of the blade well advanced over the lower. A single experiment and comparison will convince any player of this. Another point which may be learned by studying the various photographs of Prince Ranjitsinhji batting given in this book is, that a batsman will do well to alter the relative position of his hands in varying kinds of play. Thus, the Prince's ordinary position at the wicket is with the two hands together at the top of the handle; but in back play his right hand is slid down towards the blade. In glance-play back and forward, his right hand is apparently about two inches above the blade, but well separated from the left hand. Some batsmen, who go in for steady play, ordinarily keep the right hand a little above the blade, and apart from the left. Such a batsman, if he lunges forward to drive a ball, where an inch or two of reach makes all the difference, will do well to slide the right hand up to the left at the top of the handle, in order to get the full length of the bat in reaching out at the ball. In fact, any adaptable batsman will find the use of not keeping his hands in one uniform stiff position for all kinds of strokes. Here is part of the value of the instantaneous photographs in this book. It may be doubtful whether Prince Ranjitsinhji himself was conscious of this feature in his play—at least, he never mentions it; and so the photographs supply hints sometimes not given by the author.

Upon back play, and the methods of making it available for offensive purposes, the author is excellent. The subtlest and newest refinements of stroke all round the wicket are expounded with beautiful clearness: the drive to cover-point or extra-cover, the peculiar stroke with a horizontal bat between a forward-cut and a drive, leg-glances and forcing-strokes on the on-side; and, above all, those once-condemned strokes, made possible by the perfection of modern wickets, the pull and the hook. These are described with a perfect lucidity only to be expected from a batsman who is himself a master of them. There is one very significant omission. The draw, that most stylish stroke of the older batsman, is never once described. The conditions of modern bowling have, indeed, rendered it obsolete. The last time I saw it used was by A. P. Lucas in a match between England and

Australia. On wrist-play he is very strong, as might be supposed from the most beautiful wrist player in England. But for all these niceties I can only refer the reader to the book, promising him, if he be a cricketer, that he has a rich treat of scientific analysis. Prince Ranjitsinhji's exclusive part is completed by two excellent chapters on Captaincy and Umpiring.

Fully another half of the book, however, is taken up by summary reviews of English cricket, under the headings of Public School, University, and County Cricket. The excellent introductory article on public school cricket is by Mr. W. J. Ford; and then follow succinct accounts of all the chief public schools in England. Oxford cricket is admirably dealt with by the old Oxonian, Mr. T. Case; and for Cambridge, Mr. W. J. Ford again takes up the pen. The history of the M.C.C. is dealt with; and then follow articles on all the counties, in many cases signed by leading exponents of county cricket, such as Mr. Hornby in the case of Lancashire. One of the most attractive of all is that on Hampshire, on account of a long quotation from a very interesting article contributed by Mr. E. V. Lucas to the *Morning Post* last year, dealing with the old Hambledon Club. Talk of modern enthusiasm for cricket! It is nothing to that of the ancients of the game. Witness this of the Rev. John Mitford, describing a visit he paid to Beldham's cottage, when that veteran of Hambledon and Surrey was in his last years:

"In his kitchen, black with age, hangs the trophy of his victories, the delight of his youth, the exercise of his manhood, and the glory of his age—his BAT. Reader, believe me when I tell you, I trembled when I touched it; it seemed an act of profaneness, of violation. I pressed it to my lips, and returned it to its sanctuary."

Let that fine bit of rhodomontade put you in tune for approaching the best analysis of cricket yet produced, written by a magnificent cricketer. Some faults of get-up and in the reproduction of the photographs there are; but I have not the heart to particularise them.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

#### KNIGHT'S "WORDSWORTH."

*The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.*  
Edited by William Knight. Vol. VIII.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

WITH this volume Mr. Knight brings to a close his elaborate and most complete edition of Wordsworth's poems. One admirable feature of this edition is that Wordsworth's fanciful and baffling arrangement of his poems under certain headings—such as "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," "Poems of Fancy," "Poems of Imagination," &c., is departed from. Wordsworth, being above all things systematic and philosophical, was desirous to give a kind of symmetrical air to his poems; to make them appear an organic whole, arranged upon certain systematised lines. But, in fact, this was untrue, artificial. He was the most occasional of poets—apart from his

great, but abortive, poem "The Recluse," of which the "Prelude" and the "Excursion" were portions. His poems were composed (to their great advantage) as occasion prompted; and it was an afterthought to gather them into certain categories, and make them appear parts of an organic whole. Their only unity is that of temperament and temperamental development. Accordingly Prof. Knight has done a valuable work in reducing them to chronological order; so that we are enabled to study the development—and the decline—of a great poet. His sole departure from this arrangement is in the case of two poems. It is a departure suggested—as he tells us—by Mr. Aubrey de Vere; and we owe a debt to Mr. de Vere for the suggestion. In the first place, the great "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" is placed at the end of Wordsworth's latest work, as being the crown, both poetically and philosophically, of the poet's achievement. In the second place, Wordsworth's sole Laureate Ode is remitted to the appendix, on the ground that evidence shows it to have been the work of Edward Quillinan—at the most, touched by Wordsworth. It needs no external evidence for the fact to any understander of poetry. The ode is not the work of a poet at all—least of all Wordsworth. The abominable mockery of metre, the academic diction—half a century behind that of Wordsworth—sufficiently show that the austere poet never could have written it. With these exceptions, we have Wordsworth's poems in the order in which they were written; which is the most useful order, except where a poet has really given organic unity to a series of poems. No one would dream, for example, of resolving Rossetti's "House of Life" into chronological order. But, generally speaking, Wordsworth's were absolutely poems of occasion; and the chronological order is an immense gain. It enables us to study accurately the poet's development and decline; which is always in itself a gain, though some poets forbid it by the excellent judgment with which they have arranged their poems in vital and organic connexion.

This volume divides itself into two sections. Firstly (with the exception of the great ode), the poems of Wordsworth's later years; secondly, very early poems, and poems recovered from various sources, which Wordsworth did not include in his published works—for the most part justly. This inevitably implies that there are few treasurable things in this last volume. It shows, only too clearly, that Wordsworth, like Tennyson, in his later years declined. Nay, he declined much worse than Tennyson; for Tennyson was a careful external artist, and was able to maintain a certain level of workmanship even when his inspiration had fled from him. Whereas Wordsworth had not a particle of external art: at his best period, there was an extraordinary intermixture of superb felicity and prosy twaddle. When, owing to declining strength, his inspiration forsook him, he became altogether a vendor of goody-goody twaddle: most unimpeachably virtuous, most unendurably long-winded and commonplace. And the less of a poet he grew, the more appalling was his "he-that-heareth-not-the-prophets"

air. Never was a poet more absolutely dependent on inspiration, less capable of working-up uninspired passages by means of art, so as to make them appear not unworthy companions of the inspired passages. So that he is either unapproachable or unendurable; and very often both in the compass of twenty lines. When it comes to his final period, he is "most tolerable and not to be endured." Unfortunately, this is precisely the Wordsworth that Wordsworthian poets too often imitate; because it needs no inspiration to imitate him. And it is also the Wordsworth that Wordsworthian readers too often admire; because it needs no deep poetic sense to admire him. Such readers will find in this last volume of Prof. Knight an abundant treasury. The few who love the inspired Wordsworth will be very tired over it. Nor is the second section, consisting of Wordsworthian treasure-trove from many sources, likely to recompense them. Almost the only exception is "Home at Grasmere," and another fragment, both connected with the unexecuted "Recluse." "Home at Grasmere," in particular, has many fine passages, though it is very unequal. But what shall we say of the "Sonnet on Seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams Weep at a Tale of Distress," and similar very early poems? Simply that they show how very badly Wordsworth could write in his youth. And yet it has one good idea in it, which anticipates the sonnet of Blanco White. But then the idea had already been anticipated by Sir Thomas Browne, and another writer of about the same period. Really, the most valuable of these gleanings belongs not to Wordsworth at all. It is a poem of Coleridge's, addressed to Wordsworth under the title of "Axiologus," and preserved by Mr. Dykes Campbell. Prof. Knight is careful to say that he does not know the source from which Mr. Dykes Campbell got it. But the internal evidence is abundantly sufficient. It is in hexameters; and Coleridge was fond of such experiments. There is an acknowledged poem of his to Wordsworth in hexameters. Above all, the ideas are such as could only belong to Coleridge; particularly the conclusion, with its depth of mystical philosophy (if we may use such a term). Here it is:

"This is the word of the Lord! it is spoken,  
and Beings Eternal  
Live and are born as an infant, the Eternal  
begets the Immortal—  
Love is the Spirit of Life, and Music the Life  
of the Spirit!"

"Music," be it observed, here signifies poetry in general—song—as well as music technically so called. It is Coleridge beyond all possibility of mistake; and the last line is as deep an utterance as Coleridge ever gave vent to.

This reminds us that, in the first section, the poem "On the Death of James Hogg," for the most part poor and prosaic, contains a few not unworthy lines upon the death of Coleridge:

"Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,  
Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
Was frozen at its marvellous source."

"The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature, sleeps in earth."

It is pleasant to read this tribute, since Wordsworth's egotism, his inability to forgive a censure, brought about a rupture with Coleridge, which lasted to the day of that weak and unfortunate poet's death. When it was too late even the self-centred Wordsworth remembered the early days which he had better have remembered before. Alas, with how many is that the case! If we bestowed upon our friend while it could benefit him the love and regret we pour out over his grave!

In conclusion, this is an edition of Wordsworth which can never be superseded. To our mind, it errs with all modern editions in reviving trivialities which the poet himself destined to oblivion. Useless in all cases, it is peculiarly mistaken in the case of Wordsworth, who himself perpetuated too much which he should have let die. What even Wordsworth thought unsuccessful, why should any editor resuscitate? But since such is the fashion, we can only say that Prof. Knight has followed it with entire completeness. If a definitive edition must include everything which ever fell from a poet's pen, this edition is indeed definitive. And Mr. Knight's notes give every information which could be desired. It is, what Mr. Aubrey de Vere calls it in his letter to Prof. Knight, "a monumental edition."

#### BURMA OLD AND NEW.

*Wanderings in Burma.* By George W. Bird. (Simpkin & Co.)

OVER a decade having elapsed since the British occupation of the whole of Burma, a trustworthy book was much needed on the period of transition from the unstable and capricious rule of the native princes to the establishment of a firm and just administration of the country. Such a work is here presented to the reader, although under a singularly misleading title, and in a form scarcely more attractive than that of an ordinary guide-book. Indeed, the arrangement of the subject matter is throughout that of a *Murray* or a *Baedeker*, while the style nowhere rises above the level of what may be looked for in such practical and methodic manuals. Probably Mr. Bird does not himself expect this handsome and well-printed volume to be classed as literature, nor would there be any cause for complaint on this score but for the expectations awakened by the title, taken especially in connexion with a land so full of picturesque beauty and human interest as is the lovely valley of the Irawadi. But we have here neither descriptions of scenery, personal reminiscences, nor incidents of travel, nor yet any "wanderings" on the part of the author: but only directions put in the baldest language, by following which the reader may do the wanderings for himself. He will, however, find in Mr. Bird a trusty guide, who betrays on every page a minute and accurate knowledge of the land and its inhabitants, its physical features, natural

resources, history, and especially its innumerable monuments past and present—such a knowledge, in fact, as could be acquired only by 'a personal experience of twenty years' residence in the country.' (*Preface*.)

Herein, of course, lies the permanent value of the book, which will not be read to while away an idle hour and then be forgotten, but will be put carefully by, to be confidently consulted as occasion arises—that is, whenever information of any kind is wanted on the manifold historical, archaeological, ethnological, geographical, and political relations of "Burma Old and New."

Mr. Bird is nothing unless systematic; hence his rich materials are formally arranged under two broad divisions—an "Introduction" comprising about one-third of the volume, and twenty-four "Routes" all the rest. In the Introduction a useful geographical summary is followed by a reprint, from the *Rangoon Gazette*, 1896, of Col. Woodthorpe's somewhat full account of the Shan States, formerly dependent on Burma and now under British administration. Here the term *Shan* is said to be a Burmese word, and referred to the same root as *Siam*, and it is added that "the British Shans generally call themselves *Tai*, in Siamese *Itai*." These and similar statements, though constantly met in ethnological writings, are both misleading and to some extent inaccurate. It is not to be supposed that the Siamese take their national name from the Burmese, and, in fact, they carefully distinguish between *Siam* (*Sayam*) and *Shan*, which again is not a Burmese but a Chinese word, standing probably for *Shan-yen* or *Shan-tsè*, "Highlanders." It is true that all the civilised branches of this wide-spread family call themselves *Tai* (*T'hai* in Siamese)—i.e., "Free," or "Noble," in a general way, but each group has its own special designation, and Mr. Carl Bock tells us that the proper name of the "British Shans" here in question is *Ngiau*, which thus corresponds to *Lao*, the collective name of the more southerly Tai people, most of whom have recently passed from Siamese to French control.

Among the other topics touched on in the Introduction, reference may be made to the languages current in the country, the account of which is unfortunately much too short to be of any practical use. The Talaing, an ancient language formerly dominant throughout the lower provinces, is classed as a member of the "Mon-Annam" linguistic family, which family, created, if we remember right, by the Viennese ethnologist, Fr. Müller, has no existence. Dr. Forchhammer, who published some old Talaing (Mon) inscriptions at Rangoon in 1882, has shown that the affinities of this language are not with Annamese, but rather with Dravidian, and the term *Talaing* itself is obviously a Burmese form of *Telinga*—i.e., the Telugu dialect of Dravidian. Yet the resemblances are probably not more than verbal, due to the influence of Hindu culture, and for the present it seems the safer course to regard Talaing as a stock language, with no known relationship to any other form of

speech. Of such isolated tongues there is no lack in other parts of Indo-China, as in Camboja (Khmer, Kuy, &c.), and among the numerous Noga tribes of the South Assamese Hills.

Whoever has the patience to follow all the twenty-four routes here laid down by rail and river to every part of the Irawadi basin, and beyond it to the neighbouring coast islands, will be rewarded by a very accurate knowledge, especially of the topography and archaeology of that region. Many of the famous historical sites, such as Pegu, Pagan, Ava, and Amarapura, with their countless pagodas either in ruins or still erect, their huge bells and Buddhas, some prostrate, some still *in situ*, have already been described by Yule, Forbes, and other more recent writers. But nothing escapes the antiquarian zeal of Mr. Bird, who does all this over again, inspects and measures everything for himself, opens up new ground in all directions, and leaves the general impression that not a single statue, shrine, or temple in the whole of Burma can have eluded his vigilant search. Even the huge gun captured from the Arakanese in 1784, and now lying half buried in the thorny jungle at Amarapura, so that "a careful inspection is rather difficult," is nevertheless minutely inspected, and "the principal dimensions taken by the writer from actual measurements" duly tabulated in feet, inches, and half inches. Several hundred pages of such conscientious work are, however, apt to pall, even though relieved here and there by interesting excursions to ruby and jade mines, or else by historical references, myths or legends, in some of which folklorists will find much to interest them. Thus Lake Indaw, above Mandalay, is believed to be fathomless, yet people are never drowned in its waters, perhaps because the *nats* (spirits) are propitiated with offerings of gold by the local governors. Such offerings, however, need not necessarily be of 18 carats standard, and would often appear to be in fact associated with much "pious fraud." Most of the "endless and priceless treasures" deposited in the Mingun pagoda, are stated to be of little or no value:

"Images said to have been of gold and silver, but which, on closer inspection, proved to be a less valuable metal, marble images, plated models of pagodas and Kyaungs, sheets of coloured glass, white umbrellas, and a soda-water machine" (p. 317).

It should be mentioned that statistics and all other particulars are brought well up to date. The result is a picture of astonishing material and moral progress in every part of the country since the British occupation. Troublesome boundary questions towards China, Siam, and the French possessions have all been amicably settled; we hear no more of Dacoity scares, or even of the formerly chronic state of inter-tribal warfare among Kachins, Singphos, and other savage peoples in the extreme north. The *Pax Britannica*, with absolute security for life and property, prevails throughout the Irawadi basin, while the resources of the country are being rapidly developed by the extension of fluvial navigation and railway enterprise.

The book is well furnished with maps, topographical charts, plans, and illustrations, mostly from original photographs, supplied by Mr. L. C. Oertel and Signor Beato of Mandalay. A fuller index, however, is much needed, and there are far too many misprints—such as *per mensum* twice on one page (381); *Uru* on map for *Uyu* in the text; *north-east* for *north-west* (400); 95°-96° *w. long.* for 96°-97° *e. long.* (403); *chota* for *chhota* (385); and why are the Shans called "a sect" (373), most of them being orthodox and tolerably zealous Buddhists?

#### JOHN SHAKESPEARE'S CREED.

*Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant.* By the Rev. T. Carter. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE religion of Shakespeare has from time to time threatened to become a matter of serious controversy between the churches. A certain Archdeacon Davies, who lived at the end of the seventeenth century, and who possessed a MS. dictionary of biography, inserted in it a tradition to the effect that the poet died a Papist. This has been the starting-point for a dozen or more treatises of confirmation or refutation, in which every shred of evidence which could be brought forward in favour of the Catholicism or Protestantism of Shakespeare has been calendared and chronicled by anxious partisans. Baldly stated, the question—Was Shakespeare a Catholic or a Protestant?—is, of course, foolishness. The standpoint of the plays is a humanism to which the antithesis of opposing confessions has become a very dim and distant thing. Theological problems, indeed, rack and disturb the poet's mind, but they go deeper than any controversies of vestments or Church discipline or the nature of the Mass. The origin of evil and the moral government of the world—these are weighed in the balance; and you will not claim the framer of those terrible indictments in *King Lear* against the little wanton gods, who kill us for their sport, as Romanist or Anglican.

Mr. Carter, however, puts the issue in a more reasonable form. You may fairly ask, "Was the atmosphere in which the young Shakespeare was brought up, and which must have insensibly affected his whole attitude of thought, a Catholic or a Protestant one? What part did John Shakespeare, Bailiff of Stratford, play in the religious disputes of Elizabeth's reign? Last year, Mr. Yeatman, in his *Gentle Shakespeare*, revived the old notion that John Shakespeare was a concealed Catholic, and rested his case largely on the so-called spiritual will or profession of faith, which was said to have been found under the tiles of his house, and which bears the strongest internal and external marks of having been forged in the middle of the eighteenth century by John Jordan. Mr. Carter does not notice Mr. Yeatman's book—perhaps it hardly called for notice. His own view, however, is the diametrically opposite one. He holds that John Shakespeare was no

Catholic, but a Protestant; and more than a Protestant, an extreme Puritan who suffered during the persecutions of Elizabeth's last decade. From this point of view Mr. Carter goes through the records of John Shakespeare's life, and tries to show how such notices as we have of the worthy glover fit in with his theory. On the whole, he has accomplished his task with accuracy and scholarship, though not without falling into several slips in the interpretation of somewhat complicated documents. There are mistakes, for instance, in the account of the various properties in Stratford, Snitterfield, and Wilmcote held by John and Mary Shakespeare, and of the transactions with respect to some of these properties in 1579 and 1580. But we do not think that these errors are of a kind greatly to affect the value of the main argument. With this argument we are willing to go some way. We have very little doubt that John Shakespeare is fairly to be put down as a convinced Protestant. He had his children baptized in the parish church, and, as Mr. Carter points out, he took a leading part in municipal affairs upon occasions when anti-Catholic measures were being carried out. An almost more important point is that Shakespeare's plays are permeated with a knowledge of the language and phrases of the English Bible, so intimate that it must surely have been acquired in early childhood. This, of course, would have been quite impossible in a Catholic family, even in one where open conformity was practised.

We take it, then, that Mr. Carter has made his case seem at least probable, so far as John Shakespeare's Protestantism is concerned. Unfortunately, he is not content with this. He will have it that John Shakespeare belonged to that section of Protestants for whom the English Church as established by Elizabeth failed to prove sufficiently comprehensive, and who, consequently, so soon as the stress of the Armada was past, came to loggerheads with the law. It is well known that in about the year 1579 a change came over John Shakespeare's life, that he began to sell or mortgage his property, that he was excused or failed to pay his contributions to various public purposes, that he withdrew from municipal work, and in the end was put out of the Corporation. These facts have generally been accepted as evidences of growing financial embarrassment. Mr. Carter would explain them as signs of disaffection with the anti-Puritan tendencies of those in authority. John Shakespeare, he says, alienated his property in order to put it out of reach of confiscation; he left the Corporation because it sided with the bishops; he refused to pay for the equipment of pikemen because they were intended for use in putting down Puritan conventicles. The case is ingenious and well-worked out; but, on the whole, it is not quite convincing. It explains the facts, no doubt, but then the old theory of poverty explains them also, and, to the plain man, without a preconceived theory to maintain, explains them rather better. Moreover, there is the Stratford tradition, handed on by Betterton to Rowe, that Shakespeare left school owing to the "narrowness of his circumstances

and the want of his assistance at home," to be reckoned with, and the known fact of a great depression in the wool and other allied trades in the Midlands about 1580. Mr. Carter points out that the fact of John Shakespeare's ceasing to attend the Corporation meetings can hardly be taken as a proof of poverty, because by so doing he laid himself open to a heavy fine. Legally, no doubt, that was so; but we believe that the town accounts afford no evidence that the fines were actually inflicted. It was natural that the ruined man should find it difficult to hold up his head among his old associates, and it is not at all unlikely that the Corporation, after bearing with his non-attendance for some years, chose the charitable course of putting him out of the company without exacting any pecuniary penalty.

It is one of the ironies of literary history that the one fact which might have been expected to throw light on the matter proves, when examined, equally consistent with John Shakespeare having been a Catholic or a Puritan, poverty-stricken or a recusant. In 1592 his name appears in a list of Warwickshire recusants, drawn up by Sir Thomas Lucy under the Recusancy Act of that year. Unfortunately, this list contains both Puritans and Papists, and, moreover, John Shakespeare is included with eight others, of whom it is said that "these last nine coom not to Church for fear of processe for dette." We do not know why we should assume that this excuse was a false one.

#### THE VANQUISHED GREEK.

*With the Greeks in Thessaly.* By W. K. Rose. (Methuen & Co.)

Most careful readers of the newspapers during the Græco-Turkish War noticed the admirable despatches supplied to the Press by Reuter's special service from the side of the Greeks. Mr. Rose, who wrote them in the turmoil of battle or the hurry of flight, has done well to republish them, with the additional attraction of Mr. Maud's illustrations. The book is, as the author confesses, in the main a reproduction of the notes written on the spot and telegraphed to London. It lays no claim to polish, but has the vivid vigour of the man who sees and can set down on paper what he sees. On the whole, Mr. Rose, though no fanatical partisan of the Greeks, does something towards freeing them from the imputation of cowardice. This is what he saw during the struggle for the passes in the neighbourhood of Vigla:

"An exclamation from a soldier standing near by induced us to turn and look back. To our surprise we saw Prince Nicholas' battery limber up, move away past the custom-house, and disappear round the shoulder of Sidero Poluki. The movement was inexplicable. The officer in command of the leading line, which with so much toil had pushed along the crest of the high hills overlooking Vigla, when he saw the artillery vanishing, cried, 'We are betrayed,' and in impotent rage drew his revolver and shot himself. Presently an orderly, presumably despatched by Colonel

Dimopoulos, came to each of the lines and ordered them to retire. There was nothing else for it; and the regular infantry sullenly and slowly marched back to the mouth of the pass. The irregular troops broke the formation which they had in some measure maintained, and began to clamber down the mountain side in little groups. They were excitedly discussing the strange order to retire, and condemning in unmeasured terms their officers. A common remark was, 'This will be a bad day for the Government; we could have taken Vigla in half-an-hour, and been at Damasi in the afternoon, if we had been allowed.'"

It would, of course, be a mistake to attach over-much importance to the criticism of infantry privates on the conduct of a campaign. But Mr. Rose saw enough to convince him that, while the Greek soldiers fought on most occasions with spirit, the Greek leaders were thoroughly incompetent. For example, one of the most disgraceful incidents of the campaign was the panic during the flight to Larissa, which is already familiar to English readers mainly through Mr. Rose's brilliant description. That flight was immediately caused by the retreat from Mati. Now Mr. Rose, describing a visit which he subsequently paid to the Crown Prince's headquarters, writes as follows:

"I had an interview with Col. Sapounyaki. . . . He rather astonished me during the conversation on the events of the previous fortnight, by saying that he never could understand why the Greek army had retreated from their position at Mati, or who had given the order for the retreat! That the chief of the Prince's staff should make this amazing statement was to me past comprehension."

It is impossible to read the vigorous chapters of Mr. Rose, who certainly has no prejudice against the Greeks, without coming to the conclusion that their failure was inevitable under any circumstance, but was hastened by the lack of all preparation for a campaign, and the utter ignorance of their leaders in all that pertains to its conduct.

But this, after all, has been dinned into our ears by all who have written on the subject, and they are very many. The most interesting things a war correspondent can now tell us about this unlucky war are his own personal experiences, his search for fighting, and his race for the end of the telegraph wire. Of these Mr. Rose has plenty to give. Such, for example, as his attempt to get from Volo to Athens by the hospital vessel *Thessalia* in the character of an attendant upon the wounded. He deceived Mrs. Ralli, the head of the Red Cross Hospital, but not a Greek lady doctor, who

"recognised the eager correspondent, refused to believe in my disinterestedness, and bluntly declared that I was more anxious to reach Athens with my despatches than to care for the wounded. Protest was in vain. Mrs. Ralli's heart was hardened, and even a deck-passage was refused me."

On one occasion, while Mr. Rose was away at Athens, his dragoman was robbed by some Greek brigands. Two days afterwards the brigands were found in Volo offering Mr. Rose's English saddle and bridle for sale. They were repurchased at about a fifth of their value. At Domokos Mr. Rose with



Mr. Maud and a few companions were sleeping in a deserted house when news of a hurried retreat was brought :

"The little company had noticed as they lay four Greek soldiers entering the house and lying down in a corner, apparently exhausted. They had come there as much for the company as for the shelter. As Maud and his companions were turning to leave the house, he said to the dragoman, 'Give those poor beggars a chance of escape, and awaken them.' The dragoman approached and shook them, one after the other. They were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. They had been grievously wounded, and, like the stricken deer, had sought a friendly lair in which to die."

Certainly among the many books that have dealt with the late war, this is by no means the least interesting and instructive.

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Waste and Repair in Modern Life.* By Dr. Robson Roose. (John Murray.)

UNDER this title Dr. Robson Roose has collected a number of essays which he has written from time to time in the magazines on questions of hygiene and right living. The advice given is in all cases of the most orthodox and conventional kind. Dr. Robson Roose advises his readers against over-fatiguing themselves in pleasure or business, and against keeping late hours. Instead of drugs he recommends exercise. He thinks seven o'clock quite late enough for dinner, and that alcohol should always be taken in moderation, such a quantity as three or four ounces of whisky a day being decidedly excessive and injurious. Occasional holidays it appears are good, provided you take the sort of holiday best suited to your needs. The use of woollen or silk clothing and the avoidance of chills are another branch of Dr. Robson Roose's subject. He holds that the medical faculty are, at length, in a position to make successful war upon both diphtheria and cholera, and probably other germ diseases, and, needless to say, he is an advocate of pure water and plenty of ventilation. In fact there is no well-proved axiom of sanitary science that Dr. Robson Roose does not with admirable conscientiousness recapitulate. This is consequently a soothing and trustworthy volume for the valetudinarian. On the other hand, one looks in vain through its pages for an original idea or suggestion, while there is here and there a lamentable want of up-to-dateness. Davos Platz, for instance, Dr. Robson Roose recognises to be a beneficial place of resort for consumptives, but he knows so little about it that he describes it as being "six or seven hours by diligence from Landquart station, on the road from Zürich to Coire." Dr. Robson Roose ought surely to know that for the past five or six years there has been a railway open from Landquart to Davos, and that the *diligence* on that route has been superseded. By observing the simple rules of temperate living, Dr. Robson Roose thinks that life may be prolonged and the

evils of old age mitigated, but in the end he recognises that the chief factor in longevity is heredity. "If you would be old," says this oracle in effect, "take care to be descended from a long-lived stock." "Take care to be descended from a sound stock" would not be a bad way of dealing with most of the evils of life treated in this volume.

*Crime and Criminals.* By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. (Chicago: The W. T. Keener Co.)

THIS is a meagre volume of about 100 pages on a subject which might have been profitably treated in far greater detail. Dr. Christison, who is an American criminologist of wide experience, has plenty of information, but no literary capacity for expressing it. He exhibits little or no method in the description or the analysis of his cases, while the slipshod Americanisms of the text and an occasional reference to "London, England," prove a little disconcerting to the scientific reader. "Moral palsy," which is here stated to be a main characteristic of the criminal disposition, is a term new to us, but the condition to which it is applied ("moral insanity") is well known. Indeed, Dr. Christison is a strong adherent of the modern theory that the criminal is largely the victim of heredity :

"All so-called criminals," he contends, "may be divided into three great groups—namely, the insane, the moral paretic, and the selfish. The insane subject is chiefly at fault in the power of discerning; the moral paretic is chiefly at fault in the power of choice; and the selfish individual or criminal proper lacks in first principles, which constitute the basis of love in the humanitarian sense."

Of course there are infinite varieties of the abnormal mind, and Dr. Christison, after the manner of the European school, couples them with physical anomalies. He gives plates showing types of the abnormal jaw and of the degenerate ear. With regard to "moral palsy," which is the keystone of his theory, the author explains :

"It is simply an abnormal weakness of the will or loss of self-control. The subject may know a particular act is wrong, but is unable to refrain from doing it under special exciting circumstances or provocation. Moral palsy in one form or another is extremely common, and in its worst degree—for example, in some cases of inebriety—the will is so far destroyed that the individual is simply the creature of circumstances for the time being. . . . It is the borderland of insanity proper, and heredity, injuries, fevers, and ailments of all kinds may give rise to or contribute to it."

For a member of the Lombroso school, Dr. Christison seems occasionally to attach too much importance to "environment"; but the term is one that he uses in a wider sense than most psycho-physiological writers. "Heredity, as I view it," he explains, "is but another name for environment in the earliest stage of the individual's existence, the physiological factors of parental peculiarities becoming in one way or another anatomical in the child." That being so, why not employ heredity and environment each in its customary sense? In a volume full of criminal photographs it is odd by the way to find the portrait of "Ian Maclaren"

given as a "type of the normal look, features, and contour of head." This is a new use for novelists.

*A Concordance to the Greek Testament.* Edited by Rev. W. F. Moulton and Rev. A. S. Geden. (T. & T. Clark.)

THREE things can, in our opinion, be properly demanded of the editor of a Biblical Concordance: it should include as many various readings as possible; its quotations should be full enough to recall the whole passage to the reader; and it should contain every word by which a passage can by any possibility be remembered. All the requirements seem to be fulfilled in Mr. Moulton's and Mr. Geden's work. The readings are those of Westcott and Hort, Tischendorf's eighth edition, and the text of the English Revisers; and the quotations are of such length that the editors find themselves compelled to apologise for the fact in the preface. As for the words included, they have erred, if anywhere, on the side of redundancy. There may be some reason for devoting twenty columns to the preposition *ἐν*, because a student of New Testament grammar might want evidence of its user in certain specified constructions. But what can be the use of allotting an equal space—only one column less than that given to *ἵνα*—to the pronoun *αὐτός*? Would anyone wishing to verify any quotation whatever from (say) the Vulgate dream of looking for it under the word *ipse*?

In an undertaking of so large a scope there are bound, of course, to be a few mistakes. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, the word *ἐπιούσιος*, which the translators render "daily," is rightly marked as unknown in classical Greek. But the editors also say that it is used in the Septuagint, and we should be curious to know where. Our own impression is, that the word is to be found only in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and is never met with in any other author, whether sacred or profane. It was doubtless this phenomenal rarity which led certain sects to substitute for it *ὑπερούσιος* (so that the Fourth Petition would read "Give us this day our supersubstantial bread")—a construction which, though rejected by the Revisers, seems to us to be worth consideration.

Such mistakes as these are, however, trifling enough in themselves, and, in the volume before us, extremely rare. The work is altogether well and carefully done, and forms a great advance on the Concordance of Bruder, which has till now held the field.

*A Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford.* By William Dunn Macray. New Series, Vol. II. (Frowde.)

THE new instalment of the Magdalen Register covers the period 1522-1575, and gives, firstly, extracts from the bursary accounts, and, secondly, notices of the fellows admitted during that period. It need hardly be said that Mr. Macray's information is exhaustive, and that this volume of the register, like the last, is a model for all work of the kind.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*A Woman of Moods: a Social Cinematographe.* By Mrs. Charlton Anne (Ellam Fenwicke Allan). (Burns & Oates.)

We have all heard of the novel with a purpose: this is a novel with at least half a dozen. In short, Mrs. Charlton Anne is a lady with a certain number of ideas and a taste for propagandism, who looks upon prose fiction as the most convenient means of converting society to her doctrines. To begin with, she is a devout Roman Catholic, and her heroine restores two lost sheep to the fold of that communion, besides delivering herself of a good many *obiter dicta* upon the necessity of reforming Catholic schools. She has a great deal to say about falconry, which (for reasons not specified) is "the only natural sport" now available for man; and also about the provincial woman, conventionality, and county society. Her remarks upon the last I am disposed to quote:

"They are the best people in the world. They all have splendid balances at their banks, and the women all get their clothes from the best places in Paris. They do not consider London things good enough for them, even in these days of Cresser, Redfern, and Fenwick. They are all very kindhearted too. They vie with each other as to who shall give the biggest subscriptions to the local charities, and they entertain each other with great liberality. But they are just a set, a *clique*, not known out of their own narrow radius, and they do not become intimate with anyone who is not one of themselves. They never dream of asking anyone to stay with them who is not in a position—through want of means—to ask them back. This is the way they show their exclusiveness. They are the county people now, and have a right to pick and choose."

But the main thesis of the book is that it is very wrong for people with any hereditary taint to marry and have children; and in support of that view is set out the tragical story of Valeria Villiers, *née* de Salustri. Valeria was the daughter of a Yorkshire lady married to an Italian marquis: she was sent home to England quite young, was brought up in a convent, went out as a lady companion, and, being very beautiful, innocently supplanted her dearest friend, Clare Isham, in the affections of Ambrose Villiers. Clare, being a saint, perceived the situation, joined their hands, and withdrew into the community of the Bonnes Chrétiennes. Valeria was married and became the ideal mistress of an ideal house in Yorkshire (which the authoress prefers to call Talkshire, as she calls Eton Drinkley). In this ideal house nobody has breakfast—not, at least, a formal breakfast—and everybody is charming and unconventional. Here Valeria's mother comes to her; the marquis is dead, so is the other sister, and except for an occasional letter from the mother, Valeria has known nothing of her belongings since she was a child. In an evil hour she questions the Marchesa about them, and learns the fatal secret that her father died in a madhouse. Instantly this excessively sane and composed lady gives way to a burst of frenzy:

"'Mad! mad! Yes, that was it. I dreamed it a long time ago. Of course, you are quite right. Mad! what is that? Why, nothing!'"

From that day forward she became a little unlike herself; but that was readily explained by the fact that she was *enchantée*. In reality, however, she was shutting herself up and studying books upon mental disorder. Finally came the tragedy. Valeria was a woman of great energy and business capacity, but what she accomplished on the last night of her life is a record. At an hour not stated, but it was after her husband had gone to sleep, she got out of bed, put on a dressing-gown, took a razor from a drawer, came over to her husband and, after some moments of reflection, kissed him and uttered a few prayers. Then she went to her mother's room and cut that lady's throat; tried the nursery door, but it was bolted;

retired to her oratory, where she became the mother of a still-born child; laid it out carefully, wrapped in her bridal veil, with candles and crucifixes; wrote a note to her husband, and by four o'clock was on her way to the river, at some distance from the house; jumped in, and was pulled out by a casual passer-by, and brought to the priest's house. Before she died, she remembered to send a message to a friend, whom she had been hypnotising, urging him to leave his wife on a fixed date. This, one would think, must have filled up her time; but in addition to this—for I decline to regard it as possible that she foresaw the case—she wrote two letters to her two elder children, to be given to them when they were fourteen, in which the circumstances of her death were narrated, and the duty enjoined upon them of vowing celibacy. Also she composed two still bulkier documents to be made over still later to the young people, one of which contained the scheme of a "new Order," in which all young ladies disqualified for marriage by disastrous lineage are invited to enrol themselves. Details of the working of this Order, under the superintendence of Valeria's daughter, are furnished in the last chapter.

It will sufficiently appear, I hope, from this analysis that Mrs. Charlton Anne is not a great novelist.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Kirkham's Find.* By Mary Gaunt.  
(Methuen & Co.)

After having read forty pages or so of this story I very nearly threw it aside. But conscience made me brave, and I persisted. And now I admit that I very nearly threw aside a book which is quite worth reading if you can get safely over the foolish and vulgar Australian family into whose circle we are forced at the beginning of the book. The family turns up again at intervals to annoy you, especially Phoebe Marsden, who determines to "do something" in the world, and keeps bees. But you will find some admirable sketches of life in the back-blocks of Australia, the search for gold, the fights with the aborigines, and so on. Here is a specimen of Miss Gaunt's descriptive style. It is a sketch of Ned Kirkham after a spell in his solitary out-station with no human being within five-and-twenty miles:

"How the night passed he could hardly have told, only it did wear away somehow, and when the moonlight began to pale before the rosy light of morning, and the sun rose up behind the jagged peaks in the east, he found himself away out on the plain, watching, with eyes that saw not, the glorious gold and grey of the sunrise, while he himself was an object of interest to hundreds of crows, who sat on the ground in rings round him, and flew cawing over his head. He laughed aloud as the sunlight shone on their handsome blue-black plumage.

'Why, they think I'm mad or lost,' he said aloud, and he waved his hands at them, and made some of them move lazily and leisurely into a back row. 'Not yet, mates, not yet. Have a little patience; I dare say your turn will come by and by,' and he turned round and went slowly back to his hut. And it angered him and worried him not a little that the crows came too.

Had they ever followed him before—had they? He tried to think. They were always there, of course, always ready to pounce on a poor sick sheep, or tear out the eyes of an unprotected lamb, but they had never looked at him like that before; he was sure they never had. They knew—oh, the crows were wise—that he would never go away from here now, that he would die here, and then they would pick out his eyes. Yes, they knew it very well. That would be the end, only it would not be just yet, and he must get back to see to the well, for that was what he was here for. The sheep would die if they had no water.

But when the windmill was fixed up, he ran hurriedly to his hut, looking furtively over his shoulder to see that the crows were not following him, and once inside he shut the door fast and pulled a box across it, and felt a sense of triumph in the fact that he had successfully outwitted them."

Now this strikes me as a fine bit of writing. The bush, the

solitude, and, above all, the crows make up a picture of horror which a further touch would spoil. And there are several passages of equal force in the book. If Miss Gaunt would only manage to raise her dialogue to the level of her descriptive writing she would produce a good novel. As it is, she does not realise that dialogue is worth taking trouble over. It should be indicative of character. Miss Gaunt's dialogue is sloppy, careless, and without characterisation. The conversation of men over a camp fire in the bush is the conversation of the young ladies in the Marsden school-room, with the addition of such expletives as "By the Lord Harry." I am continually exasperated in the course of reading by such dialogue. But I cannot call to mind a book which has so exasperated me and delighted me by turns.

\* \* \* \*

*One Heart One Way.* By W. Raisbeck Sharer.  
(Hurst & Blackett.)

Unless Mr. Sharer is irretrievably committed to the writing of novels I would counsel him to cease. He has written a ridiculous book. It is the story of a hero, a villain, a murder, and two girls. John Watson is the hero, Frederick Orran the villain. This is how Orran makes his entry:

"Mr. Drayman was about to enter on a long defence of scientific nomenclature when there was a sudden crash of glass, and through the French window, shivering the frames before him, a man burst into the room. The girl gave a little startled cry, for the man's face was hideous; he had cut himself with the glass, and the blood was trickling down, but it was the malignant expression, the wild stare of the eyes, that made him horrible. Frederick Orran, for it was he, looked like a madman.

Mr. Drayman motioned the girl to leave the room, and with the obedience of perfect love she crept quietly away.

'Orran!' said Mr. Drayman sternly, when she had gone, 'What do you mean by this?'

The question was natural, for there was really no reason why Orran should make so painful an entrance, except that he was a villain. Well, Orran blackmailed Mr. Drayman and made that gentleman's life a burden because he was the illegitimate son of Mr. Drayman's dead brother. Orran murdered Mr. Drayman, and John Watson was of course arrested. Mina, daughter to Drayman and in love with Watson, though she finds out the truth, cannot tell it because she has promised Orran's dying mother to befriend him.

"I must let my lover die," she thought, "without an effort to save him, because my uncle's sin has cursed the murderer's life beyond amend."

It is a hard saying, but typical of the author's style.

Mina is a girl who "trips" and "coos." Rose is a girl who only trips. She takes up with Orran, but does not appear to suspect him of being a particularly bad lot, though she reflects upon

"the crushing horrors of a night when Orran returned home looking like a demon, and made her burn his bloody clothing piecemeal on the fire while he sat near her on the bed, counting out a pile of gold, and watching her from one corner of his eyes with a sinister look that made her blood run cold."

However, the book ends at last, happily for the hero and the heroine, most happily for the reviewer.

\* \* \* \*

*A Welsh Singer.* By Allen Raine.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

This story of Ieuan and Mifanwy, shepherd boy and shepherd girl, who used to watch each other from the slopes of Moel Mynach and Moel Hiraethog during the day, and at night sleep under the roof of Ianto and Shân, who had brought them up in the simplest tenderness, has a certain refreshing simplicity and charm. The probabilities are outraged too often; but that is matter of small consequence in such a book. I am not so much interested in the fact that Ieuan became a successful sculptor and Mifanwy a great singer in the course of an incredibly short time, as in the skilful portrayal of the simple and passionate girl whose heart always reached back with longing to "the thatched cottage, the scent of the peat fire, the patch of silver moonlight on the floor."

Those parts of the story dealing with London are stilted and tame compared with the rest of the book, and might well have been compressed. Tom Pomfrey, the circus man who sacrifices his life for Mifanwy, is drawn with some conviction, but with too heroic a pen; one is a little tired of these self-sacrificing gentlemen, always at hand in an emergency, of impeccable virtue and colossal will. If Allen Raine will take a little more care with his (or her) plots, avoid diffuseness and cultivate a firmer style, I think he should write a good novel. He has many qualifications for his task—a sense of colour, some insight, and an unaffected sympathy. With these, and what patient work may add to them, something much better than *A Welsh Singer* should be produced.

\* \* \* \*

*Stapleton's Luck.* By Margery Hollis.  
(Bentley & Son.)

Stapleton's luck looked very bad indeed when he had been robbed of all his own and some of his employer's money, and when that gentleman "briefly informed him that he would dispense with his further services." Certainly a man who goes to a theatre with a large roll of notes in his pocket, and afterwards to the rooms of a person whom he neither likes nor trusts, is something of a fool. It is true that he had got into a street-row on account of a drunken companion, and had received a smashing blow on the head from a rough; but that was no reason why he should go to the other man's rooms instead of his own. However, he went, and so did the notes, for Searle obliged him with a glass of drugged brandy.

The rest of the story is concerned with the bringing home of the robbery to the right man. Most of the action passes in an English country town, and in the house of a Methodist linen-draper, into whose employment Stapleton enters for the purpose of keeping the thief in sight. It is, I think, in the delineation of Mr. Francis Marsh and his brother's family that the best work in the book occurs. One feels the deplorable, hide-bound, self-satisfied atmosphere in which such people live, an atmosphere of teas and ministers, of eternal punishment and the main chance. Rosalind Fowler, a poor relation of these Marsh's, who keeps the house-keeping books, and with whom Stapleton falls in love, is not of their class.

"I hope you did not forget to set a watch on your tongue," said Mrs. Marsh solemnly. "You will have to give an account of every idle word some day, you know. Charlotte is too fond of talking," continued Mrs. Marsh, when Charlotte had gone. "I wish you would discourage her when she attempts to waste your time and hers in profitless chatter. You should try to lead her to think of higher things; you are older than she is, Rosa. . . ."

Rosalind made no reply. She could not undertake to promote Charlotte's spiritual welfare, for she felt quite unequal to the task.

"I trust in future you will remember this. You must not be ashamed of speaking for your Saviour. Who knows what good a word spoken at the right time may do? And now," she went on, descending to mundane interests, "get me your account-book. I hope it is neater than it was last time!"

There was a minister under whom the Marsh family were fond of "sitting":

"Mr. Evans was great in prayer. It was stated that once, when he was conducting a service in a colliery village in the north, an excited pitman sprang to his feet in the course of the prayer, exclaiming: 'Thou canna get ower that, Lord!'"

The book is too long, and the dialogue painfully wordy, but the plot is developed with some ingenuity. Stapleton's luck is as good at the end as it was bad at the beginning of the story, for the money is restored, his old employer takes him into partnership, and he marries Rosalind. All of which is perfectly satisfactory to everyone concerned, except the villain.

\* \* \* \*

*An American Emperor: The Story of the Fourth Empire of France.*  
By Louis Tracy. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

Current fiction may crudely be divided into two classes, of which the worthier has some claim to be ranked as literature, whilst the other has none. *An American Emperor* falls within the second rank. It is written in choice Journallese, and flounders heroically in the realms of the impossible, thus becoming a sort of relation to

a fairy tale. At the same time, it is quite as well worth reading as stories more ambitious, and it is perfectly wholesome. It has "go" and energy, and will, doubtlessly, interest an important fraction of the young mob of indiscriminate readers with tastes polished up to the Sixth Standard of the Board School, although the majority of these will be disappointed that "an American Emperor" was not Emperor of America, but only a proleptic though successful rival of the late General Boulanger. Jerome K. Vansittart was a hundred-fold millionaire. He owned, as unconsidered trifles, two trans-continental railroads and three magnificent lines of Atlantic steamers. Here the likeness to the millionaire of daily life ceases and the demigod begins. The blend is modified, however, by a magnificent infusion of Guy Livingstone and a dash of Monte Cristo. The story is of the "monstr' horrend' inform' ingens" sort, as Browning would have said, and has graphic force. When the hero comes on the scene his age is twenty-six, and he has the advantage of a Winchester (England) education, to which he has added an athletic record at Yale. In consequence of these privileges, we find him ready to fight "Arizona Jim," the chief jocular character, in the Central Park, New York, for the mere fun of the thing, but to the reader's lasting regret this Homeric conflict never comes off. Among his many other splendid possessions, Mr. Vansittart also owns a friend who takes life in an airy and dashing manner—the "classmate" at Winchester "who used to go shares with him in sixpennyworth of ginger-bread and oranges." Eton's ancient rival will recognise her manners and customs in this realistic touch.

Mr. Vansittart not having yet fallen in love, does so in the first chapter with Mademoiselle Montpensier, "the lineal descendant of two lines of the Kings of France." Since "by the Salic law a woman may not ascend the throne of France, and by the same law she who inherits that domain cannot marry other than its ruler," the young American decides that he must become Emperor of the French in order to gain the object of his affections. He, therefore, invades Paris, armed with his cheque-book and millions to the *n*<sup>th</sup> Power. Thanks to the example set by the late Mr. Barnum and the deceased General Boulanger, he soon becomes the idol of society and the populace, takes out his papers as a French citizen, and dazzles the world by a magnificent scheme to let the sea into the Sahara. The desert affords the millionaire an opportunity of leading the French army, which he has on loan from the Republic, to brilliant victory over the Arabs. By triumphs such as these, and an unproved cousinship with a Buonaparte, he finally induces his troops to shout "*Vive l'Empereur!*" at convenient moments. Having thus acquired the imperial throne of France, he decides, however, that he does not want it, because Mademoiselle Montpensier desires to marry Prince Henri of Navarre, and he wishes to make Miss Harland, the sister of his Winchester "class-mate," Mrs. Jerome K. Vansittart. He, therefore, abdicates, and nominates Prince Henri of Navarre as King of France in his stead. The curtain descends on this magnificent act of renunciation, and a Sahara on the point of doubling the wheat supply of the world.

There is enough in the story to make the schoolboy gasp with wonder, but the more fastidious who undertake it may find so much bustle and excitement a little indigestible. For those who have quite healthy stomachs, and a contempt for style, the book may be recommended. It is illustrated in harmony with the style, and also has a dedication. In a briefly dignified preface I learn that, "personally, the author likes Vansittart," and that if the public buy the book in sufficient quantities we may expect to meet our hero again "at the earliest possible date." I hope, therefore, to renew an interesting acquaintance.

#### MISS BRADDON AT WORK.

FROM an interesting account of "Miss Braddon at Home" in the current *Windsor Magazine*, we take the following:

"And now for the writing of the fifty-six books. If the calculation of Miss Braddon's literary works were to begin with their beginning they would be numbered probably by many hundreds, for she began to write stories as soon as she could hold a pen. She was the youngest of her family, the youngest by several years. Her brother, who was nearest to her in age, went out to India as a lad, and after his departure her life was rather

lonely. Her home throughout her childhood and early girlhood was by the Thames, first at Chiswick and then at Barnes, and this early association created in her a love of the river which has only grown stronger through years. One can easily imagine that Father Thames was a veritable friend and companion to the solitary and imaginative child. But she had other companionship too. From the time when she could read at all Miss Braddon was a voracious reader. From her books came her great amusement and pleasure. Her authors were far beyond her years. For her, Dickens, Scott, Shakespeare, Goldsmith took the place of the ordinary children's story-tellers. The very first novels which she read were the *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Kenilworth*, and these first readings she had never forgotten. She had a passion for the stage and for all things dramatic, and she wrote innumerable plays as well as stories. In that white-panelled room, of which I have already spoken, is a very fine Chippendale cabinet. If this cabinet is opened two shelves are revealed filled with portly and imposing volumes. These are the MSS. of some few of Miss Braddon's novels, and they are very interesting to see. In the first place, Miss Braddon has two distinct handwritings, one for her correspondence and the ordinary business of life, and the other for her novels. This latter is a backwards hand, smaller, neater, and clearer than the other. The neatness of her MS. is an important point in Miss Braddon's eyes, and it makes her unhappy to produce an unsightly page. She makes very few corrections, sometimes, indeed, scarcely one in a page. With all this, the speed at which she writes is considerable. When things go well with her she produces on an average three closely-written pages of MS., that is, say, about fifteen hundred words, in an hour.

She works, nowadays, in the mornings from eleven to one o'clock, and then she goes for a constitutional before lunch. But in bygone days it was no uncommon thing with her to work all day long, not even leaving her 'den' for luncheon. When she first applied herself seriously to novel-writing it was her habit to write straight 'off the reel,' so to speak, sometimes without knowing what was to be the end of her story. But gradually her method changed. She took to making 'skeletons'—a rough outline of plot and characters—and to-day she makes extensive sketches before she actually begins to write. Of unruly plots and unruly characters—plots that promised splendidly and then broke down unexpectedly in the middle, characters that ungratefully refused to develop according to the requirements of their creator—she has had a varied experience. Sometimes a plot has turned out so entirely refractory that it has had to be left severely alone; on more than one occasion Miss Braddon has found herself unable to finish a story, has put it away for many months, and has then taken it up and found it work out smoothly and easily. But she has never yet found herself short of ideas or of material. The suggestions for her plots dawn for her out of all kinds of places. The germ of her last book, *London Pride*, was found by her forty years ago in an account in the State Trials of the trial of Lord Grey of Wark. Her characters are for the most part spun out of her own brain—though here and there observation of a friend or acquaintance supplies her with a first vague outline. But perhaps the most interesting because the most unusual feature in her method lies in her occasional adoption of a piece of advice given her many years ago by the first Lord Lytton, whose severe but kindly criticism of her earlier novels was most helpful.

He advised her to attack her third volume after finishing the first, and to bring to bear all possible thought and work upon the *dénouement*, afterwards filling in the middle and less dramatic part of her story, and thus avoiding the hurried manner and air of fatigue so often found in the tyro's concluding chapters.

This course Miss Braddon has pursued, not invariably, but more than once or twice. *London Pride*, already quoted, is a case in point.

Miss Braddon is no great novel reader, as has been said, but she is well in touch with all the literary developments of the day, and she has very definite and well-founded opinions on all points connected therewith. She has her admirations, and she has her detestations—as every shrewd and cultivated woman must have—but these of course are for private circulation only."

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## THE WEEK.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

TO the fast-filling arena of publishing enter Mr. Lang's ghosts! They come in a pale green cover with a graceful and rather necromantic design, in which three ghostly figures are seen rising from as many braziers. Mr. Lang opens his preface thus:

"The chief purpose of this book is, if fortune helps, to entertain people interested in the kind of narratives here collected. For the sake of orderly arrangement the stories are classed in different grades, as the advance from the normal and familiar to the undeniably startling. At the same time, an account of the current theories of Apparitions is offered in language as free from technicalities as far as possible. According to modern opinion every 'ghost' is a 'hallucination,' a false perception, the perception of something which is not present."

Here Mr. Lang remarks that he does not discuss the psychological and physiological aspects of perception, nor the visions of insanity, delirium tremens, drink, or even of remorse and anxiety; but, quoting Prof. William James, only "sporadic cases of hallucination, visiting people only once in a lifetime, which seems to be by far the most frequent type." Mr. Lang concludes a sparkling preface with a criticism of a recent famous correspondence:

"While this book passed through the press a long correspondence, called 'On the Trail of a Ghost,' appeared in the *Times*. It illustrated the copious fallacies which haunt the human intellect. Thus it was maintained by some, and denied by others, that sounds of unknown origin were occasionally heard in a certain house. These, it was suggested, might (if really heard) be caused by slight seismic disturbances. Now, many people argue, 'Blunder-

stone House is not haunted, for I passed a night there, and nothing unusual occurred.' Apply this to a house where noises are actually caused by young earthquakes. Would anybody say: 'There are no seismic disturbances near Blunderstone House, for I passed a night there, and none occurred'? Why should a noisy ghost (if there is such a thing) or a hallucinatory sound (if there is such a thing) be expected to be more punctual and pertinacious than a seismic disturbance? Again, the gentleman who opened the correspondence with a long statement on the negative side, cried out, like others, for scientific publicity, for names of peoples and places. But neither he nor his allies gave their own names. He did not precisely establish his claim to confidence by publishing his version of private conversations. Yet he expected science and the public to believe his account of a conversation with an unnamed person, at which he did not and could not pretend to have been present. He had a theory of sounds heard by himself which could have been proved or disproved in five minutes by a simple experiment; but that experiment he does not say that he made. This kind of evidence is thought good enough on the negative side. It certainly would not be accepted by any sane person on the affirmative side. If what is called psychical research has no other results, it at least enables us to perceive the fallacies which can impose on the credulity of common sense."

Mr. Lang's book is issued by Messrs. Longmans & Co., and contains over three hundred pages.

Mr. H. D. Traill has collected into a volume of some three hundred pages, under the title of *The New Fiction, and Other Essays on Literary Subjects*, a number of his recent critical papers. The paper on "The New Fiction" consists mainly of a severe examination of Mr. Morrison's *A Child of the Jago*. Of the "new realism" Mr. Traill says: "It is unreal with the falsity of the half truth, and as old as the habit of exaggeration." The subjects of the ten succeeding papers range from "The Politics of Literature" to "Lucian," and from "Samuel Richardson" to "The Future of Humour."

Mr. Edward Whymper has written a *Guide to Zermatt* on the same lines as his *Guide to Chamonix*, which was published by Mr. Murray last year. The new Guide "treats more or less of what may be called the Zermatt district, embracing the cream of the Alps; but it is not easy to define the limits of the district, which includes the Saas Thal as well as the Nicolai Thal, and extends right and left into Switzerland, and southwards into Italy." The book is well illustrated, partly from original drawings or photographs, and partly from Mr. Whymper's *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*.

A book that will interest many Burns students is *Burns' Clarinda: Brief Papers concerning the Poet's Renowned Correspondent*. These papers have been collected by John D. Ross, the author of many contributions to Burns lore. After referring to the increased interest which has been taken of late years in the men and women who helped to shape the career of Burns, particularly "Bonnie Jean," and "Highland Mary" (to whom a statue was erected last year at Dunoon), Mr. Ross writes:

"The present volume deals with another of the loves of Burns—the hapless Clarinda. It

is safe to say that the memory of this gifted but unfortunate woman is held in high esteem for her genuine worth more than it was forty years ago. Then it was clouded because people did not understand, did not have the means of understanding, her character, her career, or the story of her innocent intimacy with the poet. Since then her life-story has been searched, been weighed, been commented on; the closest scrutiny has been bestowed on her actions, her words, her writings; and the most scalpel-like dissection has been made even of her thoughts as far as they have become recoverable. Out of all this she has emerged without a stain, with the early cloud rolled away, and with, as her only weakness, an acknowledged love for the heartless scamp who wrecked her life."

Certainly there should be no want of fidelity in the portrait of Clarinda contained in these pages if variety of treatment counts. We have, from various pens, "Glimpses of Clarinda," "The Real Clarinda," "All About Clarinda," "Views Concerning Clarinda," "Clarinda in Old Age," "How I Lost the Opportunity of Meeting Burns' Clarinda," and "Clarinda."

*Posterity: Its Verdicts and Its Methods* is a book of the *Looking Backward* order, and in it, as in that, a doctor plays an important part in the story. But whereas Dr. Leete revived the patient in the next century; here the doctor sends him thither. The doctor puts the would-be student of posterity to sleep; and almost the first words he hears on waking are: "This is the year 2100, and you are a guest of the police-office of the Windsor district of London. Be good enough to tell me in what year you were interred, in order that I may enter your name on the district register. You may then obtain a passport, and eventually, no doubt, a certificate of citizenship." The discussion of social questions follows as a matter of course.

Nowhere, probably, is Browning's poetry studied by so compact a body of enthusiasts as at Boston. We have received evidence of this in a portly volume entitled *The Boston Browning Society Papers*. These papers have been selected to represent the work of the Society from 1886 to this year. They number two dozen, and their subjects include such as the following: "Browning's Theism," "Browning's Philosophy of Art," "Browning's Mastery of Rhyme," "Homer and Browning," "The Classical Element in Browning's Poetry," &c. The volume, which is very well printed, runs to nearly five hundred pages, and is issued by the Macmillan Company in New York, and by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in London.

In his Introduction to the new edition of *Masterman Ready*, which Messrs. Macmillan now add to their list of Three-and-sixpenny Standard Novels, Mr. David Hannay has some interesting remarks on story-books "written for young people." After remarking that such books are usually short-lived, Mr. Hannay says:

"When they do survive, as in the cases of *Sandford and Merton* and *The Fairchild Family*, it is because the 'grown-ups' who were compelled to read them in their childhood remember enough to be able to enjoy their absurdity. It is indeed said that children do enjoy *The Fairchild Family*; but one would like to know what experiments have been made to establish the truth of that doctrine, and also whether



they were honest. As for *Sundford and Merton*, it is an admirable subject for burlesque, and it is an interesting document to the literary critics; but if they let it alone it is in the last degree doubtful whether any child would be induced to read it on the recommendation of another child, and whether it would not be very speedily forgotten. Now, the literary critics might, with one consent, agree never to mention *Robinson Crusoe*, and yet it would not be the less read, because every boy or girl who had read it would sing its praises to other boys or girls, who would clamour until they got it. *Robinson Crusoe* was assuredly not written for children, but it abounds in the qualities they like, and they love it. *Masterman Ready* they love, because it has so many of the same qualities as *Robinson Crusoe*.

This edition of *Masterman Ready* is illustrated with spirited pen drawings by Mr. Fred Pegram.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM. With Plans. Houlston & Sons. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

VICTORIA (QUEEN AND EMPRESS). By Richard Davey. The Roxburghe Press. 2s. 6d.

BURNS' OLARINDA: BRIEF PAPERS CONCERNING THE POET'S RENOWNED CORRESPONDENT. Compiled from Various Sources by John D. Ross, LL.D. John Grant.

### POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

THE NEW FICTION, AND OTHER ESSAYS ON LITERARY SUBJECTS. By H. D. Traill. Hurst & Blackett.

### FICTION.

AN AMERICAN EMPEROR: THE STORY OF THE FOURTH EMPIRE OF FRANCE. By Louis Tracy. C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.

SCOTTISH BORDER LIFE: A SERIES OF ORIGINAL SKETCHES. By James C. Dibdin. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.

OLD TIMES IN MIDDLE GEORGIA. By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

MERRY PLAYERS. By Mrs. Aymer Gowing. F. V. White & Co.

LADY MARY'S EXPERIENCES. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. F. V. White & Co.

A SWEET SINNER. By Hume Nisbet. F. V. White & Co.

PARTY MICHAEL. By Maurus Jókai. Jarrold & Sons. 6s.

BY RIGHT OF SWORD. By A. W. Marchmont. Hutchinson & Co.

THE TYPE-WRITER GIRL. By Oliver Pratt Rayner. C. Arthur Pearson. 3s. 6d.

MASTERMAN READY; OR, THE WRECK OF THE "PACIFIC." By Captain Marryat. With Illustrations by Fred Pegram, and an Introduction by David Hannay. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.

FORTUNE'S FOOTBALLS. By G. B. Burgin. C. Arthur Pearson. 3s. 6d.

### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

A GUIDE TO ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN. By Edward Whymper. John Murray. 3s.

### FOREIGN.

LA FÉE SUSPENSE. Par Gyp. Calmann Lévy (Paris).

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY PAPERS, 1886-1897. Macmillan & Co.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green, & Co. 6s.

FOURTEENTH AND FIFTIETH ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. Government Printing Office, Washington.

THE DURHAM COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Calendar for the Session, 1897-98.

POSTERITY: ITS VINDICTS AND METHODS, OR DEMOCRACY A.D. 2100. Williams & Norgate.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

IT will be interesting to see if Mr. William Watson's fine poem, "The Unknown God," calls forth a reply from Mr. Kipling. Mr. Watson's verses are distinctly a challenge. They adopt the same metre as Mr. Kipling's "Recessional," and the refrain of that poem—"Lest we forget, lest we forget"—is skilfully employed in one of the stanzas:

"Best by remembering God, say some,  
We keep our high imperial lot.  
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come  
When we forgot—when we forgot!"

Mr. Kipling is not the man to shrink from this combat, and there are many joints in Mr. Watson's armour.

MEANWHILE, according to the *British Weekly*, Mr. Kipling's most recent poetical effusion is of a humorous nature. He has sent to Lady Marjorie Gordon, the juvenile editor of *Wee Willie Winkie*, the following jingle:

"There was once a small boy of Quebec,  
Who was buried in snow to the neck.  
When asked: 'Are you friz?'  
He replied: 'Yes, I is,  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'"

Beneath these lines may we read Mr. Kipling's impenitence concerning "Our Lady of the Snows"?

Not till the spring of 1898 will Mr. Kipling's new volume of collected stories appear.

By the death of Mr. Edwin James Milliken *Punch* loses a valuable member of its staff. Mr. Milliken's principal contributions to that paper were the subject of the weekly cartoon, which more often than not was the result of his suggestion, and the more serious occasional verse. His rhyming faculty was great, although his hand was somewhat heavy, and his ear often defective. The "'Arry" letters were his, and the Byronic "Child Chappie's Pilgrimage," which was very popular both in the paper and in book form.

THE late Mr. Stevenson did something to show us what the dedication of books should be. The author of a new novel, *Fortune's Footballs*, has done his best in the following example to show us what they should not be:

### TO SIR HENRY IRVING.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—

You may remember how I carried off the glass from which you drank after the first performance of "Becket." History repeated itself—with a difference. The Pretender's adherent sat upon his goblet, and broke it. A domestic broke mine. Were I master of golden phrase and honeyed speech, I would tell you prettily of the pang it cost me to lose my goblet. But rough am I, of uncouth tongue, with no better reparation to make for my original offence than to aggravate it by laying this poor tale at your feet.

Believe me, dear Sir Henry,

Yours very sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

The *British Review and National Observer* has but just ceased to be when we learn of a new weekly paper which will appear in the autumn. This is the *Parthenon*, which, though primarily erudite and educational, with a distinct University flavour, will also print articles of general interest to cultured minds.

AN anonymous writer in the *Contemporary Review* is greatly exercised over the treatment which new poets receive at the hands of reviewers. He recalls some of the old threadbare blunders of the beginning of the century—the mistaken attacks on Wordsworth and Keats, and so on; he then touches upon the excessive praise of which he holds Mr. Swinburne to have been guilty, and passes on to gird at Browning societies and those writers who are, in his opinion, over fond of quoting from their favourite authors to the exclusion of new ones. He mentions few names, but it is not easy to fill the blanks. Finally, he mentions, apparently with approval, a fantastic scheme of an American writer, who would award marks to the great poets on a definite system—to Shakespeare 340, to Dante 290, to Homer 275, to Goethe 250, and so on through a list ending with Burns, Heine, and Byron, who receive 160 each—the upshot of the article being a plea for the enforcement of some well-considered scheme of appreciation of poets in place of the present critical anarchy.

In the result, he holds, "a great cloud of impostors—critics and writers—would be dispersed and the improvement would spread in due time to every department of literature. We should be rid of the verse-writer turned critic, who, having failed himself to get a hearing, is determined that no one else shall be heard. We should be finally rid of the Browning societies, of the new and scandalous over-praise of the sublimities of the author of the 'Angel in the House' and other masterpieces; of the disreputable conflict of opinion as to the merits of new poets which afflict us to-day. We should be rid of the honest ignoramus; of the new Mr. Bludger with his loaded bludgeon behind his back; of the feeble simper of the prig, of the Decadents, and (Heaven send it!) of the Epiceenes. And we should, perhaps, be rid eventually of the ubiquitous log-roller, and should meanwhile hinder his trade."

ALL this seems to us to be idle chatter, based upon a false assumption. The day has gone by when persons bought a critical organ under the impression that what it said was law, final and subject to no appeal. Upon every book, particularly of poetry, may be passed as many just and differing opinions as it has readers. It is not in any one man's power to say how another will receive it. Expert criticism can deal only with the technique of a work; its individuality is to be summed up by every reader for himself, however humble and illiterate he may be. The wise know this, and choose accordingly the organs which they will read. The anonymous contributor to the *Contemporary* is right in denouncing dishonest reviewers, but to substitute such

critical machinery as he vaguely suggests is, even were it possible, of questionable desirability.

THE *Critic* prints the following story from a correspondent:—"We have a Methodist coloured church here, and, as the newspapers say, 'there has been a religious awakening' in it recently. One of the dusky exhorters who has been instrumental in bringing about the awakening, speaking of the great condescension of the Saviour, said that while on earth He did not hesitate to associate with 'publishers and sinners.'"

THE *St. James's Gazette*, which always has excellent literary notes, while agreeing in the main with Mr. Gosse in his recent deprecation of fiction, puts the case for readers who are not so abjectly at the feet of the novelist as the critic suggests. "After all," says the *St. James's* contributor, "even in these last ten deciduous years Mr. Bryce did not cast his thoughts on the American Commonwealth into the form of a dime novel; nor did Mr. Frazer have recourse to prehistoric romance to commend his doctrine of *The Golden Bough*; nor did Mr. Wallace wait for a 'Pioneer Series' to propound his views of Darwinism; nor has Captain Mahan advocated the importance of *Sea Power* in a series of Marryats up to date; nor did Canon Gore and his co-essayists of *Lux Mundi* project a series of Anglo-Catholic 'shockers' as latter-day successors of *Tracts for the Times*." Yet with all these to the contrary, the vogue of the novelist is certainly matter for alarm.

MR. JAMES BOWDEN, at the request of the debenture holders, has just accepted office as a managing director of Geo. Routledge & Sons, Limited. This will in no way interfere with his publishing business at 10, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, which will still be carried on under his personal supervision.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON'S autumn announcements include a book of verses for children, entitled *Red Apple and Silver Bells*, by Hamish Hendry. The book will be illustrated and decorated by Miss Alice B. Woodward.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. will shortly publish the Text of the valuable Coptic Psalter discovered some two years ago in Upper Egypt, and now issued under the editorship of Dr. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum. This unique MS. was found by Egyptian peasants in the ruins of an ancient Coptic monastery, enclosed in a stone box which had been firmly fastened into the ground. It was clearly prepared for the use of the monastery and hidden in some moment of peril, and its discovery bids fair to rank among the greatest of the great "finds" which have been made in Egypt during the last ten years. When the volume reached England the binding could only be opened with difficulty, and the papyrus leaves were brittle. Dr. Budge therefore lost no time in transcribing the MS., and the text is now printed page for page and line for line with the original.

### THREE NEGLECTED BOOKS.

#### II.—"THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS."

*The Twilight of the Gods*, Dr. Richard Garnett's only volume of stories, has had so little success that it is now actually a "remainder," and may be purchased new at a shop in Holborn at a fraction of its original price; yet there must be in London alone many persons eagerly on the watch for a book containing such excellent fun. We are offered year by year books of humour in abundance, but they rarely have fun. Dr. Garnett's has both fun and mischief—illustrious alliance. His great joy has been to get philosophers and prelates into tight places. And yet *The Twilight of the Gods* is almost unknown!

It may be taken as an axiom that when a man whose work lies all in one direction produces a book of a diametrically different nature, that book will be worth reading. It will have freshness, and probably sincerity. Dr. Garnett's work proper lies all in the direction of erudition. He knows things; he has written numerous books and articles of which fact is the basis; he is Keeper of one of the finest libraries in the world, and is continually labouring at its vast catalogue. But somewhere he cherishes a fund of sardonic humour, and this humour runs through and underlies the stories in *The Twilight of the Gods*. The book is the fruit of wide and varied reading and a keen sense of irony. The occupations of the gods during their exile after the birth of Christendom have exercised the wits of most scholars of a whimsical turn of mind. Dr. Garnett has gone farther, and has given shape to his fancies. Not only does he use Greek mythology, the demonology of the Middle Ages also provides him with material. Hermits, philosophers, miracle-workers, popes, bishops, fallen deities, devils, autocratic beings—these are his favourite puppets. And the result is a kind of saturnine fairy tale, or mordant "morality." The moral, however, lies seldom near the surface: Dr. Garnett knows so much that one must tread delicately in following him. A learned man of ironical bent is a dangerous companion when his tongue is in his cheek.

The masterpiece of the book is, we think, "The Poet of Panopolis." "The City of Philosophers," "The Twilight of the Gods" (the story that furnishes the title), and "Abdallah the Adite" come not far behind, but "The Poet of Panopolis" seems to us nearest perfection. The story explains how it came to pass that Nonnus of Panopolis could produce both his *Dionysiaca* and his *Paraphrase of St. John*, antithetical as they are. We are told at the outset that "although in a manner retired from the world during the fifth and sixth Christian centuries, the banished gods did not neglect to keep an eye on human affairs, interesting themselves in any movement which might seem to afford them a chance of regaining their lost supremacy, and in any person whose conduct evinced regret at their dethronement."

Hence they were especially pleased with Nonnus for his forty-eight books in verse on the exploits of Bacchus, and they prepared a little gift for the author, which Apollo himself carried to earth. On arriving there he

found that Nonnus had that week recanted, had hurriedly written a Christian poem, and was a candidate for the bishopric of Panopolis.

Hastening to the abode of the apostate, Apollo discovered him in the act of polishing his new poem and trying on mitres. Nonnus was confounded. He had presence of mind to conceal the scroll ere he fell at the god's feet, exclaiming: "O Phoebus, hadst thou come a week ago!" He then explained that it was want of sympathy that caused his perversion: he was tired of writing Pagan poems in a Christian age, and so accepted the offer to write a Christian poem and receive in reward the bishopric. "And what demanded they?" asked Apollo. "Oh, a mere romance; something entirely fabulous!" "I must see it," persisted Apollo, and took the scroll from Nonnus' reluctant hand. The god read a line or two. "If it isn't the beginning of the Gospel of John!" he exclaimed. "Thy impiety is worse than thy poetry." So saying he vanished, and the Governor of Panopolis entered to say that a hermit named Pachymius had appeared with such strong claims to the bishopric that a competition between the two men would be held on the morrow to decide to which it should be given.

The competition began. Apollo and the Familiar Demon of the hermit, both in disguise, were the devisers of the tests. The turn of Nonnus came first.

"Apollo now rose, and proclaimed in an audible voice: 'By virtue of the authority committed to me I call upon Nonnus of Panopolis, candidate for the bishopric of his native city, to demonstrate his fitness for the same by consigning to the flames with his own hands the forty-eight execrable books of heathen poetry composed by him in the days of his darkness and blindness, but now without doubt as detestable to him as to the universal body of the faithful.' So saying, he made a sign to an attendant, the wrapping of the package fell away, and the forty-eight scrolls of the *Dionysiaca*, silver knobs, purple cords, and all, came to view.

"Burn my poem!" exclaimed Nonnus; 'destroy the labours of twenty-four years! bereave Egypt of its Homer! erase the name of Nonnus from the tablet of Time!'

"How so, while thou hast the *Paraphrase of St. John*?" demanded Apollo maliciously.

"Indeed, good youth," saith the Governor, who wished to favour Nonnus, 'methinks the condition is somewhat exorbitant. A single book might suffice, surely!'

"I am quite content," replied Apollo. 'If he consents to burn any of his books he is no poet, and I wash my hands of him.'

"Come, Nonnus," cried the Governor, 'make haste; one book will do as well as another. Hand them up here.'

"It must be with his own hands, please your Excellency," said Apollo.

"Then," cried the Governor, pitching to the poet the first scroll brought to him, 'the thirteenth book. Who cares about the thirteenth book? Pop it in!'

"The thirteenth book!" exclaimed Nonnus, 'containing the contest between wine and honey, without which my epic becomes totally and entirely unintelligible!'

"This, then," said the Governor, pitching out another, which chanced to be the seventeenth.

"In my seventeenth book," objected Nonnus, 'Bacchus plants vines in India, and the superi-

ority of wine to milk is convincingly demonstrated."

And so on. "I won't! I won't!" he exclaimed at last, starting up defiantly. "Let the bishopric go to the devil! Any one of my similes is worth all the bishoprics in Egypt!"

To the Hermit was set the duty of washing himself. "What," he exclaimed, "destroy at one splash the sanctity of fifty-seven years. Avaunt!" Thus both men were reclaimed. When alone with Apollo Nonnus asked that any penance might be inflicted upon him to restore him to the favour of the gods, but craved first to be allowed to destroy the paraphrase. "Thou shalt not destroy it," said Phoebus. "Thou shalt publish it; that shall be thy penance."

Of Dr. Garnett's more popular manner we might take the story of "The Purple Head" as a specimen. Bahram the First, King of Persia, wishing from motives of precaution to propitiate the Emperor Aurelian, sends to him as a token of Persian magnificence the robe of the Queen, which was of a brilliance so refulgent that the purple of the Emperor and the Roman matrons appeared ashy grey in comparison with it. A young philosopher, Sorianus, on remarking contemptuously that the dye from which the colour proceeded was found not in Persia, but in the uttermost parts of India, is despatched by Aurelian to procure it or lose his life. That is the opening of the story. Years pass away, and emperor succeeds to emperor; but, though they differ in all other respects, they agree in the desire to obtain the purple dye, and emissary after emissary goes forth in search of the absent Sorianus. At length, after thirty years have passed, Sorianus is found, carrying a flask of the precious fluid. The two men struggle for its possession, and in the struggle the flask is broken over Sorianus' head, and stains it an indelible and vivid purple. The other contestant professes grief ("The grace of repentance," says the author, "is rarely denied us when our misdeeds have proved unprofitable"), and departs to procure an antidote. He does not return, and Sorianus wanders on alone and disconsolate until he is brought into the presence of the King of Ayodhya. The King, after hearing his story, at once informs Sorianus that he is in possession of an article too rare and precious for a private individual, of which he must accordingly be deprived. Sorianus pleads the indefeasible right of property which he conceived himself to have acquired in his own head.

"In respect," responded the royal logician, "that thy head is conjoined to thy shoulders, it is thine; but in respect that it is purple, it is mine, purple being a royal monopoly. Thy claim is founded on anatomy, mine on jurisprudence."

The argument continues until Sorianus exclaims:

"I will importune thee no longer. Thou wilt, indeed, render me a service in depriving me of this wretched head, hideous without, and, I must fear, empty within, seeing that it hath not prevented me from wasting my life in the service of vanity and luxury. Woe to the sage who trusts his infirm wisdom and frail

integrity within the precincts of a court! Yet can I foretell a time when philosophers shall no longer run on the futile and selfish errands of kings, and when kings shall be suffered to rule only so far as they obey the bidding of philosophers. Peace, knowledge, liberty—"

The King of Ayodhya possessed, beyond all princes of his age, the art of gracefully interrupting an unseasonable discourse. He slightly signed to a courtier in attendance, a scimitar flashed for a moment from its scabbard, and the head of Sorianus rolled on the pavement."

Dr. Garnett's humour is akin sometimes to that of Heine (who, we must remember, wrote also of the gods in exile) and sometimes to Peacock. Occasionally, however, he is found within the domains of Thomas Ingoldsby ("The Bell of St. Eusemion" is sheer Ingoldsby) and of Mr. Gilbert. At his best he stands alone; but the reader's abiding impression is a distant likeness to Gibbon. Had the historian been disposed to play a little with humorous narrative he might, we feel, have done something of this kind. One or two of the stories—"The Purple Head," for example, and "The Life of Philosophers"—might as they stand be taken as appendices to Gibbon. Dr. Garnett's style is distinctly akin to Gibbon—probably intentionally so. Herein we may perhaps find one reason for the book's failure, since the measured balanced sentence is no longer in fashion.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### "REMAINDERS."

WHAT is a "remainder" in the Book Trade? It is that portion of an edition which remains unsold to retail customers after the ordinary methods of selling books have been applied to it in vain. Such a book *remains*—sad word! In American phrase it "gets left," and its only hope is in a reduced price. Books come into the remainder market for various reasons. Not all books become remainders for their sins, any more than all bankrupts fail by their own fault. Many a good book ends its days a remainder. Sometimes a remainder will be recognised as a good book, and be plucked as a brand from the burning. The first edition of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of *Omar Khayyam* could once be bought in dozens, in parcels, or by weight! Omar was a "remainder." Now he is a cult. But such cases are rare. As a rule the remainder market is the way not to glory, but to oblivion. And it may be believed that a rough justice rules the saddest-seeming failure in the remainder market, as in the world of men. Now, as to the chief causes of remainders. A pretentiously bad book of any kind is sure to become a remainder. Books of travel, even the most successful, are apt to become remainders, because they are soon superseded, or interest shifts from one quarter of the globe to another. The reader will remember the magnificent reception given to Mr. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*. Twenty-five thousand copies of the two-guinea edition were published. A few copies remained unsold, and these can now be had at 12s. 6d. each. This is the case of

a thoroughly successful book becoming a small remainder. Biographies and books of reminiscences often become remainders. They are usually bulky and expensive; they are bought readily at first, but the gap a man leaves in society soon closes, and every day the public will give less and less money for the facts of his career. Books of reminiscences, however, are often well worth picking up as remainders. Such a book as *Letters and Leaves from the Journals of Edmond and Jules Goncourt* should be secured. Published in two volumes at 32s., this budget of literary anecdote and biography can now be had for 3s. 9d. An excellent companion volume, the *Literary Recollections of Maxime du Camp*, is offered at 3s., a tenth of its published price! Costly illustrated books become remainders in large numbers. Victor Hugo's *Laughing Man*, illustrated by Daniel Vierge, and published at 25s., is now a remainder at 9s.; and other books enriched with Vierge's incomparable pen-and-ink drawings have experienced a similar fall in price. Books full of scholarship, and bearing on every page evidence of the plodding industry of their writers, may become remainders simply because they miss distinction, they do not give delight; they are sound, but they are dull. As a rule, it is not hard to guess why a given book has become a remainder; but the reason is more often honourable to the book than is supposed.

Here is a short list of books which are now remainders, with their original and reduced prices:

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Memoirs of Eminent Etonians, by Sir Edward Creasy ...	7s. 6d.	2s. 6d.
Life of Gustave Doré, by Blanchard Jerrold ...	21s. 0d.	5s. 0d.
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Letters, &c., of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt	32s. 0d.	3s. 9d.
Miss Jewsbury's Letters to Mrs. Carlyle ...	16s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
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Life of Sir Richard Steele, by G. A. Aitken, 2 vols. ...	32s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
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Great French Writers: Montesquieu, Victor Cousin, George Sand, Turgot the Financier	2s. 6d. ea.	1s. 0d. ea.

## ART.

## THE TATE GALLERY.

## II.

THE visitor ought not to overlook the inscription which records the motive of the generous gift Mr. Tate has made to the nation—"For the encouragement of British art and as a thankoffering for a prosperous business career of sixty years." If a word of comment upon the terms of this presentation may be permitted, it is worth noting that a phrase which would have had a banal sound some few years ago, is now so fresh as to be a surprise. The thing that is now stale and tedious is the well-known irony ready to burlesque "British art" and "thankoffering" and "a prosperous business career."

To continue our revision of the Chantrey pictures, which a very great number of us have not properly seen since they were bought (for an hour at South Kensington was apt to be generally, and rightly, devoted to other things than pictures), and which are here in their right place and in excellent light, Mr. Swan's "Prodigal Son" is salient for the dramatic design and the noble colour. The very high horizon line has a grandeur of effect in the sparing touches of light, and the blue atmosphere that colours this picture of dusk is in rich contrast with one intense local colour—the radiant red of the poppies seen near. The weeping Prodigal sits in the scene of primitive poverty—the poverty of a barren land. Modern poverty is an indoor condition—a condition of empty cupboards and a hearth without fuel; and to English feeling this is the extreme of destitution, and poverty in the sun and on the soil does not seem so complete. Nevertheless, it is more complete; the empty cupboard is within reach of something, but poverty among the rocks, in spite of radiant days and dewy nights, is made perfect. Since Mr. Waterhouse sold his "Magic Circle" to the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest he has achieved far more interesting pictures; nevertheless, this Oriental enchantress is painted and lighted with noticeable skill. "Consulting the Oracle," in another section of the Gallery, is singularly undramatic; the actions of the women are impotent and inexpressive. Mr. Waterhouse has done well to paint rest, sleep, dreams, spells, enchanted attitudes, and peace in many forms. The recumbent figure of the dead St. Eulalia (also here) is admirably drawn, and still more admirably valued and lighted, so that the planes of the picture are quite exquisitely placed. The legend is that a shower of snow fell to veil the nude body of the martyr as it lay under the irreverent eyes of the crowd; but Mr. Waterhouse has sprinkled everything with snow except the body; his St. Eulalia (we quote the name from memory of the Academy in which it was exhibited—there is as yet no catalogue or naming of the Tate collection) has no benefit of the miracle. Close by hangs that Chantrey purchase which filled so many minds with amazement—Mr. Calderon's picture of "The Renunciation of St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

It is no more than neatly painted, and the conception of the mediæval subject is enough to make the Middle Ages turn in their grave. The Saint, it will be remembered, makes her religious profession kneeling absolutely nude before a church altar, in the near presence of two friars and as many nuns.

The Chantrey Leighton is the somewhat insipid "Bath of Psyche," in which the grace of the figure is conventional and lacking in distinction. The beauty of the picture is in the space of sky in the upper part—a blue and white sky which is gorgeous in colour and light. Sir Frederick Leighton must have studied the Venetian masters in Venice to good purpose in order to get this peculiar quality, which is all theirs, and infinitely beautiful. How a blue and white sky can be painted without quality may be seen in Mr. Leader's large landscape in another room. The Chantrey Herkomer is the rather coarse mountain landscape—"Found." Rather paltry and trivial, notwithstanding a resolute originality *de parti pris*, is Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Annunciation." The dreaminess of the eyes, and the folding of the hands upon the breast, are conventional in the painter's despite; and because it is in his despite, convention lacks the dignity which it sometimes keeps under happier conditions. Needless to say, the execution is accomplished. Almost fine is the colour of the golden flesh against the gold door in the "Love Locked Out" of Mrs. Merritt. It is richly painted, and all but the work of a very good colourist. In "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide," Mr. Wyllie has done perhaps his very best work; it is remarkably good in the variations of three kinds of vapour—cloud, smoke, and steam, all three floating buoyant, mingled with air, and all three pierced with light. The flatness of stream and barge is so well managed by means of light and surface that our eyes are as it were convinced of the absolute dead level of the world. The beautifully painted calves by Mr. W. Hunt in the stable interior, "A Dog in the Manger," are a sign of Chantrey vigilance; but it is not easy to understand why two of Mr. Clarke's pictures were made the nation's under that responsible bequest. The Chantrey Watts is the "Psyche," a figure full of a curious self-consciousness and of a kind of feigned simplicity, but very beautiful in form. The picture that represents Sir E. J. Poynter in the same collection is that singularly dull nude work, "A Visit to Æsculapius." With Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Harmony" even a sentimental public must long ago have been sated. Not so with Mr. Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn," a work of really great emotion and of masterly technique; nor with "The Health of the Bride" of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, in another section, which looks admirable here with its brilliant work—hardly the less brilliant for a touch of blackness in the colour—its excellent character and fine illumination; nor has the sentence of popularity ever been pronounced against the Chantrey Clausen, another of the glories of the collection. This very distinguished picture of a country girl at her cottage garden gate is a pure picture of daylight.

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Daylight is the subject. Daylight is the whole beauty of the blue dress; it moulds the forehead with its slight protuberances, fashions the face, and the unshadowed eyes are full of it.

The Vernon collection, brought hither from South Kensington, gives us, among other things, that deplorable picture by Sir Charles Eastlake, "Christ Lamenting over Jerusalem," weak, lifeless, and undramatic beyond description. Of William Müller's striking talent, once neglected, then over-valued, there is a fine specimen in the "Street in Cairo," a very conflagration of sunset: here, indeed, is not light enough for so much fire. It is unlucky that Sir David Wilkie should be represented by that wretched picture, "The First Earring," and by the no less decadent and trashy "Knox Preaching," of the Peel collection. The real Wilkie is, of course, to be seen in all his pearly completeness, freshness, and delicacy elsewhere; but these lamentable attempts at dash might well be sent to some darker and remoter storage-place for national possessions, reconsidered in the course of the education of national taste. Such a place becomes necessary in time. The best of Ford Madox Brown's pictures is here—"Christ Washing St. Peter's Feet," and one of the best of Fred Walker's, "The Harbour of Refuge." "The Bathers" was, perhaps, his truest success of all, but the sentiment of the other gives it its representative place. It is an obvious sentiment, to give no weaker name to the symbolism of the mower sweeping his scythe at work within the almshouse enclosure, set about with the aged figures of the poor. The colour with its crimsons is a very beautiful convention, somewhat lacking in life, but full of resolute art; the figures have a grace, elegance, and outlook peculiar to this painter; but there are surely some questions to ask as to the setting of the younger woman's leg and the anatomy of her walk generally. The other picture—of tramps encamped about their fire—fails disagreeably in sincerity and expression—a failure due to weakness. A beautiful little Mason is "The Cast Shoe"—water, moor, and a white horse. Rossetti is represented by the fine and altogether worthy "Beata Beatrix," by the "Annunciation," both of which must be much missed at the National Gallery, and by a dark lady, the name of whose subject we must be pardoned for forgetting; she is unlabelled, and exceedingly like a great number of others. The topographic record of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, painted in the pre-Raphaelite middle of the century by Seddon, and full of value for its care and for its really good impression of Oriental barrenness and sunshine, has been placed here. The Albert Moore is a good example of the work of a painter overlooked by many and overpraised by some. It is absolutely spiritless and without freshness; the decorative aim is single-hearted enough; but whether we are to think that aim has been indeed compassed must depend on the value we set upon the type of figure, the quality of light, and the choice (as well as the treatment) of colour. To our own eyes the colour is peculiarly unlovely, and there is no illumination worthy the name. The large

equestrian portrait of a young woman, by Millais and Landseer together, is remarkable for little except the freshness of the flesh-painting.

The Watts collection here is very important: a "Love and Death," the three Eve pictures, of which the "Eve Tempted" is the finest and, in a noble sense, the most natural; the lovely "Hope," with the "Faith," the "Charity," "Love and Life," the "Spirit of Christianity," "Mammon," the "Minotaur," "Jonah," the great "Cart-horses"; and these are only a part of the most generous gift of a master who has preferred to fortune the happiness of painting freely, and of giving as freely to his country.

A. M.

## DRAMA.

### NEW THEATRES AND LONG RUNS.

WHILE the critics amuse themselves by discussing the occurrence of this or that literary epoch in the drama, there is an epoch of another kind silently evolving which may have consequences of a far-reaching character in the theatrical world. I refer to the time near at hand when London will be surrounded by a belt of active local theatres capable of intercepting and absorbing most of the suburban patronage that now flows to the West-end, or, strictly speaking, to the small theatrical area immediately surrounding Charing Cross. Hardly a month passes without our hearing of a new local London theatre being opened, and the coming winter will see in operation a dozen such houses which have sprung up with almost mushroom-like rapidity. Of course, no radical change in the habits of the play-going public can be made at once. The new managements must feel their feet, mould their *clientèle*, discover a policy; which will take time. But enough is already known and seen of the new order of things to enable one to judge that profound changes are at work in our theatrical system—changes of equal importance to those which have taken place during the past half century. The past half century has seen the rise of the long run which has enabled managers to devote so much more attention to the mounting of plays. That a good deal of nonsense is talked about the costliness of present-day *mise-en-scène* is very true. One hears of the expenditure upon a single play running into £10,000 and £15,000. All allowance being made for exaggeration, however, the mounting of a first-class West-end drama is not to be done under some thousands of pounds, a sum at which a manager of the Kemble period would have stood aghast. Charles Kean's productions were beautiful for their period, but they would not have compared in costliness with the solid interiors that managers now affect. Some years ago an eminent dramatic author set up in management for himself. The experiment was a failure, but he was able to transport one of his drawing-room sets from the boards to his own private residence,

so little was there of theatrical tinsel in its composition.

WHAT has tended to bring about the long run? Not, as the modern author might suggest, the superior quality of the plays; for Shakespeare remains a useful standard in this connexion, and the genius of Edmund Kean and David Garrick failed to produce runs of one-tenth the length that the appearance of Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Tree in a Shakespearean part commands. Clearly the long run in the West-end theatres—and it exists nowhere else—is due to the enormous development of travelling facilities within the bounds of Greater London in the shape of railways and bus and tram routes. The most distant suburbs are brought practically to the doors of the West-end theatre, which thus obtains the support of a huge area of population. In Paris the means of locomotion are less developed than here, and the best plays fail to obtain the length of run that is characteristic of the London theatres. Not only so, but in the art, or at least as regards the costliness of *mise-en-scène*, Paris admittedly lags behind London.

Now supposing the conditions that have given rise to the long run in London are destined to be profoundly modified! In its bearing upon dramatic art the importance of such a change is manifest—it is difficult, indeed, to set limits to it. But nothing less is threatened by the extraordinary extension of suburban theatres during the past twelve months; and it is amazing to note with what indifference the West-end managers, as a body, regard this novel situation. Sir Henry Irving, indeed, patronises the suburban movement to the extent of consenting to appear with his company within the next few weeks at new theatres at Stratford and Camberwell. We may dismiss the supposition that the suburban theatres are likely to enter into direct rivalry with the West-end houses in the production of new plays. That, of course, is an ultimate possibility, which would involve to some extent the revival of the old stock-company system. For the present, however, the suburban theatres are to be worked on the touring system, as the provincial theatres are. That is to say, as soon as a piece makes "a hit" at a West-end theatre a tour will be booked for it; and as far as appearances go at present, there is no reason why a Haymarket or a Criterion "success" should not within a few weeks be careering round the suburbs through the agency of Companies 1, 2, or 3. Will the suburban play-goer in these circumstances exert himself to visit the West-end theatres as hitherto? It is hardly likely, because he will feel that if he only waits long enough all the best West-end pieces will be brought to his door. Nay, more, if managers follow Sir Henry Irving's example, the West-end companies themselves will visit him. How the long run under such conditions is to be maintained is the problem. It is evident that the West-end theatre will no longer enjoy its command over the vast area of population that constitutes suburban London; its *clientèle* must be reduced to pretty much the



same proportions as in the days anterior to the great development of travelling facilities.

POSSIBLY this is an alarmist view; but it is hard to believe that a dozen theatres can spring up within a twelvemonth in all quarters of suburban London without profoundly affecting the handful of central theatres which have so long had a monopoly of London business. The audiences that fill a West-end theatre night after night for many months are clearly not drawn from the immediate locality. If, as seems probable, they are drawn largely from the suburbs, then we may fairly suppose that all or most of the patronage accorded to the local theatres will be deducted from the West-end ones. Apparently no attempt has ever been made to ascertain how the audiences of West-end theatres are composed. In view of the impending crisis in theatrical affairs, it would be particularly interesting to see what proportion of the audiences came from Islington; for in Islington for many years past there has been an excellent theatre, the Grand, worked on the touring system, and therefore receiving all the West-end novelties in the same manner as the belt of new suburban theatres will do. If the Islingtonians do not find it worth while to come Westward in any great numbers in quest of theatrical entertainment, we may conclude that the denizens of other suburbs will in due time, with new theatres on every hand, follow their example.

So far I have been discussing this subject from the point of view of the West-end manager. There remains the more important question as to how the interests of dramatic art are likely to be affected. Perhaps the change will not be disadvantageous; it may even be beneficial. Admittedly, the long run is not good for the actor, whom it leads into groovy and mechanical methods. With a frequent change of bill he will have greater scope for the cultivation of his art. Costly mounting, no doubt, will be discouraged; but it may be doubted whether we have not too much of that. Immense pains are taken, for example, first to discover an historical period for a play like "Much Ado About Nothing" (written, evidently, without an eye to period at all), and next to dress and mount it scrupulously in accordance with the prescriptions of the archaeologists. Much virtue is understood to attach to such "correctness," but probably there are not a dozen persons in the house who can verify the propriety of every strap or button worn by the *dramatis personæ*; to a great extent, indeed, the superfine judgment of the stage-manager is lost upon the house. Among the French, it may be noted, who have the dramatic instinct more highly developed than ourselves, there is no demand for the amazing archaeological exactitude that is deemed essential on the London stage. With regard to short runs, moreover, there is this to be said, that they would probably lead to an increased demand for new plays, and that the "unacted dramatist" would oftener have his chance than at present.

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

SELDOM, I suppose, has a more remarkable communication greeted the eyes of the Englishman, as he turns over his *Times*, than that in which the veteran Lord Armstrong made his final confession of faith on the subject of motion as matter. How many readers of the *Times* are sufficiently up-to-date on the subject of molecules, ether, and the atomic theory to have gleaned even a passing conception of what it was all about, one need not pause to inquire. The pronouncement is sufficiently interesting in itself.

In the first place, the letter was the outcome of an attack by the *Spectator*, and by a *Times* reviewer, on a harmless-looking paragraph in Lord Armstrong's recent electrical paper, in which the suggestion was thrown out that molecules, after all, might be only "modes of motion," dispensing apparently with the idea of anything moved (except energy) or of a medium for the motion. This suggestion Lord Armstrong's recent letter expands. He now confesses himself a transcendentalist of the most advanced type—rather a curious position, at first sight, for an engineer of such practical tendencies. The popular notion of matter as an aggregation of solid particles in close contact he rejects as incompatible with the facts of radiation and compressibility. He admits that the numerical relations manifested in chemical science require that there should be atoms composed of groups of units, but he sees no reason why the units should consist of anything but force. Force is essential, and force will fit the facts; therefore, he argues, anything further is superfluous and contrary to the principle of unity in nature. On this theory all solid apparitions are in a way illusory and due to our personal sensations. "Nature," he says, "apart from sensation, is dark, silent, and colourless, though not the less wonderful when intellectually considered. It is an additional marvel that sensation should regard it in a glorified form. Nevertheless, sensation is in these cases illusory; and so may all our perceptions be as conveyed to consciousness through the medium of sensation."

In discarding the idea of a medium, as well as of solid units, Lord Armstrong might be considered generally as going even further than Lord Kelvin, whose conceptions of ether and matter are sufficiently rarified for most people. He quotes a passage, however, from Lord Kelvin, in which the latter speculates upon a theory of matter containing no attributes other than properties of motion. A continuous ethereal medium is not specified in this definition, but neither is it specifically omitted. "Even if it had been included," said Lord Armstrong, valiant in his apostasy, "I should still have felt at liberty to suggest the sufficiency of energy alone as the basis of operative motion; motion alone in conjunc-

tion with energy is a fact, while ether is only a hypothesis."

I HAVE once or twice mentioned the admirable work done by the publishing departments of the U.S. geographical and biological surveys. Recently, by the courtesy of Mr. T. S. Palmer, acting chief of the latter survey, we received a parcel of reports illustrating the wide extent and useful character of the work it does. This survey is a branch of the Department of Agriculture, and used to be known as the "Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy." Its objects are to work out all over the United States the distribution of birds and mammals, and to study the food habits of species which are of economic importance. For example, there are monographs on the common crow and the woodpecker, showing the distribution, and tracing by means of the examination of an enormous number of stomachs, their relative harmfulness or beneficiality to the farming and fruit-growing industries. It is pleasant to note in connexion with these reports a strong desire on the part of the Washington officials to preserve and protect the wild species with which they are concerned. They have practically abandoned all hope of legislation as a protection, and are trying instead to inculcate a respect for natural objects by instituting such ceremonies as "Arbor Day," when children are made to plant trees, and "Bird Day," when the usefulness of birds is made a theme for discussion. These two movements have been very successful in America, and it is a pity that we have not some equivalent in our English schools. H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MR. BORLASE ON IRISH ARCHÆOLOGY.

In reply to Mr. Alfred Nutt's remarks (*ACADEMY*, August 14) on the period assigned by Mr. Borlase and his reviewer to the great body of legendary Irish literature, I may state that Mr. Borlase refers primarily to the whole of that literature, but deals specially only with the *Lebor Gabala* (*Leabhar Gabhala*), or "Book of Immigrations." He speaks of the "Ancient Irish Books" generally, remarking that "as to their date, with the single exception of the *Book of Armagh* . . . they belong to the period known to philologists as the 'Middle Irish' period, dating from the beginning of the twelfth to the fifteenth century" (p. 1053). Thinking this somewhat too absolute and even misleading, I referred to those texts as "*in their present form composed or recomposed mainly between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries*"; nor can I understand why Mr. Nutt should object to the statement as thus modified. He himself allows that "texts of this cycle continued to be copied, with alteration of language and occasional amplification [*italics mine*] down to the fifteenth century," which is precisely what I meant by saying that in their present form they were recomposed, &c. Or does Mr. Nutt suppose that texts could be recomposed in the twelfth without having existed in earlier centuries?

With the rest of Mr. Nutt's remarks I fully agree, but would venture a mild protest against his apparent assumption that I in any way "endorse" Mr. Borlase's views.

THE REVIEWER.

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the rest he records and passes on, obviously enjoying the rôle of narrator considerably more than that of philosopher.

"Sleeping is as natural as waking, dreams are nearly as frequent as every-day sensations, thoughts, and emotions. But dreams, being familiar, are credible; it is admitted that people do dream; we reach the less credible as we advance to the less familiar. For, if we think for a moment, the alleged events of ghostdom—apparitions of all sorts—are precisely identical with the every-night phenomena of dreaming, except for the avowed element of sleep in dreams.

"In dreams, time and space are annihilated, and two severed lovers may be made happy. In dreams, amidst a grotesque confusion of things remembered and things forgot, we see the events of the past (I have been at Culloden fight and at the siege of Troy); we are present in places remote; we behold the absent; we converse with the dead; and we may even (let us say by chance coincidence) forecast the future. . . . Now, the ghostly is nothing but the experience, when men are awake, or apparently awake, of the every-night phenomena of dreaming. The vision of the absent seen by a waking, or apparently waking, man is called 'a wraith'; the waking, or apparently waking, vision of the dead is called 'a ghost.' Yet, as St. Augustine says, the absent man, or the dead man, may know no more of the vision, and may have no more to do with causing it, than have the absent or the dead whom we are perfectly accustomed to see in our dreams. Moreover, the comparatively rare cases in which two or more waking people are alleged to have seen the same 'ghost,' simultaneously or in succession, have their parallel in sleep, where two or more persons simultaneously dream the same dream."

When we see ghosts, then we are in a waking dream. But the same story to which we have already alluded would of itself deter us from accepting so uninteresting a theory. "Appearances" are against it. The story of *The Lady in Black* tells of an apparition which appeared constantly to several persons in a house. It had the form of a weeping widow. Strings were stretched across the stairs and it passed through them; the camera was even directed on it, although no result followed; its footsteps were distinctly audible. Six separate signed accounts of this ghost are among the papers of the S.P.R. Were all these six persons enjoying a waking dream? It is impossible to believe so. One, at least, of them, the lady who attempted to take the ghost's photograph, was too wide awake. Either the witnesses have lied, or ghosts are more than hallucinations seen in waking dreams.

Mr. Lang's dream theory will, however, account partially for his own story, quite the best of the modern instances, of Mrs. Claughton (p. 175). This lady recently saw a ghost, and afterwards other ghosts, friends of the first one, who bade her visit a distant village, examine the parish register, compare certain names and dates, and convey the results to a person unknown to her. A dream followed, in which she was given further instructions. She did all that she was bidden to do, and found everything to correspond in fact to the supernatural forecast. Only by charging this lady with conscious and very intricate and unprofitable fraud can these mystifications be explained

away. If Mrs. Claughton is honest, the possibility of intercourse between dead and living is proved.

Yet why do we continue to doubt? Partly because man is liable to err, and chiefly because nothing of the kind ever happens to ourselves. Mr. Lang's own visual experience includes nothing more remarkable than a self-opening door. In the matter of ghost-seeing, only our own eyes are evidence, and they are not always to be trusted. The sum of the matter is that to the end of time some will believe and some will not. After all, it matters very little: one may as well believe as not, or one may as well not believe as believe—until one's own supernatural visitor arrives. Unfortunately the experience of the S.P.R. and Mr. Lang proves that to none but the uninterested or unscientific do ghosts appear. To become a member of the S.P.R. is to ensure immunity from spooks for life.

But whatever we may say as to their actuality, there is no doubt that ghosts make good stories. This book is packed with excellent yarns. As a *précis* writer Mr. Lang has no superior. He can be terse, and yet find room, without irrelevance, for personal charm. Here is a compressed story, which he offers in illustration of his waking-dream argument:

"In 1867, Miss G., aged eighteen, died suddenly of cholera in St. Louis. In 1876, a brother, F. G., who was much attached to her, had done a good day's business in St. Joseph. He was sending in his orders to his employers (he is a commercial traveller), and was smoking a cigar, when he became conscious that someone was sitting on his left with one arm on the table. It was his dead sister. He sprang up to embrace her (for even on meeting a stranger whom we take for a dead friend, we never realise the impossibility in the half moment of surprise), but she was gone. Mr. G. stood there, the ink wet on his pen, the cigar lighted in his hand, the name of his sister on his lips. He had noted her expression, features, dress, the kindness of her eyes, the glow of the complexion, and, what he had never seen before, a bright red scratch on the right side of her face.

"Mr. G. took the next train home to St. Louis and told the story to his parents. His father was inclined to ridicule him, but his mother nearly fainted. When she could control herself, she said that, unknown to anyone, she had accidentally scratched the face of the dead, apparently with the pin of her brooch, while arranging something about the corpse. She had obliterated the scratch with powder, and had kept the fact to herself."

Mr. Lang, we take it, believes this story. To express differently what we suppose his attitude to be, he would not for an instant deny that supernatural messages are conveyed to us, but he believes all appearances to be subjective. Put concisely: ghosts exist for ourselves, not for other people.

Mr. Lang completes his collection by retelling many of the old stories, and extracting others from books. Perhaps the best of them is "The Tyrone Ghost," a tale that has many variants. "Ticonderoga" in the present version has this curious postscript:

"On the very day that these events were happening in far-away America, two ladies—

Miss Campbell, of Ederein, and her sister—were walking from Kilmalien to Inveraray, and had reached the then new bridge over the Aray. One of them happened to look up at the sky. She gave a call to her sister to look also. There both of them saw in the sky what looked like a siege going on. They saw the different regiments with their colours, and recognised many of their friends among the Highlanders. She saw Inverawe and his son fall, and other men whom they knew. When they reached Inveraray they told all their friends of the vision they had just seen. They also took down the names of those they had seen fall, and the time and date of the occurrence.

"The well-known Danish physician, Sir William Hart, was, together with an Englishman, and a servant, walking round the Castle of Inveraray. These men saw the same phenomena, and confirmed the statements made by the two ladies. Weeks after, the *Gazette* corroborated their statements in its account of the attempt made on Ticonderoga. Every detail was correct in the vision, down to the actual number of the killed and wounded.

"But there was sorrow throughout Argyle long before the *Gazette* appeared."

This is "steep"; yet why not believe it?

Interesting though it be, this volume is, in our opinion, over-entitled. It would more fittingly be called "A Book of Dreams and Ghosts." "The Book" implies too much. "*The Book of Dreams and Ghosts*" should be whole-hearted. Its author should believe with his soul, and endeavour to persuade us too. He should set out to make our flesh creep, to curdle our blood. His pages should so hold us that, as we read, a mouse in the wainscot would raise our hair, a creaking door accelerate our pulse, a knock bring us to the verge of syncope. "*The Book of Dreams and Ghosts*" should be overwhelmingly grim and terrifying. Mr. Lang is not the man to write it. Mr. Lang has a sceptical mind, a light hand, and divided interests. He sees humour in things. In the book before us he does little more than play the judge; we who read are the jury to whom Mr. Lang states the case for the prisoner, the ghost. He gives *pros* and *cons* and leaves the matter in our hands. No one can do this more fascinatingly than Mr. Lang, but the method is not ideal for "*The Book of Dreams and Ghosts*." For "*A Book of Dreams and Ghosts*" it is admirable.

#### THE NOVELIST AS CRITIC.

*My Contemporaries in Fiction.* By David Christie Murray. (Chatto & Windus.)

THERE is an ancient proverb which says that the cobbler should stick to his last; and though the paradox has dethroned most proverbs, this one has proved itself, on the whole, to be sound and reasonable. Mr. David Christie Murray has forgotten or ignored that proverb with somewhat unfortunate results. Leaving the congenial field of fiction in which he has in his day produced not a few agreeable works, he has essayed, in the volume before us, to stand forth as a critic. He is, avowedly, quite convinced that the other critics are for

the most part not up to their work; and in this collection of essays he shows them the error of their ways with some sternness. Nay, more than that, he trounces them right vigorously. His book is, in his own expressive words, "in the nature of a crusade against puffery and hysteria." We are always a little inclined to distrust "crusades" however directed, nor do we find in this announcement of the book's purpose any promise of that calm and judicial spirit which should be of the very essence of criticism. But, after all, a crusader is not a critic, and the rôles may very fairly be kept distinct one from the other in the minds of those who read Mr. Murray's book.

As a crusader, then (but not as a critic), we find ourselves very largely in agreement with Mr. Murray. As he very justly says, the critics of to-day are over kind to their authors. They are too apt to acclaim some modest achievement a masterpiece, some not so modest poet a genius. Mr. S. R. Crockett is *not* on a level with Sir Walter Scott, nor is Mr. Stanley Weyman, and the enthusiastic critic who said they were must have suffered from some temporary obfuscation of the intellect, of which, no doubt, he was heartily ashamed a week or two later. In the same way we agree with Mr. Murray that there should be a limit even to our enthusiasm over the works of Miss Corelli (to the consideration of whom Mr. Murray, possibly in a cynical moment, allotted quite an undue share of his space), and that *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*—quaintly placed in immediate juxtaposition with *Robert Elsmere*—was a rather offensive story, even though our regard for literary English would forbid us to describe its central male character as "a howling bounder." But to all these observations of our author we may fairly cry *connu*. Miss Corelli is popular, and so is Mr. Crockett. So are many less improving things. But the fact is hardly worth writing about, unless the writer has found some new and startling hypothesis which satisfactorily accounts for such a state of things. It is scarcely a subject for a jeremiad. There is the fact; we accept it, regret it, and turn to something more interesting. We may write about it for hire in the newspapers, but it requires something more than ordinary *naïveté* to collect what we have written and issue it as a book. And that is what Mr. Murray has done.

Providence and Mr. Murray make strange bedfellows, and thus it is that we find the fourth essay in this singular volume devoted to Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hall Caine—two "living masters," as they are here called. This is probably the first time that *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* has found itself unequally yoked with *The Manxman* on any stage. "From [Mr.] Meredith to [Mr.] Hall Caine is from the study of the analyst to the foundry of the statuary," says our author. We should have supposed the distance even greater. Furthermore, in Mr. Murray's view, "you may draw a triangle and at one of its extremes you may place Meredith, at another Stevenson, and at another Hall Caine." No doubt you may. You may

draw a rectangular parallelogram or an irregular hexagon if you please, but it will still leave the judicious reader wondering what Mr. Hall Caine is doing, not in that galley, but in that mathematical figure. But, indeed, Mr. Murray, on the subject of Mr. Caine, exhibits the very same failing which he finds so hard to bear in other, presumably, more practised reviewers, whose superlatives—to quote his own words—"have been used so often to describe, at the best, good, plain, sound work, and, at the worst, frank rubbish, that they have no vocabulary for excellence."

The fact is, Mr. Murray is not a critic at all. He has not the true critical spirit. More than that, he cannot—at least he does not—distinguish between the essential and the incidental in a work of art. Dickens was a great writer. He had a great faculty of observation, a great power of humorous presentment, enormous industry, and a host of other magnificent qualities which the reader may supply for himself. Dickens was also "widely and permanently useful," and "sowed gentleness and mercy with a broad sweep." *Nicholas Nickleby*, "when all is said and done, killed the Yorkshire schools." But, after all, even a novel must be judged as a work of art. It is as a work of art that it must ultimately stand or fall. And from that standpoint the "sowing of gentleness and mercy with a broad sweep" and the "killing of the Yorkshire schools" is quite irrelevant. We may, and do, admire Dickens as a novelist. We also admire him as a man of wide sympathies and earnest desire to do good to his generation. But the two qualities have, or should have, nothing to do with each other when we are estimating his position in literature. Balzac is neither greater nor less great as a novelist because he never set himself to the task of correcting abuses and exposing the vices of an educational system. Mr. Murray, in fact, writes as the "average reader" would write if the desire came upon him to express his views on modern novelists. And the opinions of the "average reader" even, when one happens to agree with them, are usually too uncritical to be worth anybody's reading.

The best essay in the book is, perhaps, that on Charles Reade. After that we should be inclined to place the one on Robert Louis Stevenson, though the attempt to account for that magnificent character in *Treasure Island*, Long John Silver, as even in the smallest degree "a blend of Defoe and Dickens," strikes us as somewhat fantastic. It is curious, by the way, that in this essay Stevenson's exquisite work in a lighter vein—*The Dynamiter*, *The Wrong Box*, *The New Arabian Nights*, and the like—is never even alluded to.

The essay on Kipling is, in the main, puerile, but we must quote one *naïve* remark of Mr. Murray's which it contains: "I do think it rather hard lines on me that I hadn't the simple genius to see what lay in Tommy [Atkins]." Does Mr. Murray really think that it only needed that?

# THE AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS IN BABYLONIA.

*Nippur.* By [the Rev.] John Punnett Peters. Vol. I. (Putnam's Sons.)

MESOPOTAMIA has long been such a surprise packet for archaeologists of all countries that it was safe before long to attract the attention of the nation which, even in matters of learning, strives after "the greatest thing on earth." We had hardly become familiar with Sargon of Accad as the legendary founder of the first Babylonian empire, when Mr. Pinches deciphered the Nabonidus cylinder, and startled us with the news that he was really a historical personage who flourished at the incredible date of 3800 years before Christ. Later, M. de Sarzec's excavations at Telloh made plain the existence of a high civilisation in Babylonia several centuries before Sargon. And during the last year we have learned from the newspapers that an American expedition has traced this civilisation back to the approximate date of 8000 B.C., having actually discovered the earliest writings yet known. It is the history of this Expedition, or, rather, of its early troubles, which is told in Dr. Peters' present volume.

The first year's operations were, indeed, attended by almost uninterrupted misfortune. The University of Pennsylvania undertook the support of the Expedition, and seems to have had no difficulty in collecting the required funds by public subscription, while the Government did their best to obtain a firman from the Sultan. The *personnel* of the Expedition was also successfully organised by Dr. Peters, but after this the trouble began. The President, after a little pressure from a newspaper editor, agreed to appoint the "photographer and business manager" of the Expedition United States consul at Bagdad; but the senator who should have moved the amendment to the Appropriation Bill annexing a salary to the office "went to the Democratic Convention at St. Louis and forgot all about it." Then a plan to prevent illicit dealing in antiquities which Dr. Peters matured on his arrival in Europe fell through, chiefly, as he avers, because of the bitter feeling of Germany against the English Liberal Government then in power. And when Dr. Peters got to Constantinople, the same ill-luck pursued him. The *iradé* giving him leave to make excavations was delayed, as he thinks, because the late Mr. Bent's articles in the *Contemporary Review* had made some reflections upon Hamdi Bey, the director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum. Anyhow, it was three months before he could leave Constantinople, and although, judging from recent experience, this might be held to argue almost indecent haste on the part of the secretaries of the Porte, yet the precious *iradé* when received turned out to be much less ample than had been expected. That the Expedition should undergo severe hardship on their way to the scene of operations, and should find themselves involved in the tangled factions of the Arabs, means only that they underwent the common lot of explorers in Western Asia; but that the photographer-consul's films should turn out

worthless, and all his photographs therefore failures, was an arrow specially barbed by Fate for their annoyance. At length, after they had pitched their camp in the most unsuitable spot possible, and had made extensive excavations with but very little result, one of the *saptihs* quartered on them by the Porte shot an Arab robber whom he had caught escaping red-handed from one of the tents. In any other country such an act of necessary severity would probably have had a salutary effect on the future security of the Expedition; but in Mesopotamia it caused a vendetta, from which, it was explained to Dr. Peters, he could escape only by giving up to the Arabs the offending policeman. As he very properly refused to hand the man over to his enemies for the simple discharge of his duty, there was nothing for it but to abandon the work for the year, and to smuggle the too-zealous guardian of property out of the country in disguise. The last sight which greeted Dr. Peters' eyes as the Expedition left Nippur was the flames rising from their camp, which had been fired by the Arabs. Had it not been for the timely purchase of two collections of Babylonian antiquities in London, they would have returned almost empty-handed.

Yet it must not be thought that Dr. Peters' book is so far but a dreary record of failure. His account of the journey down the Euphrates is not, indeed, very exciting, and is largely helped out by extracts from the works of earlier explorers, such as Rawlinson, Ainsworth, and Sachau. But when he comes in sight of the buried city whose name gives the title to the book, the narrative brightens up amazingly. A few members of the Expedition had been sent on before to prepare the camp, but were hardly prepared for the alarms and excursions with which their chief and his guards announced their arrival.

"The chiefs rode bareback on mares which they guided with halters only, dashing off every instant in a wild gallop, shaking their lances at imaginary foes, while the footmen fired their pieces in the air, sang, screamed, and danced war-dances. Our stallions reared and plunged in wild excitement; the fun waxed fast and furious, and it was impossible to resist the mad contagion. We dashed through canals, floundered in marshes, splashed across innumerable canals, stumbled and tumbled up and down the intricate ravines of the old ruin mounds, lost ourselves in their mazes, howled, yelled, fired shots in the air, and at last came upon our comrades encamped on top of the mounds, and fearing that the whole Affech nation had risen to attack them."

As the guests that they were expecting were a band of University professors headed by a staid American clergyman, the mistake of those in camp can be excused.

Once in camp, the doctoring which is the pest of every Frankish traveller in the East of course began. Dr. Peters says that the Arab skin is so thick that he could hardly ever find the patient's pulse; yet he did what he could. One lady was so frightened at the ordeal of putting out her tongue, that she fainted away when it was followed up by medicine; but she made a good cure, and rewarded her doctor with four chickens. The men grasped the situation more quickly,

and, he says, "followed me everywhere with their tongues lolling out of their mouths and their hands extended." One of his native overseers saved him much trouble by posing as his assistant, looking at the patients' tongues and feeling their pulses, while occasionally pretending to consult an old *Saturday Review* which he had borrowed for the occasion. As one of his prescriptions was, "Wash yourself in hot water, keep warm, but do not go out in the sun," it is possible that he was as successful a practitioner as his master. The latter certainly had no extreme faith in his own remedies, for he was agreeably surprised when on a visit to a neighbouring village a young man greeted him with many demonstrations of delight. "It turned out," he says, "that he had come to Nippur for medicine, and I had given him something which he thought had cured him. I am thankful that it did not kill him."

Another interesting feature is the view which one who naturally had no European prepossessions on the subject formed of the state of the country. Everywhere on the Euphrates Dr. Peters found the authority of the Porte little more than nominal. The Kurds and Arabs set the Sultan at defiance, levying black-mail on their own account, and sometimes refusing to allow the more peaceful inhabitants to pay taxes. One Arab chief offered, if the Turkish Commissioner attached to the Expedition was at all in the way, to murder him for a small sum, and would no doubt have made good his offer without fear of punishment. Yet Western civilisation is beginning by slow degrees to penetrate even into Mesopotamia. The telegraph wires were working as far as Diwanich, although the camels and buffaloes do much damage to the iron supports by using them as scratching-posts. At Deir it is possible to buy Norwegian beer, and M. de Sarzec has made himself so comfortable at Telloh that he has not only "imported his wife, his ten-year-old son, and a French maid," but was able to give Dr. Peters an excellent European breakfast. Altogether, Dr. Peters considers it a country of wonderful capabilities, and excellent for colonisation.

The book is rather scantily illustrated—perhaps by reason of the failure of the photographs mentioned above. It contains several appendices, among which that on the geography of the Euphrates is the most valuable. Two maps, one of the Expedition's route from Alexandretta to Bagdad; the other of the country from Bagdad to Mugheir, are supplied in a pocket in the cover, and are a great help to the understanding of the text. In the remaining volume—to which we shall look forward with great interest—we are promised an account of the Expedition's return to Babylonia, and of the discoveries that they made, including the collection of nearly 40,000 inscriptions. Some of these have already been published by Prof. Hilprecht, and form a most important contribution to the early history of the world. A translation of all the inscriptions is promised later; but it must, as Dr. Peters confesses, be many years before even the originals are all made accessible to scholars.



## MR. TRAILL'S ESSAYS.

*The New Fiction, and Other Essays on Literary Subjects.* By H. D. Traill. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. TRAILL'S volume of essays on literary subjects contains much that is interesting and suggestive. Although there is nothing that is absolutely new in the volume, many of the essays have been largely altered since their first appearance in the monthly reviews and magazines, and all of them were worth reprinting. "The New Fiction," "The Political Novel," "The Novel of Manners" are excellent studies of various species of fiction, while the essays on Matthew Arnold, Samuel Richardson, and Pascal's "Provincial Letters" are all of them noteworthy. That one should agree with all Mr. Traill's conclusions is, of course, not to be expected; it is not even to be desired. For the charm of such essays as these is that they stimulate and suggest rather than command a blind acquiescence. They open up paths of thought and present fresh aspects of their subject, and are always valuable even when they do not convince. The essay on Lucian, for example—of whom Mr. Traill is, of course, an enthusiastic admirer—contains an estimate of that writer's humour with which many of us may be unable to agree. In the essay on "The Future of Humour," with which the volume closes, it is pointed out that a joke is a very perishable thing. It will very seldom "keep." The joke which seems exquisite to the men of one age seems imbecile to the men of another. So it is, in the opinion of many, with Lucian himself. The scene from the *Auction of Lives*, which Mr. Traill quotes with such hearty appreciation of its drollery, in which Democritus and Heraclitus are put up for sale, seems to some of us not very lively fooling, far less mirth-provoking than much of Aristophanes. It lacks subtlety, like so much of ancient humour, and in this year of grace the broader kinds of humour seem to have lost much of their savour. Curiously enough, Mr. Traill makes no mention in his essay of the ΔΟΥΚΙΟΣ Η ΟΝΟΣ, which is one of Lucian's most delightful fantasies—perhaps because its close resemblance to the more popular "Golden Ass" of Apuleius has tended to rob it of the fame it deserves. But these things, after all, are matter of opinion, and it is proverbially difficult for one man to prophesy what will amuse another.

The essay on "The New Fiction" aroused considerable discussion when published in one of the magazines. On the subject of Mr. Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets*, Mr. Traill makes a very pertinent observation which is worth transcribing. After quoting a passage from one of Mr. Morrison's sketches, he writes:

"Yes, it is a picture of infinite melancholy, but whence does its melancholy arise? From the meanness of the mean street and the exceptionally dull and narrow lives of its inhabitants? That the author intends to convey that impression is obvious; but the impression is nine-tenths of it false. Why, if I had Mr. Morrison's fine descriptive gift, I would select a street quite other than mean, a street consist-

ing not of poverty-stricken little houses, but of 'eligible' suburban villas, a street inhabited not by hard-pressed artisans, but by comfortable, even by 'warm' city men; and I would undertake to describe it and the daily lives of its inhabitants—the daily journey of the men to their businesses; the daily resumption by the women of their burden of household duties and household worries; their Sundays; the growth and departures of their children; their old age; their death—I say that had I the pen of Mr. Morrison I would undertake so to describe these things that the heart of the reader should sink and shrink within him at the thought of man's lot upon earth, and, perhaps, burn with anger at the spiritless patience in which man endures it, with the 'quietus' of the 'bare bodkin' always within his reach."

The essay on Samuel Richardson is at once one of the ablest and one of the most convincing in the book; and Mr. Traill's justification of his author's prolixity as a necessary and inevitable part of his method strikes us as eminently just. That on Matthew Arnold is, perhaps, more open to attack, especially for its somewhat cruel depreciation of *The Forsaken Merman*, "hovering with his fishy offspring about the little watering-place where the faithless wife and mother had taken up her abode." One is always apt to distrust a criticism that is pointed with ridicule, however subtle, and the "watering-place" strikes us as a rather unfeeling description of

"The white-walled town  
And the little grey church on the windy shore,"  
of the poem. Matthew Arnold, says Mr. Traill,

"interprets the plaints of the forsaken Merman in language which would be appropriate and touching enough in the mouth of Enoch Arden, but which leaves us quite cold as the utterances of an amphibious being in whom we find that the author has no more genuine belief than ourselves."

Now, in the first place, we entirely dissent from the passage we have italicised, and, moreover, the whole criticism strikes us as mistaken. *The Forsaken Merman* is a fairy tale, and the only way to bring out its pathos was to adopt a Hans-Andersen gravity and simplicity of narration. This Matthew Arnold seems to us to have done with most admirable results. The curious thing is, that though we yield to none in our admiration of Arnold as a poet, there are many more obvious points which Mr. Traill has not seized, in which his poems are indisputably open to unfavourable criticism. But we have not space to pursue the subject further. Nor, as we have already said, is Mr. Traill's book any the worse for the fact that his views are occasionally open to question.

## HIGH-PRESSURE TRAVELLING.

*A Ride through Western Asia.* By Clive Bigham. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. CLIVE, late of the Guards and the Diplomatic Service, appears to have set himself a task, which he has performed with perhaps more satisfaction to himself than profit to his readers. The title of his book inevitably recalls the *Ride to Khiva*

and *On Horseback through Asia Minor* of that distinguished officer, Capt. F. Burnaby, whose exploits in the same field he may have unconsciously wished to rival. But he would doubtless himself be the first to admit that he has been greatly distanced by his predecessor: at least, in everything but rapidity of movement, which is of the least consequence to the public, but on which Mr. Bigham prides himself not a little. We are reminded more than once of the ground covered in a given time, and at the close the pace is thus registered: "We entered European Russia on June 30 [1896]. I had been in Asia eleven months, in which time I had travelled 8,217 miles, 4,008 of which I had ridden on horseback." This works out exactly 747 miles per month, or about 25 miles a day, which might perhaps claim to establish a "record," had not much of the journey been made on the Trans-Caspian and Siberian railways, both of which are now rapidly approaching completion.

Although considerable sections of Asiatic Turkey, Persia, and West Central Asia were eventually traversed, Mr. Bigham, when starting for the East in June, 1895, had in view nothing beyond a visit to Armenia; nor had any definite plan been formed even for penetrating into that region from which all Europeans were officially excluded, "pending further orders, that is, until the disturbances are over." But by a judicious selection of perhaps the best of several alternative routes, aided by good luck and the display of considerable tact, he managed to reach Erzerum from Constantinople through Angora and Sivas within a month of his departure from London.

It is here that the reader will be most grievously disappointed. In the expectation of getting some trustworthy information about the atrocities, he may have followed the traveller in his rambles across Asia Minor, taking a languid interest, perhaps, in his references to Alexander and the Gordian knot, his strangely out of place quotations from Sir John Mandeville, personal incidents and trivial details of all kinds. But the reader's patience will not be rewarded by a single word that throws any real light on the murky relations between rulers and ruled, between Turk, Kurd, Armenian and Circassian, in Erzerum or any other part of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions. This is all the more irritating, since Mr. Bigham arrived at a most opportune moment, during a lull between the massacres, and soon after the International Commission had concluded its inquiries into the cause of the disorders and the responsibility for the butcheries that had undoubtedly occurred, and were, in fact, still sporadically going on over a wide area. Moreover, he had personal interviews with valis and field-m Marshals, with mushirs and zaptiehs, with Canadian missionaries and Armenian bishops, and others of high and low degree; and he can tell how Mandeville alludes to the "many good waters and wells that come from under the earth from the river of Paradise that is called Euphrates, which is a day's journey from the city." But on the present situation in Armenia he has little to say, and that little rather misleading than otherwise.



Thus the Commission is represented as reporting "that the Armenians had revolted and that no unnecessarily harsh measures had been taken to suppress the insurrection." The Armenian bishop also "did not seem to share the dislike of his fellow Armenians to the Turkish nation," although "the Armenian clergy were living at that time with their lives in their hands."

From the Canadian missionary, who had lived seventeen years in the city, Mr. Bigham is able to glean nothing; and of the mushir, Mahomet Zekki Pasha, who, if we remember, was deeply compromised, he writes:

"It is possible that he possesses that indifference to human suffering and death which is characteristic of the Circassian race, but whether any real responsibility for the events at Sassun can be brought home to him it is impossible for me to say. It is certain, however, that there is much good in his character. He has improved the soldiery, &c."

Mr. Bigham is more instructive than this when he speaks of the failure of the missionaries to convert the infidel, and of their bickerings among themselves over the souls of the Eastern Christians, who, one would suppose, did not stand in need of conversion:

"So the missionaries work on almost hopeless ground, and often fill up the time by quarrelling among themselves. The American Methodists fight with the English Church; the English Church with the Roman Catholic, not for the Mohammedan so much as for the Armenian, professedly a Christian already. The personal character of the missionaries is beyond praise, but their efforts seem to be made in a wrong direction."

The case is mentioned of "an odd old Dutch Catholic priest," whom our traveller met in Kashgar, who had laboured there for eight years without making a single convert, although he was a clever and enthusiastic missionary, and could speak "eight languages fluently." A parallel instance is that of the late Rev. Mr. Gilmour, who spent his life among the Chinese and Mongolian Buddhists with a like negative result.

From Kashgar Mr. Bigham struck north to Siberia over the Thian-Shan in wintry weather, and here, as on one or two other occasions, he displayed remarkable pluck and endurance in surmounting the formidable difficulties of the route:

"The climbing was very steep and difficult. Frequently we had to make our way across snowdrifts, and at 14,000 feet we got into a blizzard. . . . The cold was now intense, and we had only gulcha dung to make fires with at night. Our sole remaining provision was the lamb and some bread which had frozen so hard that it cut our gums. We had to drink snow-water, as our tea had run out. We camped out in deep snow at the foot of the second range of mountains, and all night heard the avalanches falling. The next day we had to make our way through soft snow. At every step the horses went in up to their bellies, and we up to our armpits. We barely covered half a mile in the hour. We had selected the most likely gap in the peaks, but before we had gone far a great mass of snow came down with a noise like thunder on our right, and soon after another in front of us, so I thought it best to turn back."

It should be mentioned that the author had to leave for the war in Thessaly as a

correspondent of the *Times* before revising the proof-sheets. To this may be attributed a number of misprints and erratic spellings, but not several erroneous assumptions, for which the writer alone can be held responsible. Such are the statements that the Oxus "rises just by Kabul," that it takes its name from the Turki *Ak-su*, "White Water," and that it feeds the irrigation canals of the Samarkand district. *Pamir*, whatever its origin, is not Persian, nor does it mean "the roof of the world" in any known language, although the Persians call the Pamir *Bam-i-Dunya*, which has that meaning. *Jeddah*, at p. 178, must surely be a slip for *Kerbela*, and *Cham* (p. 211) for *Shams* (Damascus), which is not "the country of the Nestorians" (p. 169). The Turks do not call the Persians *Kizil Bashi*, "Red Heads," but this is the name of a particular sect scattered in small groups over Asia Minor and Irania. Persian is not "the oldest existing Aryan tongue" (p. 87), but a relatively modern development, not much older than Italian, nor is the Shah Nameh written "in Pehlevi, or ancient Persian," but in an early form of Neo-Persian. The "*Felli* and *Mamasenni* Laurs," are, no doubt, the *Felli*, or *Luri-Kuchak* Laurs and the *Mahamad Huseni* of Farsistan; but neither the Turcomans nor the Hazaras are "a Manchurian race." The difficult term "*Sart*" is not properly explained, while it is quite paradoxical to describe the Uzbeks as "a Turki people," yet "the descendants of Jenghis Khan and Baber"! (p. 209). Surely Mr. Bigham should know that Jenghis was not a Turk.

#### A NEW ECONOMIST.

*That Tree of Eden: a Study in the Real Decadence.* By Nicholas Christian. (Hutchinson & Co.)

We quote the date given on the title-page of this book (1897) with some misgiving. More readily should we have accepted a suggestion that it was written, say, thirty years ago. It might then have embodied a few anachronisms, and much of it would have had no point; but that would have been better than describing, as it now does, a state of things which is wholly unreal and visionary. Visions are tolerable only when they are optimistic and done with a masterly hand. Mr. Christian has not a masterly hand, and he is a pessimist.

"In this year of grace," he premises, "it is an undertaking of no common hardihood to attempt to throw doubts on the wisdom of that campaign for universal refinement by the avenue of education, believed in so fervently as a means of introducing the millennium by many good and earnest people."

The "campaign for universal refinement" is new to us. We surmise that it may be an euphemism for the Board school, always a favourite subject of attack. We are wrong, however, as the story shows. A certain *nouveau-riche* baronet, Sir Paul de Meers, inherits a west-country estate on which coal has been found. The conversion

of country-side into manufacturing centre is carried out in a vein of pure Ruskinian invective. The pit-head is "an unsightly wooden gallows," blast furnaces loom out like "twin strongholds of some Giant Dreadful," "fierce leaping flames" rise and fall, cogwheels "clank," axles "screech," murky skies reflect back the glow of molten metal, puddled iron is squashed under "relentless" steam-hammers, and for noise—"one felt like Dante listening at the gates of Hell."

This is all very well for sentiment, but it does not bear upon the question of education. That is to follow. Sir Paul de Meers falls into the hands of a self-seeking labour member, an "advanced" specimen of the shrieking sisterhood (both of whose careers are narrated at length), and a shadowy gentleman called "Mr. Unsteady," of whom the author thinks it sufficient to give merely the name. With these promising help-mates the Baronet starts an education campaign which is to regenerate Exford. A magnificent building is erected from designs by "Mr. Liquidhut" (note the pleasantry once more!), and is called — or rather, to give a sample of the author's literary style:

"My friend! It is the PANSOPHON.

"What a barbaric name!" you say.

"Well, that is not my fault. It was necessary to call it something sonorous and, above all, new, and it appeared to De Meers that the choice lay between Pantechnicon and Pansophon — and there were objections to the former word, which was, so to speak, already appropriated to a different order of ideas."

In this building the labour-leader preaches higher politics and something imaginary which is generalised under the term "Intellectualismus." The shrieking sister — most impossible of her kind — conducts a house-to-house campaign in favour of free love. Religion is abolished from the thoughts of the much-abused inhabitants. The logical (?) outcome of this great effort, combined with the working of modern industrial economics, is a riot, in which Exford perishes by conflagration and Sir Paul de Meers is killed.

The moral is, of course, that modern industrial economics are all wrong, that ironworks are an invention of the devil, and that it is a gross mistake to preach "Intellectualismus" stripped of religion to a class which is biologically unfitted to receive such teaching. But who, in the name of Absurdity, ever tried to do such a thing? Where, and on what scale, are our workmen being taught anything which could possibly be regarded from this point of view? We are not aware that even the Kyrle Society did much to undermine the morals of the British race. The fact is, as often happens, that Mr. Christian has invented a wholly imaginary state of affairs which it is his pleasure to demolish. That evil has come of the selfishness and brutality which characterised the great industrial expansion at the beginning of this century, no one doubts. But this is settling itself by degrees, and industrial riots which used to be common are practically things of the past. No one is preaching science to the masses with the object of upsetting religion. If the power of religion is becoming weakened, it is because the minds of men are being opened

to look facts in the face, and for our lives we cannot find fault with this. If anything, more religion and more ethics are taught to the children of the masses than to the children of the rich, but we do not hear that the rich are therefore becoming corrupt and devitalised. The book is really a tissue of fallacies. It is a generalised conception, based on an extreme case, and on three characters so extreme in their fatuity as to be almost grotesque.

It is difficult to locate the status of the writer. He betrays a very slight acquaintance with literary style, and his contempt for modern education is emphasised freely by the use of such flowers of speech as "ascendancy," "larvarous," "pæons," "Corderillas" for "Cordilleras," &c. He also indulges in such grammatical peculiarities as "like some do." His fancy for veiling actualities under a flimsy paraphrase has been remarked upon already. It is generally quite pointless and otiose, and occurs on almost every page. As examples we may cite three newspapers, which are dragged in under the names of *The Clock*, *The Daily Notebook*, and (*horrendum dictu!*) *The Penny Swell*. The Vale of White Horse becomes by inane transition the Vale of Grey Horse, the Reform Club is the Reformation Club, and so *ad infinitum*.

### THREE NEGLECTED BOOKS.

#### III.—"THE ISLAND."

MR. RICHARD'S WHITEING'S *Island* is the kind of book which people like very much or not at all. It is a personal book, and, we believe, an only book. Such books are nearly always good. *The Island* was published in 1888: a few reviewers welcomed it, a certain minute but choice company treasure it, and there its vogue ends. Yet, considering its subject, and the grace and gaiety of Mr. Whiteing's manner, the story should have won more friends. Any book that offers a cure for world-weariness should command attention. Any book entitled *The Island* should be added at once to a library list—the island idea is hugged so persistently and universally. Every boy of imagination, which is almost the same as saying every boy, has longed to dwell alone on an island, remote, inventive, and, betwixt perils, at peace. The mention of an island renews this early ambition all through life; it calls up recollections of Robinson Crusoe, of the Swiss Family Robinson, of a dozen other books, and expectation is a-tip-toe.

Yet the island idea is two-fold. It fascinates both the romancer and the reformer. The romancer knows that nowhere except on a vessel at sea (which is in a sense also an island) can lawlessness have such play as on an island. To him the island is the perfect theatre of mystery, of daily excitement, of daily surprises. But the island is not less eligible as a building site for Utopians. To the writer who would lightly treat of things as they might be, rather than of things as they are, the island idea is also supremely fascinating. There primitive customs can

quite reasonably still prevail, men and women still be natural. Mr. Whiteing, although privately he may entertain the profoundest respect for the island idea of the romancer, numbers himself in this book among the reformers. He employs the island didactically.

His hero, who himself tells his experiences, is a Person of Quality—an English lord—wary of civilisation, of highly specialised society, of insincerities, of selfishnesses, in short, weary of life. He leaves London for Paris, hoping at that distance to bring things into focus again. Paris is no help. He embarks on a voyage, and is stranded, by a happy accident, on an island in the Pacific. Up to this moment the reader valiantly expects adventures. There have been premonitions of something more serious and penetrating, but the arrival at the island is convincing. Yet precisely at this moment does Mr. Whiteing make his real start upon the expression of those cruel truths which makes what we call satire. Hence the unpopularity of the book, for a reader never forgives the author who promises one thing and offers another. By naming his book *The Island*; or, *the Adventure of a Person of Quality*, Mr. Whiteing undertook, at any rate implicitly—so the reader would argue—to give incident for one's money. Instead, what have we?—a satirical socialistic pamphlet!

But however bloodthirsty his nature, the reader should persevere; the mechanism of Mr. Whiteing's satire is so novel, and his treatment so attractive. He does not, after the customary manner of satirists, invent a perfect race and hold them up as a mirror to his countrymen; nor does he depict a people in the sway of our worst passions and ask us to look on them, repent, and mend our ways. He is more subtle than that: he takes a remote island of the Pacific where dwell in amity a little settlement of English—descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*—who have fallen behind the motherland in sophistication, and are just simple, God-fearing, unambitious, merry folk; making (all unknown to themselves) perhaps the most perfect human community that can be expected by the most sanguine dreamers. To invent such a community is in itself not remarkable. The strength and novelty of Mr. Whiteing's plot is, that the one extravagant wish of this little Pitcairn colony is to see England, the perfect country; its one continual desire is to be like England (whence come its Bibles) in zealous cheery practice of all the virtues. Conscious, with unconquerable humility, of their own shortcomings, these islanders are for ever striving to bring their lives up to the English ideal. This is poignant enough—it is at once so credible and so pathetic! Take, for example, this conversation between Victoria and the Person of Quality. Victoria is the girl of the island (she was named after our Queen), who finds the visitor fainting on the beach, and becomes his especial intimate.

"'Civilise us,' she exclaims. 'Make us like England. Give us larger things to live for. Tell us what we must do. There must be something wanting, but I cannot tell what it is. It all seems so beautiful here—the shining sun, friends to love, peace, the singing, the sea, the very wind in the wood! Yet I know

there must be something. . . . We are like children, perhaps.'

"'Keep so.'

"'No, no; we want to be like you. This is babyland. Make us great and good. You know the secret; you have lived there.'"

Under Victoria's importunity the Person of Quality reluctantly promises to try. His method will be to expound the advantages of English customs to the Ancient, the Governor of the island, who is Victoria's father, and recommend their adoption in the island. Thus:

"'Then, excuse the remark, my friend, but your Church puzzles me a little. I see no hierarchy, to use the proper expression; no grade upon grade, each, as aforesaid, enjoying more pudding than the one below, until, with the highest, we reach a tableland covered with acres of this delicacy. To tell the honest truth about it, the Church began in a very small way, and it will not do to ignore the fact that the old stable has become a prosperous house of business, with a frontage in the best thoroughfares. Some of the Apostles, respectable as they undoubtedly were, must have smelt strongly of fish—though modern research has, I believe, discovered that they were not mere hands before the mast, but owners of smacks. Their successors—this Bishop from York or Canterbury, this Cardinal Prince from Rome—never offend in that way. . . . But where are you in all this? I ask. Where is even your beginning of better things? What note have you of a living Church, when you have not so much as a great doctrinal contest to settle the metaphysical reasons for goodness, before you begin to be good?'"

But Mr. Whiteing is not always ironical. He has many passages of direct writing that touch a high level. Some of Victoria's speeches are sincerity itself, and the descriptions of nature, the whimsical self-communings of the hero, the bizarre introduction to the adventure, are all delightfully fresh. Victoria is a great creation: to persons who detest irony and abominate satire—and they are not few—Victoria will be the strength of the book. The contrast of the Person of Quality, the *blasé* but clean and honourable man of fashion, with this child of nature, so entirely made up of true instincts, is in itself interesting. Mr. Whiteing knows the world well; and in the conversations between the two are many shrewd and witty words. But what is better than his knowledge of the world is his belief in human goodness. At heart he is an optimist, and for all the bitterness of the book there is an antidote.

The jest—for, after all, *The Island* is a jest, although may be a rather sad one—is worked out with delicate art. Mr. Whiteing's style is perfectly bred: it is flowing, debonair, distinguished. Few books are to-day so well written as this. It has many of the virtues of the French—their clearness and lightness, their easy treatment of the first person singular. The Person of Quality is himself a charming companion. He has humour and tact, sentiment and wit. No islanders could entertain a more sympathetic observer.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Pretty Michal.* By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the Hungarian by R. Nisbet Bain. (Jarrold & Sons.)

One by one, very gradually, we are becoming possessed of Jókai's novels. *Timar's Two Worlds*, *'Midst the Wild Carpathians*, *Black Diamonds*, *Eyes Like the Sea*, *The Green Book*, *Dr. Dumany's Wife*, *In Love with a Czarina*—all these, and possibly more, have now an English dress, and Mr. R. Nisbet Bain has earned our gratitude by adding to them *Pretty Michal* (*A szép Mikhál*). For one cannot have too much of this vigorous, picturesque, large-hearted writer, so sane and virile is he, so bent upon getting the maximum of interest out of every tale he tells. That, after all, is his chief virtue: his power of extracting the vital essences of a romance. Many modern novelists are so prone to give the story the go-by and fasten rather on character. Jókai drives both along together.

The period of *Pretty Michal* is the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the scene is laid principally at Kassa, the city for which, as it happens, Jókai sits as a member of the Hungarian Diet. Broadly, the story may be considered true: the novelist, at any rate, found the skeleton of it among the city's archives. The pivot of the book is the old Hungarian marriage laws, which were so strict as often to come into the most poignant conflict with nature. Such is the case in the present work. *Pretty Michal*, a girl who has been brought up by her father, remote from women, on a system not altogether unlike that of Sir Austen Feverel, loves Valentin Kalondai, but is made to marry Henry Catsrider. Both are students. Henry Catsrider is a young Lutheran clergyman who has given himself out to be the son of a Roman Catholic. Actually, he is the son of the Vihodar or headsman of Zeb, from whose dark stronghold he ran away years before. His first action on being married is to seek his father and ask forgiveness, in order to legalise the union. After a journey beset with peril from robbers Henry and Michal reach the headsman's house. Michal is put to bed, and a terrible scene takes place between father and son, recalling a somewhat similar situation in *Weir of Hermiston*, but going far beyond it in grimness. The father is enraged at his son's desertion and condemnation of him; and, accusing him of obtaining his wife by illicit means, sentences Henry to instant death. This is part of the old man's speech:

"Then you think it belongs to the eternal fitness of things that your father should be a headsman, while you are a curer of souls; that when you are dispensing the Lord's Supper all the people should look with fear and loathing at your hand to see whether you have not inherited some blood mark from your father; that the children in your parish should come into the world with red blotches instead of moles; that the rabble, when we sit side by side in the felon's car, should cry out, 'There goes the headsman and his son the parson; the old 'un flays the sinners, and the youngster patches 'em up again!' Perhaps, however, you think nothing of the sort. Perhaps you will prefer to go on denying your father. Perhaps you will prefer to live a lie six days in the week, and then ascend the pulpit to preach eternal truth on the seventh day. But then would not the words 'Our Father' stick in your throat? Would you not hear the devil whispering in your ear every time you repeat the fifth commandment? But enough of this. Keep steady! Stretch out your head, and let us make an end of it!'"

One cannot but recall *Weir of Hermiston* upholding capital punishment. Only in subject is there, however, any similarity. Stevenson's aim was to give us life: Jókai is a born exaggerator.

As it turns out, Henry is pardoned on condition that he becomes his father's assistant on the scaffold. He does so, and is lost to all self-respect. Michal, horrified at the change and at her husband's employment, escapes with Valentine. They retire to Kassa: and there Valentine, with the aid of his wife's unusual knowledge and

wit, in time becomes the first citizen. A year later he is called upon to sign the death-warrant of a malefactor, which will bring Henry Catsrider, now the Vihodar of Zeb, on a professional visit to the city. Henry comes; Valentine is denounced to him on the scaffold as the unlawful husband of Michal; Valentine admits the accusation, and he and his wife are condemned to death. Michal dies by the axe.

"When they had got to the top of the scaffold, which was hung with black cloth, Valentine kissed the hands and the cheeks of his Michal.

'Do you forgive me?'

'I have nothing to forgive.'

'For your horrible death?'

'It unites me eternally with you.'

'Do you expect that we shall meet again?'

'I'll wait at the gates of heaven till you come.'

'And if for my sins' sake I go to hell?'

'I'll pray to God till He releases you.'

'Would you like to pray again, now?'

'No, my heart is at peace.'

'Amen.'

Then she sat down on the little stool, and bound up her hair with the white fillet.

An iron coffin was there to hold them both."

There is no need to tell more: enough has been said to show that here are the elements of tragedy in the highest. It is too much to hold that Jókai brings to this tragedy the treatment it merits. Great passion is beyond him; he is no Shakespeare; but he has a fine romantic feeling, and the story goes briskly along to its close. Michal psychologically may not satisfy, nor is Valentine, the man, exactly the child (as Wordsworth's line would have him) of Valentine, the youth; but their adventures are spirited and irresistible. The following passage is from the description of the three robber chiefs who terrorised travellers passing through the mountains—it has the right ring:

"The third chieftain was Janko. His body was small and thin; no one would have taken him for a man of monstrous strength. Yet he could leap from a sitting posture on to the shoulders of the tallest man, and had even been known to mount a galloping horse on a waggon going at full speed at a single bound. In wrestling he could have given odds to Samson himself.

Him, too, Simplex recognised by the hellebore he was munching. For Janko, like the son of Cambyzes, had made a practice of chewing hellebore from his youth upwards, thus securing himself against the chance of being poisoned; though his own mouth thereby became so poisonous that all the women whom he kissed fainted instantly, and all the men whom he bit died. Even now the leaves of a large bunch of hellebore were sticking out of his mouth all the time he talked."

Mr. Nisbet Bain's translation has been made with spirit. We notice a few misplaced "onlys" and some typographical errors, but it is an able piece of work. The volume has for frontispiece an excellent portrait of Maurus Jókai, from a photograph taken last year.

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*Liza of Lambeth.* By William Somerset Maugham.  
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

The successes of one season may be known by the imitations of the next, and Mr. Arthur Morrison may afford to smile at the sincere flatteries of *Liza of Lambeth*. The mimicry, indeed, is deliberate and unashamed. The brutal fight between two women, the talk of plumes around a death-bed, are faithfully reproduced. Unfortunately the qualities which touch Mr. Morrison's work with something akin to genius are precisely the qualities which are here omitted; the directness, the restraint, the dominance of artistic

purpose. What should have been a tragedy becomes a sordid story of vulgar seduction. The realism, pursued for its own sake, sinks into incurable nastiness. I have seldom read anything more unpleasant than a chapter in which Mr. Maugham borrows the old pastoral convention in order to give piquancy to his description of a Chingford bank holiday. Let me detach a jewel from this carcanet:

"'You 'ave fust pop,' amorously remarked the lovely Phyllis, and he took a long drink and handed the pot to her.

She, with maiden modesty, turned it so as to have a different part to drink from; but he remarked as he saw her:

'You are bloomin' particular.'

Then, unwilling to grieve him, she turned it back again and applied her ruby lips to the place where his had been.

'Now we shan't be long!' she remarked, as she handed him back the pot.

The faithful swain took out of his pocket a short clay pipe, blew through it, filled it, and began to smoke, while Phyllis sighed at the thought of the cool liquid gliding down her throat, and with the pleasing recollection gently stroked her stomach. Then Corydon spat, and immediately his love said—

'I can spit further than that.'

'I bet yer yer can't.'

She tried, and did. He collected himself and spat again, further than before. She followed him, and in this idyllic contest they remained till the tootling horn warned them to take their places."

It is a great pity, for Mr. Maugham is by no means without talent. He knows his slums, not probably as they are, but as they seem to the casual observer, and he can describe vigorously and effectively. Moreover, his principal subject, the factory girl in the clutches of a "magerful man," is quite capable of serious and artistic treatment. But I am afraid that Mr. Maugham is less preoccupied with serious art than with the desire to out-Herod Herod in realistic audacity. And therefore I quit him with no heightened sense of the tragic pity and awe that belong to the faithful record of human life in the meanest dwelling, but with a grimy feeling, as if I had had a mud-bath in all the filth of a London street.

\* \* \* \*

*The Coming of Chloe.* By Mrs. Hungerford.  
(F. V. White & Co.)

The hosts of readers who have been faithful to Mrs. Hungerford since the days of *Mollie Bawn* will have no reason for disappointment with this her last contribution to fiction. I must admit that I have never been among the devoted band. There is something too eternally feminine in the atmosphere of her books. On the other hand, they have this advantage, that one always knows what to expect in them. In this case the scene is laid in an out-of-the-way part of Ireland, where Mrs. Fitzgerald, a widow, has taken up her quarters. She has two very nice daughters, and a very small income; so she decides on taking in a "paying guest" on the recommendation of a relative. The guest is Chloe Jones, and she is a mystery. Major O'Hara, a neighbour and old friend, is against the scheme, and so are Tom and Laurence—"young men."

"'Why not wire to her that you can't have her?' Laurence is still expostulating in a clear and rather angry tone. 'I can tell you that if you let it go further you will repent the day you ever let this adventuress into your house.'

Cissy lifts her voice.

'That is too strong a term!' cries she indignantly, 'when we do not know her—have not even seen her!'

'For all that, adventuress is the word. A girl who comes here refusing to have questions asked about her—how can she be regarded but as an adventuress? Of course there may be arguments, but—'

His arguments, at all events, come at this moment to an untimely end. Something in the stricken air and attitudes of those around him, the knowledge, more than anything else, that they are not listening to him, brings him to a dead stop, and a glance in the direction that all theirs have taken.

He looks towards the western gate that leads into the garden—a garden filled with roses—and looks to his undoing.

Chloe has come!"

Of course, Chloe Jones is not Chloe Jones at all, but somebody much more important and interesting. However, nobody finds

this out until quite the end of the story. There is, moreover, ample provision of badinage, love making, and marrying and giving in marriage.

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*Good Mrs. Hypocrite: a Study in Self-Righteousness.* By Rita.  
(Hutchinson.)

Rita's latest contribution to the circulating library falls, it will hardly be denied by her admirers, considerably below her reputation. Frankly, one closes the volume with the impression of having received a spiteful schoolgirl's confidences with regard to the character of an uncongenial maiden aunt. The unfortunate lady, whose name was Catherine Macpherson, is thus maliciously described:

"With regard to herself, her personal appearance left much to be desired. . . . Even her own favourable opinion led her to distrust that dull-coloured hair, those sharp, hard features, that large, ill-tempered mouth, and the incipient moustache which had given her many an hour's uneasiness. Added to this was a figure totally devoid of any roundness or femininity; tall, thin, angular, and gaining nothing from an inherent want of taste in dress."

Through the phases of useful companion, deaconess, scripture-reading, grotesque matrimonial aspiration, pilfering, and tipping Catherine is remorselessly dragged to the catastrophe of an overturned lamp—redolent of gruesome suggestions as to the future, into which we must not presume to pry. Some relief is furnished by Catherine's encounters with the masterful domestic Tibbie Minch, who, despite her not always convincing Scottish accent, succeeds "whiles" in evoking a smile.

MAURUS JOKAI AT HOME.

THE novelist struck me (says John Foster Frazer in *The Young Man*) as a man utterly tired out. Perhaps the two hundred volumes he has written within the last fifty years may account for the sad weariness of countenance. Yet the weariness was only apparent, for he showed me a great bundle of proofs he was correcting at the very moment of my arrival, and handed me half-a-dozen sheets of closely written MS., the result of that morning's work. At the age of seventy-two he has reached a time of life when personal adornment is of secondary importance, and, to tell the truth, his attire was rather slovenly. He is a tall, slim, and slightly bent man, and from his throat to his feet he was wearing a long loose-fitting dressing-gown, once black, but now discoloured by age, and with the accumulated dust of at least twenty years in the creases. The sleeves, hanging almost to the finger tips, were ragged-edged, so that when he desired to write he hitched them up. On his head was a round cap, edged with a piece of blue tape. The room in which he worked was about the most dismal and uninspiring place I have ever been in. It must be a rule with the servants never to touch anything. Consequently, there was nothing but litter and dust. It was a very small room, perhaps fifteen feet square, the walls black, the ceiling stained, one window shuttered, and the other shaded with a heavy screen. Jókai invited me to rest on a shabby couch in one corner, while he himself sat on a deal chair at a little table, that was ink-stained, scattered with torn leaves, disused pen-nibs, musty papers, proofs in confusion, and old pages of MS. When he wrote he felt the nib on his thumb as an old farmer might do, and then cautiously dipped the pen in ink, as though to write were unusual with him. Some framed photographs were on the walls, but the dust had crept in between the glass and the pictures, so that they were faded and soiled. In one corner was a great green-glazed earthen stove, and in another stood what was originally intended for a bookcase. But the top was covered with long-emptied and dusty benedictine and cognac bottles, a dirty coffee cup and saucer, a battered hat, and some shrivelled apples. One or two hoary books were tossed about, but the shelves were mostly filled with old newspapers, magazines, and rubbish pushed in anyhow. Some men quarrel with the conditions under which they write, but Maurus Jókai seems to act on the principle that the worst the conditions the better the writing.

## PENS AND PENCILS.

A pocket pen—namely, a pen containing nib and automatic ink supply, is a convenience ; but only if one can be quite sure that it will not, on occasion, fill the pocket with ink through the feed-hole. A fountain pen saves the trouble of dipping, enables the user to have his own pen always at hand without the necessity of having recourse to his desk, and saves persons who have to write away from home the disagreeableness of using strange nibs. The objections to a pocket fountain pen are the tendency already mentioned to spill the ink, and the necessity of shaking the ink down on to the nib before the pen can be used.

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## EDUCATIONAL ARTICLES.

## I.—FLOREANT AMBO!

"OPTAT ephippia bos piger, optat aratra caballus." The saying is as true as ever, and spectators of the entertaining drama of Educational Reform have recently had the opportunity of observing an excellent instance of its application. A leader has appeared in the *Times*, dealing with the notorious athletic problem, and in this leader parents—parents, that is, of the better classes—are seriously exhorted to consider the advisability of sending their sons to day-schools rather than boarding-schools. Almost simultaneously out comes an educational periodical with the communicated discovery that (speaking broadly) real education can be obtained only at a boarding-school, and that consequently the State ought to establish and maintain a number of what we may call "boarding-board-schools," at which the more advanced pupils might pass the last year or so of their school life. This latter proposal has already attracted considerable attention in the columns of provincial newspapers.

If we do not altogether acquiesce in the apprehensions which the *Times* expresses with regard to athletics, neither can we approve in the least the fantastic "boarding-board-school" suggestion—indeed, we have only mentioned it in order to illustrate how widely opinions differ on these elementary points. What strikes us as really important is the two-fold assumption (so often made, and underlying in part, at least, both the views to which we have referred), first, that there must be a right and a wrong as between boarding-schools and day-schools, and, secondly, that the two systems have actually been existing for a long time side by side, so that we have only to turn to practical experience in order to see which is the better.

It is strange, indeed, that there is not more of the "live and let live" spirit among "educationalists" and schoolmasters. But as, in a general way, the advocate of technical instruction looks askance at classical learning, and as the professor of chemistry, equally with the Attic scholar, is inclined to think that he alone has the secret of education, so from Cratinus downward one can hardly find a writer on education who is not a strong partisan either of the boarding or the home system. Yet surely a little consideration will show that both types of schools are necessary in the community. Boarding-schools, apart from any advantages that they may possess, are rendered absolutely essential by the migratory habits of the socially higher classes. How can a boy attend a day-school when his parents' home is continually shifting from London to Scotland, from Scotland to the Continent, according to the dictates of fashion and the time of the year? Or even if a boy from this class attended a day-school during the London season, what home attention, what encouragement to work could he receive from his parents during that, to them, busiest of busy times? Consequently the fashion has long since been set. The "cream of the cream" engage, perhaps, private tutors, but the bulk of Society send their sons to boarding-schools. Nor is there any reason to complain of the result. But the results are not so much the inducement that leads those lower in the social scale to take the same course with their children: it is rather an instance of the power of fashion, of Mrs. A. copying Lady B. Here, however, also, the results are found to be good; and, in this way, the fashion has taken root and grown so strong, that there must be thousands of middle-class fathers and mothers of families who have come to look on the boarding-school as the one kind of school to which it would be right or decent to send their sons.

Acting on this somewhat crude, but very natural, view, these parents get, as we have said, excellent results; indeed, it would be difficult to praise too highly the typical virtues of manliness and self-reliance, and at the same time the sense of membership of an organised body with all the responsibilities arising in relation to its other members, which are usually produced by life at a good boarding-school. It is, indeed, said, as in the *Times*' leader to which we have referred, that interest, at such schools, is apt to centre rather round athletics than round head-work. This, no doubt, is true; but perhaps it is not wholly an evil. The idea of giving a mental education lasting till the age of eighteen or nineteen to boys of the social class that fills our chief public schools is comparatively recent. The Elizabethan writers would have advocated the training of such boys in a school of arms or chivalry rather than of Latin and Greek, and the present practice, though not quite consistent, is, after all, a recognition of facts that are as true now as they were three hundred years ago, or when the Just Beast, Chiron, kept a boarding-school on Mount Pelion. In the case of those boarding-schools that provide for the wants of a class to whom the nominal subjects of study are

of greater importance, we take leave to say that the schoolmasters have the whole matter in their own hands. Numerous examples show that in schools of this class it is not difficult to secure that a reasonable interest is taken in the school-work, and that the average of attainment is at least respectable.

When we turn to day-schools, we see at once how false to facts it is to represent this system as in competition with the other. Elementary day-schools exist, of course, everywhere; little grammar-schools are scattered up and down the country; but where are the day-schools to which a parent belonging to the class which cares, or can afford to care, for the higher education, may send his sons? Except in London such schools hardly exist. In or near London we have Westminster, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Dulwich, King's College School, and University College School, which are all open without restriction to day-boys (though Westminster, St. Paul's, and Dulwich have also slightly under a hundred boarders apiece), and all give the same type of education to the same class of boy as any but the two or three most expensive of the great boarding-schools. Outside London, the parent who lives in the country is necessarily unable to send his sons to a great day-school. In the large provincial towns one might reasonably expect to find day-schools of the highest type, but till a few years ago it would have been impossible to find concrete instances, except, perhaps, at Manchester and Birmingham. Bristol, however, has now begun to enjoy in this respect the same advantages as London, Clifton College having been converted, to a great extent, into a day-school. The admission of day-boys at such schools as Rugby is a matter of less general importance, as not affecting the larger centres of population. At Bedford, however, there is quite a large population of parents who reside temporarily in the town with the express object of having their sons educated as day-boys at the Grammar School. Much the same may be said of Cheltenham.

It is thus evident that the number of first-class day-schools in England is, though increasing, still extremely limited, and that of the few that exist London possesses an undue proportion. It is difficult, indeed, to see how, under such circumstances as these, day-schools can be said to have been weighed in the balance against boarding-schools and found wanting (except as regards number). Perhaps it might be urged that the paucity of great day-schools is a proof that the public will have none of them. But the fact is, that a successful day-school was in by-gone days always in danger of becoming a boarding-school. Boys flocked to it from a distance, and the masters found it to their advantage to take them as private boarders. Thus the day element was gradually squeezed out. The history of Harrow is an example of this process—a process which in that particular case proved of inestimable advantage to English education, but in others was a more doubtful benefit. It will be interesting to see whether Harrow will have in the near future to reverse the process, when the famous "Hill" has

been surrounded by the tide of advancing London.

The question remains, how far the type of character fostered by the great day-school compares favourably with the product of the boarding-school. It is certainly different, but not so different, we think, as many would make out. It must be remembered that a day-school of the class which we have in mind is in a position to bring to bear many of the most potent influences exercised by a boarding-school, though naturally in a less degree. These influences are reinforced by an influence stronger still—that of home. To urge, as some seem to do, that in the majority of cases this influence is harmful to a boy between the ages, let us say, of twelve and eighteen is about as serious an indictment of English parents, of the English home, and of English family life generally as it would be possible to prefer. The pride which Englishmen most properly take in the great boarding-schools of their country should not blind them to the fact that the alternative method of education is at least the more natural, though often, no doubt (owing to the artificial state of our society), the less preferable of the two under given circumstances.

What is really wanted, if it is not too much to hope for, is that the partisans of each system should recognise how much there is that is good in the other—that the man from the boarding-school should realise that the great day-school, if properly administered, can and does turn out English gentlemen remarkably like himself, only, it may be, a little better provided with "sitting breeches" (which is no discredit), and that the advocate of the day-school should cordially admit the immense value of our ancient boarding-schools, not perhaps in every case so much to the education proper, as to the general well-being of the country. It is dangerous work tinkering with either.

## II.—THE QUESTION OF HOME-WORK IN THE DAY-SCHOOL.

I do not propose to enter into any discussion of the general aspects of the boarding-school *versus* day-school problem, but to draw attention to what I consider to be one of the chief drawbacks to a day-school education—one of the grievous blunders of modern education.

I take it that a certain amount of private preparation is needed by every scholar, that "home-work" is a necessary evil. Under these circumstances it seems to me that the system prevailing at most boarding-schools is a rational one, to which little exception can be taken. A reasonable time, very seldom more than three hours, is set aside for this preparation. A master is present to see that there is no idling or shirking, and it is only under very special circumstances that a boy is permitted to continue his work after preparation hours. The boys are thus placed on a fair level, they work under the same circumstances

and without special help from any parent or tutor, though, naturally, the amount of work accomplished varies very considerably according to the capacities and earnestness of the scholar. In the day-school the system is very different. Here home-work is gradually becoming the essential part of the school education, work done in school hours a secondary consideration, often mere routine. I have in my mind the case of one of the higher classes in a great and deservedly popular day-school. The class consisted of forty boys; there was a different master for every subject, and each master set his own home-work. The average age of the boys was between fifteen and sixteen, and the boy of ordinary intellect and mental capacities was compelled to spend four, five, sometimes even six hours over his home-work if he wished to take up a good position in the class. Out of the forty boys, perhaps ten slaved thus from morning to night until they worked themselves into a state of collapse. The others were occasionally kept in, or otherwise punished, but as a rule the master contented himself with leaving them severely alone. Practically all the home-work was written, as time would not admit of an oral examination of forty boys, and the greater part of the so called lesson was always taken up in correcting, marking, and setting homework, so that those who for some reason or other had failed to accomplish this work were altogether outside the pale of interest.

Now and then the master would explain, for instance, some abstruse algebraical problem which one of the head boys had failed to solve, but, more usually, he was, from force of circumstances, only a marking machine. He was always quite willing to explain any difficulty raised; but boys are strange creatures, and knowledge has to be thrust upon them. Few questions were asked by any but the head boys, and these were far beyond the understanding of the majority of the class, who had been left hopelessly behind in the great cramming race.

Of course, this is a bad instance, but typical of a system eminently calculated to ruin day-school education. If home-work were less there would be more time for explanation; there would be time, above all, for oral examination, the all-important test of understanding. In the class to which I have referred, all the boys, without exception, were destined for a business career, and there was not even the excuse for cramming which is offered by the awful competition in University and other examinations. The boys were at school, as I understand it, to be taught to think and to reason, to exercise the muscles of their mind. If a boy is compelled by this system to teach *himself* there is little object in his going to school, and the parents may and do complain that they have to engage private tutors to do in the evening what the master of the school should have done in the day-time. The physical side of the question is very serious and must not be overlooked. The danger to health of this everlasting cramming is at once apparent. Boys should at least have the half-holidays to themselves, but in

many schools the home-work is, for some absurd reason, doubled on those days. Even Sunday is not a day of rest, for there is always Scripture to prepare. And above all other considerations it is not right that a boy should work harder at school than at any other period of his life, and yet I know scores of hard-working, successful business men who would tell you that, compared with the work they did at school, business, with all its responsibilities, is a continual holiday.

This same system of home-work is to be found—in a lesser degree, perhaps—in a large number of the High Schools for girls which have met with such deserved success throughout the kingdom. Here it is more difficult to bring home the responsibility to the guilty parties, for at the commencement of each term the parents sign a document in which they promise to write to the head mistress should the home-work given to their daughter be excessive, or the time spent on it exceed certain specified and very moderate limits. There is, moreover, no regular school during the afternoon, which is supposed to be given over to preparation. Now both these seemingly excellent rules are to all intents and purposes valueless. The parent knows well enough that should any complaint be made the mistress's displeasure at the interference will very likely be vented on the girl, or, at any rate, she will in future be looked upon as one of those pupils it is not worth while to trouble about. With regard to the afternoon preparation there are always innumerable so called "extra" lessons held during that part of the day, and the inevitable "music-practice" occupies every spare moment. And, perhaps, the most ridiculous point of it all is that, in some schools, the marks gained for homework do not count for the position in class, which is decided on the results of a few hours' examination—an examination not held in every subject which has been studied during the term, but only in the pet subjects of a particular head mistress. Such a practice is unfair to both pupil and teacher.

In the Girls' High Schools there is, however, a vast amount of genuine tuition, for all home-work is examined, corrected, and marked by the various teachers after school hours. The drudgery of a mistress's life is bad enough, but it seems altogether too unfair that she should not even have her evenings to herself. If you would know how grievously this burden falls upon the teacher you should read Miss Netta Syrett's *Nobody's Fault*, which contains a wonderfully accurate account of the existence of a High School mistress—an existence bounded on all sides by dreary wastes of exercise books. The High School teacher in setting home-work is signing a warrant for an evening of monotonous, soul-killing work.

I have tried to draw attention to what I consider a crying evil. The remedy is self-evident.

By J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

## CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

THE week has been uneventful. No book of any particular distinction has been published; but in fiction, at any rate, there has been no lack of enterprise among publishers. The novels and stories tot up to the respectable number of eighteen. There are no well-known names among the authors, and one is prompted to ask the question, If the harvest is eighteen before the publishing season has really begun, what will it be at its height?

The other books that lie upon our table range from *English Epigrams and Epitaphs* to *The History of Mankind*. This, the second volume of Prof. Ratzel's work, runs into close upon six hundred pages, and is plentifully illustrated with plain and coloured pictures. Mr. George Trumbull Ladd, professor of philosophy in Yale University, dedicates his *Philosophy of Knowledge* to "those who by serious and prolonged inquiry, however sceptical, aspire to approach the truth." "If I may claim," the author says in his preface, "any peculiar merit for the method followed in discussing the problem of knowledge, it is perhaps chiefly this: I have striven constantly to make epistemology vital—a thing of moment, because indissolubly and most intimately connected with the ethical and religious life of the age." Prof. Ladd takes 609 pages to the task.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

ON Tuesday afternoon, in Kelloe Church, Durham, a tablet to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was unveiled. The inscription runs: "To commemorate the birth in this parish of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was born at Coxhoe Hall, March 6th, 1806, and died at Florence, July 29th, 1861. A great poetess, a noble woman, a devoted wife. Erected by public subscription, 1897."

THE poets made the days they lived in palmy, but there were often "palmy days that had no date." The year of Herrick's death—Herrick's even!—has been a doubtful quantity. The birth-year of Thomas Dekker, Thomas Heywood, John Lyly, George Peele, Robert Greene, Thomas Campion, Richard Barnfield, and many another Elizabethan, has no place in biographical dictionaries. The same obscurity has descended, in several instances, to our own times, and it was only narrowly escaped by Mrs. Browning. All the world knows, especially this week, that she was born at Coxhoe Hall, county Durham, on March 6, 1806,

where she was privately baptized, a ceremony publicly supplemented two years later at Kelloe Church by some formal reception of her at its font. The procedure was a little out of the common, and it only needed the estrangement of Mrs. Browning from her family from the time of her marriage to involve in hopeless mystery—a mystery which still pervades the newspaper paragraph—the place and circumstance of her entry into the world and into the Church.

MR. J. H. INGRAM, for instance, a zealous biographer, thrust aside the tradition that Hope End, Herefordshire, was Elizabeth Barrett's birthplace. "My researches," he says, "have enabled me to disprove these statements." The "researches" embraced the discovery, in the *Lyn Mercury* for March 14, 1809, of an announcement, for March 4, "In London, the wife of Edward M. Barrett, Esq., of a daughter." Mrs. Browning, however, in one of her letters to Mr. R. H. Horne, had specifically stated, "I was born in the county of Durham." Mr. Browning knew that much, at any rate; and in the eighties he authorised Mrs. Richmond Ritchie to say that Burn Hall in that county, and March 6, 1809, were the place and date of his wife's birth. He was wrong in both. A little later, Mr. Browning, in summary dismissal of Mr. Ingram's researches, made a restatement by which his wife was "born March 6, 1806, at Carlton Hall, Durham, the residence of her father's brother." He had the date right at last, but was still astray as to the locality. These inaccuracies are repeated again and again, Mr. Browning's first doubly inaccurate version being adopted, for instance, by so careful an editor as Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in the chronology recently prefixed to an edition of Mrs. Browning's poems.

THE ceremony in Kelloe Church this week concludes the controversy; and London, which Mr. Ingram wrongly enriched, cannot grudge the county of Durham the glory of giving birth to the woman whom a contemporary accounts to be "the only great poet given to English literature 'twixt Tees and Tweed."

MR. KIPLING'S nonsense verse about Quebec, which we quoted last week, turns out to be an old production. It appeared in *Wee Willie Winkie*, the excellent little Scots magazine for children which the Countess of Aberdeen founded, as long ago as 1895. How the rhyme came to be circulated so widely just now, as the last product of Mr. Kipling's muse, we cannot explain. Its bearing upon Mr. Kipling's poem, "Our Lady of Snows," was, of course, too strong for the sharp journalist to resist the temptation of reviving it; but there was no need to change its date.

THE gathering of the clans of science at Toronto, to attend the meeting of the British Association, says the *New York Critic* in an amusing paragraph, is imposing a tax upon the hospitality of our neighbour's citizens. According to a newspaper despatch, "Mr. Walter Barwick, a prominent barrister,

offered to entertain anyone whom the committee would send him, provided the visitor did not wear list slippers and insist on having morning prayers." The scientist sent to Mr. Barwick was Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

The cheap edition of *Scenes of Clerical Life* which Messrs. Blackwood have just issued marks George Eliot's first appearance into thoroughly democratic covers. The price is sixpence, and the print of the double column is, though small, clear and well spaced. The book should have a great sale in this form. "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "Janet's Repentance," have in the past few years been much imitated but never equalled.

MR. JOHN LANE, who was the pioneer of the net system of bookselling, has decided in future to issue all his new fiction and new juvenile books at discount prices. Mr. Lane has arrived at this decision in consequence of the recent recommendation of the Publishers' Association that books should be sold at a discount of 2d. in the shilling.

AMERICA seems to be not a little impressed by Mr. S. R. Crockett's physique and capabilities. Major Pond, the lecture agent, on visiting the novelist at St. Andrews, was struck to such an extent with his prowess as a golfer, and his attitude when making up to strike the ball, that he followed Mr. Crockett over the five-mile course with a camera, snap-shooting him all the while; while the *Critic* prints the following remarks from one of Mr. Crockett's recent visitors:—

"Work rapidly!" he said, "I should think he did. He has two type-writing machines of unusual size and strength that he had made especially for his own use at a cost of 500 dollars each, and he works on these at lightning pace. But that is not all—he will carry on a general conversation with a roomful of people while he is writing out a story on the machine. Now, I have heard compositors talk while sticking type, but they were merely copying, whereas Mr. Crockett was writing out original matter. Usually he works alone, beginning at about five o'clock in the morning, and when he comes down to breakfast at nine he has 5,000 words written out. I never saw such a man; he seems to be inexhaustible and is certainly indefatigable. He is six feet four inches tall, weighs 280 pounds, and is as nimble as a cat."

Mr. Crockett has refused Major Pond's offer for a lecturing tour in the United States.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In *Good Words* for August an attack was made on Rossetti in an article by Mr. Sulman. It was stated by Mr. Sulman that Linton had to correct his drawings. I find in the *New York Times* Mr. Linton's reply, in which he takes Mr. Sulman to task." Mr. Linton writes as follows:

"To the Editor of 'Saturday Review' of the *New York Times*.

"Mr. Sulman takes occasion to remark with reference to Rossetti's designs for Tennyson's Poems: 'Rossetti was furious with the liberties Linton took with his designs.' On the con-

trary, my friend distinctly and repeatedly thanked me for my fidelity to them. Mr. Sulman adds: 'Linton answered: "If I had cut them as he drew them!"' Neither sneer nor expression of opinion is true. I valued Rossetti's drawings too much not to at least endeavour at faithfully rendering them, and for such faithfulness rendered he more than once chose me to be his engraver.

"Are Mr. Sulman's other anecdotes of the same quality?"

"W. J. LINTON."

M. ZOLA is staying at Médan, working upon his new novel, *Paris*, which, we understand, is giving him more trouble than any book he has written. M. Zola hopes to finish *Paris* early in October.

*The Life and Letters of John Arthur Roebuck*, edited by Mr. Robert Leader, which is to be published shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold, will form a valuable addition to our store of political biography. Mr. Roebuck was a statesman of peculiar force of character, and of independence of thought and action, and his personality gives vigour and freshness to his autobiography and letters, which cover a good part of the century. He was born in 1802 and died in 1879, and from the year 1832 was a prominent influence, whether in or out of office, upon our national politics. It is the history of the life and opinions of a Radical of the old stamp, an intimate friend of John Stuart Mill, a hard fighter, and strong thinker, and the book has all the charm of political history told by one who helped to make it.

*A Memoir of Miss Clough*, the late Principal of Newnham College, by her niece, Miss Bertha Clough, is shortly to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold. The editor acted as secretary to her aunt, and is well qualified, therefore, to undertake the task of affording to the public some insight into the character and thoughts of one to whom people most interested in the education of girls and women have regarded as a guide and friend. The work will be furnished with two portraits—the frontispiece, a photograph plate of the portrait painted by Mr. Shannon, R.A., for Newnham College, and the other from a photograph by Mrs. Frederick Myers.

M. SARCEY has said of Voltaire's *Candide* that, though all the rest of his voluminous works were to be forgotten, "in this nutshell the name of Voltaire would sail towards immortality." During nearly a century and a half this story has not been published in a worthy library edition in English. Two or three translations were issued last century, and two or three since; sometimes with other less notable tales by Voltaire, and sometimes by itself. Mr. George Redway proposes to issue in the autumn, under the editorship of Mr. Walter Jerrold, a handsome limited *édition de luxe* of *Candide*, with upwards of sixty illustrations by M. Adrien Moreau. The edition is to consist of six hundred copies, one hundred of which will be printed on Japanese vellum.

In the list of honours distributed on the birthday of the Queen of Holland appears the name of Mr. Louis Couperus, the Dutch novelist, who has been awarded a knighthood in the Order of Orange-Nassau. English versions of all Mr. Couperus' novels have appeared, with the exception of the last—*Wereldvrede*—which is still awaiting a publisher. Probably *Ecstasy* is the most popular in this country.

The proprietors of *Lean's Royal Navy List* will issue in October next, for the first time (in conjunction with above list), a new naval annual entitled *The Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook*. Tables and other information for the use of officers ashore and afloat have been specially prepared for this work, upwards of 100 pages of such matter being contained in the book, besides the diary portion, making in all a book of some 500 pages. The importance and developments of our Navy have caused the proprietors to feel that there should be a distinct opening for such a work.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have in the press a volume entitled *The Savage Club Papers*, containing contributions by about seventy "Savages."

THE Queen has sanctioned the dedication to herself of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the third volume of which was completed on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession. A double section of the dictionary—"Foisty" to "Frankish"—is promised next month.

AMONG the announcements of Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Browne & Co. for the coming season is a book by Miss Beatrice Harraden, entitled *A New Book of the Fairies*. This work was first issued in 1891 in quarto form, and has now been for some time out of print. The new edition has been revised and corrected, and contains a new preface by the author.

THE two humorists who partly conceal their identity under the initials H. B. and B. T. B. have composed a companion volume to *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, which will shortly be published by Mr. Edward Arnold. The title of the new book is to be *More Beasts (for Worse Children)*.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON are about to publish a book under the title of *The Irish Difficulty: Shall and Will*. The author, Monseigneur Molloy, has gathered together from a wide range of writers and speakers examples of the use of the future auxiliary, and he shows that the English usage itself is very far from being uniform.

MESSRS. SERVICE & PATON will publish this month, in their "Illustrated English Library," Scott's *Rob Roy*, illustrated by F. H. Townsend, and Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, illustrated by Chris. Hammond. The same firm will shortly begin the issue of their new "Whitehall Library." The first two volumes will be Kingsley's *Hypatia* and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.



## THE APOLOGETICS OF ROMANCE.

EVERY age has its catchwords, as every age has its criticism. For there must be a popular version of the laws which are supposed to govern excellence in art; and such a version is constituted by the sentiments of each age, certain parts being selected for honour and the rest neglected. Hence, by looking at the glib phrases which fly to and fro in the critical game, we can construct a tolerable presentment of the age which nourishes such criticism. We heard much in old days of "consistency," "elegance," "taste"; then, in the age of the Romantics, of "nature" and "passion." Still later, and we had "unity in variety," "a gospel," "a criticism of life"; and now we are everywhere confronted with such pleasant phrases as "a presentment of reality," "real and not trait portraiture," "clearness and breadth of outlook," and a hundred more soul-satisfying words. In the criticism upon one writer—Stevenson—we have the extraordinary spectacle of critics attempting no sane analysis of his work, no inquiry into his own purpose or his artistic growth, but hurling a volley of such catchwords and leaving him with a flippant damnation.

The prevalence of such a habit seems to point to a generally existing feeling in the popular mind, which is worthy of all respect. On the one hand, seriousness in art is revered in an estimable manner as the one thing needful, the *sine qua non* of merit; and, on the other hand, pure narrative—or, as they love to call it, "objective romance"—is unsparingly attacked as a vicious and scarcely considerable form of creation. From such an attitude there seems no appeal. The miserable romancer cowers under the blow, and is scarcely consoled by many editions; he feels a charlatan, a flippant person, a sort of bagman in letters.

It is impossible to deny that such a feeling is most wholesome. Seriousness has always its value, however mistaken and however absurd; but when such catchwords are used as a final standard for art, it is reasonable to ask whether there be not some confusion in the practice. For what is the romancer's contention? It is probable that the most hardened, the most miserably superficial dabbler of them all, if he were put on his oath would subscribe to much the same articles of excellence. Indeed, the popular criticism of the romancer's position rests on a confusion between the end of art and one of its particular stages. He does not for one moment dream of insisting that a plain narration of incident is the sum total of art. His contention is that it is a necessary part, a useful stage in the artist's development—in fact, the indispensable beginning of true work. If he pleases, he may stay in such a pleasant province and go no further; but that is his own concern. At any rate, he does not claim that further progress is impossible; he only insists upon the value of the halting-place he has reached.

Let us look briefly at the question from another side. What is the ultimate test of all true art but its emotional effect, its appeal to rational and non-rational alike—in short, its moving human quality? This

comes first; all else may be added unto it, but the additions are a later matter. Now, such being the actual working end if it is not the abstract aim of art, the education of the artist must show traces of such a purpose. The first postulate is that the writer must *see* life. He must have the love of action, swift, involved, and dramatic; he must have a perception of the moving quality of bald incident. It is true that such action is at first, to borrow a word from the schools, "non-significant"; it is explained by no theory of life, and is not necessarily linked to character; but the thing demanded is the plain fact of its existence. Life, considered as a mere vivid piece of emotional reality, is the first subject of art, and more, it is its most necessary part. The most profound theorising, the most subtle analysis of character, are of no avail unless we have the romantic foundation, the "moving accident" and the plain bare fundamentals of narrative.

But, one may object, this is practically to identify romance with realism, its supposed opposite. And in a sense it is; and we would ask with Meg Dods, "What for no?" For by romance in this sense we mean incident, action, viewed under one aspect—the cheerful, graceful, and heroic; by realism, the same material viewed under another aspect or series of aspects. The foundations of both are the same, but, as it happens, the latter as a stage in artistic progress is slightly later in time than the former. The centre of gravity in each is the recognition of the immense importance of the dramatic act. Romance in a purely æsthetic sense is an advance on realism as implying a process of selection on the ground of a theory of the beautiful; while realism is philosophically beyond romance, since its view of the world of action is coloured by some ethical or cosmic theory. Both are one-sided, but both have in them the root of the matter, and if viewed in the light of an ideal of art must seem almost identical in value. They represent that recognition of the fundamental fact in all art from which the artist may go on to perfect his education. On this he may build the subtlest and completest characterisation, the most profound teaching; but unless the bed-rock is present, characterisation and teaching are so much building upon the sand.

It is impossible to dogmatise on the psychology of the artist, but we can lay it down that such an account as we have given is at least possible and amply illustrated. Goethe is a case in point. He had his origin in romanticism; his first loves in literature were ballad poetry, Ossian, and Homer. There is a vast difference between *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*, but the second is the fruit of the continuous development which began in the first. Let us take another instance on a very different plane, which seems equally applicable. Can we not detect such a development in the case of Stevenson's work, which beginning from naked romantic incident gradually deepened and broadened in the direction of adequate characterisation until we have the sad culmination in the magnificent torso of *Weir of Hermiston*? I make no preposterous claims

for this writer, but he seems clearly to illustrate one type of progress which is wholesome and valuable; and to damn him for his essays in romance is merely to object to him because he once made a rational beginning.

In the other side I can find no hint of future capacity, as there is most assuredly no token of present performance. For note what it represents. An elderly young gentleman with some fragments of a philosophy, some boyish apophthegms and a great reverence for subtlety, essays the art of fiction. He piles reflection upon reflection, paradox upon paradox; he hammers away at his characters till he has made them thin and ghostly; above all, he pours out his soul in impassioned and prophetic exhortation. And the result is a hotch-potch not understood of man. He has no conception of the true beauty of narrative, of the moving power of incident, of the rush and generous excitement of story. Not unto him fall the triumphs of fiction. For mark what such a beginning means. At a time of life and a stage of development when raw narrative is his one possible sphere, he has attempted a shallow analysis and a glib repetition of half-understood theories. He has irremediably falsified his talent for true work. If he proceed in the same path he may eventually come to be a writer of popular novels with a purpose, or a suburban sage; if he reform and set gravely to serious work he may in time take rank as a thinker. But an artist—never.

JOHN BUCHAN.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE last number of the *Revue Blanche* publishes an extremely interesting inquiry into the value and influence of Taine's work. M. Maurice Barrès opens the list of replies:

"As an educator, and in communicating the entirety of knowledge as far as observation and experimentation had brought it in 1870, M. Taine seems to me incomparable. . . . Taine bore timidity in his blood. . . . With Goethe he might have signed this aphorism: 'Whoever would exercise a happy influence should never blame or be rendered uneasy by what goes wrong, but constantly and solely do good. Our business is not to crush, but to raise something in which humanity may find pure pleasure.' He detested disorder. . . . Taine was no professor of energy. He justified timidity, the coiling up of oneself, and, under the word *acceptation*, certain servilities."

This is not the most lucid manner of telling us that Taine was orderly and conservative. M. Barrès is much more fortunate in a few skilful and wonderfully vital pages of his dull novel *Déracinés*, wherein he paints a little scene, with a sketch of Taine as vivid and fresh and true as life.

The illustrious writer, interested in an article written about himself by an obscure young man, obtains his address, and visits him one morning in his poor lodging. We have his picture in a few lines:

"Grey-haired, medium-sized, rather slim, with eyes remarkable for their light, softness,

and depth. The dome of the forehead fine; the temples well filled, though somewhat tightened at the approach of the brow; the arch of the eyebrow clear, mobile, and finely finished. From the depth of these soft caverns the glance travelled, at once kept back by knowledge and pressed forward by curiosity. His reserved and impatient regard particularly contributed to the dignity of the whole."

He invites the student to join him in his daily walk, and starts by asking him if he has means.

"I am glad," he says then. "I believe you are fitted for intellectual speculation. Now I regard as a grave danger for the individual and for society the contradiction that there too often is between a cerebral development which needs leisure and means, for high culture is very expensive, and a condition which obliges one to work."

We seize his interest in the youth, so fresh in his freedom, his cynicism, his intellectual activity and pleasing attitude of respect before the Master. But ideas, he maintains, do not suffice. "They are abstract; one only reaches them by effort. However beautiful they may be, they do not fill the heart." He urges him to the notion of sociability. "The quality of gallant man is not, as we are disposed to believe, a refinement of gentleman, an elegance the brand of the privileged; it implies a general morality!" Later he says: "To the end I hope to be able to work." M. Barrés writes: "This fine word, living and strong, *work*, uttered with simplicity, took upon those lips a grave sound that fascinated the young man. . . . 'To the end I hope to be able to work.' What a superb expression of the unity of a life entirely arranged that the man might dedicate himself to truth." Taine takes the student to look at his favourite plane-tree on the Esplanade of the Invalides, which he speaks of as the friend and counsellor of his declining years. "It speaks to me of all I have loved, Pyrenian rocks, Italian oaks, Venetian painters. It would have reconciled me to life if men did not add to the harsh necessities of their condition so much joy in wickedness." His subsequent biography of the plane is a full and eloquent page of Taine's own life's philosophy, with all the charm and vigour of his style.

But to return to the inquiry of the *Roux Blanché*. The late Monseigneur d'Hulst qualifies Taine's work as multiple. Of his history he says: "In spite of the exaggeration of colouring, he has rendered reality in immortal flashes." The man himself he describes as one of the grandest souls he ever knew, but his books as having the effect of a withering wind. M. André Lefèvre denies him any influence whatever, while recognising the intensity of colour of the style, the force a little heavy and pedantic. M. Picavet is less grudging of his praise.

"For some time back," he writes, "he is a classic in the precise meaning of the word. *La Fontaine et ses Fables*, the *Essai sur Tite-Live*, the admirable articles on Plato's youths and on Xenophon, on Racine and George Sand—in brief his *Essais* and *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, will be read by professors and students as long as the authors he treats of. . . . He

remains one of those men who characterise a century rather than a country, a true lay-saint by the constant dignity of his life and his ardour in work—a sincere and comprehensive thinker, who has ever sought truth in its multiple aspects—a great and conscientious artist, who has created a style rich and precise, coloured and expressive, supple and energetic."

The most important letter in the collection is M. Gabriel Monod's long testimony:

"By his general tendencies Taine belongs to the sensualist philosophy of the thirteenth century, to French and English positivism; rather to the English—to Mill, Bain, and Spencer—than to Auguste Comte. . . . By the precision and originality of his observation, by the rigour with which he groups facts and attaches them to other groups of facts of a more or less general character, and brings back the notion of fact to that of law, he is one of those who have contributed the most to show the fecundity of the positive method."

Here is a revealing stroke: "His criticism of art awards beauty to work inasmuch as it is characteristic, but adds that to be altogether beautiful it must be beneficent." The logician and the philosopher, M. Monod maintains, injured in him the critic and the historian. Another laments that his adaptation of Condillac and Hegel should have cast him into micrography, insisting that so massive a genius was meant for something higher than mere psycho-physiology. Curious fact brought to light: at the end, Taine writes that the *Imitation* is the key that opens nearly every lock. He is justly accused of having cast upon the world such regrettable generalities as: "Frenchman, man of court; German, man of laboratory; Latin, analyst; Catholic, man of discipline; Protestant, man of conscience." But all testify to the man's superlative honesty, sincerity, and nobility of nature. His influence, if less general than Renan's, seems from this correspondence to be more intense and deep.

Prof. Lombroso naïvely admits that he admires Taine because Taine was intelligent enough to understand him. He is described as "English and Anglomaniac"—English by his wealth of facts, his humour, his persevering and enterprising tenacity. "Race, surroundings, moment," it was his boast that with these three words he could unravel history, even literary history.

One letter refers to the hero of the *Disciple* as "a mediocre mind, a bad pupil who did not understand his master." The master in question was Taine, and this harsh novel, written by M. Bourget, his friend and disciple, gave unmeasured pain to Taine. M. de Vogüé's long letter closes the interesting series. He ends:

"I knew Taine so well and so closely, and he seemed to me so great, that I am a bad judge of his real size. . . . This mild infatuated lover of truth is one of the men I have most loved, and of all perhaps the one who most powerfully subjugated my respect."

H. L.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

THE next few months will be memorable for the enormous number of books that will be issued from the various publishing houses. Not only must the forthcoming season bear its own heavy load, but also the added weight of many volumes which have been withheld from publication owing to the distractions of Jubilee time. Next year the issue of new books will probably be more evenly distributed over the twelve months, as the success of Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian" proves, what many have thought, that the public are as eager to buy and read popular books during the summer months as at any other time. We give below a first list of announcements for the autumn publishing season:

### MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*Belles Lettres*.—"The Work of Charles Keene," with introduction and comments by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and a bibliography of etchings and books by Mr. W. H. Chesson, with numerous pictures illustrative of the artist's method; "The Printers of Basle in the XVth and XVIth Centuries: their Biographies, Printed Books and Devices," by Mr. Charles William Heckethorn (illustrated); "Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-70," edited by Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill (illustrated); "The Story of Marie Antoinette," by Mrs. Anna L. Bicknell (illustrated); "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by Mr. La Farge (illustrated); "Saunterings in Florence," by Signor E. Grifi, a new artistic and practical handbook for English and American tourists, with illustrations and maps.

*Biography*.—"The Private Papers of William Wilberforce," collected and edited, with a preface, by Mrs. A. M. Wilberforce, with photographs and other illustrations; "The Life and Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter: sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First," by Mrs. Dorothea Townshend, with photographs and other illustrations; "Tourguénief and his French Circle," a series of letters to Flaubert, George Sand, Emile Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Gambetta, and others, edited by Mr. H. Halperine-Kaminsky, translated by Miss Ethel Arnold; "Lives of Great Italians," by Mr. Frank Hordridge (illustrated); "My Life in Two Hemispheres," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (illustrated); "The Love Affairs of some Famous Men," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A., the first two volumes of the new series, with photographic frontispieces, entitled "Builders of Greater Britain," viz. "Sir Walter Raleigh," by Major Martin A. S. Hume, and "Sir Thomas Maitland: the Mastery of the Mediterranean," by Mr. Walter Frewen Lord; and the first two volumes of a new series, with photographic frontispieces, entitled "Masters of Medicine," viz. "John Hunter," by Dr. Stephen Paget, with an introduction by Sir James Paget, and "William Harvey," by Mr. D'Arcy Power.

*History*.—"Communism in Middle Europe in the time of the Reformation," by Karl Kautsky, editor of "Die Neue Zeit," translated by Mr. J. L. and Mrs. E. J. Milliken; "Greece in the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Lewis Sergeant, with illustrations and a map; "The Gladstone Colony," by J. F. Hogan, M.P., with an introductory letter by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; the first volume of a new "Library of Literary History," viz. "A Literary History of India," by Mr. R. W. Frazer, LL.B.; two new volumes of "The Story of the Nations" (illustrated), viz. "Modern France," by M.

André le Bon, and "The Franks," by Mr. Lewis Sergeant; and three new volumes of "The Children's Study," viz. "Old Tales from Greece," by Miss Alice Zimmermann, "France," by Miss Mary C. Rowsell, and "Rome," by Miss Mary Ford, all with frontispieces.

*Essays.*—"The Scholar and the State," by Bishop Potter, of New York; "America's Contribution to Civilisation," by President Eliot, of Harvard University; "Leisure Hours in the Study," by Dr. James MacKinnon; "Glimpses into Plant Life," by Mrs. Brightwen (illustrated); "Mother, Baby, and Nursery: a Manual for Mothers," by Dr. Geneviève Tucker (illustrated); "Australian Democracy," by Mr. H. de R. Walker; "The Day-Book of Wonders," by Mr. David Morgan Thomas.

*Poetry.*—"A Selection of the Poems of Mathilde Blind," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Arthur Symonds; "Songs of Liberty, and Other Poems," by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson; "Vox Humana," by John Mills, selected and edited by his wife, with a frontispiece portrait of the author; and a new volume of "The New Irish Library," entitled "Lays of the Red Branch," by Sir Samuel Ferguson, edited by Lady Ferguson.

*Fiction.*—"Hugh Wynne," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with a frontispiece; "The Tormentor," by Mr. Benjamin Swift; "Prisoners of Conscience," by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr (illustrated); "The School for Saints: Part of the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P." by John Oliver Hobbes, and a re-issue of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," by the same author; "The Outlaws of the Marches," by Lord Ernest Hamilton (illustrated); "The People of Clopton," by Mr. George Bartram; "Wild Life in Southern Seas," by Mr. Louis Becke; "The Temple of Folly," by Mr. Paul Creswick; "Margaret Forster," by the late Mr. George Augustus Sala, with an introduction by Mrs. Sala; "Brer Mortal," by Ben Marlas (illustrated); "The Twilight Reef, and Other Stories," by Mr. H. C. MacIlwaine; "Those Dreadful Twins: Middy and Bosun," by Themselves (illustrated); "Liza of Lambeth," by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham; "Revelation of a Sprite," by Mr. A. M. Jackson; "Ramji: a Tragedy of the Indian Famine"; and "In Western Wilds," by Miss Teth Quin.

#### MESSRS. METHUEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*Poetry.*—"Shakespeare's Poems," edited, with an introduction and notes, by George Wyndham, M.P.; "English Lyrics," selected and edited by W. E. Henley; "Nursery Rhymes," with many coloured pictures, by F. D. Bedford; "The Odyssey of Homer," a translation by J. G. Cordery.

*Travel and Adventure.*—"British Central Africa," by Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B.; "With the Greeks in Thessaly," by W. Kinraid Rose, Reuter's Correspondent; "The Massacre in Benin," by Captain Boisragon; "From Tonkin to India," by Prince Henri of Orleans, translated by Hamley Bent, M.A.; "Three Years in Savage Africa," by Lionel Decle, with an introduction by H. M. Stanley, M.P.; "With the Mounted Infantry in Mashonaland," by Lieut.-Colonel Alderson; "The Hill of the Graces; or, The Great Stone Temples of Tripoli," by H. S. Cowper, F.S.A.; "Adventure and Exploration in Africa," by Captain A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S.

*History and Biography.*—"A History of Egypt, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," edited by W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L.—vol. v., "Roman Egypt," by J. G. Milne; "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, a new edition, edited, with notes, appendices, and maps, by J. B. Bury, M.A., in 7 vols.; "The Letters of Victor

Hugo," translated from the French by F. Clarke, M.A.; "A History of the Great Northern Railway, 1845-85," by C. H. Grinling; "A History of English Colonial Policy," by H. E. Egerton, M.A.; "A History of Anarchism," by E. V. Zenker, translated by H. de B. Gibbins, M.A.; "The Life of Ernest Renan," by Madame Darmesteter, with portrait; "A Life of Donne," by Augustus Jessop, D.D., with portrait; "Old Harrow Days," by C. H. Minchin.

*Theology.*—"A Primer of the Bible," by Prof. W. H. Bennett; "Light and Leaven: Historical and Social Sermons," by the Rev. H. Hensley Henson, M.A.; "Devotional Series": "The Confessions of St. Augustine," newly translated, with an introduction, by C. Bigg, D.D.; "The Holy Sacrifice," by F. Weston, M.A.

*Naval and Military.*—"A History of the Art of War," by C. W. Oman, M.A., vol. ii., "Medieval Warfare"; "A Short History of the Royal Navy, from Early Times to the Present Day," by David Hannay, vol. i.; "The Story of the British Army," by Lieut.-Colonel Cooper King.

*General Literature.*—"The Old English Home," by S. Baring-Gould; "Oxford and its Colleges," by J. Wells, M.A.; "Voce Academicæ," by C. Grant Robertson, M.A.; "A Primer of Wordsworth," by Laurie Magnus; "Neo-Malthusianism," by R. Ussher, M.A.; "Primæval Scenes," by H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.G.S.; "The Wallypug in London," by G. E. Farrow; "Railway Nationalisation," by Clement Edwards.

*Sport.*—"Sporting and Athletic Records," by H. Morgan Browne; "The Golfing Pilgrim," by Horace G. Hutchinson.

*Educational.*—"Evagrius," edited by Prof. Léon Parmentier of Liège and M. Bidez of Gand; "The Odes and Epodes of Horace," translated by A. D. Godley, M.A.; "Ornamental Design for Woven Fabrics," by C. Stephenson; "Essentials of Commercial Education," by E. E. Whitfield, M.A.; "Passages for Unseen Translation," by E. C. Marchant, M.A., and A. M. Cook, M.A.; "Exercises on Latin Accidence," by S. E. Winbolt; "Notes on Greek and Latin Syntax," by G. Buckland Green, M.A.; "A Digest of Deductive Logic," by Johnson Barker, B.A.; "Test Cards in Euclid and Algebra," by D. S. Calderwood; "How to Make a Dress," by J. A. E. Wood.

*Fiction.*—"Lochinvar," by S. R. Crockett; "The Lady's Walk," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Traits and Confidences," by the Hon. Emily Lawless; "Bladys," by S. Baring Gould; "The Pomp of the Lavilletes," by Gilbert Parker; "A Daughter of Strife," by Jane Helen Findlater; "Over the Hills," by Mary Findlater; "A Creel of Irish Tales," by Jane Barlow; "The Clash of Arms," by J. Bloundelle Burton; "A Passionate Pilgrim," by Percy White; "Secretary to Bayne, M.P.," by W. Pett Ridge; "The Builders," by J. S. Fletcher; "Josiah's Wife," by Norma Lorimer; "By Stroke of Sword," by Andrew Balfour; "The Singer of Marly," by Ida Hooper; "Kirkham's Find," by Mary Gaunt; "The Fall of the Sparrow," by M. C. Balfour; "Scottish Border Life," by James C. Dibdin.

MESSRS. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., will publish in a few days Mr. W. W. Jacob's first long story, "The Skipper's Wooing"; Mr. H. G. Wells's new romance, "The Invisible Man"; and Mr. Max Pemberton's new book of short stories, "Queen of the Jesters."

MR. MACQUEEN will shortly publish "A Girl's Awakening," by Mr. J. H. Crawford; "The Red Painted Box," by Marie Connor Leighton, and "Stories from the Land of the Round Table," by William Henry Frost.

## DRAMA.

### HAMLETS: OLD AND NEW.

THE autumn season opens with a great show of activity in the West End theatres, where, within a fortnight, nearly a dozen new productions see the light. It is worth while noting that of this extensive programme the dramatic portion far outweighs the musical, so that the frivolous note of the season is likely to be less pronounced than of recent years. Musical comedy of the stamp which has been so immensely successful at the Gaiety and Daly's Theatre is not represented at all. Mr. George Edwardes is left in undisturbed possession of his valuable monopoly. To some extent this may be due to the fact that it is no easy matter producing "Geishas" and "Circus Girls," but there is also a prevalent belief, perhaps not unfounded, that this *genre* has seen its heyday, and that the public would be glad of a change. What sort of change? In the solution of such a problem lies much of the great art of management—a problem complicated by the fact that managers have to produce not always what they would like, but what they can get. New composers and librettists of ability are few, and unless they possess the rare gift of originality—one hesitates in this connexion to use the word *genius*—they necessarily travel in familiar grooves. So far there has been nothing offered in the way of musical novelty. "The Wizard of the Nile," given at the Shaftesbury Theatre by Messrs. H. B. Smith and Victor Herbert, is a comic opera of the conventional type. It is called Egyptian, as it might be called Japanese or Babylonian, for the purpose of giving the costumier his chance; but the plot is more or less incomprehensible, and serves mainly as a vehicle for dancing and "variety business." It will be interesting to see what degree of success attends one or two revivals of the Offenbach period which are in contemplation.

LITERARY interest centres in the new version of "Hamlet" proposed to be given at the Lyceum by Mr. Forbes Robertson. Of Hamlets there is no end. As soon as one actor begins to rise in his profession he deems it incumbent upon him to play the melancholy Dane, and the experiment has been repeated so often of late years that one wonders how much inherent interest there remains in the tragedy for the average playgoer, to whom not only the plot and the characters, but even the literary beauties of the text, are familiar. It is certainly no longer safe to rely upon the merits of the play itself. Sir Henry Irving, who was the first to rescue Shakespeare from the stigma of "spelling ruin," makes a point of shoring up the Shakespearean drama with a variety of novel accessories—new music, new scenic and mechanical effects, and a new acting version—in all of which *per se* the public may be expected to be interested in addition to the acting; and his example in this respect has been extensively followed. The last of the

conventional Hamlets, as far as London is concerned, was that of Edwin Booth. Sturdy, dark, and thick-set, Booth was an actor of the Kean school, with a superabundance of gesture, an adroit play of feature, including much raising, lowering, and knitting of the eyebrows, a stage stride which invariably brought him into "the focus," and the art of "rumbling out soliloquies in a deep chest note." When Edwin Booth came to London he was already a mature actor, and looked his years, but there was then no question raised as to Hamlet's age. A Hamlet of fifty in appearance was not thought to be anything unusual, and it was always an actress of great experience and undeniable age who was cast for the part of the Queen.

To the question of the relative ages of the chief *dramatis personæ* Sir Henry Irving paid no great heed, though he himself made up to look no more than thirty. It was his singularly picturesque, poetic, intellectual reading that won the applause of the Lyceum public. The great innovator in the production of "Hamlet" was Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, about fourteen years ago, gave us a boy Prince, arguing that the hero must be barely out of his teens if his mother was to be a sufficiently attractive woman to inspire the passion of the usurping Claudius. A comparatively youthful Queen, apparently in the late thirties, was an essential feature of this conception; while Claudius was represented as a red-haired sensualist. Nor was this all. The mimic play in "Hamlet" has always been somewhat of a difficulty to stage managers. Despite the nipping and the eager air that we hear of at Elsinore, Mr. Wilson Barrett arranged the play-scene *al fresco*—namely, in the royal orchard—contending that if the late King was in the habit of taking his afternoon nap there the place was well suited for an open-air performance. This allowed of a more picturesque set than is usually obtained indoors, though the cardinal difficulty of seating the royal and other spectators in such a manner as to be seen by the house at the same time as the players remained. For the rest, Mr. Wilson Barrett indulged in the usual new readings, of which the most striking, perhaps, was a "Siege of Troubles." New readings are the modern manager's safest card. Albeit no permanent emendation of the text ever comes of them: they are as old as Edwin Booth, who adopted the phrase "ennobled queen" instead of "mobled queen." "Ennobled" was at least an intelligible word, which "mobled" is not; but in conjunction with "queen" it seemed tautological and un-Shakspearean. M. Mounet-Sully's "Hamlet," given in conjunction with a French play season in London, was altogether too grotesque to come into line with English conceptions of the character: it looked like a caricature, and, unlike all English "Hamlets," was fairly mad. In the French *mise-en-scène* nothing novel was attempted. The latest actor to exercise his ingenuity upon "Hamlet" was Mr. Tree, who, as usual, edited the text afresh, and introduced new readings, the best of which,

namely, "The dog will have his bay," seems a genuine improvement. In pursuit of novelty, he had the happy thought of tampering with Hamlet's "inky cloak," which to his predecessors from time immemorial had been sacred: he gave it a red lining. Another of his innovations was to introduce browsing sheep into the scene of Ophelia's funeral to the accompaniment of a tinkling of sheep bells.

WHAT remains, then, for Mr. Forbes Robertson to attempt in the way of novelty? It will be seen that to break new ground in "Hamlet" is no easy task. However, the young actor, who has been confiding his intentions to an interviewer, does his best. By a stroke of genius he restores to the text the character of Fortinbras which all other modern actors, I believe, with remarkable unanimity, have cut out, even at the cost of making certain allusions in the text obscure. This, of course, has necessitated excisions in other directions, a circumstance which in itself is calculated to arouse curiosity, so that the latest exponent of "Hamlet" may be congratulated in this instance upon killing two birds with one stone. As "Hamlet," if fully acted under modern conditions, would play for eight hours, it is never more than a fragment of the tragedy that we see on the stage. Mr. Forbes Robertson proposes, the Fortinbras episode notwithstanding, to bring it within the compass of three hours, which itself is a feat of some merit. He has also evolved a new feature of importance in the "business" that occurs between Hamlet and Ophelia in the "Get you to a nunnery" scene. Here it has been the custom for Hamlet to catch sight of the King and Polonius hiding behind the curtain. Mr. Forbes Robertson does not propose to see them. He thinks it a sudden impulse for Hamlet to ask "Where's your father"; and he wants to read the truth in Ophelia's face. Finally, his idea as to age is a Hamlet of five-and-twenty, with a king and queen "young enough to be under the influence of passion." So that a few odds and ends of novelty have, after all, been picked up in a well-gleaned field. One shudders, however, to think of the straits to which the next "Hamlet" will be driven.

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

IN the new issue of the *Geographical Journal* there is an interesting discussion as to the date at which the name "America" first came into use. The designation itself was proposed by Martin Waldseemüller (or "Hylacomylus") in his *Cosmographie Introductio*, published at St. Dié in 1507: but the date at which it made its appearance in maps has always been uncertain. Mr. Thatcher, in his recently published work on the discovery of America, gives 1520 as the date of the first map bearing the name, that being one in a Venetian edition of the *Polyhistor*; Prof. Elter, of Bonn, however, has just discovered

a manuscript map, bearing the name of Henricus Glareanus, and the date 1510, in which the legend "Terra America" appears on the southern portion of the New World. This map is bound into a copy of the 1482 (Ulm) edition of *Ptolemy* in the library of Bonn University.

PROF. ELTER has published a Latin treatise on his discovery, and on the early use of the word America, together with some interesting particulars as to Glareanus. This geographer was born in 1488, graduated at Cologne, became "poet laureate" under Maximilian in 1512, and in 1529 took a professorship at Friburg. He has left what are probably the earliest circumpolar maps in existence, and these, together with his notes, are useful as an assistance in reconstructing the lost map of Waldseemüller, which probably contained a still earlier mention of America. It is interesting to note that at this date South America alone bore the name, the northern continent being marked as separated by a strait, and as forming part of Asia. The West Indies are represented by colour as a part of Europe.

THE safe return of Mr. Frederick Jackson and the other members of the Harnsworth Expedition is one more proof that Arctic exploration need not necessarily be attended with danger or even with hardship. The party were away for three years, they explored the greater part of the coast of Franz Josef Land, and although they abandoned all ideas of reaching the pole, they were pretty busily engaged in latitudes which have choked off many previous expeditions. It would be rash to say much, on the faith of a Reuter interview, as to the value of the work accomplished by the expedition. Roughly speaking, it appears to have consisted in a revision of the somewhat dubious maps of the district. "Gillis Land" vanishes from existence, at any rate in the longitude assigned to it. King Oscar Land and Petermann's Land have been pretty well blown upon by Nansen, and Jackson's party also failed to find them. The most important point the explorers seem to have settled is the non-existence of land to the north of Franz Josef Land. That country itself appears to consist of a number of islands, rather than of a flat expanse with projecting peaks, and the old theory of its continuation towards the pole seems to have no foundation. On the contrary, Mr. Jackson reports an open sea to the northward, to which he gave the name of Queen Victoria.

It is depressing, but perhaps not unexpected, news that every revival of trade means an increase in the statistics of lunacy. The number of lunatics under the charge of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and in other licensed and public institutions belonging to London, now amounts to about 20,000, the increase since 1889 being more than proportional to the increase either of population or of pauperism. On the other hand, it has been suggested that the tendency to madness is really not so great now as formerly, the comforts of the asylums having induced many people to certify and



to send lunatics there who would otherwise have kept them at home. However the case may be, it is a fact that nearly a fifth of all the lunacy of England is claimed by London, the cost of maintenance thrown upon the community being upwards of £200,000 per annum. Of all the districts of London, Hampstead has the smallest percentage of lunatics, while the Strand has the heaviest, the proportion there being actually greater than one in a hundred. The connexion between trade and lunacy does not seem apparent at first. Over-pressure and increased competition doubtless have something to do with it; but the real connecting link appears to be liquor, which was responsible for 22 per cent. of last year's admissions, and which propagates its effects on the mental stability of even the second and third generations.

H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

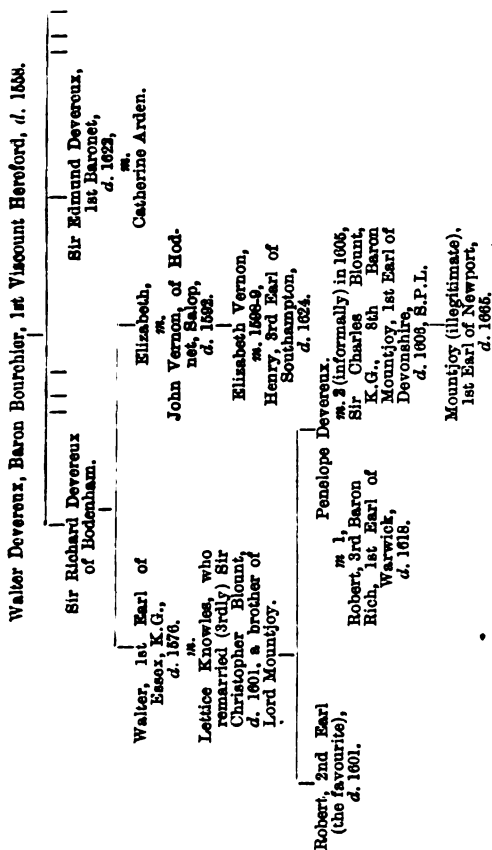
## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Highbury: Aug. 21.

While your correspondents are "pegging" away at Mistress Fitton, I would commend to their attention the rival claims of Lady Penelope Devereux. The special charge made against some lady, being defined in Sonnet clii., thus:

"In act thy bed-vows broke."

What this means is made clear by the fact that this lady, better known as Lady Rich or "Pecunia," had a family by Lord Mountjoy while still under coverture. Perhaps the sub-joined sketch pedigree will best illustrate the point by showing how she was connected with the poet and his friend, Lord Southampton:



It will be seen that the Ardens, of which family came the poet's mother, were related to

the Devereux, while Lady Southampton was first cousin to the delinquent; all this gives point to the censure conveyed by the Sonnet in question, and, as I submit, justifies the poet's intervention; while it clearly involves the subject-matter in the personal relations of his friend, and, as I maintain, without any moral culpability on his part.

The Ardens had a lengthy pedigree involving a much earlier connexion with the Vernon family, and bringing out many fanciful illustrations of the "Sonnets."

A. HALL.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Christian." "The real strength of Mr. Caine's work," writes the *Chronicle*, "lies in Gloria Quayle. In all the chequered experience of this hospital-nurse, music-hall singer, and popular actress, she remains a winning, single-hearted creature, infinitely persuasive alike in her buoyant temperament and her moral perception." The story "suffers not a little from unreality, though much of it is written with a power which places it above anything its author has hitherto accomplished." "The note of the theatrical [as a substitute for the dramatic]," says the *Daily News*, "... is seldom for long unheard in his work, ... but in *The Christian* Mr. Hall Caine has surpassed all his previous failures in this direction. ... Spurious sentiment, sham satire, 'faked' pathos, cheap morality, caricatured Christianity meet us in every page." Storm (the Christian) is "a gaseous humbug and a self-righteous poseur of the most offensive type. ... All the serious characters play systematically to the gallery, but none of them with so much ardour as the Rev. John Storm. ... It is not the flagrant absurdities of this absurd story that offend, so much as its catchpenny calumnies of classes and institutions which have hitherto been fortunate enough to escape malignant caricature." The effectiveness of the book, the *Spectator* observes, "has been considerably discounted by the long interview with the author which appeared on the eve of its publication in one of the daily papers." In this, "to put it crudely, Mr. Hall Caine avowed that he was writing of matters of which he knew very little at first hand, and internal evidence corroborates this candid but indiscreet avowal." In a vision, "Glory at Greeba Castle," the *Saturday* presents the popular author upon the terrace which was haunted by fallen forms. "One there was, lately a dainty little thing, a mighty fashionable atom; ... and the balmy zephyrs of publicity might blow and blow ... they would never awaken again that little brave coy and illiterate being. ... And other forms were there. But all were dead. And Hall Caine was the only Novelist in the World. Proudly modest, shyly confident, with an immense envelope of press-cuttings thrust into his manly bosom, he smiled, and then he sighed, for Empire means Loneliness. ... He thought of the days when he was only a little Manx boy, guddling for sticklebacks in the pond. And suddenly he fancied he was guddling still, guddling for praise, guddling for the worthless plaudits of the millions."

## PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS

TO

## "THE ACADEMY."

The following have already appeared:—

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DOUGLAS JERROLD ... ..	"	10
FRANCIS BACON ... ..	"	17

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## REVIEWS.

"BUSTLING, BREATHLESS,  
BRAGGING BOSWELL."

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES.—*James Boswell*.  
By W. Keith Leask. (Oliphant, Anderson  
& Ferrier.)

"I WILL be myself!" cried Boswell on his return from Corsica: the cry is the keynote of his whole life and character. He confesses of himself, as an author, or, to adopt his cherished spelling, "author," that "from a certain peculiarly frank, open, and ostentatious disposition which he avows, his history, like that of the old Seigneur Michael de Montaigne, is to be traced in his writings." Elsewhere, in excuse for a flood of irrelevant egotism, he writes: "to pour out all myself as old Montaigne, I wish all this to be known." With Montaigne, Boswell might have declared that, "in favour of the Huguenots, who condemn private confession, I confess myself in public"; or again, "I have no other end in writing than to discover myself." Himself, truly; and to discover others, not otherwise than as he discovered himself, with their "warts," as Cromwell said, their eccentricities and asperities, their public fame and their private peculiarity: he would not "make a tiger a cat to please anybody," nor confine himself to "grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam." "For," said he, with absolute conviction, "curiosity is the most prevalent of all our passions"; and curiosity, in more than its limited modern sense. He meant by it an unflagging, incessant, insatiable interest in life; an hatred of dulness and inattention, of waste moments and sluggish hours; a craving to make each act and occupation contribute of its value to his mind or senses; a dramatic instinct of seizing upon the quickest, liveliest, fullest aspect of things; an unconquerable determination to make the most of life, to see and hear and taste and feel, to be unlike "old Mr. Edwards of Pembroke." To this he would sacrifice self-respect, and

cast off dignity and court rebuffs; but he knew what he was doing, and why he did it—he was not Gray's or Macaulay's genius by accident, fool by nature. He let nothing escape him—he must ever be enjoying some emotion or sensation. He "cannot resist the serious pleasure of writing to Mr. Johnson from the tomb of Melancthon. My paper rests upon the tomb of that great and good man. . . ." What a picture! Here is another: At the Duke of Argyll's, after his Hebridean adventures, he can

"never forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses. After seeing for a long time little but rusticity, their lively manner and gay inviting appearance pleased me so much that I thought for a moment I could have been a knight-errant for them."

Abroad, and breaking all his father's express conditions of residence and study, he, Jimmy Boswell, finds "borne in upon him" the words of St. Paul, "I must see Rome." Language is inadequate to deal with that. Again, in disregard of his wife's claims and father's wishes, he wants to go a-gadding up to town, because keeping Easter at St. Paul's is like keeping the Passover at Jerusalem. Assuredly he never kept his Passover with bitter herbs. He tells Rousseau that there are points *où nos âmes sont unies*; he tells Paoli that "with a mind naturally inclined to melancholy and a deep desire of inquiry, I have intensely applied myself to metaphysical researches. . . ." He tells Chatham that his Lordship has "filled many of my best hours with the noble admiration which a disinterested soul can enjoy in the bowers of philosophy. . . . Could your Lordship find time now and then to honour me with a letter?" Always, as he admits, "that favourite subject *myself*," yet almost heroically so, even when impudently so: an occasional letter from Chatham would be a zest, an excitement, a distinguished pleasure to the youth under thirty, and therefore—he asks for it! It is not mere, pure conceit and ill-breeding: it is an invincible vivacity. You can almost see him reckoning up, as it were, on his plump fingers, his eminent acquaintances, the cities and courts that he has visited, his writings and flirtations and experiences in general: they are his treasures and his triumphs. The acquisition of Johnson was but the greatest of them all, his crowning achievement: all his life was devoted to social *coups d'état*. To hear service in an Anglican cathedral; to attend an exceptionally choice murderer to the gallows; to contrive a meeting between Johnson and Wilkes; to sing a comic song of his own composition before Mr. Pitt at a City feast; to pray among the ruins of Iona, and to run away for fear of ghosts; to turn Roman Catholic, and immediately to run away with an actress; each and all of these performances were to him sensational, enlivening, vivid. This versatile little Ulysses of Scotland refused

"To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,  
As though to breathe were life! Life piled  
on life  
Were all too little. . . ."

Bustling, breathless, bragging, he had end-

less day-dreams and castles in Spain: there was a piteous kind of courage even in his last years of drunkenness and disappointment, when weakness and absurdity grew upon him, and the world thought him a maudlin bore or buffoon. He would not give up the chase after his ambitions, would not rest upon his laurels, upon the fame of his great biography: he was as full of schemes and projects as when he dared the dangers of Corsica, and talked heroics with Paoli. A very quaint man, a very ludicrous man, but certainly a great man: causes and effects must be commensurable, and the Boswell of *Boswell's Johnson*, that splendid and unique creation, cannot have been no more than a prying, impertinent, besotted, brainless busy-body, a meddling, mannerless, self-important little chatterer, with a big note-book and a good memory. Men "don't do such things" as write masterpieces without a master's ability. Certain critics, who see the dissimilarities between a great artist's life and his work, are fond of denying to the artist the merit of his art: it "came by chance," half unconsciously. To that we may apply Johnson's wise and reiterated conviction, so often asserted in subtler forms by Newman, and accepted by all experts in human nature, that there may be good principles without good practice: if that be true in religion, the converse is true in art. Johnson's own grave and stately writings are the work of one, upon his own confession, not quite sane all his life; Addison, with his pure and lucid prose, was an habitual tippler; Lamb, that master of fine graces, was to Carlyle a sorry drunkard playing the fool. And Boswell, because of his failings and absurdities, is not to be given the credit of the undoubted work of genius in which he records them! Illogical injustice could surely no farther go: it is *assomment*. We shall be told that Goldsmith and Steele wrote their exquisite works because they were wild, irresponsible, unmethodical Irishmen, obviously incapable of producing such perfection *proprio motu et voluntate sua*. Art is not an Indian juggler's trick of producing fruit and flowers out of empty space; and as for the critics, who seem to think so of Boswell, *que messieurs les critiques commencent*. It is not so. As a man, according to Johnson and St. Paul, may sincerely hold good principles, yet be unable to "wear them out in practice," as Topham Beauclerk said, so a fine writer may show in his writings a thousand virtues of proportion, sobriety, tact, good sense, utterly lacking in his conduct. And *curiosity*, Boswell's absorbing passion, is a feature in his life and conduct which *does* go far towards accounting for the excellences of his masterpiece. His instinct of selection, his presentment of choice scenes, his dramatic directness, his infinitely felicitous touch upon trifles, his unrivalled skill in detail, come naturally from a man who cared so supremely for rare and savoursome experiences in life. He does not weary us with descriptions of dull dinners and reports of insipid talk, because he hated such things; he gives us Johnson and the rest in all their lifelike reality, not excluding the odd and the grotesque, because it was just that

piquant reality which he loved, sought out, remembered. He gives us information about himself to his own disadvantage, because such personal information, which helps to show the man, he loved to have of others. Johnson "tosses him," turns and rends him, covers him with confusion. What then! It was magnificent, Johnson at his best; and Boswell wants to show Johnson at his best, in all his glory, the "Great Man." He relished his own rebuffs and discomfitures; as for his own weaknesses, well, he wants us to see himself also as he was, exceedingly human, no stiff, bloodless, academic person, but Boswell of the tender conscience, the good intentions, and the frequent fall. So we have Boswell the theological, Boswell the bibulous, Boswell the feudal, Boswell the cosmopolitan—all the Boswells. We miss neither the Boswell who perpetually discussed predestination, nor the Boswell who sometimes *adhasit pavimento*. But the art of it! Reading Boswell's half-humorous, half-serious apologies or reasons for recording uncouth or ridiculous sayings and doings, his own or others', we cannot deny that he had full right to say of his "Life" what Johnson said of his *Dictionary*: "Sir, I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it; and have done it very well."

"What a pedant," wrote Mr. Matthew Arnold, of Cicero, to Mr. John Morley, "is Mommsen, who runs this charming personage down!" What a pedant, one is inclined to say, must he be who shrinks from an honest admiration and affection for Boswell! In many ways a small, an undignified, a preposterous man, but never a mean, idiotic, vulgar man. He knew all the weak and laughable sides of his own character, and that safeguards him. So abject a fool and vain a toady, as Macaulay imagines him, could have had no sense of humour, no subtlety of perception, no delicacy of characterisation: still more, he could not have had the friendship of Johnson and of the Club. Johnson was the tenderest of mankind, and protected in long-suffering patience many a querulous or unattractive pensioner upon his charity and inmate under his roof; but Johnson enduring, and more, inviting, the companionship of a fool and toady, and that a Scotsman, is unthinkable. *Why* the world should be so unwilling to take what Thackeray calls "the more kindly and the more profound view" of Boswell's character, is something of a problem. Doubtless he awakes in us no such ardour of love and reverent compassion and caressing gratitude as Goldsmith and Lamb awoke; but he is very much our genial friend, our admired and inestimable "Bozzy." There is, perhaps, a lurking sense that, despite his title to our gratitude, he is too undignified, too ridiculous. Goldsmith and Lamb, that gentle pair, have something pathetic and tragic in their sufferings or sorrows. Boswell is too "fat and well-liking," too self-satisfied and assertive, too canny and conquering: there is nothing sacred unto tears about him. His failings and distempers are beautiful neither in cause nor in effect: we do not get beyond thinking him a good fellow and a prodigious

able one. Johnson, thanks to Boswell, we cannot but love: Boswell himself is no more than our excellent shrewd tavern friend or fellow-traveller. We would gladly have been at "Goldy's" deathbed; we hardly think of "Bozzy's." In truth, it is hard to think of him as dead, as master of the dread secrets which he loved to peer into with Johnson. To us he is still a Londoner, strutting off down Fleet-street toward Johnson's quarters, thinking with anticipatory gusto of their supper at the Mitre, and meditating how best he shall put the Great Man through his paces. There, in the kindly, jovial tavern, *sedet aeternumque sedebit*. St. Dunstan may chime for midnight, but Boswell sits there still over the port or punch, putting questions without end to the hero whose immortality he has doubled and endeared to us.

Mr. Keith Leask is to be congratulated upon an excellent piece of work, well conceived and well executed, full of accurate knowledge and of humorous commonsense. It deserves its dedication to the "Great Cham" among modern Johnsonians, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, that admirable scholar in Dr. Johnson's school, which was distinguished, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "for a love of truth and accuracy." In short, Mr. Leask's *Life of Boswell* is in happy contrast to that by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; we could not say more to recommend it. Three unimportant points may be mentioned, where Mr. Leask's statement or his judgment is at fault; and the three points are the only three, that we have noted. He describes Francis Gentleman, whom Boswell met when he was studying under Adam Smith at Glasgow, as "an old stage-struck officer, who had sold his commission to risk his chances on the boards." By "old officer" Mr. Leask must mean "ex-officer": for Gentleman, once a well-known Irish playwright, was but twenty-one when Boswell met him, and he died aged fifty-six, the author of some fifteen dramatic pieces and of an edition of Shakespeare. Secondly, when Johnson in a letter speaks of Boswell's mother-in-law, meaning step-mother, Mr. Leask regards it as a slip of the pen, a mistake: but the last century used the terms of relationship "step" and "in-law" indifferently; a confusing habit, which Thackeray, if we remember right, has not forgotten in *Esmond*. Lastly, Mr. Leask finds in the fact that Boswell's marriage and his father's second marriage took place on the same day, but at different places, a "clear indication" of differences between father and son. Surely, 'tis to consider too curiously to consider so." Boswell married at his wife's home: Lord Auchinleck at Edinburgh, where his judicial duties very probably detained him. But, in any case, an old man over sixty might well feel something somewhat ludicrous and distasteful in the solemnisation of the two marriages together. Father and son were seldom on the best of terms, and the son was to blame for it: but here at least we find evidence of good taste on either side, rather than of discord.

### A CRITIC'S NOTE-BOOK.

*Journeys through France: being Impressions of the Provinces.* By H. A. Taine. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

IN 1863 Taine was appointed examiner to the Military School of St. Cyr, and for three years, in the process of his work, he visited a wide circle of provincial towns. It was his habit to jot down his impressions of each place in a number of small note-books, always with an eye to some future recasting and publication. Such was the genesis of his *Notes sur Paris* and *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, and but for his sudden immersion in more laborious toil we should probably have had a similar volume from these brief *cahiers*. Certain passages, indeed, were used in his *Voyage en Italie* and *Notes sur Paris*, but the note-books, as a whole, remained as they were, and are now published as they were left.

Such a volume could not fail to be interesting, for the simple reason that, apart from certain dryas dust labours of research, it was impossible for Taine to be dull. It forms a series of acute criticisms on the landscape and life of provincial France; and however much we may value the opinion of an intelligent foreigner on our own land, we must set a still higher worth on his opinion on his own. And in Taine's case the value is more striking, for he had a curious gift of critical aloofness, of holding himself apart from the object of his judgment and appraising it clearly and coldly. Hence he always writes of France with a certain air of foreignness, looking at it with just that air of interested curiosity with which one views an alien people.

The work is professedly an itinerary, but it has none of the picaresque romance and high spirits which commonly characterise this form. There is nothing of the rollicking humour, the eternal outlook for the whimsical and laughter-moving which delight us in Thackeray's *Irish Sketch-book*, nor, on the other hand, has he the masquerading sentiment of Heine. The purely geographical and historical interest is, of course, absent, such as inspired in the last century a work like Capt. Burt's *Letters from the North of Scotland*. Still further is he from the delicate sentimentalism of such dainty porcelain work as Stevenson's two little books of travel. He sets out with an interest in great questions—the political and social condition of the people, the extent of clerical supremacy, the difference in race type: and such form the lines of his moralising; but, apart from this, there is a more personal love of fair scenery, and laboriously and conscientiously he sets himself to reproduce his impressions of North and South.

These notes are a sort of epitome of his whole work. When he gives reasons for any fact there is the same air of completeness, the same search for "special tendencies" and "social conditions" which characterise his literary criticism. Nor is there wanting the gay paradox, the hasty generalisation, which are so common in his *Notes sur l'Angleterre*. Take this for an example:

"When the Englishman has ceased to work he eats and drinks, turns red in the face,

becomes gloomy or quarrelsome, takes his pleasures brutally, swears and fights. After that he sleeps till he is sober, and in the morning he washes his face in hot water and his body in cold water, brushes up his whiskers, and goes about his business with a funereal aspect. I think it is only the Frenchman, the Latin, the Southerner, who combines art, poetry, or refinement with his pleasure. The other is either a mere brute or merely virtuous."

Finally, in his short political notes there is something of the genuine Liberalism and as genuine distrust of facile democratic expedients which is the keynote of the great *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*.

His journeys start from Picardy in the North, and his first pictures in each year of the Notes are of the grey monotonous Breton land, the place of crude colours sobered by the misty sky. At first the thing distresses him; he is interested in the types of people, but the stolidity of everything, the Flemish heaviness, weighs on his spirits. On his second visit he is better pleased, the restfulness of the level colouring cools and refreshes him after the hot South. The northern character pleases him more and more.

"In the South," he says in his fine way, "you must live sensuously like a painter, love a dainty, well-dressed woman, a merry face under a dark veil of hair, a deep shade beneath a long grey wall that cuts sharp into the living blue, exquisite grapes that melt like honey in the mouth; but you must hide away all that is within you, all meditation, profound or tender."

Of particular people, too, he can draw admirable pictures:

"A man of routine by birth and disposition, with a discreet smile and spiritless eyes; squarely dressed in a good black coat, and standing squarely on his big feet—the most ordinary, serviceable steady-going, commonplace man, as vulgar and clean as a new-swept pavement."

In the South, in Languedoc and on the Mediterranean coast, Taine's sketches become more vivacious and coloured, but he always has the air of protesting against Southern characteristics, himself for the time a stern Northman. The people are "graceful, with the vivacity of a bird—of a delicate twittering tomtit; but there is nothing more in their cackle." For the people of Toulouse he is "without sympathy." "A 'gentleman' is a rarity" there. But the country—this takes him utterly captive. He glories in the extraordinary colours, the wide lines of landscape, the clear, limitless heavens. The description of Certe, on p. 252, and the account of the passage of the Jura, are admirable pieces of ornate prose. Take this, too, of the sea:

"It is the sea which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surf there was but the ancient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauve-coloured heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there. At the limit of the foreshore, the rugged border line cut clear into a deep and sombre blue. It is She—blue as any grape on this cluster which hangs in the cooling breeze. The azure deepens, filling up a good half of the range of sight; the white sail of a fishing-smack floats alone, like a hollow shell; the eternal monotone of ocean is borne upon the ear. Draw near and see the leaping silver foam. Above the intense blue the sky is transparently, superbly pale,

and the stars are hurrying to light their lamps. There is not a living soul, nor a plant, nor any sign of the hand of man. There might be Nereids and Fauns dancing on the strand, as in the days when the world was young."

These pictures of scenery and weather are vivid, effective and careful. Their fault is that they are a little indiscriminate, a little too rhetorical and highly pitched, and every now and then the writer is unhappy in his comparisons. There is too much reference to clothing. "The sky is a beautiful and happy girl, dressed in a new gown of glistening silk." The hills are like mauve velvet; something else is like muslin. Now muslins, silks, and velvet are all very well in their way, but they can be overdone. Again, there are traces of a colourman's use of words, where the names of pigments are scattered about ineffectively, as in an otherwise excellent passage on p. 235. It is this slightly rhetorical note, this desire to write always "a power too high," which is the source of his defects.

In October, 1864, a year after the beginning of these Notes, Taine was appointed Professor of *Æsthetics* at the *École des Beaux Arts*. Hence we expect to find here traces of his strong interest in the formative arts, which gave rise subsequently to his dissertations on the Arts, their Philosophy and Ideal. In the account of the Museum at Rennes we find such traces in many shrewd and pregnant criticisms on Flemish and French painters.

"The old school of painting," he says, "seized on fundamental realities and made the most of them; the modern painter seizes on the conspicuous accident, the differentiating mark, and aims at reproducing the effect. Thus the *Dutch Landscape* of Anastasi is thoroughly true in its unpleasant bluish-green grass and its strange dissolving sky of bluish-black. That strikes us by contrast with our French sky. But Anastasi did not love Holland, and he missed the essential, the lasting, the welcome features which are the discoveries of love."

This is excellent, and not less good are the more general criticisms. "The future in every art is for such as select or meet with subjects which all succeeding generations will approve. Happiness is one of these themes, but nervous disorder and psychological peculiarities are not among them." This is another version of the profound saying that "Art must follow the main march of the human affections"—a searching text for the countrymen of De Maupassant and M. Bourget. Take this, too, on his own preferences:

"In judging a landscape, the whole question is one of more or less moisture in the air. My temperament needs more than a Roman or a Greek would demand. After a brief time, face to face with a Southern literature or art, my sensibility is wounded, and I require an imperceptible humidity in the atmosphere to allay the scorching heat of their sun."

We have scarcely left ourselves space to speak of the political notes, but these are by no means the least interesting. It is of provincial France before the war that Taine writes, a country drilled and disciplined into a respectable mediocrity. He cannot away with the system. "A community is like a large garden," he writes; "it is planned for peaches and oranges, or for carrots and

cabbages. Our garden is planned entirely for cabbages and carrots." Again, "France is a democracy of peasants and working-men under a motherly administration, with a restricted town population which lives cheaply and grows rusty, and with needy officials who are on the look-out for promotion and never take root." The power of clericalism gives him acute annoyance, but the most glaring flaw in the national edifice is the barren mechanical socialism under which all men are marshalled. There is no room for a rich civic or national life, no chance for true merit to rise to distinction, no justice in rewards and punishments. Yet "the more I see of France," he says finally, "the more she seems to have the constitution that suits her." Which would imply that Taine had no exaggerated opinion of the merits of his own land.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN.

*A Guide to Zermatt and the Matterhorn.* By Edward Whymper. With Sixty-five Illustrations and Maps. (John Murray.)

THERE is associated with the very name of Zermatt a majesty which all the desecrating forces of cheap travel and monster hotels cannot destroy. The austere and noble valley cannot be debased even by the vulgar might of organised advertisement. The spectral peak of the Matterhorn rules it still, in spite of the debasing commercialism which is spoiling Switzerland, and which aims at selling scenery and exploiting Alpine solitudes at so much per tripper. At Zermatt man can always learn something of his own insignificance. The little tourist who batters with critical bitterness on the many dishes of a Swiss *table d'hôte* has never made himself quite at home there. He cannot be quite sure that the stern, legend-haunted peaks that menace his horizon are not plotting for his pigmy overthrow. Might they not leap down from keeping watch and ward in their icy solitudes and stamp out man's imprint there in the haunted valley? "I am the Spirit of the place," mutters the Matterhorn, "and what with me wouldst thou?" Mr. Edward Whymper has answered the question more explicitly than Lord Byron's *Manfred* in this little volume of singular charm. For the book is not as other guide-books are, but a capital piece of vitalised literary work. The author has drawn liberally from his *Scrambles Among the Alps*, and tells once more the thrilling story of the long siege which Alpine climbers laid to that inaccessible peak. The virgin mountain held out year after year, but at last sullenly and malignantly yielded. The conflict, on an heroic scale, darkened by a tragedy, represents the most thrilling chapter in Alpine mountaineering exploit.

Mont Blanc was first climbed by Jacques Balmat in 1786. The path he opened is now annually trodden by hundreds of tourists; but it was not until 1865 that the peak of the Matterhorn was stormed. The price paid by the adventurers was terrible; the ghastly tale remains fixed in the memory of

all who are acquainted with Alpine literature. Mr. Whymper tells us once more of his own narrow escape and the fate of his comrades who lie in that most touching resting-place of ill-fated climbers, the little burial-ground of the English church at Zermatt. The present year has brought the usual crop of sinister Alpine accidents, and it is well that Mr. Whymper should remind his readers that death walks at the elbow of the unwary or weak mountaineer on dizzy ice-glazed crag and every slippery col. His account of the disaster, of which he was a witness, in which the Rev. Mr. Hudson, Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, and the guide lost their lives is an admirable piece of descriptive writing.

"Michel Croz, the guide," wrote Mr. Whymper, "had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper position."

This, at least, is the author's belief, although he admits that the two men were hidden from his sight by an intervening mass of rock. Mr. Hadow appears to have slipped and to have knocked over the guide in falling. The two men shot down the frozen snowy slope, dragging Mr. Hudson after them; Lord Douglas followed. The two Taugwalders and Mr. Whymper planted themselves

"as firmly as the rocks would permit: the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and then fell from precipice to precipice to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet."

Whether their lives were sacrificed to the careless use of a rotten rope, or whether, had it not broken, Mr. Whymper and the two Taugwalders would also have perished, is a question on which opinions will differ, but which will never be cleared up. There is no more pathetic story in Alpine climbing. The victims had just planted their flag on the summit, and were descending, the arduous and most dangerous part of their task having been completed. They died in the hour of their triumph. The horror-stricken survivors for a time were helpless. For the space of half an hour they remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two guides, "paralysed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others." The descent was a terrible ordeal. The panic-stricken Taugwalders, father and son, might have slipped at any moment. Their nerve was lost. "Several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs, and said, with terrible emphasis, 'I cannot.'" The very face of nature seemed changed by the catastrophe. When the party arrived upon the long slope descending towards Zermatt, and the danger was over,

"lo! a mighty arch appeared rising above Lyskamm, high into the sky. Pale, colourless, and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this

unearthly apparition seemed like a vision from another world. . . . The Taugwalders thought it had some connexion with the accident, and I, after a while, that it might bear some relation to ourselves. But our movements had no effect upon it. The spectral forms remained motionless. It was a fearful and wonderful sight; unique in my experience, and impressive beyond description, coming at such a moment."

The phenomenon, however, seems to have been analogous to the fog-bow; similar atmospheric manifestations are not uncommon in the arctic regions. Thus the Matterhorn, conquered at last, took terrible vengeance. It still exacts, in spite of the rock having been blasted at the most difficult points, an almost yearly victim, and remains the most dangerous and least accessible of Alpine peaks. This is an old story retold; but it must ever be kept in mind as well by the most practised mountaineer as by the novice, since experience has taught that it must be numbered among the disasters which forethought may prevent.

Of the dangers and difficulties of serious mountaineering Mr. Whymper has given us a vivid picture. There are, no doubt, dangers from falling stones and avalanches against which no precautions can prevail, and which can be met only by the most careful study of the local meteorological conditions. The risks of solitary clambering are rendered doubly obvious by Mr. Whymper's own exciting experiences. A rock seven feet high, insurmountable to one climber, becomes possible to two, and quite easy to three men. Every party bent on serious climbing should be well disciplined, carefully equipped, and consist of three at least. No one unaccustomed to mountaineering, however robust, should attempt a difficult summit unaccompanied by the ablest guides. In fact, a man who had never handled a bat is as little likely to make a stand against Richardson's bowling as a novice to ascend even Monte Rosa without incurring tremendous risk. Another danger to which Mr. Whymper alludes is found in the deterioration of the guides. The demand has increased the supply, but not the quality. A perfect acquaintance with the region undertaken is necessary in order to reduce the risks, always considerable, to the minimum. The unwary walk into the track of avalanches with a light heart. The inexperienced climber never knows the danger he is in, and the inexperienced guide only knows enough to lose his head at the critical moment. The recent history of the Zermatt region is thick with accidents, which a closer acquaintance with the laws of Alpine meteorology might have avoided. The famous guide, Jean Antoine Carrel, died at the age of sixty-one in August, 1890, on the lower slopes of the Matterhorn, in consequence of fatigue and exposure in a fruitless attempt to scale the peak in stormy weather.

Mr. Whymper's new guide-book—the companion volume to that upon Chamonix, recently noticed in the ACADEMY—is a masterpiece. The portion of it devoted to the Matterhorn is of fascinating interest to all, climbers or not, who love mountains. No better introduction to the very heart of the Alps is procurable. The dry bones of "Baedeker" may be enough for the mob who study

Alpine peaks from hotel windows, but for the daring and ambitious tourist Mr. Whymper's guidance will be found invaluable. The book is admirably printed and illustrated; the statistical information is all that the most exacting can desire; and from beginning to end it is full of human interest, and coloured with the fearless spirit of adventure.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

*The New Africa: a Journey up the Chobe and down the Okovanga Rivers. A Record of Exploration and Sport.* By Aurel Schulz, M.D., and August Hammer, C.E. (Heinemann.)

To this volume there is no preface, but from a foot-note on the first page it may be gathered that its composition should be credited to Dr. Schulz. We should, therefore, like to ask this genial and accomplished writer why he has entitled it *The New Africa*? By that expression most people would understand the Africa which by the recent partition has virtually become a political dependency of Europe. But the events here recorded took place over twelve years ago, before the "scramble" had well begun, and they, consequently, belong rather to the period of transition between the old and the new orders. Why their publication has been so long delayed is not made quite clear in the same note, where the writer merely tells that their belated appearance

"may be justified by the explanation that since we were the first whites to traverse this partly unknown country, no explorer has followed in our footsteps, and the regions of the central Chobe and the country we traversed from there to the Okovanga still partly remain undescribed territory."

The latter part of this statement is true enough; but our travellers are mistaken in supposing that they were the first whites to visit the region in question, which, in fact, had long before been crossed and recrossed in several directions by Mr. Andrew Anderson, author of that entertaining book *Twenty-five Years in a Waggon*, &c. (1887). Their farthest point on the Okovanga river had also been reached so far back as 1856 by Green, whose Andara is obviously Dr. Schulz's *Debabe*, that is, the town of the chief Debabe or Indala, successor of Andara.

Dr. Schulz and his friend, Mr. Hammer, set out from Natal with a small following in March, 1884, on a sporting and exploring expedition to the interior, a primary object being to complete the survey of the Chobe river to its sources, and generally to investigate "this unknown portion of Central South Africa." But so far from being "unknown," this was the very region where Livingstone began his wonderful career by the discovery of Lake Ngami in 1849, followed soon after by his journey up the Chobe to the west coast. Dr. Schulz also had contemplated crossing the continent by a new route, but had to abandon the project *par force majeure*. After striking the Zambesi at the Victoria Falls, the party made their way under great difficulties up the main stream to the Chobe



confluence, and then up the Chobe to a point near 23° E. longitude, where it is joined on the right bank by the Liana, a considerable stream which, they were informed by the natives, came from the Kubango (Okovanga).

Partly in order to settle this point, which is one of the few important problems still awaiting solution in the geography of Africa, Dr. Schulz conducted his people from the Chobe over new ground to the Okovanga at Debabe's. Here he practically ceased to be a free agent, and, instead of continuing his journey up stream to Benguela and the west coast, was fain to return down stream to Lake Ngami and the east coast. After suffering much from the insolence and exactions of Debabe, he suddenly found himself at the mercy of the far more powerful potentate, Moremi, King of the Batowaana (Batwana), a branch of the Bamangwato Bechuanas (King Khama's people), who have been dominant in the Ngami district since the beginning of the present century. In 1883 this district had been invaded by a large body of Matabili marauders, who, although repulsed with great loss, were threatening to return and wipe out the Batwanas, and it was reported that they were being aided by a number of whites, among others the Schulz party, whose movements had been carefully followed ever since their arrival in the Zambesi country. Thus it happened that at Debabe's they received peremptory orders to descend the river to the lake, where for a moment they were in imminent peril of receiving short shrift as spies of the dreaded and detested Matabili. Having escaped this fate by a lucky chance, they had no option but to retrace their steps through Bechuanaland and Transvaal to Natal, which was re-entered in January 1885.

That Dr. Schulz was thus prevented from completing his survey of the exceedingly intricate Zambesi-Kubango hydrographic system is now of little consequence, because Capt. Lugard, late of Uganda, is at present engaged in a thorough investigation of the whole region north and west of Lake Ngami. But if it be asked whether it was worth while issuing, after such a lapse of time, this record of half-accomplished work in the field of African research, the answer must be a decided affirmative. Apart altogether from its geographical importance, the book deals with an immense variety of topics—historical, ethnological, zoological, and botanical; abounds with sporting incidents and personal reminiscences of all kinds; while its character-sketches are so numerous and graphically drawn, the style so pleasant and unpretentious, that "The New Africa" will certainly take a permanent place among the most instructive and best-written works of travel in the English language.

There is much in the book which will not be at all pleasant reading for those English sentimentalists whose sympathies are reserved for the Boers, the Matabili, and other opponents of the paramount power in South Africa.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

*The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain.* Second Edition Revised. By Sir John Evans. (Longmans & Co.)

*The Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain* is in this new edition increased by a hundred pages and sixty-eight new woodcuts. New neolithic implements are represented, chiefly examples of extreme beauty and rarity, though on p. 325 a familiar tool of everyday use is welcome. Prof. Boyd Dawkins lends eight woodcuts, the spoil of the northern caves. The horse's head—the earliest effort of pictorial art as yet obtained on English soil—finds here a most fitting place. Lastly are engravings of early implements, chiefly secured by the prescient persistence and figured by the skilful graver of Mr. Worthington Smith. The chief additions to the text are in the second portion of the work where the earlier or palæolithic period is under discussion. This could hardly have been otherwise, for while the products of neolithic handiwork have excited curiosity for two hundred years, it was chiefly the appearance of the first edition of this work, twenty-five years ago, which prompted local inquirers to look for hidden treasure in their several neighbourhoods. Searches were made, often fruitless for years, but finally rewarded. Sir John Evans shows the old quality of thoroughness in the fulness with which he has incorporated in the present edition the most important of these discoveries in our own country, as well as those made abroad which throw additional light on his subject.

In one place only do we find any trace of a new departure. On p. 608 Sir John says that the discoveries of Mr. Harrison, of Ightham, "have done much to revolutionise our ideas as to the age and character of the Drift deposits capping the chalk downs in western Kent." He assents, we understand, to the argument of the late Sir Joseph Prestwich, which proved, as we think, conclusively that the oldest implements are found in situations quite unconnected with our present rivers, and were deposited there by natural agencies long anterior to the existing system of drainage. This, however, is entirely in harmony with the principles laid down in the first edition, where Sir John, then Dr. Evans, repeatedly asserts that he does not profess to have found the handiwork of the earliest man, but is perfectly willing to accept man of an earlier, even of a Tertiary, date—only it must be on sufficient evidence. Sound evidence of an earlier, perhaps the earliest known, stage of the palæolithic period is found in western Kent, and is accepted.

Thus the old lines are very strictly observed; and it may not be amiss to sketch what those lines were, how much they achieved. The object of the original book was to figure every distinct type of stone implement found in Britain, to record the circumstances under which it was found, and to indicate its probable use. The method owed much to the example of such predecessors as Sir Richard Colt Hoare, but

the value of the work lay in the thoroughness of the performance. The old reproach still clung to the antiquary that his thoughts were given to isolated facts, if not to trifles; and that his discoveries led nowhere, for like the needy knife-grinder he had no story to tell. With the work of Sir John Evans the English antiquary appeared as the historian of his native country; his pages spoke not of the fights and factions of a few latter centuries, but of the age of mankind; they revealed to our eyes not the mingled grandeur and meanness of individual characters, but vista upon vista of human life struggling upwards and extending backwards through unrecorded time. Such was the story; and it was told so plainly, in such a human sort of way, that, though we continue to differ from the author on several controversial points, his work always calls to our mind the monumental stones which the warrior-judge raised of old upon the plains of Gilgal, to be in present time a removal of reproach and a memorial to future generations.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

*Posterity.* (Williams & Norgate.)

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; and that is why men are so fond of turning from the real world to the building of "Republics," "Cities of God," and "Utopias." But they usually build after the manner of the dramatist who asserted that he had noted all Shakespeare's defects and avoided them, thus attaining perfection. The constructor of the ideal state has only to hit upon the points in which man is a failure as a social animal, and omit them. The anonymous author of this book imagines a man who is rendered unconscious by a friendly doctor and sealed up in a glass receptacle. He awakens in a comfortable bed and the twenty-second century. This occupies three pages, and the remaining 160 are taken up by an exposition of twenty-second century manners delivered by the gentleman who attends the new Rip Van Winkle's bedside. In the interval between now and then a dead set has been made at Great Britain, which has been invaded—unsuccessfully—by France, Germany, and Russia. Germany has deposed the Emperor and adopted Socialism, with the result that all capable men emigrated, and no one could be induced to work. England, warned by this example, has organised a State which gives to everybody the fullest freedom of competition. But the State is very particular as to the health and behaviour of its citizens. Falsehood is punished by imprisonment, and the incorrigible liar is put to death. The exponent of twenty-second century ways explains that a certificate of citizenship is required before the awakened sleeper can take up his quarters, and that a medical examination is necessary.

"Your lungs might be consumptive, and then you would be ordered to a dry, cool climate. Your liver might be disordered, in which case the police must be called in. A diseased liver is certain to result in unsocial conduct; ill-temper, selfishness, arbitrar-



action, imputations which generate ill-feeling, ungenerous criticism by others, make it desirable to isolate the individual. The sentence pronounced in such cases is usually confined to a few months' hard labour on a strict diet, with frequent bathing and such slight mental exertion as the patient can bear."

The twenty-second century has its own view of crime and punishment.

"A well-known society lady had spread a report that a rival was the daughter of a man who had been convicted of crime. It was true, but the malice was evident, and she was sentenced to three months' hard work as a charwoman at the parish hospital."

But this book suffers from the common defect of all such speculations upon the future. It does not develop human nature upon the lines which it has hitherto followed; it transforms it. If there is one thing more certain than another, it is that man is a selfish animal, and progresses by means of selfishness. For example, a man does not take the trouble to invent a new quick-firing gun because he loves his country, but primarily because he wants to increase his reputation and his income. But this is how the twenty-second century man feels:

"The spirit of the age is expressed in self-effacement for others' good, in gentleness and purity, in courtesy, in charity, and in consideration for the weak and for the poor in spirit. To revel in the knowledge that we have sacrificed our own ease and comfort in order to promote the well-being of our less fortunate, to infuse the lives of the suffering and the poor with something of beauty and of grace; these are objects sufficiently elevating to satisfy the most exalted ambition."

It is obvious enough that a nation of men who took self-effacement for their ideal would never have brought the British nation to the commanding position which the author imagines it to occupy two centuries hence. A book of this kind can be of serious interest only when known tendencies are followed out to their legitimate development. And the only case of such natural development which we have discovered in *Posterity* is that of the *Times*. The daily edition of the *Times* consists of four neatly bound quarto volumes!

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Views of London and Views of the Ancient Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield.* Photographed by Freeman Dovaston. (Published by the Author.)

THESE little albums of London views should be extended to a series of some length. They recommend themselves at once by their reasonable size and the refined neatness of their brown-paper covers. Mr. Dovaston has necessarily been compelled to photograph the usual subjects, but this makes it the easier to compare his work with recognised standards, a test which it bears extremely well. We have never seen the Monument treated better than it is here, nor the beautiful line of gables forming the front of Staple Inn, in Holborn. In the second of these albums, that dealing with the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great,

the photographs are equally good, having regard to the fact that many of them had to be taken by flash-light or in unfavourable conditions of natural light. We fancy that Mr. Dovaston has spared no pains to secure the purest morning light for every out-door photograph. The photographs are faced by brief notes, which are clear and sufficient without rising above the suitable level of such things. Mr. Dovaston has wisely photographed Trafalgar Square from the south-west corner, thus including St. Martin's Church and excluding the Grand Hotel, whose contour is as dull and round as a Stilton cheese. The style of the following sentence concerning the Bank of England certainly could be improved: "This greatest monetary establishment in the world, and where the interest of the national debt is paid, was first projected by Paterson, a Scotchman, in 1691." But these are trivial matters, and Mr. Dovaston's albums will do.

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*The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon.* By H. Snowden Ward and Catharine Weld Ward. (Dawbarn & Ward.)

THIS is a very complete and careful guide to Shakespeare's birthplace. The writers have this word to say on accommodation in Stratford:

"As to lodgment in Stratford-on-Avon, our duty is mainly to protest against the old and erroneous idea that prohibitive prices rule in the town. It is an old tradition that Stratford can be better and more cheaply 'done' by staying in Leamington than by staying in Stratford itself. If this had truth at any time it is quite a mistake now, for Stratford has hotel and lodging-house accommodation to suit all tastes and pockets. Residence outside the town is not only a waste of time and money, but, worst of all, it prevents the enjoyment of the evenings and early mornings, which are, in Shakespeare's land, so truly charming."

With this encouragement to the reader the authors proceed to take him "The Tour of the Town," and various wider tours in the neighbourhood. All the objects which are venerated by Shakespearean students are described and commented upon with knowledge. We observe that the authors lay it down that John Shakespeare was a Catholic. It has just been argued strongly, in a book written for the purpose, that the poet's father was a strict Protestant.

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*The A B C of the X Rays.* By William H. Meadowcroft. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THERE is no particular merit to be noted about this treatise on "radiography" beyond that it is small. Even so it might advantageously have been made a good deal smaller by omitting a number of chapters on the theory of electricity and manufacture of apparatus, which are either useless or irrelevant. This applies especially to a chapter on frictional machines. Nobody, it is to be presumed, would use a frictional machine for exciting a Crooke's tube if he could get anything else; and to drag in the old, old illustrated chapter on the various methods of producing static electricity, from Volta and the electrophorus downwards, is

simply to pad. There are some people, however, who cannot write a line on electricity without going back to the science of the nursery.

As for Mr. Meadowcroft's information on the subject of Röntgen rays, it is not much less, and certainly not more, than has been at the disposal of everybody for months past. It takes no account of recent developments in England or Germany, and tells us absolutely nothing new. The latest and most improved form of tubes—Swinton's graduating ones, for instance, and those of Mr. Herbert Jackson—are not mentioned. This may be due to the fact, surmised by us, that Mr. Meadowcroft resides in America, where his book was printed, and where (as in Judee) they do not know everything. On no other supposition can we account for his holding up Edison either as an authority on the X Ray question, or as the "inventor" of the fluoroscope. Edison's claims in these two respects (if, indeed, he himself makes them) are regarded as jokes in the world of science.

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*The Story of the Chemical Elements.* By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. (George Newnes.)

THE author has handled his unpromising materials so dexterously that his book is extremely interesting. Not only will its perusal give a good general idea of chemical science to the popular reader, but the later chapters may be read with advantage by anyone beginning the study of organic chemistry.

\* \* \*

*Hygiene for Beginners.* By E. S. Reynolds, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS small text-book is designed to aid pupils preparing for the South Kensington examination. Before treating of hygiene, Dr. Reynolds gives a few introductory chapters on anatomy and physiology. The work is carefully and skilfully written, and contains a mass of useful information in a remarkably small compass. The numerous illustrations and diagrams will be found of great use to both teacher and scholar.

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*Physics Note-book.* By J. C. P. Aldous. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN this note-book numerous typical experiments are briefly described, space being left for the pupil's drawings and remarks. The printed notes will prevent the student from losing sight of the principles which the experiments illustrate. The book should prove of great value to teachers of elementary physics.

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*A Junior Course of Practical Chemistry.* (Eighth edition.) By Francis Jones. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE present edition of this well-known book has been printed from fresh type, and contains much new matter for the use of students preparing for various examinations. Mr. Jones has also revised the separation tables and has prefixed an explanation to each. The book is greatly enhanced in value by these modifications, and contains all that can be needed by the student of elementary practical chemistry.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION. A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

### "THE MARTIAN."

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Mr. Du Maurier's posthumous story follows its two predecessors, *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*, in fantastic plot and Bohemian flavour. The main story is of Barty Josselin, artist and novelist, and the secret of his extraordinary magnetic qualities and personal merits. His life is described from infancy to death, his schooldays in Paris having particular notice. There are many illustrations from Mr. Du Maurier's pencil. This book is reviewed on this page. (Harper Brothers. 471 pp. 6s.)

### "THE GADFLY."

BY E. L. VOYNICH.

A long novel of Italian political life by an American. This book is being read in America with the keenest interest. The Gadfly is one Felice Rivarez, a conspirator, so called from his sharp tongue and the satirical articles which he wrote in French papers—a stammerer, a cynic, and a figure from whom it is impossible to withhold admiration. (W. Heinemann. 373 pp. 6s.)

### "THE INVISIBLE MAN."

BY H. G. WELLS.

Mr. Wells in this story resorts to farce. It is more in the manner of *The Wheels of Chance* than of his other books, and tells the tale of a man who, like Old Peter in the *Bab Ballads*, became invisible, while his suit of clothes "did not." Given such an accomplishment as invisibility, there is no one capable of working it out with more ingenuity and humour than Mr. Wells. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

### "MIDDLE GREYNESS."

BY A. J. DAWSON.

A long novel of life in London and at the Antipodes, by the author of *Mere Sentiment*. It was at first, says the author, entitled "The Beachcomber." He adds in his prefatory note the wish that his readers will remember that when Horatio spoke half incredulously of the "strange" nature of a certain moving tale, Hamlet replied to him, saying: "And therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome." (John Lane. 458 pp. 4s. 6d.)

### "A CHILD IN THE TEMPLE."

BY FRANK MATHEW.

The form of this book is more attractive than that of most stories. Mr. Lane apparently cannot publish a forbidding volume. Mr. Mathew is a young Irish writer whose *Wood of the Brambles* caused persons who read it to hope for more work from the same hand. *A Child in the Temple* is slight: an idyll of the "Sweet Lavender" order, with a prologue laid in Ireland, and the rest of the story in London. The Temple is the Temple, E.C. (John Lane. 177 pp. 3s. 6d.)

### "THE QUEEN OF THE JESTERS."

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Pemberton is the author of a sheaf of romances, to which he is busily adding. Among them are *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, and *The Little Huguenot*. His new story is a series of episodes in the life of Corinne de Montesson, who in the reign of Louis XV. established herself, says the author, in an old house in the Rue St. Paul, and there, surrounded by a little band of wits, scientists, and adventurers, she made it her ambition to become acquainted with the dens of Paris. *The Queen of the Jesters* is illustrated. (C. A. Pearson. 332 pp. 6s.)

### "A DAY'S TRAGEDY."

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

This is a curious departure in the making of fiction. Prose is a good enough medium for the ordinary story-teller; but Mr. Upward, with the idea, possibly, of being true to his name, soars into verse. *A Day's Tragedy* is described as a Novel in Rhyme. It begins:

" 'Guilty or not?'

Then a great stir  
Quickened the crowded theatre."

The metre is octosyllabic, varied by an occasional line of four beats. The novel has a few illustrations. (Chapman & Hall. 253 pp. 6s.)

### "THE CHARMER."

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Mr. Bullock's *Awkward Squad* proved him to be a writer of humour. *The Charmer* is in a similar vein. Its sub-title is "A Seaside Comedy," and it is an Irish story of flirtation. The brogue lies thick on every page. It has a few pictures. (James Bowden. 275 pp. 3s. 6d.)

### "THE SKIPPER'S WOOING."

BY W. W. JACOBS.

Mr. Jacobs is the new and acceptable humorist who in *Many Curgoes* gave us the comedy and farce of barge and lugger life on the lower Thames. That book was a collection of short stories. *The Skipper's Wooing* is practically an expansion of the author's ordinary medium. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

### "THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER."

BY VAL NIGHTINGALE.

The name of the Devil's Daughter was Diabline, and she played the fiddle like an angel. A story of hectic life. (Digby, Long & Co. 306 pp. 6s.)

### "PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE."

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

A serious novel, by the authoress of *Jan Vedder's Wife* and *Friend Olivia*. Time: Early part of this century. Scene: Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands. The two last chapters are called "The Lowest Hell" and "At last it is Peace." Eleven good illustrations, but the artist's name is omitted. (T. Fisher Unwin. 240 pp. 6s.)

### "SYBIL FAIRLEIGH."

BY S. ELIZABETH HALL.

"Tea-visits, letter-writing, church-going," and the usual round of country life, with some unusual happenings, including an attempt at suicide by Sybil—"on the table a phial labelled 'poison,' the glass at her lips. Over its brim she slowly turned on him eyes as of a soul in hell." (Digby, Long & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

### "THE PLAGIARIST."

BY WILLIAM MYRTLE.

Scene: Edinburgh (the author calls the city "Scotland's Romantic Capital"). Has a motive similar to *The Giant's Robe*. (Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 218 pp. 2s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS.

### A GREAT AMATEUR.

*The Martian*. By George Du Maurier.  
(Harper & Brothers.)

It is an ungrateful task to criticise Mr. Du Maurier. His books came from him so frankly as a good-will offering, as the best of himself that he could give, that we hate to look them, as it were, in the mouth. Moreover, the brain that devised and remembered so much for our beguilement is now still for ever. It is better to praise where we can and leave the rest; especially as, strictly speaking, George Du Maurier was not a novelist at all: he was a chronicler, a gossip. He wrote for pleasure, and he wished either to be read or let alone. "Criticise my work," he might have said, "my black and white, but leave my play as it is." His books were indeed sheer play. Thackeray certainly was his model, but the pupil went only a short way with the master—falling behind so quickly that, if the charm of individuality were wanting, his books, and particularly *The Martian*, would often be intolerable. In the hands of a little man, such tricks of digression and button-holing are not to be endured. But Mr. Du Maurier, though not exactly great, was yet not a little man—his point of view was his own, and to many persons it was a fascinating one to occupy, while he added to it perhaps the pleasantest gift of reminiscence that any modern author has possessed, and a measure of weird invention. These qualities, however, do not make for

the production of a good novel. On the contrary, they may continually lead their possessor astray from the real issue. Such was the case with Mr. Du Maurier, who was always straying. A less dramatic writer it would be hard to find. His puppets are without power of their own: they themselves do nothing, are nothing: we have only Mr. Du Maurier's testimony that they lived and delighted their fellows. The true novelist, of course, not only alleges but proves. It is when Mr. Du Maurier recollects an unimportant or irrelevant personage, and offers a glimpse of him in half a page, that we are persuaded. Some of those odd wayfarers who, as it were, pass before our window and disappear again, are credible enough; whereas the chief actors—the Peter Ibbetsons, the Barty Josselins, the Svengalis, the Trilbys—are rarely to be taken seriously. What, then, is the reason for the extraordinary popularity of this amateur of fiction? Briefly, it is a pure matter of personality. The style is the man, and the man is among the most agreeable of companions.

Contrasted with the lot of the ordinary professional novelist who writes for a living from his youth upwards, and puts as little as possible rather than as much as possible into each new story, Mr. Du Maurier's career as a writer was almost ideal. The work of his life was done in black and white, which exacted the best energies of his most vigorous years. Then, when fame and fortune were his, and he had earned the right to rest, he turned, with the delight of a child on a holiday, to the making of books. He squandered himself on the joyous task. He wrote primarily for his own amusement, and made his books mirror the life he best loved. His three books (he had time only for three) tell us everything of their author. Fiction and autobiography are inextricably intertwined. Himself and his friends, his boyhood and youth, his preferences and dislikes—these are the framework of all three: the story is mere accessory. "George Du Maurier in three volumes" would be a fair embracive title. The books tell us his favourite artists and authors, his favourite musicians and songs, his ideals of manhood and womanhood, his creed, and a thousand secrets beside. If you care for Mr. Du Maurier's type of mind, you will care for his writings; if you like his writings, you must like his mind: it is a case of "Love me, love my dog," and "Love my dog, love me." No author ever wore his heart on his sleeve as Mr. Du Maurier did, although many have set out to do so with more protestations of frankness.

The result is that *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby*, and *The Martian* are very bad art, but very good entertainment. To English readers, and more particularly to Americans, they have been a revelation. Americans, of course, have lost their heads a little, because good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, and in the Parisian background to these stories consists much of their charm. It is the Paris of dreams—the gay, entrancing, careless, vivacious Paris that people want to believe in. It is the Paris of Murger, and his irresponsible, joyous young men, restored to us; to the confusion and rout of M. Zola and the *naturalistes*, and the evil-smelling, evil-doing Paris of their works. Again, Mr. Du Maurier's Bohemianism is attractive; it never oversteps the bounds; it is never ugly, never out of control. Commonplace readers can as they read almost believe themselves also to be artists! And another charm is the air of wistfulness that pervades the pages. Mr. Du Maurier remembered his youth so gracefully, and with such tender regrets. He was a prince of sentimentalists. People like this. A title-page which, like that of *The Martian*, bears the quotation:

"Après le plaisir vient la peine;  
Après la peine, la vertu,"

is certain to be desired; although, as a matter of fact, many books have deserved the motto more thoroughly than *The Martian* does. I should say that the interest of Mr. Du Maurier's plots was the least potent of his attractions. His plots were too fantastic, too improbable, for the average man. None the less one would expect an instructive return if a census could be taken of Mr. Du Maurier's readers who have crossed their feet at night in the hope of dreaming as Peter Ibbetson did, or have left writing materials by their bedsides to lure, like Barty Josselin, an astral adviser from the sky.

This brings me to *The Martian*, the third and last of the trilogy. It may be said at the outset that of the three stories *Peter Ibbetson* has the best workmanship, *Trilby* is the most interesting, and *The Martian* is richest in charm. *The Martian* strikes me as having

been more a labour of love to the author than were even the other two. It reads as though it was his own favourite. It is more Thackerayan in manner than its predecessors—and Thackeray was, of course, the writer's ideal as a novelist—and there is more of Mr. Du Maurier in its pages. Nominally the book is edited by Mr. Du Maurier from the MS. of Sir Robert Maurice, wine merchant and politician; but the wine merchant and politician are quickly forgotten, and whenever one meets with an "I" one thinks first of Mr. Du Maurier. Artistically *The Martian* would be an infinitely better book were it reduced to the first three parts, or about one hundred and fifty pages, and called "Barty Josselin's Schooldays," or something of the kind. There is no doubt whatever that as it stands the book is too long and too uneventful. *Trilby* spoiled us for an uneventful story. But the early chapters are sheer delight. They give us Mr. Du Maurier at his best—gay, tender, mercurial, humorous, always a hero worshipper, often whimsically intolerant, often trivial, if you like, but never for an instant dull or unworthy. Most authors enjoy writing about their schooldays; but none can have come to the labour with more enthusiasm than Mr. Du Maurier; the result being that we have in this section of *The Martian* an addition to the literature of schooldays which has very high merit and unique charm. The story of the Institution Brossard will give delight for many years to come. Later in the book are scenes and figures which will always be recalled with pleasure, but in my opinion Barty Josselin will live by virtue of his boyhood. Here is the account of the beginnings of the only fight that Barty and Bob Maurice (the narrator) ever had. It was the day on which their schoolmaster died, and they were sitting apart reading a story by Chateaubriand together:

"If I remember aright, René, a very sentimental young Frenchman, who had loved the wrong person not wisely, but too well (a very wrong person, indeed, in his case), emigrated to North America, and there he met a beautiful Indian maiden, one Atala, of the Natchez tribe, who had rosy cheeks, and was charming, and whose entire skin was probably a warm dark red, although this was not insisted upon. She also had a brother, whose name was Outogamiz.

Well, René loved Atala, Atala loved René, and they were married; and Outogamiz went through some ceremony besides, which made him blood-brother and bosom friend to René—a bond which involved certain obligatory rites and duties and self-sacrifices.

Atala died and was buried. René died and was buried also; and every day, as in duty bound, poor Outogamiz went and pricked a vein, and bled over René's tomb, till he died himself of exhaustion before he was many weeks older. I quote entirely from memory.

This simple story was told in very touching and beautiful language, by no means telegraphese, and Barty and I were deeply affected by it.

'I say, Bob!' Barty whispered to me with a break in his voice, 'some day I'll marry your sister, and we'll all go off to America together, and she'll die, and I'll die, and you shall bleed yourself to death on my tomb!'

'No,' said I, after a moment's thought. 'No—look here! I'll marry your sister, and I'll die, and you shall bleed over my tomb!'

Then, after a pause—

'I haven't got a sister, as you know quite well—and if I had she wouldn't be for you!' says Barty.

'Why not?'

'Because you're not good-looking enough!' says Barty."

This is admirable. Boys are made just so. Here is another passage:

"In front of me that dishonest little sneak Rapaud, with a tall parapet of books before him to serve as a screen, one hand shading his eyes, and an inkless pen in the other, was scratching his copy-book with noisy earnestness, as if time were too short for all he had to write about the pious *Æneas*' recitative, while he surreptitiously read the *Comte de Monte Cristo*, which lay open in his lap—just at the part where the body, sewn up in a sack, was going to be hurled into the Mediterranean. I knew the page well. There was a splash of red ink upon it.

It made my blood boil with virtuous indignation to watch him, and I coughed and hemmed again and again to attract his attention, for his back was nearly towards me. He heard me perfectly, but took no notice whatever, the deceitful little beast. He was to have given up *Monte Cristo* to me at half-past two, and here it was twenty minutes to three! Besides which, it was my *Monte Cristo*, bought with my own small savings, and smuggled into school by me at great risk to myself.

'Maurice!' said M. Bonzig.

'Oui, M'sieu!' said I. I will translate—

'You shall conjugate and copy out for me forty times the compound verb "I cough without necessity to distract the attention of my comrade Rapaud from his Latin exercise."'

'Moi, M'sieu?' I ask innocently.  
'Oui, vous!'  
'Bien, M'sieu!'

It may seem odd that these passages are quoted to the exclusion of any remarks about the main story; but the main story is not as important as it might be. Mr. Du Maurier did less than usual to make it credible. Put briefly, we are confronted with an Admirable Crichton—artist, guardsman, musician, novelist, athlete, fencer, poet, perfect man, perfect lover—in Barty Josselin, and are asked to believe that his fortunes were to some extent controlled by a sympathetic soul in Mars called Martia, who writes him letters of instruction in painfully mundane English. Luckily this idea matters nothing, because the book has better things than Barty in it. As a boy Barty is a delight, but we lose touch with him in later life. Mr. Du Maurier lavished pains to make him a prince of men, and he moves us hardly more than a statue. Perfection is not a good trap for sympathy. On the other hand, he moved among delightful people, such as Père Polyphème and M. Bonzig, and, as I have said before, he had perfect schooldays. Hence all is well with the reader. Here is the description of little Barty's introduction to the Rohans, his guardians—a piece of genuine Du Maurier:

"Lady Archibald was delighted with the child, who was quite beautiful. She fell in love with the little creature at the first sight of him—and fed him, on the evening of his arrival, with crumpets and buttered toast, and in return he danced 'La Dieppoise' for her, and sang her a little ungrammatical ditty in praise of wine and women. It began:

'Beuvons, beuvons, beuvons donc  
De ce vin le meilleur du monde . . .  
Beuvons, beuvons, beuvons donc  
De ce vin, car il est très-bon!  
Si je n'en beuvions pas,  
J'aurions la pépi-e!  
Ce qui me . . .'

I have forgotten the rest—indeed, I am not quite sure that it is fit for the drawing-room.

'Ah, mon Dieu! quel amour d'enfant! Oh, gardons-le!' cried my lady; and they kept him.

I can imagine the scene. Indeed, Lady Archibald has described it to me, and Barty remembered it well. It was his earliest English recollection, and he has loved buttered toast and crumpets ever since—as well as women and wine."

The book is all in this key. The end is abrupt and unconvincing, but *en route* there is so much entertainment: tender memories and whimsical reflections; beautiful women and grotesque men; and in and between the lines of every page you may see the author—so impatient of tedium, so vigilant for what is comely and interesting, so continually faithful to the old, so bravely boyish, and so incorrigibly and delightfully French.

*Scottish Border Life.* By James C. Dibdin.  
(Methuen & Co.)

Mr. Dibdin is one of the men who bring upon Scotsmen the unjust discredit of not being able to understand a joke. He is ambitious; he is earnest; he is dull. I should be glad to learn that he is young. If he has seen fewer than thirty summers, this book should not be counted against him.

The first of the new tales of the Border concerns Mr. Timothy Monyflower. Mr. Monyflower was the sole survivor of a large family of sons. All the others had died of consumption. Mr. Timothy seemed like to follow suit; but he did not. Much against the wills of his mother and the family physician, he quitted home for Glasgow University with a hacking cough. Instead of dying, he became a scholarlike man of the world. He drank heavily; but he was brilliant. Soon after his return home he fell in love and ceased to drink too much. At the bidding of her father, however, the lady refused to have him; and he took to the flowing bowl again. Then came "the annual County Ball." Mr. Timothy Monyflower was there. He was "in the refreshment-room," of course; and the talk of the bacchanals having "drifted to the subject of women," "some one taunted Monyflower with having been jilted, hinting, even, that no girl would have him." Thereupon Mr. Monyflower, having "dashed his glass to the floor,"

entered the ball-room, stopped the dance, and made a speech. "I am a man of few words," he said, "and what I have to say concerns the ladies. I have been jilted by one young lady, and I have been told to-night that not a girl in the Borders will have me—there's my hand, and the girl that first grasps it firm I shall marry her." After a long pause, the daughter of a farmer, who had adored the sot from a distance, seized the chance: mainly, I must allow, from chivalrous pity. She went home with him; her father followed the carriage; the sot and the prospective father-in-law spent the night, and a fortnight, in drinking. As the sot had suddenly become rich, the father of his first love and the love herself called at the sot's house, and had called again; but the sot would have none of them. He married the maid who had taken his dirty hand. She died, of course, and he went wrong; and that is the whole story. Mr. Dibdin tells the tale with much unction.

All the other stories are just as prosy as that about the sot. Usually Mr. Dibdin is grammatically correct; but his mincing gentility is abominable. He calls a godfather "god-papa." He says that events "transpire." A man is never a man to him: a man is always an "individual." The physician who did his best for the sot is "the sycophantic knight of pill and poultice." Mr. Dibdin speaks of "the desperation of despair." He has a "Master of Ceremonies" at the County Ball: there is no such person at a county ball. He calls the Free Church of Scotland a "Kirk": the only institution to which that word is applicable is the Church of Scotland. Likewise, seeking to pose as a metaphysician, he speaks about an "objective consciousness of ideas upon religious subjects": that is bosh.

*Fortune's Footballs.* By G. B. Burgin.  
(C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

Mr. Burgin is better company when he writes humorously about Four Corners than when he would seriously transfer London life to his pages. A man who describes an elemental community is allowed a certain amount of rope which we cannot grant to the social critic in our midst. Mr. Burgin knows too little of human nature as it is ever to make a good novel, but of a comic variety of human nature as it might be he is an agreeable historian. *Fortune's Footballs* is a tissue of improbable incidents and impossible persons put forward by its author seriously as a credible story. As, however, he has shown no power of imparting any semblance of reality to his puppets, few readers will be deceived. Not even the following passage, from the description of a first night, is "convincing":

"Davenport Adams smiled benignantly at the beautiful young actress led on by Tregennis; Joseph Knight began to scribble hurried notes; and Clement Scott glided away with that expression on his face which always forewarns people not to speak to him until he has written his critique."

The story itself, to anyone not concerned with literary distinction, will fill an idle hour passably. Villainy is punished, and virtue triumphs, in the old inexorable manner, and the last words are of love. But there are hard things on the way. There is, for example, a man described as "a lineal descendant of Baron Munchausen, not wholly unacquainted with the conversational methods of Ananias."

*Tales of the Rock.* By Mary Anderson.  
(Downey.)

This little volume of short stories has at least one good point: the stories gain a certain coherence of effect from the similarity of scene. They are all tales of Gibraltar; nevertheless, I cannot say that I have much more idea of life on "the Rock" than I had before reading it. I am not conscious of the least desire to visit Gibraltar or avoid it. Only one of the stories, "Dwellers in Linea," contrives to get a picturesque and novel interest with its account of running contraband tobacco by the help of trained dogs, who swim ashore carrying it. The same tale relates a most remarkable instance of Spanish cruelty and callousness which I should hesitate about believing. But, upon the whole, the book is a collection of trivial enough little tales, which, however, are not tedious, and do not sin against either taste or grammar.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is late in the day for the announcement of a new work by Charles Dickens, but such a one is made by Mr. Redway. The indefatigable Mr. Kitton, who knows Dickens as Mr. Hardy knows Dorsetshire, has discovered in out-of-the-way places enough stories, articles, and essays by the novelist to make up a volume, which will shortly be published under the title *To be Read at Dusk*. It is probably not of the highest merit, but to some persons anything, however trivial, that a great man writes is of interest. Apparently there is still copyright in some of these pieces, and two editions will therefore be issued, one in England and one in America. The English edition will contain much that the American does not, and contrariwise. Hence, to have the treasure-trove complete, it will be necessary to possess both editions.

BIOGRAPHY by epigram is a dangerous experiment, the epigrammatist's wit being so frequently the enemy of truth. But the writer of the brief account of Mr. Henley which accompanies Mr. Rothenstein's portrait in *English Portraits* (Grant Richards) hits the nail on the head more than once. For example:

"He is so fine an exponent of philosophic Toryism, and has so fast a grip of its principles, that he would have been a fearful thorn in the Tory side had he gone into the House of Commons. Happily, he chose to adorn literature, and is known to us as the writer of many beautiful verses, and as the most trenchant of all our critics. His style—so wholly his own, with its curt and burnished phrases—is a trap in which several young men have come to most untimely ends: whilst others, still with us, owe much of their success to his influence and his encouragement."

THE estimate continues:

"He is a famous talker, who will listen with the utmost courtesy to anyone who dares interrupt him, and the old tag, *ex forti dulcedo* seems quite appropriate to 'Burly,' for he is as much loved by all who know him as he is feared by all whom he knows. He has written plays (much admired by every actor-manager) with Robert Louis Stevenson, has edited Burns and the *Scots Observer*, has ever been of a habit most disputative and polemic, and is supposed to admire the writings of Mr. Andrew Lang. Indeed, it is one of the most startling facts in modern ethnography that Mr. Henley is not a Scotchman."

"Burly," we take it, is derived from Mr. Stevenson's essay on "Talk and Talkers." Mr. Henley's share in *London* should certainly have been noticed, not the least curious circumstance in his career being the part played by so vigorous a mind in setting the fashion for such saccharine trifles as rondeaux, triolets, and ballades.

IN connexion with the foregoing paragraphs it may be stated that the fourth and concluding volume of Messrs. Henley & Henderson's Centenary Edition of Burns, containing Mr. Henley's essay on the Life, Genius, and Achievements of the poet, which extends to upwards of one hundred pages, will be published on the 25th instant, by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh. In Mr. Heinemann's announcements are included a second volume of Mr. Henley's new edition of Byron; "Macaire" and "Admiral Guinea," two of the plays written by Mr. Henley in conjunction with Mr. Stevenson; and a selection of Mr. W. S. Blunt's poems, to which Mr. Henley puts an introduction. Messrs. Methuen also announce Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics* for October.

WE understand that Mrs. Morris has decided to give up Kelmescott House, Hammersmith, and that the lease has been taken over by Mr. H. C. Marillier. Besides the interest conferred upon Kelmescott House by Mr. Morris, who made it the central scene of his Utopia in *News from Nowhere*, and erected his presses next door, there is an older legend attached to it. Sir Francis Ronalds, one of the pioneers of electric telegraphy, lived there and built what was practically the first experimental long line, carrying several miles of wire up and down the spacious garden, which is one of the principal charms of the estate. There is a medallion to the memory of Ronalds on the front of the house, put up during Mr. Morris's lifetime. How much interest the post-decorator-socialist took in the erection is not stated—but Mr. Morris was no lover of modern science.

OF the art treasures and personal relics accumulated at Kelmescott House, a very few will be allowed to remain. The handsome Persian carpet which used to hang as a canopy in the dining room has been bought by the South Kensington Museum for £200, and the valuable Rossettis will probably be lent by Mrs. Morris to one or other of the national collections. The Kelmescott Press, as previously announced

in the ACADEMY, will be wound-up by the executors as soon as the works now in hand are completed. As for Mr. Morris's magnificent library, that has already been sold at a very high figure to a purchaser whose name is to remain a secret.

IN the *Times* of Wednesday Mr. de Blowitz gave a short extract from the first chapter of a novel by M. Augustin Filon, just beginning in the *Revue de Paris*. The novel, which is entitled *Babel*, contains a description of a birthday celebration of the late Prince Imperial at Chislehurst, shortly after the death of Napoleon III. M. Filon, the author, having been the Prince's tutor, is in a position to give a portrait of the Prince which is interesting as an historical document. This is the passage which Mr. de Blowitz translates:

"In their midst, well in advance, a youth still slim, not very tall, but very straight, pale with the pallor of happy emotion, which his red ribbon accentuated. The glance, pure, broad, and frank, of his blue eye, dilated with enthusiasm, was directed smilingly at the friendly company, dominated it, and embraced it. A gray-haired personage—it was a fine, a venerable head—who they said was the Duke of Padua, read an address in the name of the committees. Then the Prince replied. . . . He had for France and for his family words that were filial and touching and simple. He spoke modestly and confidently of himself, of the future which seemed to him so bright, and which God was hiding behind a veil. And you felt that the rhetoric of the professors of politics went for nothing in this speech, so full of the effusion of youth and of faith. When, apropos of popular sovereignty, which was the dogma of his family, he uttered these words, '*C'est le salut et c'est le droit*,' his voice flung out this last word with so manly a vibration and an accent so energetically affirmative that all those present were startled as at the revelation of a character and a destiny. They felt themselves aroused, and a great cry went up, '*Vive l'Empereur*.'"

WHEN the time comes for Lockhart's Life of Scott to be added to Messrs. Black's Standard Edition of the Waverley Novels it will be found that the abridgment and not the complete biography has been decided upon. This, in the opinion of many persons, is a pity, although, probably, the majority would vote for the condensation. Mr. Gladstone himself, who, as a rule, is in favour of spacious literature, once expressed a wish for Lockhart in an abridged form; not for himself, it is true, but in order that more people might come to know the book. The same edition will contain also a selection of Scott's poems, edited by Mr. Lang, who has, we believe, already performed a similar task for another firm of publishers; and the *Tales of a Grandfather*, with an introduction by Dean Farrar.

EVERY few years sees a new edition of the Waverley Novels. This is as it should be, for each generation wants something newer than the editions which former generations were glad to read in. Messrs. Dent & Co. have made their popular series so attractive—the Temple Shakespeare and the Temple Classics, to wit—that we are convinced beforehand that it will be hard to resist

the edition of Scott which they are now preparing. In the Temple Classics the rule has been to omit prefaces, but in the case of Scott a reversion will be made to the plan adopted with the Temple Shakespeare, and a short account of each novel will stand as introduction. These will be provided by Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

A GENTLEMAN who has been lecturing on Mr. Barrie and his writings has received an interesting note from the author of *Sentimental Tommy* touching his sojourn in Nottingham as a member of the staff of the *Nottingham Express*. Mr. Barrie writes:

"I thank you for your letter, and wish you had a better subject for your lecture. I don't know of any personal article about myself that is not imaginary and largely erroneous. But there is really nothing to tell that would interest anyone. Yes, I was in Nottingham for a year, and liked it well, though I was known to scarce any one. If you ever met an uncouth stranger wandering in the dark round the castle, ten or twelve years ago, his appearance unimpressive, a book in each pocket, and his thoughts 300 miles due north, it might have been the subject of your lecture."

The remark concerning the inaccuracy of the personal articles suggests Mr. Barrie's answer to someone who asked where he lived. "I am always at Thrums," he replied, "except when the papers say I am."

THE following advertisement is taken from an American magazine:—

Mr. Reader:

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How would this have struck Edward Fitzgerald in his Suffolk hermitage?

THE title of Mark Twain's new book has again been changed. It began by being *The Surviving Innocent Abroad*; then it was *More Tramps Abroad*, and now and finally it is *Following the Equator*. According to the *Critic* Mark Twain receives the colossal amount of £8,000 for this work—a sum which he will straightway hand over to his creditors, and thus reduce his debt to £4,000. At this rate we may hope very shortly to see the humorist again free from financial care.

THE *Critic* contains also the following particulars of *Following the Equator*. It contains about seventy or eighty chapters, each one of which is headed with a new Pudd'nhead Wilson maxim. One of these reads, 'The best protection of principles is prosperity.' The poster that will be used in advertising *Following the Equator* represents Mr. Clemens sitting tilted back in a steamer-chair, with a yachting cap pulled well over his eyes. Under the picture, in a facsimile of his autograph, is the line, 'Be good and you will be lonesome.' 'As there is no one in sight,' adds The Lounger, "I take it that Mr. Clemens is good."

THE current *Chap Book* contains "A Plea," addressed by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs to the gentlemen who criticise books. There are so many of that fraternity in our own country that we may give some publicity to the appeal on this side of the Atlantic too. Mr. Bangs's argument is thus stated:

"When Shakespeare was a novice at the art of writing plays, He'd no such competition as the men of modern days;

For when on paper first he put his pathos and his wit, The plays of William Shakespeare were of course as yet unwrit.

And so it was with Milton, when he sought life's richest pelf, He never had a foeman like his highly honoured self,

Nor was there ever on the shelves in Addison's great day Another gentle essayist to tourney for the bay."

So much being stated, Mr. Bangs puts the case for himself and his brethren of the pen:

"And so, ye critics, gently deal with those poor wights who now Are struggling for the wreath that fame puts on the worthy brow;

For it is true, past question, that the race is harder won, Because of what these giants of the gloried past have done.

Discourage not the running, if it seem not very fast, By flaunting in the runner's eyes the records of the past;

\* \* \* \* \*

And for those weary souls who fail—whate'er the reason be, Grant them the consolation of your silent sympathy."

The unfortunate circumstance is that silence gives consent; which is the last thing that one wishes to suggest to so many of these failures.

THE *Beauties of Marie Corelli* are before us. They came here in the waste hours of last Tuesday afternoon—insidiously—in a small green volume, pp. 124. Some are short, some are middling long; and long or short they are all culled by Annie Mackay from the gifted and popular authoress's works. We refrain from criticism, but we cannot refrain from writing down some—a poor six—of the *Beauties* that leapt at us as we roamed the pages. The first has all the freshness of a spring morning:

"Methinks those who are best beloved of the gods are chosen first to die."—From *Ardath*.

"The heart-whole appreciation of the million is by no means so 'vulgar' as it is frequently considered."—*Ibid*.

"We are never grateful enough to the candid persons who wake us from our dreams."—From *Vendetta*.

"Who can adequately describe the thrilling excitement attending an aristocratic 'crush'?"—From *Thelma*.

"Genius is a big thing; I do not assume to possess it."—From *The Murder of Delicia*.

"Great Heavens!"—From *Ziska*.

## EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

I.—DON QUIXOTE.

*Don Quixote* for a paltry two shillings! That is the latest exploit of cheap printing, and Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. are responsible for it. I should hope that many, like myself, will be delighted with so easy an opportunity of renewing a delightful acquaintance; and those who have not yet made it have no excuse now for delay. I cannot say I care for the illustrations, which seem to me a peculiarly cheap travesty of the style of Daniel Vierge; but they are few, and need not concern the reader. The translation is the old one of Jarvis. Now, Jarvis was no master of style; but he had the inestimable advantage of living in the eighteenth century, when a fascinating style was in the air, and consequently he is a most pleasant and stimulating change from the featureless style of the average modern novel. I have spent some charming hours with this treasure brought to my gate. Was there ever so strange a book as this *Don Quixote*? To what class shall we assign it? Solitary, singular, it will not be pigeon-holed; your literary entomologists shall ticket it, *genus* and *sub-genus* it, at their peril. It is complex beyond measure. It is a piece of literary duplicity without precedent or succession; nay, duplicity within duplicity, a sword turning all ways, like that which guarded "unpermitted Eden" (to quote a cancelled verse of Rossetti's *Love's Nocturn*). Let not Swift say that he was born to introduce and refine irony. The irony of Cervantes is refined and dangerous beyond the irony of Swift; Swift's is obvious beside it. All irony is double-tongued; but whether it be the irony of Swift, or Swift's predecessors, or Swift's successors, it has this characteristic: that its duplicity is (so to speak) a one-sided duplicity; if you do not take the inner meaning, you read baffled, without pleasure, without admiration, without comprehension. "Who are you a-getting at?" is the reader's feeling. But this strange irony, this grave irony, this broadly-laughing irony, of the strange, grave, humorous Spaniard, delights even those who have not a touch of the ironic in their composition. They laugh at the comic mask, who cannot see the melancholy face behind it. It is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance in the vizard of Sancho Panza; and all laugh, while some few have tears in their laughter. "Ha! ha" guffaw the many; "well, to be sure, what an ass is this Don Quixote, and how vastly diverting are his absurd doings! Ha! ha!" And they know not that their derision is derided; that they are trapped and cozened into jeers; that Cervantes, from behind his mask, beholds their fat-witted grins with a sardonic smile.

A core of scornful and melancholy protest, set about with a pulp of satire, and outside all a rind of thick burlesque—that is *Don Quixote*. It never "laughed Spain's chivalry away." Chivalry was no more in a country where it could be written. Where it could be thought an impeachment of idealism, idealism had ceased to be. Against this very state of things its secret but lofty

contempt is aimed. Herein lies its curious complexity. Outwardly Cervantes falls in with the waxing materialism of the day, and professes to satirise everything that is chivalrous and ideal. Behind all that, is subtle, suppressed, mordant satire of the material spirit in all its forms: the clownish materialism of the boor; the comfortable materialism of the *bourgeois*; the pedantic materialism of the scholar and the mundane cleric; the idle, luxurious, arrogant materialism of the noble—all agreeing in derisive conceit of superiority to the poor madman who still believes in grave, exalted, heroic ideas of life and duty. Finally, at the deepest core of the strange and wonderful satire, in which the hidden mockery is so opposite to the seeming mockery, lies a sympathy even to tears with all height and heroism insulated and out of date, mad to the eyes of a purblind world: nay, a bitter confession that such nobility is, indeed, mad and phantasmal, in so much as it imputes its own greatness to a petty and clay-content society. Even Sancho is held up to admiration mixed with smiles, because he has the dim yet tough insight to follow what he does not understand, yet obscurely feels to be worthy of love and following. The author of the heroic *Numantia* a contemner of the lofty and ideal! It could not be. Surely Don Quixote has much of the writer's self; of his poetic discontent with the earthy and money-seeking society around him. There is no true laughter in literature with such a hidden sadness as that of Cervantes.

Yet it is laughter, and not all sad. The man is a humorist, and feels that if the world be full of mournful humour, yet life would go nigh to madness if there were not some honest laughter as well—laughter from the full lungs. Therefore he gives us Sancho—rich, unctuous, Shakespearean humour to the marrow of him. The mockers of the Don, with their practical jests on him, furnish the understanding reader with but pitying and half-reluctant laughter; but the faithful compost of fat and flesh who cleaves to the meagre visionary allows us mirth unstinted and unqualified. Many a touch in this creation of the great Spaniard reminds us of like touches in the greatest of Englishmen. Sancho's blunt rejection of titles, for example: "Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family: I am called plain Sancho Panza, my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas." Who does not remember at once the drunken tinker's "What! am I not Christopher Sly?" &c. The two passages are delightfully kindred in style and humour. How like, too, is Sancho's meandering telling of his story at the Duke's table, and Dame Quickly's narrative style, when she recounts Falstaff's promise of marriage! Unadulterated peasant nature both—the same in Spain as in Eastcheap. What more gloriously characteristic than Sancho's rebutting of the charge that he may prove ungrateful in advancement to high station? "Souls like mine are covered four inches thick with the grease of the old Christian." But enough. With all the inward gravity of his irony, Cervantes has

abundantly provided that we need not take his seriousness too seriously: there is laughter in rivers, even for those who enter deepest into that grave core. We do not deny that he laughs himself at his Knight, as an idealist can laugh at his own extravagances; and invites you to laugh too—with the laughter which does homage to what is laughed at. And this many-sided masterpiece of Spain and the world is now at anyone's command for two shillings! "Let those read now who never read before; and those who always read now read the more."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

#### RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

MR. HUTTON was born seventy-one years ago. So much is told in the one or two scant biographies which have accompanied the announcement of his death in the daily press. The inscription on the coffin was not more communicative: "Richard Holt Hutton. Died Sept. 9, 1897. Aged seventy-one years." The only London paper, so far as we have seen, which went further into detail did so in these words: "He was born in London, where his father was minister of Carter-lane Chapel." The truth is, that Richard Holt Hutton was born in Leeds, where his father served the Mill Hill Chapel from 1818 to 1835. The exact date of his birth was June 2, 1826, and it was followed by his baptism on September 12. His father, who himself was the son of the Unitarian minister of Eustace-street Chapel, Dublin, did afterwards move to London, to the pastorate of Carter-lane Chapel. The future journalist was then a boy of nine, whose slightly dreamy—not to say vague—habit of mind and body was occasionally goaded into action, though not permanently quickened, by the "Prompt, Richard, prompt!" of his grandmother. This lady lived to be ninety-nine years of age, instead of a hundred as he hoped: an incompleteness which rather annoyed her grandson, who liked symmetry rather than incident in literature and in life. The youth—who was very short-sighted even then—went to University College, where De Morgan was his best master, and Walter Bagehot his best friend. He used to tell the story of a walk with Bagehot up and down Regent-street for two hours in an attempt to find Oxford-street, so hot had their argument become as to whether the so-called logical principle of identity (*A is A*) was entitled to rank as a law of thought or only as a postulate of language.

Mr. Hutton took his degree at London University with credit, and after some attendance at German universities he began his career as a teacher of mathematics at Bedford College. But the editor's chair was his destiny, and already he knew it. The organ of the Unitarians, the *Inquirer*, was then owned by Mr. John Robinson, now the knighted chief of the staff of the *Daily News*. To the service of that organ he rallied Bagehot, Osler, and Sanford. But Mr. Hutton, for that once, wanted to move too quickly. Instead of reporting sermons he wanted to suppress them

altogether; and he had dreams of an official liturgy which should protect the Unitarian laity from the extempore prayers of their ministers. Clearly the Church of England was beckoning to him; and he responded to the summons. When, therefore, Mr. Townsend bought the *Spectator*, about the year 1861, to run it as a Liberal Church of England paper, he found in Mr. Hutton a man who could attend to the literature while he himself took in hand the politics. How he attended to the literature is too well known to need more than a word here. He loved standard authors, and he was glad to add to their ranks, especially from members of the Athenæum Club. Perhaps the young and moving spirit which spoke through R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling found in him a reluctant listener. "Prompt, Richard, prompt!" readers may sometimes have felt inclined to cry over his notices of early works of authors now assured of name and fame.

The journalism which drew the newer spirits around Mr. Henley Mr. Hutton examined through glasses he took off to rub again and again. He was not prompt enough for that! Mr. Hutton thought the English language an inexpressive one, and had laid his plans accordingly. "Our articles," he wrote to a young contributor, "cannot be much over two columns, say 160 lines or 1,600 words. Now (such is the barrenness of English speech) that in 1,600 words only one or two distinct points can be brought out with any vivacity and crispness, and vivacity and crispness are of the essence of effective newspaper writing."

He stocked his paper with plain facts rather than with rare imaginings or pretty fancies. It lacked by-play. It was prosaic to the elect, but it was useful to a large class, whom it led further on the road to literary and religious and political tolerance than they themselves, unaided, would have reached. The old order changeth, now as ever; and it was a significant fact that the novels of George Meredith, which Mr. Hutton could not understand, were the subject of a really appreciative article at last in the very issue of the *Spectator* which contained the following affecting announcement of the literary editor's death:

"Our readers," said that announcement, and it said no more, "will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr. R. H. Hutton, so long one of the editors of this journal. After an illness of many months, marked by severe though intermittent sufferings, he passed away quietly in sleep, during the afternoon of Thursday, the 9th inst. His colleagues are forbidden by pledges, which they cannot break, either to write a memoir of him, or, within the range of their influence, to permit any one else to do so. They can, therefore, only record their grief at an event which, in the case of the writer of these lines, terminates an unbroken friendship of thirty-six years, and a literary alliance which, at once in its duration and completeness, is probably without a precedent."

Mr. Hutton, though a most industrious editor and contributor to his own columns, did not publish many books. His *Essays Theological and Literary* remain as his best monument; but, to do them justice, you must put yourself back into the environment of

the days in which they were produced. In his appreciations of poetry, such as his essays on *Wordsworth and his Genius*, on Browning and *Shelley's Poetical Mysticism*, he showed us his least perceptive side. His *Studies in Parliament* had much praise in its time; and there are many who think that his monograph, *Cardinal Newman*, is a sufficing piece of work as far as it goes. Newman was the greatest admiration of his life, his model in literary style, his pattern and exemplar as a man living in the world, but not of it. "In a century," he said, "in which physical discovery and material well-being have usurped and almost absorbed the admiration of mankind, such a life as that of Cardinal Newman stands out in strange and almost majestic, though singularly graceful and unpretending, contrast to the eager and agitated turmoil of confused passions, hesitating ideals, tentative virtues, and groping philanthropies, amid which it has been lived." That does not sound very much like the voice of a Radical editor, as Hutton was once held to be; nor like the voice of a leader of anti-vivisectionists, for that matter. The *Times* refers to Newman as "the teacher towards whom, in his later years, he was most attached." The word was probably written *attracted*; but attached represents the truth; nor did the attachment date from late years only. Cardinal Newman, away in Birmingham, was aware of the homage that Wellington-street offered him and was able to express in bolder and bolder and bolder terms as time and prejudice went by. "I have now for twenty years held him, as a journalist, to be a good friend of mine," wrote Cardinal Newman in a private letter in 1884. Perhaps one link with Newman was to be found in the fact that both alike had broken first ties, and made a change of religious belief. And both alike had kept firm friends in the communions they had left. For Hutton held Dr. Martineau in an esteem which had, from the first, free public expression. Dr. Martineau sometimes used the privilege of an old friend to question the policy of the *Spectator*; and his remonstrances were more refreshing to Hutton than the praises of most other men.

Mr. Hutton was twice married into the Roscoe family, his second wife, the cousin of his first, being the grand-daughter of Lorenzo de Medici's biographer. Her husband, who had prayed to survive her, so that he might tend her to the last, did so in fact, her illness, which was one of mind as well as body, having carried her hence only a short time before his own day of death. He was buried in Twickenham parish cemetery on Tuesday, and round his grave were grouped Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians, in almost equal numbers and in equal grief.

#### WANTED: A PHILANTHROPIST FOR RESEARCH.

WE are constantly reminded that the Queen rules over more Orientals than any sovereign in the world, and one would, therefore, suppose that the way would be made easy for such of her natural-born subjects as

may wish to acquire some knowledge of Oriental languages or Oriental religions. Yet nothing is so persistently cold-shouldered by the British Government as Oriental studies. To the International Congress of Orientalists just held in Paris came delegates not only from the Asiatic States directly interested, but from nearly every European Power. France, Russia, Austria, Italy—even Holland and Sweden—sent representatives, but the name of England does not appear upon the list. Nor was the omission of our rulers corrected, as sometimes happens, by private enterprise. A sprinkling of professors from Oxford and Cambridge, and a few officials from the British Museum and the Asiatic Society made up nearly the whole of England's contribution to the assembly. Of all the countries there represented, the one that should have been the most interested in the discussion made the poorest show.

The reason for this is, of course, that no Englishman can undertake the study of Orientalism or any other abstruse science unless he is prepared to sacrifice money as well as time. In France, beside the magnificent Ecole du Louvre there is the State-supported Ecole des Hautes Etudes, and a whole host of lesser schools, subsidised "on the ground of public utility," at which a student can obtain the best instruction at a trifling expense. In Austria, Italy, and Germany the same work is in part done by the Imperial and Royal Academies. In America, similar institutions, founded by individual generosity, are springing up every year. But in England a few unpaid chairs at the Universities is all that has been done for what we may fitly call advanced studies. The would-be student must teach himself in the best way that he can, and without the hope of obtaining even honour in return for his labour. The most he can look forward to is the chance of reading a paper on his special subject to a learned society—to which, by the way, he must pay entrance fee and subscription before he can even obtain a hearing. Nor is there any means by which he can turn his dearly acquired knowledge to pecuniary account. No publisher will risk the expense of publishing the result of his researches, for they can never appeal to any but a few readers. Except on the very rare occasions when some accidental circumstance brings his subject immediately before the general public, the reviews are closed to him for the same reason. Is it surprising that many students should drop out of the race altogether, and that two Oriental scholars, of whose work any nation in Europe would have been proud, should have died in England during the last decade in actual want of the necessities of life?

The remedy for this state of things is not at first sight very easy to find. No help is to be looked for from Government, for the Treasury will hardly allow the British Museum enough money to bind its books. We have, indeed, the Civil List and the Royal Literary Fund, but both these institutions aim at relieving destitution when it occurs rather than at preventing its occurrence, and the funds at their disposal are miserably small. What is wanted is some means by which those versed in

advanced studies can find a steady, if small, market for their wares, such as is provided in France by foundations like the Musée Guimet. When the splendid collection which bears this name of objects illustrative of the Science of Religions, was presented by its munificent collector to the State, the latter, on accepting the gift, placed at the disposal of the Minister of Education an annual credit of 40,000 francs, to be devoted to a series of publications to be called the *Annales du Musée Guimet*. With this sum is maintained the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, which appears every two months, and employs a staff of over thirty contributors and reviewers. It also publishes one or two important works on the same subject every year, which are sold at a high and uniform price for the joint benefit of the author and the Museum. And it further provides for the continual issue of a series of popular handbooks published at a price which puts them within the reach of all. Other foundations, such as the Prix Langlois, the Prix Zographos, the Prix Lagrange, and many others, are at the disposal of the Institut de France, and provide for awards of from 1,000 to 10,000 francs being made yearly to the authors of works dealing with different branches of history or linguistics, the particular subject being generally prescribed by the terms of the gift. The richest of these is the great biennial prize of the Institut itself, which provides no less than 20,000 francs every two years for the best work on any branch of advanced study; but there are nearly 100 of the smaller ones. If, therefore, the French student who is proficient in his subject fails to obtain some pecuniary return it is probably because he is deficient in the gifts of tact and expression, the absence of which would probably have insured his failure in any other walk of life.

Here, then, is a way in which some philanthropic lover of learning might do much to take away England's reproach as the most unkind country in the world to scholars. Let him provide a certain sum every year to be given to the author of advanced works dealing with any branch of study that he may affect. A committee to decide on the merits of the works could easily be formed from among our university professors and the members of our learned societies. Such books are written with too much difficulty for the prize to encourage the production of mere trash; nor would the competitors be so numerous as to make the task of judging one of very great difficulty. But the hope of one day obtaining such a reward would go far to put hope into the heart of many a poor student, and the fact that a book had received such a mark of approval would of itself give it a certain pecuniary value. Nor would the cost of printing and publishing the successful studies be excessive. A tiny society like that of Biblical Archaeology manages to use in its proceedings Greek, Coptic, Syriac, and even hieroglyphic and cuneiform text without over-straining its very slender resources, while in these days of photo-zinco-graphy other illustrations could be obtained at a cheap rate. Altogether, the annual



sum of £500, which even at the present rate of interest does not demand a larger capital than £20,000, would probably suffice for the production of one large or several smaller works every year, and yet give a handsome reward to the authors. Cannot one of our rich men be persuaded to provide such a sum? By so doing he would found for himself a monument more enduring than brass.

### CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

THE new novels of the week are noticed at length in another column, and, as usual, in number are well ahead of the output of any other department of letters. The handsomest book of the week is *The Printers of Basle in the XVth and XVIth Centuries*; Mr. Logie Robertson's *Outlines of English Literature* is the smallest; and the most curious is Mr. Heckethorn's two bulky, flaming red volumes dealing with the secret societies of the world. This is a new edition.

We have also received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a new edition of *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, by John Oliver Hobbes, to which the author contributes the following preface:

"The book, written nearly three years ago, has many shortcomings, of which the author is but the more conscious when she remembers the leniency shown by her critics at the time of its first publication. Her aim in writing the novel was to depict two types of human failure—the failure judged by the standard of worldly success, and the failure judged by every standard. The story is one which might have happened better in many other ways, but which happened, nevertheless, in the way described—a study of a whole society, but of a small circle of individuals."

A popular edition of *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* has also been issued on the eve of an advance into the Sudan. The author has shortened the book by striking out much of the historical matter, and many details not of general interest, and has confined this volume, as far as possible, to a narrative of his personal experiences.

### NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- THE EARLY LIFE OF WORDSWORTH, 1770-1798. By Emile Legouis. Translated by J. W. Matthews, with a Prefatory Note by Leslie Stephen. J. M. Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.
- THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORMATION. By Dyson Hague. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- ENGLAND AND INDIA: A RECORD OF PROGRESS DURING A HUNDRED YEARS, 1785-1885. By Romesh C. Dutt. Chatto & Windus. 2s.
- THE STORY OF OUR ENGLISH TOWNS. By P. H. Ditchfield. With Introduction by Augustus Jessop. G. Redway. 6s.
- SHAKESPEARE THE BOY. By W. J. Rolfe. Illustrated. Chatto & Windus.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- THE GIST OF JAPAN. By the Rev. R. B. Peery. Illustrated. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 5s.
- THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THESSALY. By Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P. With Portraits and Maps. John Murray. 9s.
- IN JOYFUL RUSSIA. By John A. Logan, Jun. Illustrated. C. Arthur Pearson. 10s. 6d.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

- HINTS IN GREEK PROSE. By W. C. F. Walters, M.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
- FIRST STEPS IN LATIN PROSE. By W. C. F. Walters, M.A. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.
- THE STORY OF THE PERSIAN WAR, AS TOLD BY HERODOTUS. By C. C. Tancock, M.A. John Murray. 2s. 6d.
- THE TALISMAN ("Sir Walter Scott" Continuous Readers). A. & J. Black.
- HISTORICAL ORNAMENT. By James Ward. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
- OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. Logie Robertson. W. Blackwood & Sons. 1s. 6d.

#### POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

- JAMES CLARENCE MAWGAN: HIS SELECTED POEMS. A Study by Louise Imogen Guiney. John Lane. 5s.
- NEW ESSAYS TOWARDS A CRITICAL METHOD. By J. M. Robertson. John Lane. 6s.

#### SCIENCE.

- GLIMPSES INTO PLANT LIFE. By Mrs. Brightwen. With Illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
- HUMAN SCIENCE LECTURES. By Various Authors. G. Bell & Sons.
- PROGRAMME OF TECHNOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS. (City and Guilds of London Institute.) Whittaker & Co.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

- CURIOSITIES OF BIRD LIFE. By Charles Dixon. G. Redway. 7s. 6d.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE MAGNA CHARTA OF DEMOCRACY. By H. Thompson. W. Reeves. 6d.
- OUR BOYS: BEING A BOOK FOR SCHOOLBOYS AND OTHERS. By Various Preachers. Edited by the Rev. S. B. James. The Roxburghe Press.
- THE PRINTERS OF BASLE IN THE XV. AND XVI. CENTURIES: THEIR BIOGRAPHIES, PRINTED BOOKS AND DEVICES. By C. W. Heckethorn. Unwin Bros. 21s.
- THE ACTOR'S ART. Edited by J. Hamerton. With Contributions by Leading Actors of the Day. G. Redway. 6s.

#### FOREIGN.

- DICTIONNAIRE PROPHÉTIQUE DE LA LANGUE FRANÇAISE. By H. Michaëlis and P. Parry. Carl Meyer. Berlin. 5 francs.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

- THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA. By Alexander Hosie, M.A. G. Philip & Sons. 6s.
- POEMS. By Matthias Bart. Bart & Co.
- THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES: A COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNT OF UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY SECRET ORGANISATIONS. By Charles William Heckethorn. In 3 vols. George Redway. 31s. 6d.
- THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND LORD WICKENHAM. By John Oliver Hobbes. T. Fisher Unwin.
- FIRE AND SWORD IN THE SUDAN. By Rudolf C. Slatin Pasha. Translated by Col. F. R. Wingate. With Map and Illustrations. Edward Arnold. 6s.
- (For Fiction see Supplement.)

### THE BOOK MARKET.

#### THE AUTUMN PUBLISHING SEASON.

##### MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Art.—"The Alphabet," by W. Nicholson, and "The Almanac of Twelve Sports for 1898," by W. Nicholson.

History.—"Unpublished Letters of Napoleon I." translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd, a selection of the Letters suppressed by the Imperial Commission of 1858-1869; "Catherine Sforza: a Study," by Count Pasolini (illustrated); "A History of Dancing," from the French of Gaston Vuillier, with 25 plates and about 400 text illustrations; "The Life of Nelson," a new school-prize edition, with portraits, by Robert Southey, edited by

David Hannay; "The Story of the Greeks," written for children, by H. A. Grueber; "A History of French Literature," by Edw. Dowden, D.C.L., LL.D.; "A History of English Literature," by Edmund Gosse; "A History of Italian Literature," by Richard Garnett, of the British Museum; "A History of Spanish Literature," by J. Fitz-Maurice Kelly; "A History of Japanese Literature," by W. G. Aston; "A History of Modern Scandinavian Literature," by Dr. Georg Brandes; "A History of Sanscrit Literature," by A. A. Macdonnell, M.A.; "A History of Hungarian Literature," by Dr. Zoltan Beöthy; "A History of American Literature," by Moses Coit Tyler; "A History of German Literature," by Dr. C. H. Herford; "A History of Latin Literature," by Dr. A. H. Verrall; "Robert, Earl Nugent: a Memoir," by Claud Nugent; "Sixty Years of Empire: a Symposium," by leading writers, and with portraits; "Women of Homer," by Walter Copland Perry (illustrated).

Philosophy, Science, and Criticism.—"The Non-Religion of the Future," from the French of Marie Jean Guyau; "Lumen," by Camille Flammarion; "William Shakespeare: a Critical Study," by Georg Brandes, translated from the Danish by William Archer and Diana White.

Travel and Adventure.—"Cuba in War Time," by Richard Harding Davis (illustrated); "With the Fighting Japs: Naval Experiences during the late Chino-Japanese War," by J. Chalmers; "My Fourth Tour in Western Australia," by Albert F. Calvert (illustrated); "A History of the Liverpool Privateers," by Gomer Williams.

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## DRAMA.

### THE NEW HAMLET.

THE Hamlet of Mr. Forbes Robertson has been an agreeable surprise. Not but that this scholarly and well-graced actor, with his clear and cadenced delivery, was fully expected to acquit himself cleverly in a part in which, according to the tradition of the stage, "no actor has been known to fail." He has done more than come up to expectation: he has gone some way towards recasting once more the popular conception of the character—for, curiously enough, every dramatic age has its favourite type of Hamlet. The Hamlet of the Kean school—impetuous, impulsive, explosive—lasted well into the present generation. Through the accretion of conventional business it ultimately diverged a good deal from the Hamlet of the student of Shakespeare; it was, to quote a contemporary critic, "essentially a Hamlet of the stage, aiming at theatrical effectiveness, with variations and embroideries of immaterial quality." Sir Henry Irving introduced the psychological Hamlet, who has prevailed until our own time; and now comes Mr. Forbes Robertson with a treatment which from its success, as well as its simplicity, is extremely likely to find imitators, and perhaps—though in matters dramatic it is never safe to prophesy—establish a vogue of its own. In its technical sense Mr. Forbes Robertson has done with "psychology," as likewise with the crack-brained manner of fifty years ago. He does not feel at all with Schlegel that Hamlet is "an enigmatic character resembling those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains that will in no wise admit of a solution." At all events, there is no evidence of such a feeling in his embodiment. The Hamlet of the present Lyceum production is one of a wholly novel complexion; and now that we see it done it is as easy in appearance as Columbus's way of making the egg stand on end. He simply discards the insanity theory altogether.

How has the idea grown up that in addition to feigning insanity for his own ends, Hamlet was himself a little off his mental equilibrium? It is difficult to say. All the leading commentators have favoured the insanity view; that is, like Goethe, they

maintain that it was the design of the poet to represent his hero as a man whose reason had been disturbed by the shock of too difficult a task. If I might hazard a guess, I would say that Shakespeare had in his eye what modern medical science would call a neuropathic patient. Neuropathy implies a certain instability of mind and character; but though a kindred ailment, it is certainly not to be classed with insanity, otherwise our already crowded asylums would be overflowing. The poetic and artistic nature is often distinctly neuropathic. As a close observer of human nature, Shakespeare, I imagine, treated neuropathy in Hamlet; for the thing existed, though it had not yet found a name; and the commentators in their ignorance of the refinements of modern science jumped to conclusions regarding the Prince's mental condition, which the facts, strictly speaking, did not justify. Dr. Hughlings-Jackson, Dr. Maudsley, or Dr. Ferrier would know exactly how to class Hamlet, though the great literary critics have failed to do so satisfactorily. Such a view seems to me at least highly plausible, and it is worked out by Mr. Forbes Robertson on undeniably convincing lines.

ASSUMING Hamlet's insanity to be mere feigning, certain consequences naturally follow. These need no frenzied or maniacal action, no wild and whirling words, no dis-tempered raving on Hamlet's part; nothing, in short, need be attempted by the actor unbecoming to a scholar and a gentleman, except when he is fooling Polonius and others to the top of their bent. If this strikes old stagers as a flat and unprofitable reading, they may be counselled to see it before passing an adverse judgment. It is an extraordinarily consistent interpretation which Mr. Forbes Robertson gives; the key-note to whatever may appear eccentric in it being given in that line wherein Hamlet engages to "put an antic disposition on." And not only is consistency studied, but the marked absence of those symptoms of a disordered mind which are noticeable even in Mr. Tree's fine performance, seems to bring Mr. Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet" more within the range of human sympathies. When Mr. Tree, for example, writes upon his tablets, he crouches in the red glare of a fire in the attitude of a Bedlamite. In the play-scene again he and other modern Hamlets indulge in the wildest extravagance. This may be theatrically effective, as the saying is, but it is certainly destructive of sympathy with the sorely distraught prince. In order that the springs of sympathy may be touched, the audience must feel that the sufferer is a human being of like nature to themselves, which a maniacal Hamlet is not. Sympathetic, natural, over-wrought, no doubt, but eminently human and lovable—such are the main characteristics of this remarkably fresh and interesting impersonation!

THE innovations in the matter of *mise-en-scène*, to which reference was made last week, show that where boldness in the treatment of the play seems advantageous, Mr. Forbes Robertson is not found wanting. By some the introduction of Fortinbras and

his soldiers at the close is pronounced an anti-climax. It does not so strike me. On the contrary, it is a relief to the gloom of the tragic ending, an agreeable reminder of the truth of Schiller's line, that :

"Die Welt wird alt und wird wieder jung."

It brings before us this curious fact, moreover, that for the few minutes that he survives Claudius and the Queen, Hamlet is King of Denmark, a monarch to whom it is meet that military honours should be paid, which the soldiers of Fortinbras accordingly render him by bearing off his body on their shields. The Ophelia of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a study in prettiness and daintiness, the actress making a point of toning down all the disagreeable features of the heroine's insanity. This is a reading of debateable propriety, but the effect produced is pleasing and æsthetic.

"In the Days of the Duke," the new melodrama which Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Comyns Carr have provided for the Adelphi, follows the time-honoured formula in this class of piece, that the hero should suffer much undeserved persecution at the hands of a couple of villains before poetic justice is done. But the authors have chosen a more indirect and less effective way of carrying out their purpose than the late Henry Pettitt and their other predecessors. The story opens in India in the year 1800, when General Aylmer is discovered holding a hill fort against an enemy of overwhelming strength. A Colonel Lanson plays the traitor by admitting the enemy at one of the gates, but in the nick Colonel Wellesley, as "the Duke" was then called (the Duke being, of course, Wellington), arrives upon the scene with a relieving force. Colonel Wellesley comes too late, however, to save General Aylmer, who, having discovered the treachery, is shot dead by Lanson. Afterwards, by means of an ambiguous document, Lanson, with whom, as the lawyers say, is O'Mara, an Irish adventurer, seeks to throw the odium of the treachery upon the general himself, and it is the general's son, the hero of the play, who suffers mainly from this action. When young Captain Aylmer would vindicate his father's memory his mouth is closed by the apparent evidence of his father's guilt, until in due time the truth is revealed.

The primary piece of villainy is set forth in a prologue; and its consequences are described in the play proper, which dates fourteen years later. As the vindication of General Aylmer's memory is the sole motive of the play, one unfortunate effect of the dramatic scheme adopted by the authors is that the characters are constantly discussing the events of long ago. This, on the stage, is a tiresome proceeding. It is eminently undramatic. When one person meets another on the stage, sits down, bids his friend take a chair, and begins, "Five-and-twenty years ago," &c., the average playgoer ceases to listen. I do not mean to imply that Messrs. Chambers and Carr do anything

quite so tactless as that, but they strangely ignore the principle that the events mainly interesting to a theatrical audience are those which evolve under their eyes. However, the play has been sumptuously mounted, the dresses, military and civil, of the period making a brave show. There is a strong cast, including Terriss, who doubles the parts of General Aylmer and his son; Cartwright and Beveridge as the villains; Miss Marion Terry as the general's wife and also persecuted widow; Miss Millward as the heroine; but it cannot be said that they have occupation worthy of their talents. The Duke himself, played, or rather embodied, by Fulton, is merely a lay figure who reads despatches with knitted eyebrows and gives orders in a peremptory military manner. Despite his nose, which is more than Wellingtonian, the authors do not contrive to make us feel that this is in truth the Iron Duke; nor, in the fourth act, that we are on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. A great impending battle is talked of, but for all the effect produced upon our minds it might be a contemplated picnic. As a spectacle, however, the play will attract. It contains a realistic duel, a *bal masqué* in Paris, and, above all, a highly coloured representation of the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo.

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

A WITTY writer once remarked that he liked to see the British public flocking to a thoroughly naughty play; it was so good for them to be shocked. On the same principle we may feel glad that foreign nations should be taking special pains just now to show us how hopelessly hide-bound and insular we are in regard to matters outside our immediate interest. Great Britain has the largest dependencies in the world among savage or alien peoples, a knowledge of whose customs and modes of thought is indispensable for proper government. It is one thing to win their territories; it is quite another to win their hearts. Yet what efforts does Great Britain make to ensure a tolerable acquaintance with native peculiarities among the men she sends out to India and the Colonies? Were it not for an individual spirit of adventure in the race, which gives us men like Burton, Palmer, and Layard, we should be colossal in our ignorance of the East. Mere ignorance, perhaps, does not affect us much. What we dislike is to be told that others know more, and of this kind of information there is plenty to hand. The British Association has been agitating very hard for the formation of an Ethnological Bureau, on the lines of the admirable institutions which exist in America, for studying native races and customs. Perhaps we may see this formed in time. Then we have had the Congress of Orientalists at Paris, where the distinguished English scholars who were present could not help noticing with pain how much more

was done towards a study of the East by continental Governments having only a tithe of Great Britain's interest in it. The *Times* says, and one must re-echo the sentiment :

"It is impossible to close a notice without pointing out the sense among the English members of the great part being taken in the work by foreign scholars. . . . The daily intercourse with the distinguished teachers at the great Oriental school here, and of the splendidly equipped Oriental schools of Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, have been a constant reminder of the deplorable absence of anything at all comparable in the capital of England, whose Oriental Empire is so large and so important. Now that other Governments are moving so rapidly, is it not time that the English Government should begin to take practical steps towards the adequate provision of an Oriental school?"

SUFFICIENT attention has not yet been drawn to the usefulness of the work which Prof. John Milne and his seismographs are carrying out in the Isle of Wight. To the general public it may seem a somewhat superfluous thing to obtain records of distant earthquakes, and many people, no doubt, regard Prof. Milne as a harmless hobbyist who likes writing to the papers. There are several very practical outlets for his hobby, however, as the lecture he has recently delivered at Toronto shows. One of these is the importance of submarine outbreaks in determining the best position for cables. If outbreaks can be shown to occur in groups or definite lines, a basis is provided for localising the most suitable routes for cables. On the coast of Japan such work has actually been done, and areas have been marked off through which it would be inviting destruction to take a cable. Seismographic records, again, afford a frequent clue to the breaking of cables, and may even save in time to locate them. By the differences in vibration, it is already possible to tell whether the disturbance has travelled 7,000 or 10,000 miles. In countries affected by earthquakes, a systematic survey of the conditions gives a basis for determining both the best methods and the best sites for building. But more important, at first sight, than even its practical potentialities is the promise which seismography seems to give of throwing light on the vexed question of the age and structure of the earth. We live, as Prof. Perry has said, on a huge object 8,000 miles thick, of which we know little more than the bare skin. Lord Kelvin has calculated that the inside must be rigid, owing to the pressure, but yet enormously hot; geologists think it must be liquid; magneticians are in a state of ignorant wonder about it. Prof. Milne has shown that earth tremors 7,000 miles distant are recorded on a seismograph at the Isle of Wight, and that the rate of transmission—calculating the times of occurrence and of record—may reach as much as fifteen kilometres per second. What this means no one can tell. It is far higher than the velocity which one might expect from the known properties of rock—five times as high, in fact. The messages have come, not along the surface, but through the actual body of the earth. So, at least, we

must suppose, and if this be so, a more accurate determination of the rate of transit will be a step towards the correct solution of the problem of the earth's rigidity.

H. C. M.

## MUSIC.

### RIP VAN WINKLE.

EVERYBODY has probably read the story of Rip and his twenty years' sleep on the Kaatskill Mountains, enjoyed its humour, and felt its pathos; and in selecting that story as the basis of an opera Messrs. Akerman and Leoni, librettist and composer of the work recently produced at Her Majesty's Theatre no doubt thought to attract the interest and enlist the sympathy of the public from the very outset; and for an audience to be more or less in possession of the argument of a play before the rise of the curtain is no doubt an advantage. This, however, will be considerably diminished if the alterations and additions made for stage purposes are not suitably managed. Sufficient of the original story must remain so as to keep in touch, as it were, with the train of thought evoked by memory in the audience; and whatever changes are made should grow out of the story, and thus strengthen it. Mr. Akerman, however, does not seem to me to have shown proper tact in this respect. Rip is well drawn, except, perhaps, for certain Hibernicisms, which Mr. Hedmond, the admirable impersonator, curiously intensifies by an Irish brogue, and which seem out of place; yet even here one misses the faithful dog who followed his master in all his rambles.

M. Leoni is known as the composer of some tasteful songs, and of a clever cantata—"Sardanapalus"—performed in London a season or two back. The music of Rip Van Winkle, although not in all respects satisfactory, certainly adds to his reputation. Its principal defect is lack of originality. It reminds us of many composers; of Mr. Leoni himself there seems little trace. Strong influences, of course, interfere with individuality; and in listening to new music the familiar strikes one sooner than the unfamiliar. Yet in the early, in fact the earliest, works of Beethoven, although they are exceedingly Mozartish both in form and spirit, there are flashes which proclaim the coming master. Wagner, again, was at first overshadowed by Weber and over-impressed by Meyerbeer, but his genius, even at the outset, was not completely hidden. It is fairly easy to single out those early forecasts of strong individuality now that the career of those men, from the beginning to the close, has been revealed to us. So that it behoves one to be cautious in judging Mr. Leoni; there may be in him more than one suspects. The influence of Wagner is one from which no musician worthy of the name can escape; yet it often tempts composers beyond their strength. Mr. Leoni is thus tempted. One can feel now and again in his music that the armour of Wagner is too heavy for him.

Moreover, in his music there is a lack

of homogeneity. There are certain numbers in it which remind one of the opera of the past, while many pages are in the style of the music-drama of the present; in time there may be a happy fusion. For the subject which Mr. Leoni was illustrating I think simpler treatment throughout would have proved more satisfactory.

Fault-finding, however, is only the half of a critic's duty. The score has its good, nay its strong, points. Of skill there is considerable display, and yet the writing is not dry; and there is at times freshness and charm, especially in the choral numbers.

As regards the performance, Mr. Hedmond as "Rip" claims chief notice. He was in excellent voice, and his acting deserves very high praise. He made the most of his part, yet without exaggeration. Mr. Linwood was very good as Derrick, the lawyer; Miss Attalie Claire was fairly successful as Gretchen; Miss Ada Davies sang her solo in the third act in sympathetic manner; Miss Ross-Selwicke impersonated with effect the "Spirit of the Mountains"; and Miss Nellie Reed was a funny little Gnome. Mr. S. P. Waddington, the conductor, acquitted himself well of his task. The piece was admirably mounted.

J. S. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CHRONOLOGY OF IRISH TEXTS.

Veulettes: Sept. 6.

I object to the statement that the Irish legendary texts "in their present form were composed or recomposed *mainly* [the italics are mine] between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries—i.e., in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," simply because it is not accurate. The texts of the older cycles, the so-called mythological and the Ultonian cycles, are *mainly* preserved in MSS. copied before 1150 from older MSS. Such texts of these cycles as are only extant in thirteenth century or later MSS. can *mainly* be traced back to an earlier period with absolute certainty.

The point is of some importance. It used to be the fashion in the old uncritical days to antedate Irish romantic legend; it is now the fashion to postdate it by the unwarranted assumption that the date of transcription is equivalent to that of the composition of a text. The former error was, as a rule, so glaring that it could hardly mislead any scholar; the latter has a spurious critical aspect which makes it much more insidiously misleading. In this connexion I would urge writers on Irish literature to give up the detestable practice of referring to the MS. and not to the particular text contained in that MS. from which they are quoting. What would be thought of a writer on Greek literature who never referred to Homer, Plato, Apollodorus, Manetho, or Plutarch, but simply to Didot's *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Græcorum*? It is quite as absurd to refer only to the Book of Leinster or the Book of Ballymote. The former MS., for instance, contains upwards of two hundred different texts ranging demonstrably over a period of 350 years, and inferentially over a period of 600 years. Yet the common practice is to quote them as if all stood on the same level. The same may be said of the Book of Ballymote, and the Book of Leoni; and as these MSS. were transcribed from 150 to 300 years after the Book of Leinster, texts quoted from them are assigned to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, even if they correspond exactly with the Book of Leinster version.

As this correspondence arose out of Mr. Borlase's theory that the Irish mythological legends were imported from the Continent in the fifth and sixth centuries, I may be allowed to call attention to the thesis recently sustained at the Sorbonne by M. Ch. Andler, *Maître de Conférences* at the Ecole Normale. The title runs: "Quid ad fabulas heroicas Germanorum Hiberni contulerint." The author examines the legends of Wieland, of the Nibelungs, of Walter and Hilda. The conclusion he comes to is, that all three have their sources in Irish mythic legend; that from Ireland they passed to the Anglo-Saxons, and from thence to the Continental Germans, while the Scandinavians received them partly direct from the Irish, partly through the medium of the Continental Germans. The various parallels relied upon by Prof. Zimmer to prove the partial dependence of Irish upon Teutonic legend are interpreted by M. Andler in a precisely opposite sense.

If I were the Celtomaniac I have sometimes been called, I should cry up M. Andler (whose thesis is interesting and suggestive) as the latest and chief authority on the subject. As it is, I can only express the same disbelief in the wholesale Irish origin of Teutonic legend that I expressed in Prof. Zimmer's theory of extensive Teutonic influence on Irish legend, or in Mr. Borlase's theory of the origin of Irish mythology.

ALFRED NUTT.

MR. LINTON AND D. G. ROSSETTI.

Finchley: Sept. 13.

Permit me to point out to your correspondent of last week that my article in *Good Words* for August, so far from being an "attack" upon Dante G. Rossetti, was one of enthusiastic and unqualified praise. Also that I yield to no one in admiration of the genius of Mr. W. J. Linton as an engraver, and congratulate myself in having drawn out his expressions of regard for Rossetti's art. I accept, too, his correction: but that my memory is not at fault as to the dissatisfaction (just or unjust) of Rossetti and his friends with the engravings is shown by Mr. Ruskin's words on these very cuts in his *Elements of Drawing*, first edition, 1857, p. 343, where he writes: "They are terribly spoiled in the cutting, and generally the best part, the expression of feature, entirely lost."

THOMAS SULMAN.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND."

Gunnersbury: Sept. 10.

You do good service by stirring up that somewhat short-winded trumpeter, Fame, on behalf of Mr. Richard Whiteing. *The Island* is not, you will be glad to hear, "an only" book. Mr. Whiteing produced many years ago an inimitable work of humour entitled *Mr. Sprouts and His Opinions*. The subject was the costermonger, who, for the singular edification of the ironist, is continually in the best society. The book appeared, alas! when costermongers, though themselves filled with the spirit of exploration, were still undiscovered. Consequently it failed of a "boom." In itself the book was whimsical, droll, tender, farcical, impossible. Its realism was much less distinct than Mr. Phil May's and Mr. Arthur Morrison's. The author had seen things, but seen them very much as he chose. I confess that I have been surprised to observe that no anti-gambler of Mr. Sprout's degree of education has joined him in turning the Oaks into "the Hoax." I would feel ashamed at calling attention to a pun, but I feel sure that no reader of the ACADEMY will recognise it as such.

W. H. CHESSEX.

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The whole of Wordsworth's spiritual crisis centred round the French Revolution; and this connexion with France makes the author's labour doubly a labour of love to him. He shows for the first time the important influence exercised upon Wordsworth by the Republican captain Beaupuy, whom Wordsworth met during his second French tour. Beaupuy it was that awakened the young nature-worshipper's enthusiasm for humanity and belief in human perfectibility, afterwards confirmed by the philosophical lessons of Godwin. With the failure of the Revolution came slow and reluctant reaction, and distrust of Godwin's principles. For a time he was on the brink of pessimism. M. Legouis traces in detail how he was gradually healed by the influence of nature and his sister Dorothy; how the reverence for humanity remained, though the vision of human perfectibility vanished;

and how finally the mystical philosophy of Coleridge cemented the two-fold love of man and nature into the coherent edifice which all Wordsworthians know.

The final portion of the book is occupied by a review of Wordsworth's poetic characteristics, singularly understanding to have come from a French mind. His account of the famous distinction between Imagination and Fancy, nevertheless, hardly seems to grasp all that Wordsworth intended by it. With all Wordsworth's want of adequate admiration for his friend's poetry, he would hardly, we think, have denied imagination to Coleridge, or set him down as belonging to the lower order of purely fanciful poets. Yet so M. Legouis does, in the evident belief that he has Wordsworth's authority for the classification. On the other hand, he clearly understands the important part Wordsworth assigns to the senses. He discerningly says that Wordsworth's poetry comes purely through the eye and ear; that scent and taste have no part in it. He concludes that Wordsworth's sense of taste was as deficient as he himself avowed his sense of smell to be. There can be little doubt of it. It is well known that any affection of the sense of smell physiologically involves the sense of taste. But when M. Legouis proceeds to argue from the extreme temperance of Wordsworth's poetry a deficiency in animal sensibility he both shows deficient knowledge of psychology and contradicts the poet's private assertion that he abstained from love-poetry because his poems would be too warm. And some know that he spoke the truth. But these are details. M. Legouis has written a book which must interest the English reader, and may even make a few more French readers learn English.

## RALEIGH AGAIN.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.* By Martin A. S. Hume. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

SOME two or three weeks ago we had occasion to notice Mr. John Buchan's sympathetic and penetrating study of Sir Walter Raleigh. To-day there comes into our hands another monograph on the same fascinating personality, written on a larger scale than Mr. Buchan's, and biographical rather than critical in its intent. It would almost seem as if Raleigh were about to usurp the place so long held in the popular estimation by Sir Philip Sidney as the leading and typical Englishman of "the spacious times." To our own mind, indeed, Sidney is a trifle self-conscious, and, again, perhaps too impeccable to be completely interesting. It is difficult to get him from the pedestal on which his contemporaries placed him to the level of common humanity. And even when you mine beneath the traditionary presentment into the real individuality, you find that Shakespeare has done it all before you in "Hamlet." Raleigh, on the other hand, is full of problems, an unexhausted field for the historian and the psychologist. He is certainly not impeccable, but he is as



picturesque as Sidney, and for his very vices and meannesses assuredly the more typical, the more Elizabethan, the more humane.

The volume now before us is by Major Martin Hume, who has already won golden opinions for his book on *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth* and for a number of essays and detached studies dealing with the same period of English history. Major Hume has many of the essential qualifications of an historian. The stern discipline of editing State Papers has given him accuracy and the scholar's habit; and to these he adds a capacity for vigorous and effective narrative, without which the most learned treatise can only fail of its aim through sheer tediousness. For the historian, who would catch and keep an audience, must needs be artist as well as scholar: otherwise is he condemned to the collecting of material to serve for the masterpieces of better men. Major Hume is no dry-as-dust pedant. He gives you the impression of large resources and a reserve of learning; but at the same time he can hold your attention and ensure that what he has to say will not be lost upon wandering ears. One almost hopes to find in him the man destined to fill up the gap between Froude and Gardiner, and to write the unwritten history of the last fifteen years of Elizabeth.

Major Hume is interested in the many-faceted Raleigh, primarily as the great navigator and coloniser, and as the first man to form clearly the magnificent vision of a Greater Britain. The biography, indeed, appears as the first volume of a series to be called "Builders of Greater Britain," and to be entrusted to various writers under the general editorship of Mr. H. F. Wilson, of the Colonial Office. Great stress is therefore laid on the details of Raleigh's voyages to Virginia and to Guiana, and by the help of maps and plans Major Hume attempts to make the objects and conduct of these expeditions clearer than before. He brings out very convincingly the point that they were no mere filibustering raids in search of gold or jewels, but deliberate essays after colonisation in pursuance of a settled policy which was Raleigh's darling dream. Where possible, Major Hume quotes from Raleigh's own inimitable narratives of his adventures, and very vivid some of these extracts are. What a happy pastoral note Raleigh touches in his description of the first entry into the Canaan which was Guiana!

"The plains without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, the deer crossing every path, the birds towards evening singing on every tree, with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white crimson and carnation perched on the river-side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone we stooped to take up promising either gold or silver by his complexion."

Major Hume is not, however, so much absorbed in Raleigh's ideals of empire as to be unable to do justice to other aspects of his chequered career. His accounts of such stirring events as the capture of Cadiz, in 1596, and the abortive rebellion of Essex, in 1601, are admirable examples of descriptive writing. And in the narrative of Raleigh's

judicial murder an oft-told tale is retold with sympathy, good feeling, and restraint:

"Most solemnly, and with convincing eloquence, he told his story once again. He called God to witness, with his dying breath, that he was a loyal Englishman, and had had no treaties with the French, that he had had no hand in the death of Essex, and that his action in the Guiana expedition had been throughout honest and sincere. He indignantly refuted the lies of Manourie and Stukeley as to his alleged disloyal expression and his intentions, and then calmly and cheerfully prepared for the end. 'I have a long journey to go,' he said, as he put off his long velvet gown and satin doublet, and then he asked the headsmen to let him see the axe. 'Dost thou think I am afraid of it?' Then, smiling as he handed it back, he said to the Sheriff: 'This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases.' When he was asked which way he would lie upon the block, he replied, 'So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.' Then, at two strokes, the wise white head fell, and one of the brightest geniuses that England ever saw was offered up, a fruitless sacrifice to the cause of an impossible alliance with the power whose arrogance he had dared to withstand."

The last word has not been yet said, and is not likely to be said for some while, upon Raleigh's character and ambitions. The diligence of the earlier biographers, Oldys, Edwardes, and Mr. Stebbing, has pretty well exhausted the sources of personal and historical fact that are open to us. Major Hume has, however, been fortunate enough to come across two unpublished letters from Raleigh to Lord Carew, and also a number of letters from Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador to the court of King James, which are preserved at Simancas and at Madrid. These are of very considerable importance; for they set in a very clear light the intrigues by which Raleigh was permitted to go upon his last and fatal expedition. More than ever it is evident that he was the victim of a deeply laid plot of Gondomar's for the re-establishment of Spanish prestige in South America, and the price paid by a degenerate English King for an unnatural friendship with the hereditary enemy of his country. Major Hume's book is at once a considerable contribution to Raleigh literature, and a rung in the ladder of his own well-deserved reputation as an historian.

#### THE GREAT CARTHAGINIAN.

*Hannibal.* By William O'Connor Morris.  
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

It is the custom of Continental critics to compare modern England with ancient Carthage. Such a resemblance has about it a superficial probability, but on examination cannot be maintained. It is true enough that Carthage was emphatically a sea-power; her ships were in every port, and her citizens had something of that restless enterprise which has characterised the English race. Beyond this, however, the contrast between the ancient and modern city is striking enough. Carthage, indeed, fell before Rome from the very want of those stubborn and vital qualities which have created the British Empire. With no national feeling, a mere

conglomeration of petty nationalities, this city had never learnt the art of government. We hold our empire at the present time largely through the nice latitude granted to subject nations; while Carthage was a severe oppressor, and exercised tyranny rather than power. We might almost say that England had happily blended a mighty commerce more than Carthaginian with a patience and stolidity almost Roman. Carthage was never for one moment a match for the young and lusty republic of Rome, and her success in continuing so unequal a struggle for so long a time is due to one man, and one man only, Hannibal. We have no wish to depreciate the sagacity and various qualities of Hamilcar, but it was fated that he should play the part of Philip rather than that of Alexander. Of Hannibal himself it is difficult to speak with any moderation of praise. He easily surpasses, with one possible exception, the greatest captains of the ancient and modern world.

It is frequently objected that in the altered conditions of modern warfare the Punic strategy would have little effect; but such an objection seems to us futile in the extreme. The art of the commander has been, and always will be, to discern certain conditions, and then to act to the best possible advantage. It might even be said that the character of war has not changed in any essential, but that operations are now conducted with far greater rapidity and completeness. In this connexion it may be well to quote the saying of Napoleon himself, an ardent admirer of the Carthaginian: "Si Gustave-Adolphe ou Turenne arrivaient dans un de nos camps à la veille d'une bataille, ils pourraient commander l'armée des le lendemain, mais si Alexandre, César ou Annibal revenaient ainsi des Champs Élysées il leur faudrait au moins un ou deux mois." It may also be remarked that, though new forces have arisen, they are available for both sides, and capable of the same direction and effect.

We have said that Hannibal surpasses all captains with one possible exception; that sole exception is Napoleon. The art of a commander may roughly be divided into strategy and tactics. We are aware that certain military authorities recognise no distinction between the two operations; but to the civilian that distinction is at least convenient. Strategy, then, may be called the conduct of all those manoeuvres necessary to bring an army into given positions before actual conflict. The art of tactics concerns chiefly the movements of a general on the field of battle. It will easily be seen that while the one chiefly demands conception allied with rapidity, the other depends chiefly on intuition and execution. As a strategist, then, Napoleon may be called the more dazzling, but he left more to chance than did Hannibal, and the plans of the latter were more thoroughly thought out. Hannibal was quite incapable of either the Russian campaign or the projected English invasion. And here we may point out a very common error made in the estimation of Hannibal. As the author of this fascinating book points out, it was never the intention of Hannibal to make a single-handed expedition against Rome.

His design was to form a vast league of disaffected peoples, which was to be launched on Rome at the proper moment. That he never succeeded in really detaching a strong force of subject states is a high tribute to the tolerance of Roman government, but the design should be perceived. In the matter of tactics Hannibal was surely the superior of Napoleon. Never swayed by impulse, calm at the most hazardous moment, patient even in pursuit, and moderate in victory, his conduct on the field appears perfect. The great battle of Cannæ would appear to have been won, on a superficial examination, by the cavalry of Hasdrubal, but the whole design and calculation must be ascribed to Hannibal. Nor, as is well pointed out here, has the career of Hannibal taken on any glamour from tradition or history. Indeed, our chief authority on the Punic War, Livy, cannot conceal a certain bitter animosity against the man who so signally worsted the legions. It must be remembered, too, that while Napoleon had the whole resources of France at his back, an obedient government, and enthusiastic nation, Hannibal left at home a numerous party strongly opposed to his policy; had under him a mere medley of different races, and was rarely supplied from Carthage. Though it may be argued that the Corsican fought the whole world, and that his area of conquest was far more extensive, still it is doubtful whether he had ever to face such a foe as the Roman republic. The Austrians were brave but wretchedly led, the Russians were far from being the force they now are, and we ourselves never showed those magnificent qualities which the Romans continually displayed against Hannibal. We have been at some pains to draw out a comparison between Hannibal and Napoleon with the object of proving the real superiority of the former as a captain; but it is not merely as a captain that Hannibal is to be judged. Examine his conduct after Zama, a battle frequently compared with Waterloo! Hannibal has been completely defeated by an altogether inferior general, who had shown even here no strategy of the first class. It was a moment, then, when the greatest of men might be excused for showing some pettiness or rashness. But Hannibal did not scurry from the field with a cry of "Sauvons nous!" but calmly sought an interview with Scipio, and with consummate coolness succeeded in making the best terms possible for his country. This act, even more than the passage of the Alps, the strategy of Cannæ, or the stubborn stay in Bruttium, stamps the man as great among the great. One curious faculty of commanders which has, we think, never been sufficiently illustrated, is a certain intuition which leads them to divine the character of an opposing general. Thus Hannibal appears to have known exactly how to draw Flaminius into an ambush. Wellington so accurately measured the capacity of Soult that on more than one occasion he executed most perilous manoeuvres implicitly relying on a certain over-caution, which was the chief failing in that most scientific soldier. Marlborough, too, by playing on the vanity of Charles XII.,

succeeded in sending him off to his doom in Russia. That Hannibal was a real patriot cannot, we think, be doubted; but we cannot altogether agree with Mr. Morris's estimate of his statesmanship. He is also inclined to over-praise his hero; but it must be admitted that however high the panegyric, the author supports it with evidence always weighty and often indisputable.

#### "SCIENTIFIC" CRITICISM.

*New Essays Towards a Critical Method.* By John Mackinnon Robertson. (John Lane.)

We have, most of us, so entirely made up our minds that criticism is an art and not a science that the suggestion of a "scientific" criticism or a "science" of criticism is apt to arouse a spirit of antagonism. But Mr. Robertson's "science" turns out, on examination, to be by no means so revolutionary a conception as its name might lead us to suppose. He is not striving to apply chemical formulæ or the differential calculus to literary criticism. He merely asks for a more elaborate and comprehensive examination of the grounds of criticism before judgment is pronounced. He would have us examine in a judicial or "scientific" spirit the poet's character and environment with a glance at his hereditary predispositions and, if procurable, an inspection of his "bumps" and his cerebral lesions before proceeding to pronounce upon the works which those predispositions and bumps and cerebral lesions have or have not contributed to produce. We are, in fact, to recognise the "pathological" element (p. 50) in Rossetti, Poe's "cerebral derangement," and the "psycho-physiological" elements, familiar to readers of Dr. Nordau, which help or hinder the production of masterpieces. Quoting a rough definition in the first essay in this book, that on "The Theory and Practice of Criticism," we might describe this critical science as "the science of consistency in appreciation, since the science of that would involve the systematic study of all causes—in ourselves, in a book, in an author—which go to determine our individual judgments." From this it seems to us that what Mr. Robertson is aiming at might be more fairly called "systematic" than "scientific" criticism.

When all is said, honest criticism must resolve itself finally into the expression of the individual critic's honest opinion, guarded by himself as far as possible against errors of prejudice to which he may feel himself liable, but still in the last resort only an individual opinion. This can never possess that finality which we are apt to associate with the word "scientific," though the method of its expression may be made as "systematic" as you please. The critic may, in every case, set forth clearly at the beginning of his criticism an account of his author's life and tendencies, and the life and tendencies of his parents. He may follow this up, also in every case, by an account of what all the other critics of established

repute have at various times said about him, with a glance at *their* lives and tendencies, if necessary, to the third and fourth generation; but, when all this has been done, the important part of the essay will still be the expression of the particular critic's own opinion, and the grounds on which he bases it. Mr. Robertson, in fact, seems to us, in his eagerness to defend his theory, to forget that what we really want in a criticism is a judgment on poems rather than on poets. In his own essay on Edgar Allan Poe he devotes a large portion of his space to the defence of Poe's moral character from the aspersions of Griswold and others, and the defence is a very able and painstaking one; but it has nothing to do with Poe's works either in prose or verse. It is no doubt true that Poe's essays and criticisms suffered from the fact that he was overworked, that he was ill, that he was intoxicated, what you will. But all that is beside the question. Is Poe's work good or bad? That is the interesting question for the reader, and the critic's duty is to estimate its merits and, if necessary, point out its defects. He is not asked, except incidentally, to account for them. Still less is he asked to excuse or palliate them. That belongs to a different branch of inquiry altogether. It has nothing to do with literature. It is a question of biography. The "Life" of Poe and the "Works" of Poe are quite different matters, and should be treated in distinct works. They should probably also be treated by distinct people, as requiring distinct aptitudes for their efficient discussion. Mr. Robertson, in fact, is a sort of amiable Dr. Nordau, though he disapproves highly of many of that writer's conclusions. He, too, has his psycho-physiological inquiries, and the rest of the armoury of scientific terms, but he approaches his subjects in a sympathetic instead of an antipathetic spirit. Dr. Nordau clapped all our geniuses in strait-waistcoats and angrily despatched our Decadents to lunatic asylums. Mr. Robertson's mood is kindlier. He recognises symptoms of Degeneracy, cerebral lesions, and the rest, but only to remark how wonderful it is that these very afflictions which unfit their victim in so many cases for the ordinary struggle of existence should apparently actually assist in the production of great artistic and literary works. In other words, Dr. Nordau, with his real hatred of literature, loves to assign a disreputable origin to the poems which he does not appreciate. Mr. Robertson appreciates the poems, and notes their origin—if it be their origin—with that judicial, sympathetic impartiality with which the ordinary physician notes the origin of the common cold. He writes of Coleridge:

"It may seem an extravagant thing to say, but I cannot doubt that the special quality of this felicitous work (*Kubla Khan, The Ancient Mariner, Love, The Ballad of the Dark Ladie*) is to be attributed to its being all conceived and composed under the influence of opium in the first stages of the indulgence, the stages, that is, in which he himself felt as if new born, before the new appetite itself proved to be a disease. There is a difficulty about the dating of *Kubla Khan*, which Coleridge himself attributed to 1797, but which Mr. Campbell thinks may

belong to 1798. In any case, the particular opium-eating which produced *Kubla Khan*, declared by Coleridge to have been his first indulgence, is known not to have been the very first; and the psychological peculiarity of the shorter poem is essentially that of the longer."

And again:

"Opium was for him one more determinant; and in the first stage, before his fibre was sodden or degenerate with it, it might well be the most marvellous of all the influences he underwent. And it ought surely to be rather a comfort than otherwise thus to find a soul of goodness in the evil thing, to see a compensation in his weakness, rather than merely to deplore and denounce it. . . . Nay, a world which at best does but carry from age to age certain saved handfuls of beauty and wisdom to show for an infinity of striving lives cannot pronounce the case of Coleridge to be very much out of the common way."

This is, we agree with Mr. Robertson, not merely a more sympathetic, but also a more scientific method of treating such symptoms of "degeneracy" as Coleridge's opium-eating than Dr. Nordau's vituperative paragraphs. In fact, to use his own words:

"A Degenerate must have some qualities in common with his normal or undegenerate neighbours. The business of psycho-physiological criticism is to ascertain whether special developments of any qualities are, or are not, necessarily phases of degeneration; and even when the point is ascertained we have not reduced the flawed poet, as Dr. Nordau apparently supposes, to the status of the mad-house patient."

Mr. Robertson's own criticisms are, in the main, sound, and free from those eccentricities of judgment against which his "scientific" methods are evidently intended to guard. He marshals his facts with considerable care and ability, and, though he labours under a rather unwieldy style, his essays are generally interesting and readable. Besides the essays on "The Theory and Practice of Criticism," "Poe," and "Coleridge"—above referred to—the volume deals with Shelley, Keats, Burns, and "Stevenson on Burns." There is also a curious appreciation of Clough's verse, which we may deal with on another occasion. To praise a poet's verse for being such admirable prose seems a curiously paradoxical attitude.

### SECRETS, OPEN AND SHUT.

*The Secret Societies of all Ages and Countries.*  
By Charles William Heckethorn. (George Redway.)

SECRET societies have their own fascination; but if it is sought for in this book it shall not be found. Mr. Heckethorn has embodied in his unwieldy volumes all the errors which filled Signor de Castro's *Il Mondo Secreto*, and has furnished a new fund of his own. In a subject where facts are elusive you require at least philosophy; but Mr. Heckethorn is no philosopher. He has yet to learn what a Secret Society really is. A large portion of his space is occupied with records of sects or institutions, to which the name is as little applicable as it is to any family that keeps its own counsel, or to any trade that demands an initiation

of apprenticeship, or to any shopkeeper who uses symbols for prices, or, for that matter, to any author who wears a *nom de guerre*. The author trifles with the time and temper of the reader both in his matter and the manner in which he presents it. The secrets of the societies are in some cases so shut that there is no getting at them, and any bogus story will pass muster, since nobody has the authority to deny what nobody knows. On the other hand, some of the secrets are such very open secrets that they have no sort of relevance to the subject in hand—they are pure, or sometimes rather impure, impertinences.

The style and spirit most affected by Mr. Heckethorn may be judged by a sentence translated by himself from De Castro's book, which he places opposite his own title-page:

"From the extraordinary nature of the effects we may infer the extraordinary nature, grandeur, and permanency of the causes; but their connexion, varying predominance, and mutual attraction, escape all analysis. Mystery surrounds the obscure fecundation. Sects draw vigour from the most opposite sentiments. The most exalted as well as the meanest elements concur in forming this giant, a Cyclopean and black fusion of all that seethes, boils and ferments in the social viscera."

This jargon done with, you come on a preface with another quotation, this time of "the old distich," which the author quotes in this way:

"What is hits [*sic*] is history,  
And what is missed is mystery."

The volumes do not justify the distich; they utterly falsify them. What the author has missed he does not leave in mystery—he gives a false and vulgar version of it. What is hits is not always history either; nor, for that matter, are the "hits," which the author makes in most unruly fashion, if "hits" it is to be. The chapter which occupies pp. 285-291 is one which places the author outside the pale of serious notice. That such garbage should be written passes comprehension. In this instance the facts can be easily ascertained and tested; and if, where documents are forthcoming, the author has given us what is so trumpery and scandalous, we must form our own conclusion of his performances where research is unrewarded, where evidence is obscure, and where the only matter to be collected is of the nature of sand thrown in the eyes of the explorer to baffle and to blind.

The author would have done much better to reprint, as far as the law of copyright allowed, Mr. Stevenson's *Suicide Club*, which is better both as history and mystery than much that here appears. Or the serious reader can go to Lord Lytton's *Zanoni* for a far more intelligent and historic treatment of Rosicrucianism than any that Mr. Heckethorn can give him. The modern English Rosicrucians, by the way, had Lord Lytton for their Grand Patron, but in 1871 the society publicly announced that their intentions were merely literary and antiquarian, a frankness of avowal which the dabbler in mystery does not always discover. The Paris of to-day has made the Rosy Cross an emblem of artistic interest; and a society

of Rosicrucians has, according to Dr. von Harless, existed in Germany since 1641. The literature of the society has been extensive and certainly peculiar. At the end of the seventeenth century there was published an *Echo of the Society of the Holy Cross*, while a work published in 1605 on the *Restoration of the Decayed Temple of Pallas* contained a Rosicrucian constitution. Again, a few years later the writer of the *General Reformation of the World* traced the history of the order to the East, where a German, one Christian Rosenkreuz, learned it in the fourteenth century, and learned it so well that he lived till he was 150, and then died "only because he was tired of life," a most lamely imagined ending for a seeker after the elixir of life. The legend-maker, the charlatan, the confiding believer went quickly to work. We need not follow the varying versions of the origin of the order's name, which even included its derivation from the device of Martin Luther's seal, a cross-crowned heart rising in the centre of a rose. A great variety of pamphlets and MSS., in most European languages, deal with this and other doubtful matters, and Mr. Waite's *Real History of the Rosicrucians* proved that interest still survived in a society which an ex-member believed he had slain more than a hundred years by his *Rosicrucian in his Nakedness*. The society as such can hardly be said to have wholly failed, since it has found for itself an elixir of life—in printer's ink.

The chapters on the French and German workmen's unions—though these are in many cases not Secret Societies at all—are, perhaps, the most interesting of all. The charcoal-burners and hewers of wood have St. Theobald for their patron, and a rite of initiation in the Black Forest and elsewhere which, on paper at any rate, is full of significance. Certainly the catechism of the hewer of wood, when an aspirant for admission, as quoted by Mr. Heckethorn, contains the "passages of pathetic simplicity" he claims for it:

"Q. Whence come ye, cousin of the oak?"

A. From the forest.

Q. Where is your father?

A. Raise your eyes to Heaven.

Q. Where is your mother?

A. Cast your eyes on the earth.

Q. What worship do you pay to your father?

A. Homage and respect.

Q. What things do you bestow on your mother?

A. My care during life, and my body afterwards.

Q. If I want help, what will you give me?

A. I will share with you half my day's earnings and my bread of sorrow. You shall rest in my hut and warm yourself at my fire."

The Druses, to whom Mr. Heckethorn gives a place in his curiously named volume, have speeches that are pretty enough. They question the stranger: "Do people in your part of the country grow balm-seed?" If the answer be "Yes, it is sown in the hearts of the Faithful," the speaker will be known as a co-religionist. When Burckhardt visited them, they had a malediction: "May God put a hat on you!" And we know how well the curse has worked.

## THE MAKING OF THE TOWNS.

*The Story of our English Towns.* Told by P. H. Ditchfield, F.S.A. With an Introduction by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. (George Redway.)

THIS is a pleasant introduction to English municipal history. Mr. Ditchfield has, indeed, been at rather too much pains to be pleasant. His book would have been more useful had he written it throughout with a little less regard to the outward beauty of his subject, and with a little more regard to its bones. To be sure, he was right to present the reader—the unlearned reader—with bright and moving pictures of the old town life of England. But he has carried this so far that we fear many a reader will lay down the book more pleased than instructed, more satisfied than curious. Mr. Ditchfield has evidently studied his subject well. That he could have given his readers plain facts in abundance we are sure, but he has rather chosen to give them atmosphere and general descriptions. Within proper limits this was politic and necessary, but Mr. Ditchfield has overdone the method. He is too general, and has stinted the reader of handy facts and instances and the more commonplace kinds of information. In his chapter on the Roman town of Silchester he does not tell the reader clearly where Silchester is. Again, Mr. Ditchfield does not do the homage which we think was due from him to older and more advanced writers on the evolution of English town life. It seems incredible that he should write about the rise of the English burghs and their mediæval glories without once mentioning Mrs. Green's *English Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*, or the late Prof. Freeman's *English Towns and Districts*, and it is hard to understand how he could trace the rise of the Guilds without feeling bound to give the reader—once more the unlearned reader—a hint of the existence of Mr. Cornelius Walford's works on Guilds and Fairs, or of Miss Toulmin Smith's transcripts of the original ordinances of over one hundred English Guilds. Thus the value of the book has been rather needlessly reduced. In his character of a guide Mr. Ditchfield is like a man who, having undertaken to bring a raw youth up to London, should lead him round the town, talking at large of its life and customs, and then take leave of him in the Strand without finding him a lodging or a friend.

But while he talks Mr. Ditchfield is very entertaining. He considers towns under their periods and types thus: "British and Roman Towns," "Saxon Towns," "Church Towns," "Castle Towns," "Mediæval Towns," "Cinque Ports and Harbours," and "University Towns." With these he mingles chapters on "The Guilds," "The Tyranny of the Guilds," "In the Streets," "In Fair and Market," and "The Great Metropolis." In his chapter on Silchester Mr. Ditchfield has the following interesting passage:

"When the corn is growing, you may see where the roads ran, for on the surface of the old roads where the ground is thin the corn is scanty. This was noticed by Leland in the year 1586, who says: 'The inhabitants told me

that it had been proved by long observation that, although this is a fertile and fruitful enough spot, yet in certain places, like little lines which intersect one another, the corn does not grow so equally abundantly, but much thinner than elsewhere, and along these lines they think the streets of the city formerly led.' This, of course, was more observable three hundred years ago than it is now, as the soil has become thicker; but even now when the corn is young the course of the street is perceptible."

The chapters on the Guilds are perhaps the best. Referring to the Chester plays composed by the monks and acted by the trade guilds of the city, Mr. Ditchfield quotes a curious programme arranged for a week's festivity; but he might have mentioned the year in which this week fell. Many of his readers will not even know the century. The play-bill runs as follows:

- "1. The Bakers and Tanners bring forth the 'Falling of Lucifer.'
- "2. Drapers and Hosiers—'The Creation of the World.'
- "3. Drawers of Dee and Waterleaders—'Noah and his Ship.'
- "4. Barbers, Waxchandlers, and Leeches—'Abraham and Isaac.'
- "5. Coppers, Wire drawers, and Pinners—'King Balak, Balaam, and Moses.'
- "6. Wrights, Slaters, Tylers, Daubers, and Thatchers—'The Nativity of our Lord.'
- "7. Painters, Brotherers, and Glaziers—'The Shepherds' Offering.'
- "Vintners and Merchants—'King Herod and the Mount Victorial.'
- "Mercers and Spicers—'The Three Kings of Colin.'"

We are glad to note that Mr. Ditchfield quotes FitzStephen's piquant and picturesque description of London in the twelfth century. It can hardly be too well known, and therefore we quote it ourselves:

"The city, like Rome, is divided into wards, has annual sheriffs for its councils, has senatorial and lower magistrates, sewers and aqueducts in streets—its proper places and separate courts for cases of each kind, deliberate, demonstrative, judicial; and has assemblies on appointed days. I do not think there is a city with more commendable customs of church attendance, honour to God's ordinances, keeping sacred festivals, almsgiving, hospitality, confirming betrothals, contracting marriages, celebration of nuptials, preparing feasts, cheering the guests, and also in care for funerals and the interment of the dead. The only pests of London are the immoderate drinking of fools and the frequency of fires. To this may be added that nearly all the bishops, abbots, and magnates of England are, as it were, citizens and freemen of London, having their own splendid houses to which they resort, where they spend largely when summoned to great councils by the king or by their metropolitan, or drawn thither by their own private affairs."

In dealing with "The Tyranny of the Guilds," Mr. Ditchfield gives some particulars of the Guild brethren's high-handed dealings with the "non-society men" of the sixteenth century, which make curious reading in these days of rampant trades unionism. He quotes an instance of this "taken from the annals of an ancient town"—why not have mentioned the town? "In July, 1545, one Robert Hooper, a barber, being a foreigner [the term 'foreigner' was applied, as Mr. Ditchfield explains, to any

stranger coming to ply his trade in a town] was this day ordered to be gone out of the town at his peril, with his wife and children." Again he tells us:

"Heavy fines were inflicted on those who dared to disobey the rules of the Guild. At Reading no barber was allowed to shave any one after nine o'clock in winter, or ten o'clock in summer. This curious law was passed in 1443, at the commencement of the dispute between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and was probably intended to prevent unlawful meetings being held in places so frequented as a barber's shop. The fine exacted for a breach of this rule was 300 tiles to the Guildhall of Reading. The peculiar form of this fine may be accounted for by the fact that thatch was beginning to be superseded by tile roofs, and the barbers had to supply the materials. One, John Bristol, was fined 2,100 tiles for shaving seven persons contrary to the order, but the number of tiles was reduced to 1,200 on account of his poverty."

In his chapter on street life Mr. Ditchfield makes good use of John Lydgate's story of Master Lickpenny's adventures in London, when he came up from Kent to consult a lawyer, and returned wiser, not in law but in experience. The book is supplied with a preface by Dr. Jessopp, whose sketch of the gradual acquirement by the towns of civic rights and immunities from kings and feudal lords is admirable in its lucidity.

## OLD AMERICA.

"AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES."—Vol. I.: *Era of Colonisation.* Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN this volume we have a number of extracts from the writings of men who were concerned with the discovery and early colonial period of North America. The authors just tell what they saw and knew; and the result is a succession of scenes which bring before the eye of the reader in a singularly graphic way the early story of the great Republic of to-day; and the editor hopes, not unreasonably, that the reader may find in these lively, human, brief extracts the real spirit of his countrymen. Of course, there is nothing that is really new in the volume; but the passages from the writers selected have been chosen with care and judgment, and the result is a very vivid impression of the gradual unfolding of the early chapters of American history. At the head of each extract are given the main facts of the writer's career and a brief bibliography. The arrangement of the volume is simple and methodical. First, we have "Discovery and Early Voyages," with supplementary chapters upon the work of the English and French and Dutch adventurers. Then come chapters dealing with the general conditions of the early colonisations, subdivided into sections setting forth the motives which led men to seek the New World, the regulations by which kings and chartered companies sought to control the new plantations, and the classes of men from which the early colonists were drawn. After dealing with the Colonies as a whole, the author takes



them in groups, and gives extracts from contemporaries illustrating the life of each. The specialist will see in the aptness of the selections proof of a wide reading and a singular soundness of judgment; but it is not to the specialist that Mr. Hart appeals. His special care is for the general reader, and to him these pages will be a revelation of a whole world of quaint and interesting lore.

Every taste is suited. Does the reader want romance? Then let him read the tale of Pocahontas, and how she won the heart of her white captor, and so brought peace to Virginia. If adventure is asked for, there are tales of Hawkins and Drake and Raleigh to satisfy the most exacting. The following extract from Pretty's account of Drake's "voyage about the whole globe," though not new, is too strange ever to be familiar. Drake, finding himself in the Straits of Magellan, suspected one Thomas Doughtie of mutinous designs, and so tried him by a drumhead court-martial, and had him condemned to death.

"It was concluded that M. Doughtie should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence: and he seeing no remedie but patience for himselfe, desired before his death to receive the Communion, which he did at the hands of M. Flitscher, our Minister, and our generall himselfe accompanied him in that holy action: which being done, and the place of execution made ready, hee having embraced our Generall, and taken his leave of all the companie, with prayer for the Queene's maiestie and our realme, in quiet sort laid his head to the blocke, where he ended his life. . . ."

Interest of another kind attaches to the story of the discovery of the Mississippi and to documents relating to the early French settlements in Canada. A deeper note is touched in the series of extracts which relate to the reasons which led the first colonists to seek freedom over seas. Nor has Mr. Hart, while giving many glimpses of the quiet, simple life of the early settlers, hesitated to recall the ferocious illusions on the subject of witchcraft, which throw such a shadow over the beginnings of the American Commonwealth. Of course, there is a sense of incompleteness about a work of this sort. An extract sometimes breaks off just as the reader's interest is thoroughly aroused; but that drawback is incidental to the plan of the work, and, as careful reference is in every case given to the authority cited, ample opportunity is given to the student to complete his knowledge. We look forward with pleasure to the other volumes which are promised.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S BOYHOOD.

*Shakespeare, the Boy: with Sketches of the Home and School Life, the Games and Sports, the Manners, Customs, and Folklore of the Time.* By William James Rolfe, Litt.D. (Chatto & Windus.)

THIS book is professedly a compilation for the use of "young folk," and as such scarcely calls for serious criticism. It is, however, a compilation which shows extremely wide reading, and produces a good

many interesting points in its effort to show what sort of life Shakespeare in his boyhood may be supposed to have lived. For instance, Shakespeare certainly went to pageants; and this leads to the curious note that when Falstaff "saw a flea stick on Bardolph's nose" and "thought it was a black soul burning in hell fire," his mind was running upon the most elaborate of all the pageant properties—"hell mouth."

"This was a huge and grotesque head of canvas, with vast gaping mouth armed with fangs and vomiting flames. The jaws were made to open and shut, and through them the Devil made his entrance and the lost souls their exit."

And Dr. Rolfe quotes an item from the books of the Armorer—"Paid for keeping of fyre at hell mouthe iiiiid." Another very instructive point is, that Shakespeare's deer-stealing was not a vulgar transgression. Oxford undergraduates were mightily addicted to it; "and one good man lamented in later life that he had missed the advantages that others had derived from these exploits, which he believed to be an excellent discipline for young men." The bye-law of Stratford Council, which allotted three days and three nights in the stocks to anyone who spoke disrespectfully to any town officer, is a valuable comment on Dogberry; or is Dogberry the comment on the bye-law? Some quotations from Seager's *School of Virtue* and other books of manners illustrate pleasingly *inter alia* the slow rise into recognition of the pocket-handkerchief. It seems pretty plain also that Shakespeare never ate with a fork, and upon this delightful subject Mr. Rolfe heaps up quotations. Elizabeth was the first sovereign of Great Britain that owned one, and she, Dr. Rolfe hints, kept it in a museum. The three-pronged, or, as Swift says, "tridential" fork, came into general use about 1730. When the fourth prong was added we know not. Accounts of Elizabethan games do not fill us with any desire to try them. Many of the quotations from Shakespeare himself seem wholly superfluous padding; for instance, a very straightforward description of gardening operations from "Richard II." is strained to prove that he was an enthusiastic horticulturist, though any intelligent man knows roughly the theory of pruning. There are some good references to fowling, but the passage from "Much Ado" does not prove that "William went a-fishing in the Avon."

"The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait."

These are the sentiments of an amateur. The expert dislikes clear water, unless, indeed, we are to take it that "William" used the dry-fly before such refinements were necessary. And why "William"? Why, oh, why, tell us that "little Willie's" voice was the shrillest of all at the festival of St. George? This maudlin pawing over celebrities is disgusting. Dr. Rolfe should know better. His book is hardly light reading enough to catch the "young folks," but it would be of great use to a teacher

who did *not* know much of Elizabethan literature, and wanted to illustrate his lectures on the plays.

#### FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Old Tales from Greece.* By Alice Zimmern. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE aim of Miss Zimmern's volume we take to be mainly educational. Its purpose is to convey instruction in Greek mythology rather than to tell beautiful myths beautifully. From this point of view it is, perhaps, tolerably successful. It goes steadily and systematically through the whole mythological field from the creation of the world downwards. Our only doubt is whether this systematic treatment is either necessary or desirable. Children, for whom this series is apparently designed, will find the book too much cumbered with the long names of less important mythological personages for them to assimilate its contents readily, while adults will glean the knowledge it contains elsewhere. In the matter of artistic ability in story-telling Miss Zimmern is markedly inferior to her unsystematic predecessors, Kingsley and Church. She has not the faculty of seizing the essentials of a story, and passing over its less important details. She is apt to put in all the facts at the expense of leaving out all the beauty. Nor is Miss Zimmern's peculiarly pedestrian style quite fitted for tales of this kind. It is irritating to be told that Nessus "meant to run away with Deianeira." The modern mistress "runs away" with the footman, but the expression does not smack of the heroic ages. It is curious that in the section dealing with the return of Odysseus the story of the revenge taken by him on the suitors in Ithaca should be entirely omitted. Altogether, we cannot congratulate Miss Zimmern on her book.

*Dictionnaire Phonétique de la Langue Française.*

Par H. Michaelis et P. Passy. (Hanover and Berlin: Carl Meyer.)

ANOTHER attempt to produce a pronouncing dictionary of the French language. The book seems to be as carefully written as possible, the terrible-looking signs of the International Phonetic Association being used, and a valuable preface added by M. Gaston Paris, of the Institut. Yet we fail to see what useful purpose it can serve. Frenchmen do not want to be told how to pronounce their own tongue, while foreigners can get little help from such works. No two nations pronounce their vowels alike. The interjection which we call "Oh!" sounds to a Frenchman like "Aoh," and the Italian seems to him to speak the word *fus* as if written *fous*. Nor are consonants much better. A German left to himself would say *bersouage* for *personnage* and *faide* for *faite*; while a Chinese will turn *rue* into *lue*, and *rigueur* into *liqueur*. Neither French nor any other spoken language can, in fact, be learned except by ear, and a week in the company of a native is more effective for this purpose than a dozen pronouncing dictionaries.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION. A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

The novels published during the past week number twenty. They are:

"THREE PARTNERS." BY BRET HARTE.

Another story of the three partners of Heavy Tree Hill—Stacy, Barker, and Demorest. Contains something of the old mining camp Bret Harte, but more of Bret Harte in civilisation. Jack Hamlin—the inimitable—reappears. Illustrated by J. Gulich. (Chatto & Windus. 297 pages. 3s. 6d.)

"THE POMP OF THE LAVILETTES." BY GILBERT PARKER.

Mr. Parker is the creator of *Pretty Pierre*, and the author of half-a-dozen stirring novels, including the *Seas of the Mighty* and *When Valmond came to Pontiac*. In this, his new story, a tragedy of passion, he is again true to Canadian soil. The two principal characters are Christine Lavilette, a French Canadian girl, and Tom Ferrol, an Irish ne'er-do-well. (Methuen & Co. 229 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"DERELICTS." BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

By the author of *At the Gate of Samaria* and *The Demagogue and Lady Phayre*. It tells, among other things, of the degradation of Stephen Chisely, alias Joyce (two years "hard" for misappropriating trust money), and how, after much grief and pain, the touch of somebody's lips "wiped away the stain for ever." (John Lane. 414 pp. 6s.)

"BLADYS OF THE STEWPONEY." BY S. BARING GOULD.

Bladys is a girl. Stewponey is a kind of Inn in Shropshire, and *Bladys of the Stewponey* is a romance of the last century. So we clear the ground. The root idea of *Bladys of the Stewponey* is the same as that of Jokai's *Pretty Michal*—an executioner seeking a wife where he and his profession are not known.

"PERPETUA." BY S. BARING GOULD.

The second novel in a single week by this industrious author. It appeared serially in the *Sunday Magazine*. Tells of life in Nemausus, and the early Christian Church at the opening of the third century, closing with the martyrdom of Perpetua in the arena. They racked and burnt the child, and the snow fell upon her as on St. Eulalia of Merida. The young bloods in the book talk thus: "By Hercules! or, let me rather swear by Venus and her wayward son, that is a handsome girl yonder." (Isbister & Co. 316 pp. 6s.)

"THE CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL." BY RICHARD MARSH.

A melodramatic novel of some length, told, after the manner of Wilkie Collins, by various actors in the story. The scene is laid principally in Sussex, at Brighton and in retired places in the county. The ending is happy. (Ward, Lock & Co. 346 pp. 6s.)

"THE TWILIGHT REEF." BY HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.

A volume of three short stories by a young Colonial—presumably a first book. *The Twilight Reef* treats of "gold-seeking and death-finding." Mr. MacIlwaine would be a phrasemaker. "The toothless dogs of newspaper war" is an early attempt. It appears in the fifth line. (T. Fisher Unwin. 215 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"A STRONG NECESSITY." BY ISABEL DON.

A posthumous work, by the author of *Only Clärchen*. A quiet story, ending happily, of tangled life in a Scotch town. (Jarrold & Sons. 348 pp. 6s.)

"LAWRENCE CLAVERING." BY A. E. W. MASON.

Mr. Mason is the author of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, that excellent romance, and of *The Philanderers*. This, his new novel, is also romantic. The period is the '45. Clavering fought for the Chevalier de St. George at Preston, and, as he tells his story in the first person, the reader is assured that the ending is more or less satisfactory. There are some very spirited adventures by the way. (A. D. Innes & Co. 380 pp. 6s.)

"BARBARA, LADY'S MAID AND PEERESS." BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

The title of this story tells enough. We need not add more, except to say that among Mrs. Alexander's previous novels are *Mrs. Crichton's Creditor*, *A Fight with Fate*, and *For his Sake*. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

"THE SETTLING OF BERTIE MERIAN." BY NARANJA AMARGA.

A "Ouidaesque" novel. The scene is laid in the Argentine and London. A story of finance and the Upper Ten. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 407 pp. 6s.)

"PHARISEES." BY A. KEVILL-DAVIES.

The Pharisees are chiefly New York people, who come in contact with a friendless girl, the grand-daughter of an English baronet who had disowned her father. She is good, but she is not lonesome. In fact, she marries her arch-deceiver. "A girl," she explains, "does not love a man because he is good, nor because he is bad. She just loves him." (Ward Lock. 415 pp. 6s.)

"DORCAS DENE, DETECTIVE." BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

Detective stories by the popular "Dagonet." Opening it we read: "'You are absolutely certain that the footprints of the man with the wild eyes, who frightened Mrs. Peters at the gate, and the footprints which are mixed up with those of Miss Hargreaves by the side of the lake, are not the same?' I said to Dorcas Dene. 'Absolutely certain.'" The correct thing evidently. (F. V. White & Co. 119 pp. 1s.)

"ANOTHER BURDEN." BY JAMES PAYN.

A new work by this veteran author and therefore sure of a welcome. Somewhat shorter than the usual run of novels. (Downey & Co. 179 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"SHEILAH MCLEOD." BY GUY BOOTHBY.

A novel of adventure, by the author of *Dr. Nikola*, of poster fame. Written in the first person. "God bless the sex," says the narrator on the last page, "and, above all, the girl, now my wife, who was once Sheila McLeod." (Skeffington & Co. 311 pp. 6s.)

"MENOTAH." BY ERNEST G. HENHAM.

An historical novel, the scene of which is laid in North-west Canada at the time of the Louis Riel rebellion. A glossary is appended. (Skeffington & Son. 368 pp. 6s.)

"EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE." BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Another story by the author of *Bootle's Baby*. The old theme—two brothers grow up, and love one girl. (F. V. White & Co. 298 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"THE DEVIL'S SHILLING." BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

The autobiography of a shilling, not a "Splendid Shilling," by the author of the popular recitation "Kissing-Cup's Race," so dear to minor entertainers. "There are no adventurers like coins of the realm," says Mr. Barrie, in a quotation on the title page. (Henry J. Drane. 253 pp. 3s. 6d.)

"THOSE DREADFUL TWINS." BY THEMSELVES.

Two Bad Boys' Diaries instead of one. (T. Fisher Unwin. 234 pp.)

"NINETY-EIGHT."

The Recollections of Cormac Cahir O'Connor Faby (late colonel in the French service) of "that awful period." Edited by his grandson Patrick C. Faby. (Downey & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

## AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

MY DEAR MISS ALBION,—During my brief stay in your delightful village, you told me one afternoon that you would like to read some stories in French. With the curate's eye upon you, and reminiscent of his pulpit denunciation of the author whom he calls "Zoler," you hastened to add, "stories of a kind that one can—er—can leave about." You could not have expressed yourself more happily

I did not forget your commission, and I am forwarding to you by this post a copy of Gyp's *La Fée Surprise*, a little volume of sketches and stories. I have read it, and I should imagine that I have come through it unscathed. It is a book that one can leave about. It is especially and pre-eminently that. Even if your excellent Mr. Chivers reads French (which, from his sermon on the subject, I have no cause to suspect) you can still leave it about. You will quite understand that I am not sneering at the book on this account. I do not insist upon *le mari, la femme, et l'amant*, or upon the later improvements on that eternal trio, and I am tired of the line of eloquent asterisks across the page. When I opened the book and found that, so to speak, the mother and her child were there, I was quite content. If I make any objection to the book, it is not because it is an excellent book to leave about, but because it is not (for me) such an excellent book to read. The words in parentheses are important. It is one of my many afflictions that I am not you. You—happy in your youth!—can come to the book fresh, neither collating nor recognising. Your enjoyment of it will be a deserved compliment to your temperament and no insult—at your age—to your culture. But for myself—whom I am taking very seriously just now—you must remember that for many years I have been reading many stories, and have been paid to read them with my eyes open. It would have been dishonest if I had read them in any other way, and so . . .

Let me say it plainly, knowing Gyp's work, I find that this disappoints me grievously. Written under another name, I might have found it more or less promising. As it is, it seems to me a collection of stuff good enough for an ephemeral appearance, but not worth collecting in book form. To take the book more in detail, the title-story and "*L'Amie d'Enfance*" are flat-footed and obvious in a way that I had hardly thought possible in the French language. "*Flirtage*" is easily beaten by the "*Dolly Dialogues*." The social dialogues are not nearly so good as those of Mr. Anstey in the same *genre*. What, for instance, am I to think of this?

"LE BEL ALFRED: 'Nous n'aurions avec nous qu'un chien . . . et aussi une vache . . . pour avoir du lait, du beurre et des oeufs . . .'  
LE GRINCHEUX: 'Des oeufs? . . . avec un chien et une vache? . . .'"

Think? That it was to very little purpose that our grandfathers mourned Joseph Miller. He was not dead. He still speaks. But that he should speak through Gyp, it is that which breaks the heart. As for "*Leurs systèmes*" an adequate translation of it would not have been inappropriate in last week's *Home Chat*, and "*Chez les vieux jeu*" (though it contains one estimable drollery) is not a very new idea or very well worked. It is surprising to find that Gyp has not had more success in a kind of work which the French, as a rule, do far better than the English. Much of the book reads as if it had been written when the author was tired.

Yet read it. You will enjoy the fatuousness of "*Le Bel Alfred*." You will be amused—as I was—with Nephthali, and the description of how he got his title. You will find here and there the happy phrase, the just observation, the touch of graceful humour. But, above all things, you will be superior to Mr. Chivers. Ask him if he has read anything of Gyp's? If he says he has, ask him if he read it in a translation. And tell him that there is no such thing as a translation—there is only mistranslation, more or less clever. So repay my kindness.

Unquestionably, I am horribly jealous of Mr. Chivers. In humility I will sign myself that which he once styled me,  
"AN OPINIONATED JOURNALIST."

## REVIEWS.

*The Gadfly.* By E. L. Voynich.  
(W. Heinemann.)

This is a remarkable story by an American writer, which readers who prefer flesh and blood and human emotions to sawdust and adventure should consider as something of a godsend. In order to give an idea of the book the outline of the plot must be told. Arthur Burton, an orphan, a sensitive, affectionate, emotional, enthusiastic youth of eighteen—revolutionary and pietist in one—is arrested on a true charge of conspiring against the Italian Government, and is thrown into prison. He admits nothing, denies all

knowledge of his companions, and completely baffles the authorities. On gaining his release he discovers that the information for his arrest was communicated by the priest to whom he had confessed his jealousy of a fellow conspirator. Almost immediately afterwards Gemma, Arthur's ideal of womanhood, believing him to be a traitor to the cause to which she also belongs, strikes him across the face and repulses him for ever; and his guardian's wife, in a fit of rage at the discredit she considers him to have brought upon the family, lets out the secret that he is the son of an illicit union between his mother and Canon Montanelli, a good man and Arthur's dearest friend. These three blows, coming one upon the other with such suddenness, are too much. Arthur's faith in God and man crumbles away. He seizes a hammer and smashes his crucifix, spurns Montanelli, arranges a convincing story of his suicide by drowning, and escapes for South America as a stowaway. That is the prologue.

Thirteen years pass, and Arthur returns as Felice Rivarez, another Monte Cristo bent upon revenge—a cripple and a cynic, gifted with great power of satire, an avowed disbeliever in human fidelity and truth, and the implacable foe of priestcraft and religion. Under the *soubriquet* of the "*Gadfly*" he is employed by the Liberal party to carry on a pamphlet war against the Jesuits. Gemma is a member of the committee from whom he receives his instructions; Montanelli, who is now a Cardinal, is the opponent whose influence it is most important to break down. The core of the story is the Gadfly's struggle between his true nature and his imposed nature; between his love for his father, Montanelli, and for Gemma, and his hostility to Christianity. It is unnecessary to follow his career as a conspirator; let it suffice that in the end he is captured and sentenced to death. Cardinal Montanelli alone stands between him and the grave. A terrible scene takes place in the condemned man's cell, resulting in the Gadfly's confession that he is the Arthur of old, the Cardinal's son.

"Montanelli sat like some stone image, or like a dead man set upright. At first, under the fiery torrent of the Gadfly's despair, he had quivered a little, with the automatic shrinking of the flesh, as under the lash of a whip; but now he was quite still. After a long silence he looked up and spoke, lifelessly, patiently:

'Arthur, will you explain to me more clearly? You confuse and terrify me so, I can't understand. What is it you demand of me?'

The Gadfly turned to him a spectral face.

'I demand nothing. Who shall compel love? You are free to choose between us two the one who is most dear to you. If you love Him best, choose Him.'

'I can't understand,' Montanelli repeated wearily. 'What is there I can choose? I cannot undo the past.'

'You have to choose between us. If you love me, take that cross off your neck, and come away with me. My friends are arranging another attempt, and with your help they could manage it easily. Then, when we are safe over the frontier, acknowledge me publicly. But if you don't love me enough for that—if this wooden idol [a crucifix] is more to you than I—then go to the colonel and tell him you consent. And if you go, then go at once, and spare me the misery of seeing you. I have enough without that.'

Montanelli looked up, trembling faintly. He was beginning to understand.

'I will communicate with your friends, of course. But—to go with you—it is impossible. I am a priest.'

'And I accept no favours from priests. I will have no more compromises, Padre; I have had enough of them, and of their consequences. You must give up your priesthood, or you must give up me.'

'How can I give you up? Arthur, how can I give you up?'

'Then give up Him. You have to choose between us. Would you offer me a share of your love—half for me, half for your friend of a God? I will not take His leaveings. If you are His, you are not mine.'

'Would you have me tear my heart in two? Arthur! Arthur! Do you want to drive me mad?'

The Gadfly struck his hand against the wall.

'You have to choose between us,' he repeated once more.

Montanelli permits the law to take its course, and the Gadfly is shot. This is the scene on the ground of execution:

He had repeated the request that his eyes might not be bandaged, and his defiant face had wrung from the colonel a reluctant consent. They had both forgotten what they were inflicting on the soldiers.

He stood and faced them, smiling, and the carbines shook in their hands.

'I am quite ready,' he said.

The lieutenant stepped forward, trembling a little with excitement. He had never given the word of command for an execution before.

'Ready—present—fire!'

The Gadfly staggered a little and recovered his balance. One unsteady shot had grazed his cheek, and a little blood fell on to the white cravat. Another ball had struck him above the knee. When the smoke cleared away the soldiers looked and saw him smiling still, and wiping the blood from his cheek with the mutilated hand.

'A bad shot, men!' he said; and his voice cut in, clear and articulate, upon the dazed stupor of the wretched soldiers. 'Have another try.'

A general groan and shudder passed through the row of carabineers. Each man had aimed aside, with a secret hope that the death-shot would come from his neighbour's hand, not his; and then the Gadfly stood and smiled at them; they had only turned the execution into a butchery, and the whole ghastly business was to do again. They were seized with sudden terror, and, lowering their carbines, listened hopelessly to the furious curses and reproaches of the officers, staring in dull horror at the man whom they had killed, and who somehow was not dead.

The governor shook his fist in their faces, savagely shouting to them to stand in position, to present arms, to make haste and get the thing over. He had become as thoroughly demoralised as they were, and dared not look at the terrible figure that stood and stood, and would not fall. When the Gadfly spoke to him, he started and shuddered at the sound of the mocking voice.

'You have brought out the awkward squad this morning, Colonel! Let me see if I can manage them better. Now, men! Hold your tool higher there, you to the left. Bless your heart, man, it's a carbine you've got in your hand, not a frying-pan! Are you all straight? Now, then! Ready—present—'

'Fire!' the colonel interrupted, starting forward. It was intolerable that this man should give the command for his own death.

There was another confused, disorganised volley, and the line broke up into a knot of shivering figures, staring before them with wild eyes. One of the soldiers had not even discharged his carbine; he had flung it away, and crouched down moaning under his breath: 'I can't—I can't!'

The smoke cleared slowly away, floating up into the glimmer of the early sunlight; and they saw that the Gadfly had fallen; and saw, too, that he was still not dead. For the first moment soldiers and officials stood as if they had been turned to stone, and watched the ghastly thing that writhed and struggled on the ground; then both doctor and colonel rushed forward with a cry, for he had dragged himself up on one knee and was still facing the soldiers, and still laughing.

'Another miss! Try—again, lads—see—if you can't—'

He suddenly swayed and fell over sideways on the grass.

'Is he dead?' the colonel asked under his breath; and the doctor, kneeling down, with a hand on the bloody shirt, answered softly:

'I think so—God be praised!'

'God be praised!' the colonel repeated. 'At last!'

These quotations bear rather upon the dramatic value of the book than upon its psychology. Its psychology is, as it happens, not impressive. Mr. Voynich can conceive interesting characters, but at present he lacks the power to embody them adequately. His imaginative force is in advance of his execution. The end of the book, where action predominates, is better than the earlier chapters where conversation has to bear the brunt of the work. Mr. Voynich has no gift of flashing insight. He tells us much of the Gadfly's wit, but we meet with little worthy the name. The book needs to be more tense—more, well, more Meredithian. *Vittoria* was ever before me as I read. The fabric of *The Gadfly* is so good that some day Mr. Voynich might re-write the story; but as it stands it is more deeply interesting and rich in promise than ninety-nine out of every hundred novels that pass through the reviewers' hands.

\* \* \* \*

*The "Paradise" Coal-boat.* By Cutcliffe Hyne.  
(James Bowden.)

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has a piquant and incisive style: and he goes so far afield for his themes that, as a rule, they have the fascination of unfamiliarity. He seems to be intimately acquainted with the back of several "beyonds." Most of these stories come from the West Coast of Africa; but one finds variety in tales of orange-growing in Florida, of military adventure in Peru, and of melancholy *mésalliances* in the Far North. When he comes nearer home, Mr. Hyne's muse is strictly maritime. And, as that department of fiction is apt to be overcrowded, he has specialised in favour of the coal-boat and the tug, and other craft of low repute. Through it all his love of the sea and the sailor is manifest. A fair type of his nautical character is Captain Ezra Pollard, who finds himself in charge of the *Paradise* coal-boat, running between the Tyne and London, with orders never to slow down for any

cause whatever. He is a humane man; "and on thick nights the voices of the smackmen he had run down off Humber Mouth (and not carried home to claim damages) came and chatted to him out of the sea-smoke which drove from the wave crests."

"He did not blame Gedge, because he quite understood that a ship-owner, who has a living to make, cannot afford, under any circumstances, to run coal-boats at a loss; but he very much wished that he (Ezra) followed any occupation other than the sea, and (being a sailor) his mind naturally turned on agriculture. With clay on his boots and a straw in his mouth, he would not be called upon to murder fishermen, under any circumstances whatever; and he could go to chapel on Sundays, and sing noisily, and with a clear conscience."

Another mariner who had aspirations after agriculture—for Mr. Hyne repeats himself to that extent—is Captain Kettle; but he is on a larger scale than the skipper of the *Paradise*. Here is his exploit, as told by another:

"And then you English are so indecently reckless. I knew a man once, the master of a little tramp steamer, who successfully tackled a Central American revolution absolutely single-handed. He went into the business at five minutes' notice, without even knowing the language of the country: and he disorganised the movements of the two parties to such an extent that a third party sprang up and swept the board while the others were gaping with astonishment."

He also wrote poetry.

"'I saw the poetry,' said Don Pablo, 'and it fairly made me gasp. You know what the man is?'

'I can sincerely say that he is the most thorough-paced little ruffian that ever hazed a crew.'

Don Pablo nodded.

'He is a man who for years has carried his life in his hand, and has never gone to sleep on board ship without a probability of waking with a cut throat. But you should have seen that poetry. Anyone would have expected it to be full of fights and gunpowder and melodrama generally. But not a bit of it. One piece was a serenade to a lady with eyebrows; in another he eulogised the "glowing scarlet of the grain," presumably from a railway-window view of poppies in a corn-field; and a third was a hymn as full of religion and doggerel as its writer was crammed with truculence.'

There is a familiar ring about the story of the Irishman who took unto himself the command of a tribe in West Africa, and from the top of an impregnable plateau defied the Government and levied tribute on the neighbouring villages. But in spite of one or two reminiscences of the kind, Mr. Hyne's book is both clever and fascinating. I have already mentioned his picturesqueness of phrase. "Give me a drink," says Vatchell, when he has just been rescued from committing suicide. "I have grazed my shoulder against the—er—the palings of the next world, and I feel a bit chippy."

\* \* \* \*  
*The Captive of Pekin.* By Charles Hannan.  
(Jarrold & Sons.)

Mr. Hannan is of the school of Mr. Le Queux. That is to say, he deals in mystery and horror, he affects the first person singular, he invents better than he writes, and once you begin his story you have some difficulty in giving it up before the end. In *The Captive of Pekin* we are taken to China, a country which has not been sufficiently exploited by the novelist. Mr. Payn's *By Proxy* is almost the only conspicuous romance laid among the Celestials. For minds like Mr. Hannan's the Chinese have habits of blood-thirstiness which make them invaluable; hence *The Captive of Pekin*. If you like reading about the bastinado, and torture by melted lead, and torture by the beak of a white bird, you will like this book. Personally, I don't; I detest it. But to those who do I can recommend Mr. Hannan as a writer who is careful to give the reader his money's worth.

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. typo-written.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. QUILLER COUCH'S daring in consenting to finish Stevenson's *St. Ives* fills us with amazement. The instalment in the current *Pall Mall Magazine* is quite brilliant in a thin, bloodless, kind of way—but oh! how unlike R. L. S. It is an imitation of Mr. Quiller Couch's own imitation of Stevenson. The Vicomte Anne de Keronal de St. Ives has been carried to America, we can only suppose, because the author did not know what else to do with him. We have not seen Stevenson's notes upon which Mr. Quiller Couch founded these last chapters, but there is no doubt that Stevenson was tired and out of conceit with the story. There are pitiable allusions to it in the *Vailima Letters*: "I will ask you to spare *St. Ives* when it goes to you; it is a sort of *Count Robert of Paris*. I'm as sick of the thing as ever anyone can be; it's a rudderless hulk; it's a pagoda, and you can just feel—or I can feel—that it might have been a pleasant story if it had only been blessed at baptism." And yet—and yet it contained Goguelat. Would that Goguelat had not died so early!

If only the brave and gifted spirit who created Goguelat and Catriona had been able to look a little into the future, the dark cloud of imaginary financial troubles that troubled his last days would have melted away even as he looked. Mr. Colvin and Mr. Baxter telegraphed to Stevenson that financially the success of the "Edinburgh Edition" was assured; but he did not know, they did not know, what we and they know now, that the "Edinburgh Edition" would show a clear profit of some thousands of pounds.

THE forthcoming season promises to be rendered notable by the number of anthologies which it will yield. Mr. Palgrave's

continuation of his *Golden Treasury* in itself would endow the season with importance; but two other critics of high distinction have also been at work gleaning among the poets. The result is that, at the same moment, we are to have Mr. Palgrave's supplemental songs and lyrics, chosen from the poets of this century; Mr. W. E. Henley's *English Lyrics*; and Mrs. Meynell's *The Flower of the Mind: a Choice among the Best Poems*. The anthologist has in these days no easy task, publishers being more than ever alive to the value of copyrights. In the main they are generous enough; but the line must be drawn somewhere. Hence it is well to be in the position of Mr. Palgrave, and publish through a firm which itself issues the bulk of the most desired poetry. Messrs. Macmillan, who are the publishers of the *Golden Treasury* series, hold, it is hardly necessary to say, the copyrights of Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Christina Rossetti, Charles Kingsley, and many another upon whom the anthologist of modern poems would naturally wish to draw.

ANOTHER forthcoming contribution to these anthologies is the eighth volume of *English Minstrelsy*, by Mr. Baring Gould. Thus this author of "immitigable industry" (he publishes two novels this very week) brings to a completion his monumental work on English national song. In all, some 350 songs are printed, and the antiquarian notes are voluminous.

IN addition to the anthologies named, we are to have also *A Book of Verses for Children*, brought together by Mr. E. V. Lucas. Books of verse for children are numerous enough, but, as a rule, they contain more of what the compiler considers children ought to like than of what children actually do like. Mr. Lucas's aim has been to come into immediate relation with his readers. With this end in view, he has given them nothing but poems dealing with what may be called their own subjects, the result being a volume of unusual simplicity and lightness of tone. A number of pieces dating from the early years of the century have been included, drawn principally from the works of Ann and Jane Taylor and Elizabeth Turner, the author of *The Cowslip*, *The Daisy*, and other little collections of "cautionary tales." The book is unillustrated, save for end papers and a frontispiece, in colours, by Mr. F. D. Bedford.

THE following is the substance of a paragraph which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday, under the heading "Literature":—"Towards the end of October there will be issued from this office a weekly review entitled *Literature*, under the editorship of Mr. H. D. Traill. As its name indicates, it will be devoted solely to the world of books, and it is intended to be the organ of the literary classes in the widest sense, embracing in its purview not only English, but Continental and American publications. . . . As a general rule, the contents of *Literature* will be anonymous, but its columns will be open to the discussion of literary subjects in

the form of correspondence. . . . Although published by the *Times*, *Literature* will, both as regards the matter it contains and the opinions it expresses, be entirely independent of this journal."

MR. HEINEMANN having discovered Mr. Nicholson for the *New Review*, intends to use that artist's remarkable gifts to the full. This month, therefore, will appear an "Alphabet," by William Nicholson, and an "Almanac of Twelve Sports," by the same hand. Both will be printed in colours, and, from the specimens which lie before us, both, we should say, will be representative and valuable. No one can mass black more effectively than this draughtsman. The "Alphabet" runs on old lines—"A was an artist," "B is for beggar," and so on—enabling Mr. Nicholson to show his wide range and feeling for character. The "Twelve Sports" are hunting, coursing, racing, rowing, fishing, cricket, archery, driving, shooting, golf, boxing, and skating. Each has its coloured cut. The cricket block is peculiarly quaint and ancient, recording the game not of Ranjitsinhji but of Alfred Mynn. Mr. Nicholson's prospectuses are documents of unusual floridity, in most striking contrast to the severe simplicity of the artist's manner. One sentence is worthy of Ouida: "September sees the sportsman with his rifle under his arm." Rifle!

THE place on the *Punch* staff made vacant by the death of Mr. Milliken is to be taken by Mr. Owen Seaman. Mr. Seaman is the author of *The Battle of the Bays*, a collection of literary parodies, and *Tillers of the Sand*, a volume of satirical lays concerning Lord Rosebery's administration. He had previously written *Horace at Cambridge*, a sheaf of poems on a familiar undergraduate pattern, which appeared in the *Granta*, and a large quantity of clever occasional verse. But his best work was, we think, to be found, week by week, in the late *National Observer* under Mr. Vincent's control. Mr. Seaman is of the school of Calverley, with the added ambition to hit hard. No living rhymers are more deft or concise, and his wit is considerable. Mr. Milliken gave *Punch* a Liberal, almost Radical, tone. We must suppose that its new laureate will in time make it as conspicuously Conservative.

THE new large labels on the backs of the catalogue volumes in the British Museum Reading Room are a blessing. The wonder is that the painful peering and groping of students and attendants was not relieved sooner. But as an attendant remarked the other day, "We never thought of it till it was done." Another reform, and this inside the volumes, is called for by a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, who expresses the hope, which we share, that the mixing of I's and J's and of V's and U's will not be perpetuated.

THAT Americans prefer indigenous to imported poetry has been proved again and again, and quite recently by the *New York Life*. A request addressed by the editor to his readers asking them to name the ten best short poems in the English language yielded



the following egregious prize list: Gray's "Elegy," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Poe's "Raven," Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," Shelley's "Skylark," Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," Whittier's "Maud Müller," Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore."

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, the American novelist, is about to visit London. Mr. Stockton is also expected, and next May we are to see Mr. G. W. Cable.

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette*, the stone erected over the grave of Helen Walker, the prototype of Jeanie Deans, in the little churchyard of Irongray, near Dumfriesshire, has been thoroughly repaired. The stone, which was erected by Sir Walter Scott in 1831, and which bears an inscription from his pen telling in brief the story of the humble heroine, who "practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans," had been greatly damaged by thoughtless visitors chipping pieces off and carrying them away as mementoes. Fortunately, says our contemporary, this foolish vandalism will be rendered practically impossible in future, as the monument has now been protected by a high iron railing.

A MONUMENT, the gift of a friend of letters who wishes to remain anonymous, is to be erected to the memory of Joanna Baillie at her birthplace, Bothwell, Lanarkshire.

THE publication of the little monthly magazine, *To-morrow*, which has been discontinued for a couple of months, is to be resumed with the October number, Mr. J. T. Grein and Mr. Hannaford Bennett remaining the editors. There will be no change in the appearance or character of the magazine, but it will now be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

To the new Scotts which were mentioned last week must be added the cheap reprint of the Border edition, which Mr. Lang edited for Mr. Nimmo a few years ago. The novels first appeared each in two volumes; they are to be re-issued now in single volumes at a greatly reduced price. From Messrs. Service & Paton comes an edition of *Rob Roy*, illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend with much spirit and grace. For a companion volume in the same series—*Vanity Fair*—we have less praise, owing to the cramped appearance of the page and the minute type.

THE hero of Mr. S. R. Crockett's forthcoming novel, *Lochinvar*, which Messrs. Methuen will publish, is a young cavalier, for a time driven by circumstances to serve as a common soldier in the regiments of the Prince of Orange. His sweetheart is trepanned and carried off to a lonely island. He follows, and attempts to rescue her. They spend some months in ideal happiness before their luck is again crossed. Then they are parted. The hero aids in the raising of the Clans by Viscount Dundee, and is with him when he falls at Killie

crankie. The hero himself has better fortune, and regains his bride. The title, *Lochinvar*, is a bold one for a countryman of Sir Walter to have chosen.

DR. JESSOPP has written a *Life of Donne*, which will appear in Messrs. Methuen's "Leaders of Religion" series. Dr. Jessopp has long made a study of his subject. Two highly interesting portraits will enrich the book—one of Donne at eighteen, the other of Donne in his shroud.

MR. W. S. GILBERT for some time past has been at work on a new and comprehensive collection of his humorous verse. The result is a volume, shortly to appear, containing some hundred and sixty pieces chosen from his *Bab Ballads* and comic operas. The text has been revised and a number of illustrations have been added, bringing the total to some three hundred. Mr. Gilbert wished, it seems, to bring the book into line with his "more chastened sense of humour." The publishers are Messrs. Routledge.

THE long legal and political career of the late Sir John Simon, serjeant-at-law, formerly M.P. for Dewsbury, is to be treated in a memoir now being prepared by his son, Mr. Oswald John Simon. This will comprise much interesting correspondence with eminent lawyers and statesmen extending over half a century, while the active and influential part which the late serjeant took in relation to Jewish affairs all over the world will form an important section of the work.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will publish at once a volume of verse that will be of interest to those who remember the achievements of the fifties and sixties, entitled *Poems by A. and L.* It is the collected work of the sisters Arabella and Louisa Shore, and is in some sense a supplementary volume to a volume published last year, *Poems and Memoirs of Louisa Shore*. Many of the poems in this volume were planned by the younger sister. Upon her death, however, the work was completed by Miss Arabella Shore. Among the sections is a selection from those war lyrics with which these authors' names are identified, and which attracted considerable attention at the time of their publication during the Crimean War.

MRS. BOYCE, the widow of the late Mr. George P. Boyce, has presented to the Chelsea Public Library, Manresa-road, a water-colour drawing of "St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, in 1867." The drawing was recently on loan at South Kensington, and Mrs. Boyce selected it to deposit in the Library in memory of her husband, who resided for twenty-eight years in Chelsea. This Library has also acquired the collection of fifty-five original drawings of Chelsea by Mr. W. W. Burgess.

M. J. K. HUYSMANS, the author of *En Route*, is about to visit Holland to study the Legends of Saint Lidwina, whose remarkable life he proposes to write. M. Huysmans' new book, *La Cathédrale*, will appear this year.

## PROPER BIOGRAPHY.

MANY have grown impatient of the modern biographer—too often an immitigated toady, refining and explaining away his subject's robustness, quoting his letters to his Sunday-school teacher, but omitting those to his mistress, and making of a proper man an impossible saint in two fat volumes. In the *Centenary Burns*, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson, of which the fourth and concluding volume is published to-day, we have a brave example of the way biography should be written. Our reviewer will deal with the volume later, but it may not be out of place briefly to consider this achievement now as an example of proper biography. It is in four volumes. Every scrap that Burns wrote has been weighed and sifted; his life has been viewed, piece by piece, as through a binocular glass; his productions judged as if never a line had been written about him before; the history and the local setting of his "every several piece" recorded; his indebtedness to his forebears examined; the text elucidated with notes alive with vigour and personality; a glossary added which makes the Scots dialect easy as English to the Southron; and to crown all, a terminal essay by Mr. Henley, one hundred and nine pages long, on the Life, Genius, and Achievement of Robert Burns, which might be offered to students as a model of what biography should be.

As a model, too, of immitigable industry. Take the notes that go hot-foot through the pages of Mr. Henley's terminal essay. They would form a small volume of themselves—these by-blows thrown up from the exuberance of long primer, caught up into nonpareil, and showered beneath. The note on p. 263, for example, is enough of itself to prove Mr. Henley's contention that Burns outside the vernacular is but one of the talented herd—the note where "the diabolical fire and movement and energy" of certain lines from *Tam o' Shanter* in the Scots are contrasted with the "poppies spread" English couplet—"merely Hudibrastic." And these notes—so gay, so scholarly, so pointed, so full of surprises—these marginalia given over and above the text of the Life, are not the work of a man of leisure with processions of mornings by his own fireside, but of a driven and busy writer. And himself a poet too. Therein lies the lesson, that having undertaken to edit Burns, he has worked as if his edition were the one thing needful in the world to be done. No labour was too great, no flower of imagination and experience too fine, for the task.

That the real Burns lies within the covers of this edition nobody with a brain to judge and eyes to see can doubt. There is no white-washing here. "The bad in him was bad enough to wreck the good"—that is all. "The white-flower of a blameless life was never a button-hole for him." His life was "one logical, irrefragable sequence of preparations for his death." Being a peasant of genius, being himself, he lived in the only way he could live, and he died too early to teach himself a better.

Remains his achievement. If the enthusiastic Scots—Burns fanatics through thick and thin—clear the hurdle of this frank, ruthless, yet sympathetic Life, assuredly they will founder at the water-jump of the verdict upon the poems. As a creative and original poet Burns must go. Mr. Henley would not have us esteem a man's work as we would a spider's, and value it in proportion as it does, or does not, come out of its belly. Burns was but the crown, the culmination of his forebears—"a hundred strong behind him." They were the journeymen, he the master of genius. "What he found was of quite extraordinary worth to him; what he added was himself, and his addition made the life of his find perennial."

This judgment is a pretty theme for the critics. But we hold that in plan, scope, and judgment this is proper biography. The day of the Pious Editors, who would reconcile everything to their piety, is over. We need the lives of men as they lived them—up, down, and straight through—where their lives touched their work and where their work influenced their contemporaries. Such a life as that set down here: Burns himself—not another.

## EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

### II.—CLARENCE MANGAN.

WHEN the editor of a "popularised" edition of Chaucer requested by letter from a well-known author his support for the project in question, the author sublimely answered, that "he did not want Chaucer popularised, he wanted to keep Chaucer for himself and a few friends." I never ascertained the author's name, the editor said he was "well-known" or "distinguished," or something of the kind, and I took it on faith; since his answer revealed that he must have been a man of very great mind. It was Sultanik. What has this to do with Mangan? What is he to Chaucer, or Chaucer to him? Simply this, that I and a few friends have for a number of years felt a kind of private proprietorship in Clarence Mangan. We cannot all appropriate Chaucers; so we were humbly content with our Mangan. Even we did not know much about him. We only knew him as the author of three or four poems, not all of which we greatly admired. One was an imperfect, but deeply felt and moving poem on his own misfortunes, ending with a noble stanza:

"Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
Deep in your bosoms; there let him dwell.  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble  
Here—and in hell."

There could be no suspicion of pose, for the poet had lived and died in the deepest misery. The other, "Dark Rosaleen," was a splendid and impassioned love-song, a fantasia on an old Irish poem addressed to Ireland under the allegory of a woman. A fantasia, I call it, for it was expanded with a freedom and originality which left translation panting behind. It is too long to quote, and single stanzas would only scandal

the torrent vehemence of the whole. This was all we knew of him; but outside his own countrymen we met none who knew as much. Therefore we possessed him, and imparted him to those poorer than ourselves. Of late years I dreaded that our monopoly was coming to an end. I surmised that he would presently go forth to the English public in a volume, and the critics would find he had the Gaelic glamour, or some other infectious complaint. And I did not think Mangan would at all like it. Now here is the volume, issued by Mr. John Lane, with a preface by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, an American essayist and poetess. When I had timidly glanced through her pages, and satisfied myself that there was no Gaelic glamour, even in a suppressed form, I was able to read the preface with a heart at ease. And now I am reconciled to the failure of my monopoly.

The story told in that preface should alone be sufficient to give the volume something of a "send-off." The public loves "sad stories of the deaths of kings"—and poets. And here is tragedy enough, in all conscience. Mangan was the son of a small shopkeeper in Ireland, grew up under harsh and capricious paternal rule, received but a poor education, and was straightway put to copying to support his family, in which he slaved from morning till night. Thence he was transferred to an attorney's office, where he slaved yet harder amid coarse companionship which was to him brutal and hideous. He contrived somehow to supply the defects of his education by self-teaching, in spite of work, poverty, and friendlessness, and became known to a number of young men with literary tastes. He became an occasional contributor to various obscure papers, and also to the *Dublin University Magazine*; was finally enrolled among the band of brilliant men who contributed to the *Nation*, but nowhere found firm rest for the sole of his foot. Why is not quite clear. His work was of an unpopular cast, he was crippled by having to support his family, who preyed on his earnings; he had no push or energy, no doubt. But there was something behind, which has been very plainly asserted to have been drink. Anyway, his habits were appallingly irregular, and through them he lost a post which had been procured for him in the library of Trinity College, and went steadily down and down. In his latter years, when misery and prematurely broken health had completely sapped the last remains of will, there is no question that he was a drunkard—with spasmodic attempts at reformation. At last he was discovered destitute and ill in his room, taken to hospital, and there died of starvation.

That is about all, except the circumstances connected with his writings, and his friends' descriptions of his oddity, his sweet nature, and the charm of his talk. Half of his life is hidden. He disappeared from view for long periods, during which he is surmised to have sought refuge in the depths of outcast society. Then he would reappear, the same as ever, in his brown cloak of prehistoric ages, with a no less marvellous hat surmounting his early whitened hair. The

rest is conjecture—conjecture of a love-disappointment, of which nothing seems really known beyond his own bare reference, and conjecture as to what was his besetting vice. Miss Guiney will not listen to the tradition that he drank before those later years when his liability to cough in the gutter puts the matter past dispute. He was an opium-eater, she says. Carleton declared that he took opium, and Mangan denied it. That is all. The rest is, as usual, conjecture. We have descriptions of his personal appearance, and they remind Miss Guiney of the descriptions of De Quincey. Also a medical acquaintance of hers was struck by the same fact, and said that opium would account for Mangan's queer habits, while drink would not. All which establishes a bare "perhaps"—particularly since the medical friend avowed his candid anxiety to saddle Mangan with opium rather than with alcohol. Opium, you see, is rather poetic, while whiskey is decidedly vulgar. But he drank at last, it is plain, you may say. Ah, yes, says Miss Guiney, but he drank in order to get rid of the opium. He cast out the devil opium by alcohol, the prince of devils. Proofs—none. That is the way she is sure it *must* have been. On second thoughts, there *is* a proof. A man cannot be a drunkard and an opium-eater at the same time. Therefore, since Mangan was a drunkard at the last, he must have got rid of the opium before he took to the alcohol. Therefore he took to the alcohol in order to get rid of the (hypothetical) opium. It is a pretty piece of tangled reasoning on which we need not comment. Because, *why* cannot a man be a drunkard and an opium-eater together? It is "pathologically impossible," says Miss Guiney. When a lady takes a large scientific word in her mouth at the crisis of an argument you know pretty well that you are having a particularly unsupported assertion thrust down your throat. Unfortunately, it is but too "pathologically possible" to combine the two habits, and in the alcohol-drinking West the combination too often results. A man happens to take a glass of wine, for example, while he is under the influence of opium, and discovers that a powerful and Bacchic exaltation results, very different from the serene and luminous exaltation of opium alone. He pursues the discovery, unknowing his danger, to find too late that he is in the hands of the most fearfully destructive power conceivable—ininitely swifter and more deadly than either habit singly. A man may escape from the one; it is no common grace of Heaven if he escape from the two. If Mangan began by taking opium, then I have little doubt this is what ultimately happened to him.

But I am keeping the poems waiting. In some respects I confess to a disappointment. There is no other outburst of swift-ness and passion like the "Dark Rosaleen." The best of them are dreamy, deficient in substance, passion, or imagery, depending for their effect almost solely on metrical melody. Yet some of them are undoubtedly noticeable. They would be remarkable for one thing alone—the discovery (pointed out by Miss Guiney) that Mangan had elaborated the artifice of the reiterated refrain, exactly

in the manner of Edgar Poe, *before the date* when Edgar Poe first began to use it. In fact, the whole manner of the best poems is so startlingly like that of Edgar Poe that it is difficult to resist the suspicion that Poe somehow came across specimens of them, and turned the discovery to account with his usual unscrupulousness and power. Take an example cited by Miss Guiney:

"The pall of the sunset fell  
Vermilioning earth and water;  
The bulbul's melody broke from the dell,  
A song to the rose, the summer's daughter!  
The lulling music of Tigris' flow  
Was blended with echoes from many a mosque  
As the muezzin chanted the *Allah-el-illah*:  
Yet my heart in that hour was low,  
For I stood in a ruined Kiosk:  
O my heart in that hour was low,  
For I stood in the ruined Kiosk  
Of the Caliph Moostanzar Billah;  
I mused alone in the ruined Kiosk  
Of the mighty Moostanzar Billah."

Again, take this from the song of a dying Arab, *The Last Words of Al-Hassan*:

"The wasted moon has a marvellous look  
Amiddle of the starry hordes;  
The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book  
All bright with burning words.  
The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn  
Lahara's castles of sand.  
Farewell! farewell! mine eyes feel dim:  
They turn to the lampless land.  
'Llah Hu!  
My heart is weary, mine eyes are dim,  
I would rest in the dark, dark land!"

The *Karamanian Exile* has the same note, in yet another arrangement, as a stanza will show:

"O none of all my sisters ten,  
Karaman!  
Loved like me my fellow-men,  
Karaman, O Karaman!  
I was mild as milk till then,  
I was soft as silk till then;  
Now my breast is as a den,  
Karaman!  
Foul with blood and bones of men,  
Karaman!  
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,  
Karaman, O Karaman!"

Let me quote one more stanza from another poem, for the sake of its pictorial expression, and I have done:

"The silks that swathe my hall divan  
Are damascened with moons of gold;  
(Allah, Allah hu!)  
Musk-roses from my gulistan  
Fill vases of Egyptian mould.  
(Allah, Allah hu!)  
The Koran's treasures lie unrolled  
Near where my radiant night-lamp burns;  
(Allah, Allah hu!)  
Around me rows of silver urns  
Perfume the air with odours old.  
(Allah, Allah hu!)  
But what avail these luxuries?  
The blood of him I slew  
Burns red on all; I cry therefore,  
All night long, on my knees,  
Evermore:  
Allah, Allah hu!"

It will be clear from these extracts that the man who could thus anticipate Poe's metrical feats, though chiefly self-educated, in a country where literary culture could hardly be said to exist, and where there was

nothing which we should call literary society; and who yet showed in conception and expression so trained and literary a sense, was of no common gifts. He has, too, something of Poe's atmosphere, if his imagination is weaker. As to that, it is clear his imagination must have been literally starved. To complete the coincidence, Miss Guiney calls attention to the fact that both men died in the same year, and both in a hospital.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Gyp is really astounding. One asks oneself in dismay where she finds the secret of such inexhaustible comic spirit, such literary abundance, the strength for such mere mechanical labour, as goes to the production of an average of five or six volumes a year. Three months ago I received *Joies d'Amour* for review; a month ago *Le Baron Sinai*, and now comes *La Fée Surprise*. This makes the fifth volume since January last. In November there will probably be a sixth. To me, a contented idler, such stupendous waste of tissue, nerve, imagination, and labour is downright immoral. I do not speak of art. Art, I imagine, is not a serious preoccupation of the sparkling and irreverent Gyp. Her mission is to please at all cost, and be incessantly on view. Hence she writes continually, laughs continually, mocks, flouts, amuses, and leads, by her very perversity and commercial attractions, to the fatal hour of satiety. Perhaps another point of view is also her object as well as a resounding popularity.

Man, after all, works hard here below, that he may the more rapidly gain the right to be idle. Each one has his ideal. Some burn the candle at both ends in order to lie at cushioned ease when fatigue overtakes them.

Others (and these seem to me the most sensible) burn all along the road a modest, measured flame, from the start to the end economical of their illumination, which they vary with agreeable pauses in the rest of obscurity. These are the idlers, the pleasantest part of humanity.

The surprise for us of the *Fée Surprise* is the incongruous gathering into which Gyp's fragile art pitches the imagination, with an indescribable volatility and impertinence of effect.

It all means nothing, and yet one reads on. It is like the foam of the champagne-cup. It attracts though it is completely empty—mere froth. Sometimes a true word here and there strikes luminously out of a mist of nonsense. "You are like Sarcey, then; you believe that women are such liars as all that?" a lady asks of the grumbler of a dialogue. "I believe, madame," he replies, "that women lie whenever they can, and in every circumstance of life; that they lie from interest, love, ambition, vanity, wickedness, fear, and even stupidity—" "Oh!!!" all protest. The grumbler continues, "*Just like men, for that matter.*"

To put modern speech into the mouth of the dead is not a particularly difficult or interesting task. In this flippant art any one may excel. Here is a specimen of Gyp's incongruous juxtaposition. Xenophon and Cora Pearl are talking of the *concours hippique* which takes place at the Champs Elysées of Paris. Louis XIV. interrupts them to remark: "It is nothing to—" when the Centaur Chiron shouts: "Make him stop, or he will begin about the carousal of 1662." The Comte d'Aure observes: "Certainly, when I wrote, in 1840, my book, entitled *De l'industrie Chevaline*, matters were not as advanced as to-day." Xenophon: "Well, and I! When I wrote the *Hipparchique* towards 399, I think—Louis XIV.: "All the same . . . do what they will, they will never surpass the carousal of 1662!" The Centaur Chiron: "Heavens! What a bore that great man is!" This sort of thing is the work of Gyp's odd moments, and it cannot be described as a highly spiced refreshment for the leisure of her readers.

The Baron Sinai is more serious. This is a novel of modern life. The hero is a Jew. If I were a Jew I would instantly join in the scheme afoot to refound Palestine and rebuild the Temple of Solomon. It would be a pleasing exchange for the part the race is made to play in modern French fiction. The Baron is, of course, an atrocious figure, and, being a Jew, he is bound to succeed. But if Gyp's presentment of Christian society be a true one, the Baron has not the monopoly in rascality. The noble Faubourg opens its exclusive doors to a common and beautiful young woman with the art of dressing well, solely because she is the acknowledged mistress of one of its favourites, the Vicomte de Chagny. Protected by him, she floats triumphantly through salons. The Baron, to whom these doors remain inhospitably sealed, designs to marry her, on the death of her husband, the Vicomte's dearest friend. At first he means to suppress the lover, but discovering that the lovely Mme. Guérandé only possesses a ticket of entrance into select society through that same lover, he decides upon the *ménage à trois*. The Vicomte, drawn with all Gyp's predilection for aristocratic sinners, poisons himself. The Faubourg which has received Chagny's mistress declines to recognise Sinai's millionaire fiancée; so the Baron, in a scene of unimaginable brutality, informs the lady that there would be no gain for him in their marriage, and offers himself as a substitute for Chagny. With equal brutality he offers his hand to a susceptible maiden lady of the highest world. Both women accept: the widow becomes his mistress and the maiden lady his wife.

*Pays d'Ouest*, by Gustave Geffroy, is a collection of fugitive studies along the Norman and Breton coasts. It is agreeable, but not particularly vivid reading. This sort of literature requires a much stronger and quainter personality, a much more delicate touch, a vitality of stroke, and a subtlety of shade and sentiment that M. Geffroy is far from possessing. There is not a single notable sentence, not a striking picture, or a suggestive figure in the entire volume. And if amends were made by

distinction in simplicity there would then be a gain to literature. Still the book may be recommended. If it is not humorous, there is nothing cheap or vulgar in its dulness. It is like a uniform grey sky over a rolling grey sea, without foam or thunderous surge, with a damp shore-line, where a cheerless humanity labours and suffers. But it would assuredly never prompt the excitable reader to take horse or cycle and instantly ride or wheel to the West Country in search of the picturesque, the quaint, or the original. I had some comfort when my glance alighted on the promising title, *Belle-Ile-en-Mer*. Alas! there is no mention of Fouquet, of Porthos, or Aramis. A chapter on "Belle-Ile" without a tear for the death of Porthos!

H. L.

## NEW BOOKS.

*La Fête Surprise*. Gyp.  
*Déracinés*. Maurice Barrès.

## THE WEEK.

SOME books of solid interest have come to hand this week. Mr. Meredith's promised selections from his published poems is the first arrival to be noted. Messrs. Constable have put the book, which contains 245 pages, into the brown buckram binding in which they recently dressed the *Essay on Comedy*. The only note introducing the volume is this: "The selection here made has been under the supervision of the Author."

The series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" which Mr. Heinemann is publishing began most successfully with Prof. Gilbert Murray's *Ancient Greek Literature*. The second volume of the series, now to hand, is *French Literature*, by Prof. Edward Dowden. A cursory inspection of the volume inclines us to credit it with most of the virtues of a good introduction to a complex subject. A frank, clear preface defines the scope of the work, and a bibliography directs the reader to the highest authorities. The index seems complete, and a respectable bit of errata divests the work of any note of infallibility.

Another series published by Mr. Heinemann—"The Good Educators"—achieves a new volume. This is *Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their Influence on English Education*. Incidentally, the author, Sir Joshua Fitch, mentions that in the catalogue of the British Museum Library there are no less than eighty-nine entries under the name of Matthew Arnold, and sixty-seven under that of his father.

The recent celebrations at Ebbs Fleet give timeliness to an important historical work, *The English Black Monks of St. Benedict*, by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. The book is in two volumes, each containing over three hundred pages. Referring to the planting of Christianity in England by Gregory and St. Augustine—"men full of the Benedictine largeness of mind"—the author says: "It is not going too far, but it is the sober

truth, to say England in great measure is what she is to-day through the work and the influence of St. Benedict's sons. And there has always been deep set in English hearts a love for the Benedictine name, which no time, absence, or calumny could efface."

Among new editions we have new half-crown editions of *Rob Roy* and *Vanity Fair* from Messrs. Service & Paton. These are illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend and Miss Chris Hammond respectively. We have also received the second, third, fourth, and fifth volumes of Messrs. Cassell's cheap re-issue of *Familiar Wild Flowers*.

Canon W. J. Knox Little has revised a series of lectures on St. Francis of Assisi, delivered by him in the Lady Chapel of Worcester Cathedral, and they are now published as a biography of the Saint by Messrs. Ibister & Co.

Another new work of historical interest is *The Household of the Lafayettes*, by Edith Sichel. Messrs. Constable & Co. are the publishers.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

LECTURES ON THE GOSPEL OF THE PENTATEUCH. By C. H. Waterhouse. Ibister & Co. 2s.

THEOLOGICAL TRANSLATION LIBRARY: HISTORY OF DOGMA. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. Translated from the Third German edition by James Millar, B.D. Williams & Norgate.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

RICHARD BAIRED SMITH, THE LEADER OF THE DELHI HEROES IN 1857. By Colonel H. M. Vibart, R.E. Archibald Constable & Co. 5s.

GREEK IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A RECORD OF HELLENIC EMANCIPATION AND PROGRESS, 1821-1897. By Lewis Sergeant. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By Edward Dowden. William Heinemann.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI: HIS TIMES, LIFE, AND WORK. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A. Ibister & Co. 10s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH BLACK MONKS OF ST. BENEDICT: A SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY FROM THE COMING OF ST. AUGUSTINE TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. 2 vols. John C. Nimmo.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE LAFAYETTES. By Edith Sichel. Archibald Constable & Co. 15s.

## ART, POETRY, DRAMA.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. With Etchings by William Hole, R.S.A. Vol. IV.: Songs, Unauthenticated Pieces, Miscellanies, Biographical, Notes, Glossarial Index, and General Index, Terminal Essay. T. C. & E. O. Jack.

SELECTED POEMS. By George Meredith. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

A NEW BOOK OF THE FAIRIES. By Beatrice Hartman. Griffith, Farran, Brown & Co. 3s. 6d.

LYRICS. By John B. Tabb. John Lane. 4s. 6d.

THE FALL OF THE NIBELUNGS. Done into English by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by W. B. Macdougall. J. M. Dent & Co. 6s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART (TATE GALLERY). With an Introduction by David Cressy Thompson. Office of the Art Journal.

A TEXT-BOOK DEALING WITH ORNAMENTAL DESIGN FOR WOVEN FABRICS. By J. Stephenson and F. Suddards. Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d.

## FICTION.

THE TIME SPELL OF THE CHATEAU D'ARPON. By M. Carta Sturge. Arrowsmith (Bristol).

VANITY FAIR. By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrated by Chris Hammond. ROB ROY. By Walter Scott. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Service & Paton. 2s. 6d. each.

THE SETTLING OF BERTIN MENMAN. By Naranja Amarga. J. W. Arrowsmith. 6s.

A STRONG NECESSITY. By Isabel Don. Jarrold & Sons. 6s.

THE DEVIL'S SMILING. By Campbell Rae-Brown. Henry J. Drane. 3s. 6d.

PARADISE. By A. Kevill-Davies. Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.

THOSE DEADFUL TWINS: BOSEN AND MIDDY, THEIR ADVENTURES. By Themselves. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING. By A. E. W. Mason. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.

THE FORCE IN THE FOREST. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Kegan Paul. 5s.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

FAMILIAR WILD FLOWERS. New cheap issue. Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Series Figured and Described by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S. Cassell & Co.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

IN NORTHERN SPAIN. By Hans Gadow, M.A. A. & C. Black.

IDYLLS OF SPAIN: VARNISHED PICTURES OF TRAVEL IN THE PENINSULA. By Rowland Thirlmere. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d.

EFFING FOREST. By Edward North Buxton. Fourth edition, revised. Edward Stanford. 1s.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND MEXICO. By Winifred Lady Howard of Glossop. Sampson Low.

## EDUCATIONAL.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: A MANUAL OF ETHICS. By John S. Mackenzie, M.A. Third edition. W. B. Clive. 6s. 6d.

EXERCISES IN LATIN ACCIDENCE. By S. E. Winbolt, M.A. Methuen & Co. 1s. 6d.

LITERARY EPOCH SERIES: XIXTH CENTURY PROSE. Edited by J. H. Fowler, M.A. XIXTH CENTURY POETRY. Edited by A. O. Macdonald, M.A. A. & C. Black. 1s. each.

GREAT EDUCATORS: THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH EDUCATION. By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A. William Heinemann.

EXERCISES AND TEST QUESTIONS OF THE TUTORIAL LATIN GRAMMAR. By F. L. D. Richardson, B.A., and A. M. W. Hazel, M.A. W. B. Clive.

FRENCH POETICAL READER AND RECITER. Edited by Emile B. Le François. Hachette. 1s.

## FOREIGN.

FORELESNINGER OG VIDENSKABELIGE AFHANDLINGER, AF KOWIAD GJSLASON. Copenhagen, Gyldendalske Boghandel. 1897.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MYSTIC ROSE FROM THE GARDEN OF THE KING: A FRAGMENT OF THE VISION OF SHEIKH HAJI IBRAHIM OF KERBELA. Rendered into English by Fairfax L. Cartwright, B.A. Privately printed.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF USEFUL FIBRE PLANTS OF THE WORLD. By Charles Richards Dodge. Government Printing Office (Washington, U.S.A.).

THE GREAT POWER, ITS ORIGIN, USE, AND INFLUENCE: A BRIEF EXPLANATION OF THE NECESSITY FOR MONETARY REFORM. By M. de P. Webb. Kegan Paul.

SIX BAGATELLES FOR THE PIANOFORTE, AND OTHER NEW MUSIC. Weekes & Co.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION: REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH MEETING HELD IN LONDON, JUNE, 1897. William Trownce. 3s. 6d.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish early next week a book entitled *The Benin Massacre*, by Capt. Boisragon, one of the two survivors who escaped the terrible massacre in Benin at the beginning of this year. The author relates in detail his adventures and his extraordinary escape, and adds a description of the country and of the events which led up to the outbreak.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS & Co. will shortly publish a work by the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., B.A., Oxon, priest of St. Thomas's Abbey, Erdington, near Birmingham, of the congregation of Beuron, entitled *A Benedictine Martyr in England; being the*



*Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B.*, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered on December 10, 1610, at Tyburn.

*Verdi: Man and Musician*, is the title of a monograph now in the press, from the pen of Mr. Frederick J. Crowest, author of *The Great Tone Poets*. It will be published by Mr. John Milne.

THE two volumes of English history, by Sir James H. Ramsay, announced by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. are a further instalment of the work, of which a portion has already been given to the public under the title of *Lancaster and York*. The title of the forthcoming volumes will probably be *Foundations of England*, the period comprised extending from the beginning of British history down to the death of Stephen.

*The House of Seven Gables*, the second volume of Messrs. Service & Paton's beautiful edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's romances, with introduction by Dr. Moncure D. Conway, and illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend, will be issued in October. The introduction will contain a letter of Hawthorne's, hitherto unpublished, referring to the Punccheon family. The same firm will issue, in continuance of their new "Whitehall Library," the following standard works: Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Lord Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*, and Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*.

SARAH TYTLER's new novel, entitled *The American Cousins*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Digby, Long & Co. The scene of the tale is laid in the heart of Shakespeare land.

MISS MONTRESOR's new novel, *At the Cross Roads*, will be published on September 28 by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE BOOKSHOPS, EAST TO WEST.

I HAVE been for a saunter among the bookshops, beginning at Liverpool-street, that street of unrest. Here the pulse of the new publishing season is not yet felt strongly. A shop window near the station is still in August. But *The Martian* is there in fair quantity, and so is Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Pomp of the Lavilottes*, and Mr. Richard Marsh's *Crime and the Criminal*, and there were a few copies of Mr. Guy Boothby's *The Fascination of the King*, and a couple of copies of *The Jubilee Book of Cricket*. But these gleamed from a background of "Chandos" and "Minerva" classics, and sets of Lytton and Mrs. Henry Wood, and old kailyard books like *Kate Carnegie*, and *The Little Minister*, and *A Window in Thrums*. The "cheap line" was Messrs. Downey & Co.'s already extended series of sixpenny standard novels in yellow covers, sold here at 4d.

Walking through Finsbury-circus to Moorgate-street, I found a large bookshop

making the most of *The Martian*, the sale of which they were aiding with a poster. I observe that the proprietors have added cycling stop-watches and chains to their stock; may this be taken as a commentary on the discount question? or is it Messrs. Gilbert & Field's clever way for pursuing cyclist customers who have become tired of books?

In Poultry and Cheapside I found some good displays. At one shop George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* was awarded a poster, and at another a similar *réclame* was given to Mr. Le Queux's *Devil's Dice*. At both shops *The Christian* and *The Martian* were well to the front, and in Cheapside *The Martian* was shown alongside *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*. Mr. Wells's *The Invisible Man* was visible in Cheapside, and Mr. Guy Boothby's *Fascination of the King* seemed to fascinate in Poultry, for I saw it much handled.

In Queen-street I spent five minutes. Here a high class trade is done. Already the window contained eight copies of Mr. Meredith's *Selected Poems* and three copies of Prof. Dowden's *French Literature*. An announcement board in the window seemed a good feature; it reminded me of several new enterprises: Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.'s new eight-volume edition of the *Spectator* (a specimen page was shown), Mr. John S. Farmer's *Hunting Songs and Ballads of the Chase*, and the Bishop of London's forthcoming book, *The Story of Some English Shires*. Although cheap books are not shown here, although nothing less expensive than the Gadshill edition of Dickens is shown in the Dickens line, yet I noticed that a cordial welcome was given to Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.'s "Cheapest Books in the World" series. Their *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Don Quixote* were liberally represented. *The Martian* was there in profusion.

Facing the west end of Cheapside, and that worthily, is a large bookshop. Here, as elsewhere in the City, I found a refreshing elasticity in ideas as to what is recent. *Ziska*, for instance, was still to the front as "Marie Correlli's latest sensation." *The Master Craftsman* and *Hilda Strafford* are still "just published" in Cheapside. Baedeker & Murray, too, prolong their reign on the best shelf. But the poster is given to *The Martian*; and *The Altruist*, and *The Pomp of the Lavilottes*, and Mr. Louis Tracy's *An American Emperor* have the prominent positions.

It was only when I came to Ludgate-hill that I saw Mr. Lang's *Book of Dreams and Ghosts* at all; but that may have been due to imperfect observation. Each bookshop seems to give a plum of position to a different book. Here I found Mr. Bret Harte's *Three Partners* honoured. Again *The Martian* got the poster, and here it was described "as Mr. Du Maurier's Great Work, 'The Martian.'" Mr. Andrew Balfour's *By Stroke of Sword* was well shown here, and so was Mr. John A. Logan's *In Joyful Russia*.

## THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

PUBLIC interest in the great discount question is shown by the manner in which the daily papers have taken up the subject. Almost every paper has button-holed a bookseller and reported the conversation. A *Pall Mall Gazette* representative, for instance, has been talking to a large provincial bookseller, and this was the gist of the interview:

"How about this 3d. discount?" I asked. "Is it true it will come to an end before the year is out?"—"I can't say about the latter, but something will have to be done. At present there is no living to be made out of the higher-priced books except on order. Take the 6s. book, for instance. It costs us 4s., which means sixpence profit, out of which all the 'outs' have to come. But supposing we overstock? The same is true, only more so, when we come to books published at half-a-guinea and a guinea."

"It is said that if the change is made the author will be the sufferer, at any rate for a while, especially the less known writers. The public likes its discount, and will hold aloof if it fails to get it?"—"I don't believe it for a moment. Authors will gain. We shall have a fair margin for risk, and we shall stock more. This will be a gain to authors and publishers. It is the books that are seen that are bought, especially with less known authors; only a small proportion of the public order books not in stock. The six-shilling novel is going. It will soon follow in the wake of the three-volume book. The magazines have taught the public how much reading can be got for a small sum, and the cheap reprints are nails in the coffin of dear books. The publishers are beginning to find it out, and this season will show a large increase in the output of 1s., 2s., and 3s. 6d. books (published price)."

I demurred and asked, "How about *The Christian*?"—"It is having a great sale. I have three gross of copies coming in this morning, which will probably all be cleared before night. In fact, most of them are bespoken."

"That doesn't look like——."—"Of course I don't mean to say it of well-established authors, especially when they give good weight for the money—and Mr. Hall Caine does that, which is more than can be said for some of them."

"What sort of books do you like to sell best?"—"The cheap issues which come from Nelsons, Wells Gardner, Blackie, and houses like that. There is a substantial margin of profit, and the public buys them in batches."

"And the future of the trade?"—"Booming!—more especially in cheap books," he hammered in as a final shot.

## AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### THE CLARENDON PRESS ANNOUNCEMENTS INCLUDE:

*Theology, &c.*—"Novum Testamentum Domini Nostri Iesu Christi Latine, secundum Editionem S. Hieronymi," ad Codd. mss. fidem recensuit I. Wordsworth, S.T.P., Episcopus Sarisburiensis; in operis societatem adsumto H. I. White, A.M. Partis I. Fasc. V. (completing part i.); "The Peshitto Version of the Gospels," edited by G. H. Gwilliam, M.A., part i.; "The Coptic Version of the New Testament in the Northern Dialect (otherwise called Memphitic and Bohairic)," with introduction, critical apparatus, and literal English translation, 2 vols., 8vo; "Samaritan Liturgies," edited by A. E. Cowley, M.A.; "Latin Versions of the Canons of the Greek Councils of the Fourth



and Fifth Centuries," by C. H. Turner, M.A.; "Sancti Irenaei Novum Testamentum," edited by W. Sanday, D.D.; "The Key of Truth: a Paulician Ritual and Catechism," edited by F. C. Conybeare, M.A.; "Legenda Angliæ," edited by C. Horstmann, Ph.D., 2 vols., 8vo; "Old Testament History for Schools," by T. H. Stokoe, D.D., part iii.: "The Disruption to the Return from Captivity."

*Greek and Latin.*—"The Politics of Aristotle," edited by W. L. Newman, M.A., vols. iii. and iv. (completing the work); "Indices to Andocides, Lycurgus, and Dinarchus," by L. L. Forman, Ph.D.; "Horace," a miniature text, edited by E. C. Wickham, D.D.; Ovid, "Heroides," edited by Arthur Palmer, D.C.L.; Cæsar, "De Bello Gallico," edited by St. George Stock, M.A.; "The Agricola of Tacitus," edited by H. Furneaux, M.A.

*Oriental.*—"Thesaurus Syriacus," editit R. Payne Smith, S.T.P., Fasc. X., Pars. I.; "An Abridged Syriac Lexicon," by Mrs. Margoliouth, part ii.; "A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament," based on the Lexicon of Gesenius, as translated by E. Robinson, edited by Francis Brown, D.D., S. R. Driver, D.D., and C. A. Briggs, D.D., part vi.; Gesenius' "Hebrew Grammar," translated from the twenty-sixth German edition by A. E. Cowley, M.A.; "A Catalogue of the Turkish, Hindustani, and Pushtu MSS. in the Bodleian Library," by H. Ethé, M.A., part ii.; "A Catalogue of the Armenian MSS. in the Bodleian Library," by S. Baronian, D.D.

*General Literature and Modern Languages.*—"Manners, Institutions, and Ceremonies of the Hindus," by the Abbé J. A. Dubois, translated from the author's later French MS. in the Madras Government's Records, with notes, corrections, and biography of the author, by H. K. Beauchamp; "A Summary Catalogue of Bodleian MSS.," by F. Madan, M.A., vol. iv.; "Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante," by Paget Toynbee, M.A.; Aubrey's "Lives," edited by Andrew Clark, M.A.; "The Odes of Keats," edited, with notes, analyses, and a memoir, and illustrations, by A. C. Downer, M.A.; "Ætolia: its Geography, Topography, and Antiquities," by W. J. Woodhouse, M.A., with maps and illustrations; "A Catalogue of the Antiquities in the Cyprus Museum," by J. L. Myres, M.A., and M. Ohnefalsch Richter, Ph.D., with illustrations

*The English Language and Literature.*—"Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary," part iv., section 2, edited by T. N. Toller, M.A.; "First Steps in Anglo-Saxon," by Henry Sweet, M.A.; "A New English Dictionary, founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society," the concluding portion of *F*, edited by Henry Bradley, M.A., and *H*, edited by James A. H. Murray, M.A., LL.D.; "King Horn," edited by Joseph Hall, M.A.; Shakespeare, "King Henry the Fourth," part i., edited by W. Aldis Wright, D.C.L.

*Law, History, Geography, &c.*—"Studies in International Law," by T. E. Holland, D.C.L.; "A Digest of the Law relating to the Government of India," by Sir C. P. Ilbert, K.C.S.I.; "History of the New World called America," by E. J. Payne, M.A., vol. ii.; "Selections from the Whitefoord Papers," edited by W. A. S. Hewins, M.A.; "The Landnámabók, edited by the late G. Vigfússon, M.A., and F. York Powell, M.A.; "History of Agriculture and Prices," by the late J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A., vols. vii. and viii.; "Catalogue of the Rawlinson MSS. (D) in the Bodleian Library," by W. D. Macray, M.A., part ii.; "Historical Atlas of Modern Europe, from the Decline of the Roman Empire": comprising also maps of parts of Asia and of the New World connected with European History, edited by B. L. Poole, M.A., part xi.

Arrangements have been made for the issue of twenty-five works in the series of "Oxford Classical Texts."

#### MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"The Expositor's Greek Testament," edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll; "The Providential Order of the World," by the Rev. Prof. A. B. Bruce, D.D.; "The Clerical Life," a Series of Letters to Ministers, by John Watson, D.D., Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D., Prof. James Denney, D.D., Principal T. C. Edwards, D.D., W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., T. G. Selby, T. H. Darlow, M.A., and J. T. Stoddart; "On the Threshold of Central Africa," by François Coillard, Paris Mission; "Sunday Afternoon Verses": "Side-Lights from Patmos," by George Matheson, M.A., D.D. "Little Books on Religion": "The Righteous Father and the Living Christ," by the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, D.D.; "From Strength to Strength," by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.; "A New Volume," by the Rev. Hugh Black, M.A.; "The Silence of God," by Robert Anderson, C.B., LL.D.; "True and False Aims, and Other Sermons," by the late Rev. E. Herbert Evans, D.D.; "The Book of the Twelve Prophets," by Prof. George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D., vol. ii.; "The Life of F. R. Wynne, D.D., Bishop of Killaloe," with a collection of sermons and addresses; "The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith," by Rev. Prof. James Orr, M.A., D.D.; "Personal Friendship of Jesus," by the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.; "Essays and Addresses by Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E.," with introductory sketches by Ian Maclaren and W. Robertson Nicoll; "The Potter's Wheel," by Rev. John Watson, D.D.; "Other People's Lives," by Rosa Nouchette Carey; "Mary Queen of Scots, from her Birth to her Flight into England," including documents hitherto unpublished, by D. Hay Fleming; "A Doctor of the Old School," by Ian Maclaren; "The Ian Maclaren Year-Book"; "Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion, Based on Psychology and History," by Auguste Sabatier; "The Monkey that Would Not Kill," and another story for young people, by the late Henry Drummond; "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë, being the first volume of "The Works of the Brontës"; "David Lyall's Love Story," by the author of "The Land of the Leal"; "Through Lattice Windows," by W. J. Dawson; "By Far Euphrates," a new story by the author of "The Spanish Brothers"; "To the Angel's Chair," a story of ideals in a Welsh Village, by the Rev. John Thomas, M.A., Liverpool; "Autobiography of a Highland Minister," with a letter of appreciation, by the Rev. Alex. Whyte, D.D.; "In Strange Quarters," a story of Constantinople, by Edwin Hodder.

#### DRAMA.

ONLY on the vast stage of Drury Lane could such a spectacle as "The White Heather" be adequately presented. To a great extent it is the size of the theatre that determines the nature of the play, which must appeal to the eye at least as much as to the ear or the understanding; and it must be owned that the new management of Drury Lane in this, their first venture, have succeeded in maintaining, if not surpassing, the Harris tradition of spectacular sensationalism. "The White Heather" is, indeed, an excellent piece of its kind. Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry

Hamilton, the artificers of this huge dramatic mechanism, to which, as an accident has apprised the public, the working of hydraulic lifts is more essential than the best acting talent, have contrived to illustrate an interesting story of persecuted virtue and baffled villainy with mechanical effects of unprecedented ingenuity. I refer to the wonderful scene of the fight between divers under water for the possession of an all-important document recovered from the wreck of a yacht. No stage illusion of equal difficulty has ever been attempted. And, unlike sensational effects as a rule, it happens to be entirely pertinent to the story, the document in question being no other than the proof of an irregular Scotch marriage into which the heroine has been entrapped by a titled villain, and the establishing of which is the main purpose of the author's dramatic scheme.

WITH admirable consistency this purpose is pursued through four acts and as many hours—for the Drury Lane public like quantity as well as quality—with just such interruptions as the sensational illustrations of the story demand. It is part of the formula of Drury Lane melodrama that the story should move through the more or less familiar scenes of everyday life. Accordingly, we begin with a shooting party on the moors, where Lord Angus Cameron repudiates his alleged marriage *coram populo*. Passing thence to the interior of the Stock Exchange, we see the heroine's father "hammered" as a defaulter at the instance of the villain, who adds to his other wickedness that of being a mammoth speculator, and also assist at the playful antics of the stockbrokers, who tear a visitor's coat off his back. Battersea Park in the height of the bicycling craze, and Boulter's Lock on the Upper Thames in the season, bring the scattered *dramatis personæ* once more together, under picturesque circumstances; and then comes the race between the villain on the one hand and the heroine's friend on the other for the recovery of the missing marriage "lines," which not only make an "honest woman" of the heroine, but determine the succession of a dukedom. In the old days authors of melodrama were not too particular as to their facts. Dion Boucicault, for instance, thought it enough—and it was enough—that the Colleen Bawn should merely lose her marriage lines or be robbed of them, regardless of the fact that as the marriage had been contracted in regular form some official record of it would exist. But we live in critical times, and the authors of "The White Heather," re-creating a similar plight for their heroine to that which afflicted poor Eily O'Connor, are obliged to avail themselves of the irregularities of the Scotch marriage law.

At first sight the lady's chances are desperate enough. The marriage was celebrated on board Lord Angus's yacht (whose name, by the way, gives the play its enigmatical title). Not long afterwards the vessel was wrecked "off a rugged part of the coast of Scotland," with the log-book, containing the record, on board; and at the

two witnesses to the ceremony, one is dead and the other was last heard of in the Chinese seas. Naturally the hopes of the experienced playgoer are centred in this missing witness, who, by all the rules of the game, ought to turn up at the critical juncture, and, as a sailor, espouse the cause of justice. But the authors have cleverly evaded this obvious solution. Turn up he does, this missing sailor, and at Boulter's Lock, of all places in the world, but not to assist beauty and virtue in distress. On the contrary, his function is simply to tell Lord Angus where the log-book is likely to be found on the wrecked yacht if she should still be holding together, ten fathoms under water. The information is, however, picked up by a sharp-eared lad, who is the heroine's most devoted slave, and so at the end of the third act the problem is, who shall be the first to recover the fateful log-book—the villain who wishes it destroyed, or the heroine's friend who hopes to restore her good name by its means? That poetic justice is finally done need not be told. But a serious difficulty has still to be overcome. Is the lady, once her marriage is proved, to be burdened with a husband whom she has every reason to detest? Clearly not; but how is he to be disposed of? Here, again, the ingenuity of the authors does not fail them. Failing professional divers, it is the wicked nobleman who dons the diving gear and recovers the document. On the bottom of the sea he is met by the heroine's champion, who has descended on the same errand, and it is there the fatal fight is engaged in. Lord Angus uses his knife; the other retaliates by cutting the villain's air-tube and leaving him to drown, while he himself is drawn to the surface mortally wounded, but with the invaluable log-book in his dying clutch.

By dint of artfully contrived gauzes the illusion of being under water is conveyed to the spectator with a startling degree of realism. The descent of the divers is managed by hydraulic lifts, which slowly raise the diver's barge to "the flies"; and, marvel of marvels, in the dimly lit depths fish of various sizes are seen swimming about with an absolutely life-like movement. This effect is, I understand, due to a cinematographic reproduction of the interior of an aquarium. Its like has certainly never been seen on the stage. Of the acting by a company comprising Miss Kate Rorke, Mr. Henry Neville, Mrs. John Wood, and other experienced hands, it is hardly necessary to speak. The actor in such plays pales his ineffectual fires by the side of the stage carpenter and the stage engineer. Mr. Henry Neville's conversion or perversion to villainy after a practice of virtue which dates at least from the production of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" in the early sixties is noteworthy, but to the well-grounded actor nothing comes amiss. As a lady of quality, with her heart in the right place, Mrs. John Wood is, in her own jargon, "immense." An excellent recruit to the London stage in the line of business known as "character acting" is found in Mr. J. B. Gordon, who enacts the hard-

headed, but soft-hearted, stockbroker with a fine pathetic touch. The entire performance—play and spectacle in equal proportions—will rank with the best that Drury Lane as a home of melodrama has had to show.

HERE praise for the dramatic novelties of the week must end. The English version of Dumas' "Francillon" given at the Duke of York's Theatre is crudely and ineffectively acted (with one or two minor exceptions) by Mrs. Brown-Potter, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, and a scratch company. It is a difficult piece to handle, consisting as it does of a ha'p'orth of action to an intolerable deal of talk. In French, of course, the talk possesses the brilliancy characteristic of all the work of the younger Dumas. The translation necessarily loses much of that; added to which the English actors do not succeed in looking at home in their French surroundings. In the most favourable circumstances it would be difficult, no doubt, to lay satisfactorily before an English audience the particular question here discussed—namely, whether a wife has the right to retaliate upon a faithless husband by an infidelity of her own. But Mrs. Brown-Potter has few of the qualifications required for her part, though she is able to make an imposing display of Parisian costumes; while Mr. Bellew, a romantic actor of some distinction, is not seen to advantage as a society cynic.

THE faults in connexion with Mr. H. V. Esmond's love-story in three acts, given at the Comedy Theatre under the title of "One Summer's Day," are mainly those of the author, who has attempted, with an insufficient degree of dramatic intuition, to depict an idyll on the banks of the upper Thames. It is a confused and irritating piece of work, better in design than execution. Mr. Esmond gives us real hay-cocks and false sentiment. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Hawtrey is cast for a part which does not suit him—that of a sleepy, indolent major, who fails to see that a pretty girl in the person of Miss Eva Moore is throwing herself at his head.

J. F. N.

## SCIENCE.

THE report of Mr. Cotton, Chief Commissioner of Assam, on the destructive earthquake of last June, will open people's eyes far more than any sensational paragraphs could do to the magnitude of the catastrophe, and also to the remarkable power of coping with an emergency which Indian officials have acquired. There are some people who are never weary of abusing the administrators of the Indian provinces; for them the reading of this report will be a healthy reproof. Except for a conjecture that the source of the disturbance was a long-suspected fault near Cherrapunji, Mr. Cotton refrains from entering into a discussion of the physical causes of the earthquake, contenting himself with the

compilation of all the facts it was possible to discover. In this way he has provided the scientific staff of the Indian Geological Department with a greater mass of detail than has ever before been available in connexion with such an occurrence. The study of earthquakes and volcanic outbursts has within recent years been very scientifically carried out. Among the data now available on the subject this prompt and able report will undoubtedly take high rank for the future.

I AM sorry to see that the Marine Biological Association is obliged to appeal for funds, not only in order to extend its field of action, but even for the bare purpose of remunerating some of the men who are carrying out valuable researches on our national sea fisheries. The association was the outcome of a very strong feeling that Government had neglected the fisheries, and suffered them to decline, at a time when all other nations were zealously protecting them, and the United States, in particular, were spending something like £75,000 a year on theirs. This agitation led in one instance to the Fisheries Exhibition, which was successful in drawing public attention to the value and importance of the industries involved. The association was an after-growth, and was formed under the auspices of Prof. Huxley and others to promote a scientific study of the conditions affecting all marine fauna, and especially those bearing on the fishing industries. A laboratory was built under the citadel at Plymouth, with assistance from Government, and a staff of exceedingly able and energetic naturalists was established there. The plan of the laboratory, which I had the pleasure of visiting this summer, is somewhat on the lines of the more famous one at Naples. That is to say, dredging, trawling, and tow-netting expeditions are made all round the neighbouring coast by means of a fleet of boats specially equipped, and the results are tabulated or worked up in a large variety of ways according to their bearing on the definite researches in hand. During the summer season tables are let to students anxious to carry on private investigations. The association has already been the means of publishing excellent work, both of a practical and a scientific kind, the series of reports on the fisheries of the North Sea by Mr. J. T. Cunningham and Mr. E. W. L. Holt, and the latter's studies of edible fishes, being especially noteworthy. Unfortunately, as I was able to gather from my visit, the staff are completely hampered for want of funds, and are in need of larger and better equipped boats. The association is not one that can advertise itself in any way, and its unostentatious work is likely to go unnoticed except by the class to whose interest it directly appeals. As a matter of fact, however, the prosperity of the fisheries is a matter of the gravest national importance, and as it is a British custom to leave all necessary work to be performed by individuals or private societies, it is at least fair that these should be supported in an adequate manner.

H. C. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE DATE OF SIR W. SCOTT'S DEATH.

Edinburgh: Sept. 15, 1897.

On the anniversary of the decease of Sir Walter Scott (Sept. 21, 1832) I looked for the date in the Edinburgh almanacs, and found it omitted in the *Edinburgh Directory*, and also in that of Oliver & Boyd, but inserted in the Church (Episcopal) almanacs for this year. Strange to say, further, the dates of his birth (September 15, 1771) are also omitted in the *Edinburgh Directory* and in Oliver & Boyd, but inserted in the *Church Year-Book*. It may be inquired into how has this forgetfulness come about in Scottish publications in the very city of his birth and scenes of his career and reputation. Not so very far back as the first quarter of this century, *Whitaker's Almanac*, a London publication, was found to have both dates inserted all right, an example set by a more patriotic Saxon.

W. V. BLACK.

## CHRONOLOGY OF IRISH TEXTS.

London: Sept. 18.

This time I must protest, not "mildly," but vehemently against Mr. Nutt's manipulation of my last letter (ACADEMY, September 4). To the passage he selects for criticism he has added a whole clause which, although included within the marks of quotation, I never wrote, and which I moreover repudiate as distorting my meaning. By the expression "between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries" I meant the whole period of 400 years dating from the beginning of the twelfth, which was obvious enough from the passage from Mr. Borlase's book referred to four lines above; but Mr. Nutt makes me stultify myself by adding the absurd explanatory clause—"i.e., in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries." Of course, I cannot suppose that he interpolated these words in order to score a point; but he interpolated them none the less, and the discussion must therefore cease so far as concerns

THE REVIEWER.

## "LIZA OF LAMBETH."

London: Sept. 13.

I am told that your review of *Liza of Lambeth* is most unfair, and that I ought to reply to it.

I don't really know why I should, except that it is perhaps a little annoying to be charged with plagiarism, when my book was finished three months before *The Child of the Jugo* appeared. I have not yet had an opportunity of reading Mr. Arthur Morrison's books, so I cannot tell what similarity there may be between them and my own. But I might suggest that a fight between two women is not so uncommon a thing in the alums as to be seen by one man only. While the remark—not talk—about plumes I heard one night two years ago, when I was watching by a woman dying in childbirth.

Of course the story is sordid and nasty: it is meant to be. If the book was to be written at all it had to be done truthfully; and what have you made the poor, you others, but sordid and nasty!

I suppose no one can tell why the desire comes to him to write about a certain thing—but besides the feeling that I was writing because I could not help it, was another, that possibly it might induce the Philistine to look a little less self-righteously at the poor, and even to pity their unhappiness.

I am sorry that your reviewer should "quit me with a grimy feeling, as if he had had a mud bath in all the filth of a London street." But perhaps he will not entirely forget me; and next time he is forced to go through some

alums, he will not push aside with his umbrella the ragged child who is in his way, and when he sees a woman with a black eye, her face all pale and tear-stained, he may not look upon her entirely with contempt.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

WITH *The Martian* before them, and with *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson* on their shelves,

the critics have formed their final estimates of Mr. Du Maurier's abilities as a novelist. It was to be expected that these estimates would be sober, and they have been sober almost to severity. Their unanimity, too, is remarkable. It seems to be agreed that in *The Martian* Mr. Du Maurier did but work the vein of *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*, and that he exhausted it. Says the critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"Perhaps one wearies somewhat rapidly of the artifices by which Mr. Du Maurier produces his effects; perhaps in his last book his hand had somehow lost its cunning. Certain it is that the net result is weariness and occasionally irritation. The descriptions of Paris and its environs are here, the interjected French phrases, the French slang (with English translation appended). We have all Mr. Du Maurier's familiar enthusiasms—for physical perfection, for gentleness and strength and good temper, for France and things French, for food and drink—all the things, in fact, over which he is apt to wax lyrical. But the thing has lost its savour. The little tricks of style—or the want of style—by which he produces his effects, the multitude of epithets, the piling of Pelion upon Ossa, the long rushing sentences full of parentheses, merely irritate. They no longer produce a corresponding glow in the reader."

Even more explicit is the *Daily News*:

"The book suggests that the author had worked out the peculiar vein which he at first 'struck' with such unparalleled success to its last grain of ore. In any further work he would most certainly have been required to try fresh fields and pastures new. It would be as idle as it would be ungenerous to speculate the probabilities of his success in any new quest. It is enough to say that this book must, in any circumstances, have brought the first remarkable series to a close."

The same critic, on the other hand, does justice to Mr. Du Maurier's individual and indisputable faculty of observation.

"We recognise its author's obligations to its fine training in observation as a draughtsman for *Punch*. It cultivated his eyes quickly to apprehend the traits and peculiarities that make for definiteness of presentation. The book abounds in little scenes in London and on the Continent that might have been taken bodily from the jottings of the artist's 'carnet' of subjects for illustration. It is full of unforeseen touches of observation that lend an air of reality to character and episode."

The "chaotic construction" of the book, noted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is the subject of general remark; but the *Daily Telegraph* excuses the author:

"A story which consists mainly of interruptions, of parentheses, of discussions on every subject under the sun except the immediate topic in hand, of thoughts which are trivial, and of moralisings which are ineffectual, is from the literary standpoint nil. Nevertheless, we

would defy the reader to sit down to *The Martian* without gradually succumbing to Mr. Du Maurier's charm. . . . The central fact remains that it is a novel which has got to be read through from start to finish, not so much because it is good of its kind, but because it has its own secret for arresting and securing our attention."

"This singular novel is outside of all canons of literary art," says the *Daily Chronicle*. The reviewer remarks on the "incredible silliness" of the supernatural elements in the story, but says.

"If this volume of 470 pages had been reduced by one half, and if the author had been content to label his bundle of anecdotes 'Barty Josselin's Boyhood,' he would have achieved an original and even startling success. For, as a picture of school life in France, the early part of *The Martian* is altogether delightful. Here Du Maurier was on ground that he knew intimately; his memory was stored with impressions which he reproduced in firm outline and with atmospheric delicacy; his vignettes of French boys, ushers, country people, are little gems; and through these charming pages are scattered snatches of French songs, which spread around them a fragrance of tender gaiety."

Similarly the *Westminster Gazette* critic thinks the main theme of the book "a piece of bewildering nonsense," but he "prefers to remember that a great deal of *The Martian* is in the author of *Trilby's* characteristic style, and that it comes to us as the legacy of a well-loved and gifted man."

Finally, the *Times* says: "Like *Trilby*, the book has no literary style, but is written with the same enchanting grace, and resembles the bright and winning conversation of a genial and accomplished companion."

The illustrations are praised on all hands, but by one critic only as "charming oases in a desert of small talk."

THE reviews of Mr. Wells's latest story are more descriptive of its plot than critical of its art. The *Scotsman* gives it a word of warm praise:

"This is a wonderful story—grotesque, indeed, as the title-page has it, but deepening as it goes from the farcical to the fearful and tragical. *The Invisible Man* has been happy in his biographer, if in nothing else."

The *Saturday Review* says:

"Mr. Wells is more concerned with telling us the adventures that befall a man who made his body invisible than with persuading us that such a miracle is possible. This is a great advantage. We accept the miracle, and then the man with an invisible body becomes almost as interesting to watch as the man with an exaggerated affection for his daughters, or an exaggerated self-consciousness, or any other qualification that leads him into remarkable scrapes. And the greater elbow-room allows Mr. Wells to throw himself away, to laugh, to be reckless and irresponsible; indeed, the general tone of the book, and the entire first half, is farcical, broad farce, bordering on the knock-about business. . . . The tragedy is always on the brink of farce until we reach the last page and a piece of wholly pathetic tragedy. The hunted terror of society is caught at last, and most pitiful is the re-entry he makes into the visible world he left so boldly."

The *Daily Chronicle* speaks of Mr. Wells's "fertility of imaginative resource."

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## REVIEWS.

## MR. MEREDITH AS POET.

*Selected Poems.* By George Meredith.  
(Constable & Co.)

MR. MEREDITH'S poetry is no mere side-issue of the work by which he is better known. Even were these poems the mere luxuries of a great prose writer, they would be interesting, and would be sure of a fit audience; but they are far more. Had Mr. Meredith published no single word of prose; had he left uncreated those living, breathing figures which have grown so familiar, and merely chosen to give to the world this book of verse, a slenderer, but a no less sure, fame would have been his. Not that we, for one moment, recognise in Mr. Meredith one of the great masters of English verse. He is quite incapable of such lines as

"Absent thee from felicity awhile";

or

"In the bosom of bliss the light of light."

He is still less capable of such a verse as

"For old unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

Judged by the highest tests, this poetry will be found wanting; and there seem to us two special deficiencies in it. There is throughout all these poems a lack of that great simplicity which we demand in the highest verse. Passages there are of quite extraordinary beauty, of ripe observation and flowing vigour; but we are from time to time arrested by a metaphor or a thought which is baffling in the extreme. No doubt the fault is largely that of the reader, and Mr. Meredith usually errs through excess of light; at the same time, greater poets, charged with an equal weight of thought, have spoken more directly and cleanly. The pathetic quality seems almost absent—a quality which stands for so much in poetry, and is so characteristic of the English race that the lack of it throughout these poems is the more remarkable. We

are not demanding from Mr. Meredith that he should write lines such as

"And thou, too, old man, as we have heard,  
wast once happy,"

or

"the sting  
Of perishable things in my departing,"

for there are but one or two in all time who can rise to these levels. What we complain of is, that throughout the book the sense of tears is nowhere apparent. Having pointed out what we believe to be certain limitations to Mr. Meredith's poetic gift, we can the more freely enjoy its undoubted richness. We opened the book at "The Nuptials of Attila," and cannot refrain from quoting once more its magnificent opening:

"Flat as to an eagle's eye,  
Earth hung under Attila.  
Sign for carnage gave he none.  
In the peace of his disdain,  
Sun and rain, and rain and sun,  
Cherished men to wax again,  
Crawl, and in their manner die.  
On his people stood a frost.  
Like the charger cut in stone,  
Rearing stiff, the warrior host,  
Which had life from him alone,  
Craved the trumpet's eager note,  
As the bridled earth the Spring.  
Rusty was the trumpet's throat.  
He let chief and prophet rave;  
Venturous earth around him string  
Threads of grass and slender rye,  
Wave them, and untrampled wave.  
O for the time when God did cry,  
Eye and have, my Attila!"

The first two lines of this passage are magnificent, particularly the word "hung," which gives an impression of great distance and space.

Note, too, the look on the face of the "scourge of God," "in the peace of his disdain." Still finer is the image "Like the charger cut in stone," &c., which exactly gives the picture of a huge host ready to charge, but lifeless till their leader gave the word. Surely, however, the additional image, "as the bridled earth the Spring," merely weakens the effect, and the simile itself is altogether more commonplace. Fine, too, is the evidently intentional dissonance, or possibly echo, in—

"When God did cry,  
Eye and have, my Attila!"

But the whole poem has about it the glee of devastation, the delight of an appointed avenger. Mr. Meredith's metrical effects are often bold, but always justified. Take the fine line—

"He burst out of the bosom of ire."

Wonderful, too, is this picture:

"Name us that,  
Huddled in the corner dark,  
Humped and grinning like a cat;  
Teeth for lips! 'Tis she! She stares,  
Glittering through her bristled hairs."

We have said that this poetry is wanting in the sense of tears. Nowhere is this seen more clearly than in "The Lark Ascending." The verse here has certainly a wonderful gush and clearness and quickness: it actually does give that sense of a song so joyous that the bird can scarcely get it out. We

admit, too, that Mr. Meredith has a perfect right to take the lark in his own way, and hear nothing but the rapture. But if we compare the poem with that of Shelley, we shall at once see that Shelley strikes the deeper, and we believe the truer note. Both poets descend in spirit to the earth after the ravishment of the skylark's voice; but Shelley is touched with a certain sadness of the heart:

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought."

Now Mr. Meredith is touched rather by a certain sadness of the *mind*, here beautifully expressed:

"Was never voice of ours could say  
Our inmost in the sweetest way,  
Like yonder voice aloft, and link  
All hearers in the song they drink.  
Our wisdom speaks from falling blood,  
Our passion is too full in flood,  
We want the key of his wild note,  
Of truthful in a tuneful throat;  
The song seraphically free  
Of taint of personality."

To compare these two poems on the same theme will reveal to us not a little of Mr. Meredith's excellences, and also, as we think, of his defects. Be this as it may, this poem to the lark has the true exuberance and bubble of music. The little poem, "Mother to Babe," opens in exquisite fashion:

"Fleck of sky you are  
Dropped through branches dark";

but hardly gives the impression of complete ease in the writing. Nothing more delightful in its way than "Love in the Valley" has been written for many years. It is steeped from start to finish in the faintness of dawn, the freshness of youth. Take only the following lovely lines, and especially the two last:

"Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East  
deepens,  
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud  
swells.  
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is  
and secret;  
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold  
as sea-shells."

The "Hymn to Colour" we cannot profess to quite understand, except the ending verses, some lines of which are deep and excellent:

"They do not look through love to look on  
thee,  
Grave heavenliness! Nor know they joy of  
sight,  
Who deem the wave of rapt desire must be  
Its wrecking and last issue of delight.  
Dead seasons quicken in one petal-spot  
Of colour unforgotten."

We have still reason to complain of a certain coldness in Mr. Meredith in the poem, "Whimper of Sympathy." All sane, strong men hate the sentimentalist, who is the greatest foe of emotion; and there is in these verses a certain fine scorn. But somehow or other we do not feel that these two lines are quite in the poetic key:

"All round we find cold nature slight  
The feelings of the totter-kneed."

Here once more we can only raise the old complaint: that finely scornful as these verses are, it is none the less the "rueful sight" of the weak devoured by the strong that should appeal to the poet. Such scorn, though mentally fine, is not "the scorn of scorn" which is the dower of the poet. In "The Appeasement of Demeter" we have a poem really in honour of laughter:

Laughter! O thou reviver of sick earth!  
Good for the spirit, good  
For body, thou! to both art wine and bread."

Perhaps, however, the finest poem in the book is that called "The Day of the Daughter of Hades." The author shows in many another poem his delight in life, his love of light and laughter, his Greek apprehension of the beauty of earth; but nowhere, we think, has he given it such full and sweet utterance. We will quote as one example the following passage, containing a wonderful simile:

"He saw through leaves  
The Mother and Daughter meet.  
They stood by the chariot-wheel,  
Embraced, very tall, most like  
Fellow poplars, wind-taken, that reel  
Down their shivering columns and strike  
Head to head, crossing throats: and apart,  
For the feast of the look, they drew,  
Which Darkness no longer could thwart;  
And they broke together anew,  
Exulting to tears, flower and bud.  
But the mate of the Rayless was grave:  
She smiled like Sleep on its flood,  
That washes of all we crave:  
Like the trance of eyes awake  
And the spirit enshrouded, she cast  
The wan underworld on the lake."

This is a passage of quiet beauty; but we cannot forbear quoting another full of fire and rush:

"And the lord of the steeds was in form  
He, the God of implacable brow,  
Darkness: he: he in person: he raged  
Through the wave like a boar of the wilds  
From the hunters and hounds disengaged,  
And a name shouted hoarsely: his child's.  
Horror melted in anguish to hear.  
Lo, the wave hissed apart for the path  
Of the terrible Charioteer,  
With the foam and torn features of wrath,  
Hurled aloft on each arm in a sheet;  
And the steeds clove it, rushing at land  
Like the teeth of the famished at meat.  
Then he swept out his hand."

We must leave this fine poem with the cry of "Skiageneia!" ringing in our ears.

The "Young Princess" is lightly and often beautifully written, but has not the flash and force of the passage just quoted, or the deep charm of the passage before. Here are four mighty lines from "Lucifer in Starlight."

"Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,  
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his  
scars  
With memory of the old revolt from Awe."

Somehow or other the word "pricked" seems rather too small for the effect of zones, but the poem, both in idea—that though Lucifer revolted from Awe, he sank before Law—and in execution, is very strong. "The Star Sirius" is, we think, nothing like as grand,

and such words as "dotlings" and such lines as

"Reducing many lustrous to the lean"

can scarcely be called happy. Of the tributes to Shakespeare there is no end, and Mr. Meredith makes his contribution. We are much inclined to doubt whether Shakespeare was the calm and benignant creature which it is the custom of all critics and most poets to imagine. The old note is struck by Mr. Meredith, who says:

"Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; un-  
soured  
He knew thy sons."

Tennyson speaks of

"Universal Shakespeare, bland and mild."

Matthew Arnold paints the same picture. One would like to ask whether the reader of "Othello," "Lear," "Timon," "Measure for Measure," and the Sonnets would rise from his book with quite the same feeling of serenity and blandness in Shakespeare's character. We should, at least, like to ask Mr. Meredith whether the word "unsoured" would apply to that wonderful piece of verse beginning

"Tired of all these for restful Death I cry."

In "Winter Heavens" we cannot pass by the following splendid lines:

"The living throb in me, the dead revive.  
Yon mantle clothes us: there, past mortal  
breath,  
Life glistens on the river of the death."

"The Old Chartist" is, in its way, delightful; and the whole scene with the rat and the mud-bank is natural in the extreme. Especially good is

"I feel superior to a chap whose place  
Commands him to be neat and supple."

"Fair Ladies in Revolt" is not, we think, quite so successful, and there are one or two lines which it is almost impossible to scan. For instance:

"You have erred  
In mind only, and the perils that ensue."

We have no space to comment on the many powerful touches in "The Woods of Westernmain," with its ghastly ending. We should like to take leave of Mr. Meredith the poet with a last look at "Modern Love." The first of these poems is, we think, the finest. Listen to the ending lines:

"Then when the fire doomed blackening, I  
found  
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and  
swift  
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift:  
Now am I haunted by that taste, that  
sound!"

Then what a depth of truth there is in the following verse:

"In tragic life, God wot,  
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot;  
We are betrayed by what is false within."

The third poem is less fine; but in the fourth we get such lines as

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul  
When hot for certainties in this our life!"

But we do not quite like the line—it sounds a little hollow and swollen:

"Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse."

We have, as we said, found Mr. Meredith the poet somewhat cold, and lamented a certain obscurity in his verse; but that it is the verse of a true, and, at times, a splendid poet, no one with eyes or ears can for a moment doubt.

### MR. HENLEY'S "BURNS."

*The Poetry of Robert Burns.* Vol. IV.  
Edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson.

MR. HENLEY has ever been the *enfant perdu* of literature. It has always been the emprise perilous which has had attractions for him. In the achievement (essayed in company with Mr. T. F. Henderson) which he has now brought to a successful close by this fourth and final volume of the "Centenary Edition of Burns," the old fighting instinct shows itself strong as ten or a dozen years ago. Of whatever he set his pen to, one might be sure the average man would say: "True, no doubt; but how frightfully imprudent to say it!" To speak the truth about Burns! If Mr. Henley had looked round him for what forlorn hope yet remained to lead, he could not have made a more keenly characteristic choice. When the third volume appeared, the vital and straight-spoken notes of Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson showed plainly enough to what manner of issue they were leading; and that issue we indicated in our comments at the time. Now we have Mr. Henley's own summing-up of Burns's "Life, Genius, and Achievement," in an essay bold, vivid, complete with all his old mastery. We look to see how far it confirms or contradicts the summary which we based on those former notes, and find that in the main we were not far astray as to his mind. What difference there is arises mostly from the fact that we dealt with but a part of Burns, and here (of course) Mr. Henley is dealing with the whole; so that it displays Burns in a more favourable—rightly, a more favourable light. Let it be our first duty, and our pleasure, to say that we accept Mr. Henley's conclusions with an assent as complete and cordial as is well possible for two diverse minds in this world of divergence. In but a few points (which we shall come at in due course) do we feel any recalcitrance; and those are mostly things which have to do with Burns the man, not Burns the poet.

The editors tell us (in the preface) that they have already incurred violent hostility from numbers of the poet's countrymen, on account of the previous volumes; though their views were rather to be gathered than read therein. Mr. Henley's essay will not be a peace-offering; but he has too many scars of battle to care. Let him take the thanks of the few, which to-morrow will be the thanks of the many. He has uttered what none have dared to utter, and none—if they had dared—could have uttered with



like weight, and faculty to compel audience. It is fortunately impossible—or impossible with any plausibility—to account for his utterance by international prejudice. He has at all times shown such liking for Scots writers, and been so connected with Scotsmen, that many have taken him to be himself a Scot. It was as editor of a Scots paper that he first acquired his present brilliant repute and authority in the world of journalism. Already, indeed, his book of prose had made him known as a master of letters, with a style of perfect individuality and insuperable *élan*—the *beau sabreur* of essayists. But it was his editing of the *Scots*—afterwards the *National-Observer*, which made him not merely the possessor of style in himself, but the cause of style in others, an acknowledged revolutioniser of English journalism. Therefore none can ascribe his summary of Burns to anything but a disposition which sets the truth of literature before all nationality, and before ignorant obloquy. Nor has he tripped as he might have tripped. The Mr. Henley we knew of old neither praised nor blamed by halves. He loved a writer; and he descended in avalanche praise which often swept judgment before it. He saw grave, unnoted sins in a writer; and poured on him a glut of *mitraille* before which the hapless author's renown "reeled, shattered and sundered." Into no such trap has he fallen here. Mr. Henley seems to gain with the process of the years. Without sacrificing a jot of effectiveness, he has compassed an even balance of treatment. Seldom, indeed, can so grave a justice of matter have been fused with such brilliant *entrain* of manner.

What admirer of Burns, in good truth, could desire bolder, nay, more audacious estimate of the poet's place in literature than is given by Mr. Henley? It will not suffice the rabid Burnsian: "Think nothing gained," he cries, "while aught remains"; and allow that his poet's Muse stands next in beauty to Helen and Cleopatra, he will not be pacified unless you concede that she unites the golden tresses of the Greek with the dark riches of the Egyptian. Reason—at the name of Burns reason must bow; "there is reason in roasting of eggs," but not in toasting of Burns. His place, says Mr. Henley, is "in the first flight of English poets after Milton, Chaucer, Shakespeare." Is it not enough? "Enough, aye, and too much!" many may be inclined to cry with the reviewer; "Is this the grave judgment you talked of even now?" Well, let us look Mr. Henley's gift-horse a little in the mouth. He declares with explicit justice: "It is not for 'the love of lovely words' that we revert to Burns. He has all manner of qualities—wit, fancy, vision of a kind, nature, gaiety, the richest humour, a sort of homespun verbal magic." Nevertheless he affirms, "But for beauty we must go elsewhere." It is simple verity. What, then, does Mr. Henley mean by his first-quoted declaration? This he means: the power, the consummate power of Burns is to be sought in what we may perhaps call his poems of character. "The master-quality of Burns . . . is humour." There it is, the long-awaited truth spoken at last;

directly, clearly, courageously. Therefore Mr. Henley concludes:

"The world of 'Scotch morals, Scotch religion, and Scotch drink,' may be ugly or not (as refracted through his temperament it is *not*). Ugly or not, however, it was the world of Burns; to paint it was part of his mission. . . . The world of realism lay broad-beaten by his ancestors . . . he followed it with vision, with humour, 'inspiration and sympathy,' and with art; and in the sequel he is found to have a place of his own in the first flight of English poets after Milton, Chaucer, Shakespeare."

You see now what it means. It means—not that Mr. Henley is under any delusion as to the mode of Burns's gift—but that humour and dramatic vision have for Mr. Henley a poetic value which for some of us they have not. Admit that, and Burns's latest editor is not far wrong in the place he assigns to Burns.

Wherefore, seeing that his comparative estimate in no way thickens his sight of Burns's absolute powers and their nature, we are little disposed to contend over it; we can afford to pass it by on the other side. Personally, if Shakespeare had given us Falstaffs as the sands of the sea, and plays like "Much Ado about Nothing" as the stars of the heavens, we should judge him a great dramatist, we should not judge him a great poet. But the essential thing remains, that Mr. Henley sees Burns exactly as he is, and utters his seeing without fear or flinching. The rest is a bagatelle. "The master-quality of Burns is humour." The "Address to the Deil," "The Devil and Dr. Hornbook," those irreverent, pungent, irresistible flights of satire against the gloomy spirit of Scotch Calvinism, those pictures of peasant jollity, of vagrant revelry, full of animal spirits, of shrewdness, of character—*instantaneous graffiti*, the Comic Muse barefoot, reckless, tossing with dishevelled laughter; these are "rantin', rovin' Robin" himself. Himself, and also—as Mr. Henley sees—his predecessors, Fergusson, and the author of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and the many more. In the Songs this is far more so. Mr. Henley says plainly that Burns worked best in these where "he had a lead" from some older singer; and that it is such lyrics which "show Burns the song-smith at his best." He adduces in the notes of this edition abundant proofs of the fact—some of which we quoted at length in reviewing the third volume. In our opinion, this fact, now thoroughly established by Messrs. Henley and Henderson, must needs place Burns somewhat below true greatness as a song-writer. This, however, does not seem to be altogether Mr. Henley's view. It is so far true, he says, in that "the Burns of fact differs, and differs considerably and at many points, from the Burns of legend." But "enough remains to Burns to keep him easily first in the first flight of singers in the vernacular, and to secure him, outside the vernacular, the fame of an unique artist." Our objection to this (let it pass for what it is worth) would be that the old border singers were "vernacular," and easily pass Burns in the serious lyric. Perhaps, however, Mr. Henley would argue that few of their productions are real songs, but rather belong to the class of brief ballads.

Mr. Henley is not less, but rather more outspoken, in dealing with Burns the man. Terrible will be the flutter in the kailyards over this section of his work. Not Don Quixote among the puppets worked such slaughter grim and great as Mr. Henley when he lugs out his long sword, and slices right and left among the marionettes that have hitherto done duty in the pleasant tragedy mixed full of lamentable mirth of "The Ploughman Poet; or, the Glasses and the Lasses." Wood and tinsel are scattered about the stage; even Highland Mary lies lopped and low. For that last deed let Mr. Henley have our warmest thanks. Hateful is all sham, but most hateful of all the sentimental sham. Let him also be thanked that, by way of righteous compensation, he has championed poor Jean Armour, neglected of all the sentimentalists, because Burns took the romance out of her by giving her the tardy justice of marriage—not that the tardiness was his fault. For the first time we have Burns with the whitewash scraped off him—in his colours as he lived.

Mr. Henley sums his own sketch in one chance-dropped sentence: "The lewd, amazing peasant of genius, the inspired faun." Nay, he carries the revolt against smug unreality to excess; until we think of Lear tearing off his "lendings," when the contemplation of Poor Tom has convicted him of being "sophisticated." He declares it too late to apologise for the "primordial instinct," and a particularly rank absurdity "in the case of a man who so exulted in its manifestations and results" as Burns. Passing by the principle involved in this sentence, most people will understand from it that Mr. Henley applauds Burns for illustrating the "primordial instinct" by a life-long career of seduction; and it is not probable that Mr. Henley quite meant that. He shows clearly enough at the end what is really to be said of Burns: "a peasant of genius perverted from his peasantry . . . constrained to live his qualities into defects." Let it be added, that, though we have talked of the poet's "career of seduction" (because, like Mr. Henley, we have a taste for calling things by their names), it was far from implying what it would imply in a higher society. The young ladies of such a community did not need much seduction. The delicate manner in which Jean Armour opened her affair with Burns is typical. Some philosophers affirm that in all love affairs the first call comes from the woman, though it is a silent call. But these maidens were articulate, and left nothing to chance.

We are not, it is true, personally acquainted with Scottish village-life, we are willing to believe that things may have bettered since Burns wrote; and there is an immense gap between Mauchline and Thrums. Yet we do not speak out of our inner consciousness only. The reviewer has lived intimately in contact with a type of peasantry strongly analogous to that described by Burns, though more dour, less streaked with gaiety, and has, therefore, a vivid realisation of what such an environment means. Even in our actual position of superiority

and proud enlightenment, we do not find any stone exactly safe to throw at him. From this same experience, we doubt the heroism which Mr. Henley imputes to Jean Armour in a certain detail of conduct. He hardly, we think, realises the extent to which such girls' sensibilities are dulled in these matters. But all this is not to be pursued here. Enough that without such experience it is not possible to understand all the excuse for Burns.

In conclusion, let us hope that Mr. Henley's courage and sincerity will purify the atmosphere about Burns. As in the case of the Chinese Emperor's clothes, one has spoken, and now many may begin to speak. But, as in Andersen's story, to say that first word it needed, if not a child, what is in some ways the same—a man of genius.

### INACCURATE HISTORY.

*The Battlefields of Thessaly:* By Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P. (John Murray.)

THIS is a wearisome and profitless work. It cannot pretend to be a new and original history of the recent campaign in Greece, owing to the very trifling portion of the fighting that the author himself witnessed. Nor, so far as he was himself present at the battlefields of Thessaly, did his personal experiences differ at all from those already recounted in book form by several of the newspaper correspondents who professionally went all through the war. Nor, indeed, has Sir Ellis anything very fresh to tell us about his capture by a Greek gunboat, while the circumstance, naturally enough, hardly appeals to him so humorously as it did to the English journalists who narrated it at the time. It may also be suggested that the resistance of the Greeks to the Turks was of so contemptible a nature, on the whole, that it would hardly be worth a new and minute description, even if it had been possible for any individual to procure one. But Sir Ellis is by no means an accurate observer, and, being cursed with the trick of needless repetition, he gets into absurd tangles. The long artillery duel at Mati will not rank as an historical event of any great importance, but it is no doubt excusable for our present writer to tell us that on its third day (being the day of his own arrival on the scene of action) "the first shell was fired in the artillery fight at 7.45, and the cannonade continued without cessation till about 12.45." But is it excusable for him to tell us, three chapters on, in another account of the same battle, that "a furious cannonade began at eleven o'clock and lasted till four"? His ideas of distances are equally vague. He tells us how he watched this same engagement from the top of the Melouna Pass, at a distance of but two miles from the Turkish batteries. But on the next day, when he descends into the plain, he quotes this distance as four miles. Other authorities make it even further, and on yet another page of the book before us it is described as "about two hours' ride." What can be the use of such contradictory

details, except to distract the reader from paying attention to the author's conclusions?

Sir Ellis cannot even be congratulated on the maps which he includes in his volume. Beautifully printed as they are, their blunders are all the more manifest. The projected railway, for example, *vid Thermopylæ* and Lamia to Larissa is inserted as enjoying the same definite existence as the railways from Volo to Larissa and Kalabatea, while the much-used railway from Lamia to Marina is omitted from the same chart. The spelling of the various towns varies with the maps, even though in the text the name of the new premier, M. Ralli, is consistently spelt (for no apparent reason) Rhallys. These, no doubt, would be trivialities if in other respects we could obtain accurate history or comment. But, incredible as it may seem, on p. 94 we are told that certain mistakes in tactics on the part of the Turks at Velestino and Domoko "are explained or excused on the ground that the modern long range or repeating rifle prevents the soldier from being kept in hand." Yet it is the fact, as truly narrated on p. 140 of the same book, that "the Turkish infantry were all armed with the Martini-Henry rifle" at Velestino, and that "only one brigade of the second division" had the Mauser at Domoko, which brigade fought with remarkable bravery and perfect discipline. So, too, on p. 139, Pharsalos is mentioned as marked by one of the "largest and most sanguinary conflicts, and by the heaviest losses to the Turks." Yet on p. 225 we are told "the action at Pharsalos cannot be called a battle," and on p. 229 that the Turkish loss in the same engagement was "about 300 men *hors de combat*." Many other "howlers" of equal calibre might be quoted if space permitted, but enough have been advanced to indicate the value that this volume would possess as a book of reference. Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P.'s Russophobic views on the Eastern Question are already pretty well known, and are no doubt appreciated at their full value by his friends. The medley of obvious blunders in which these opinions are involved in *The Battlefields of Thessaly* will scarcely assist them to carry conviction to the minds of his political opponents.

### SIGNED CRITICISM.

*Studies in Two Literatures.* By Arthur Symons. (Leonard Smithers.)

MR. SYMONS believes in the personal element in criticism: he judges no author, no book, by generally accepted formula or hard and fast dogmatic rule. He is distinctly an impressionist, and his criticisms are the records of his own feelings while reading certain books. He does not care an iota for abstract generalities, for his studies are studies in purely personal sensations. And as every man is, at his best, but a creature of moods and impulses, it would be unfair to expect to find in these studies, written as they were at different times and

under different circumstances, an absolute continuity of thought, an absolute freedom from contradictions. As it is, the slight contradictions and revisions of previous impressions which crop up here and there only add to the charm of the book.

These studies are divided into (1) Studies in the Elizabethan Drama; (2) Studies in Contemporary Literature; (3) Notes and Impressions: English Writers; (4) Notes and Impressions: French Writers. Of these, the Studies in the Elizabethan Drama are the least successful; while the Notes on French writers are somewhat disappointing and unsatisfactory. In the Shakespeare essays, Mr. Symons has, as he remarks in the preface, been forced to become argumentative—"that was a necessity of the case, as I had to clear the ground." Now this clearing of the ground is useful, but somewhat exasperating and tedious work; and though Mr. Symons does his best to make interesting the time-worn arguments of date and place and "internal evidences," he cannot conceal his sense of the utter futility of them all. In arguments, in clearing the ground, personal impressions count for very little. The essays included under this section are on "Antony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "The Winter's Tale," "Titus Andronicus," and "Henry VIII.," Philip Massinger and John Day. They were written as introductions to an edition of Shakespeare's plays, and the "Mermaid Series" of Elizabethan dramatists, and model introductions they unquestionably are. But they are nothing more. They contain admirable summaries of the works of a host of writers on the same subjects, but little that is distinctly original. Here and there, when Mr. Symons allows himself a free hand and gives his own impressions of certain characters—notably of Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth—they rise above the level of the merely commonplace; but for a volume of this kind, a book that makes some claim for permanency, the clearing of the ground is altogether too much in evidence. The best essay is that on "Titus Andronicus," where the evolution of the tragedy of blood, the change from the merely horrible in "The Spanish Tragedy" or the "Jew of Malta" to the intensely and magnificently terrible, then to the most awful of all, the tragedy of the soul, is traced with particular clearness.

In the "Studies in Contemporary Literature" Mr. Symons is on surer and more congenial ground, for he is a modern of the moderns, one of *les jeunes*. We have here essays on Christina Rossetti, William Morris, Coventry Patmore, Walter Pater, Modernity in Verse and on Zola's Method—essays intensely personal, and containing no suggestion of finality. It will be seen at once that in reviewing these studies we are confined to the expression of agreement with or disagreement from the personal impressions they set forth. To begin with, we certainly do not like the passage on the first page of the essay on Christina Rossetti, which reads very much like a sneer at the genius of Mrs. Browning, and though in our admiration for the poems

of Miss Rossetti we would yield to none, we should hardly care to subscribe to Mr. Symons's dictum that "she possessed a power of artistic self-restraint which no other woman who has written verse, except the supreme Sappho, has ever shown. . . . She is more English than any Englishwoman." In passing we may say that we have noted throughout the book quite a number of such dogmatic exaggerations. Mr. Symons's somewhat magnified enthusiasms may serve as an excuse for these outbursts, but many of his studies—that on Walter Pater, for instance—suffer from a superfluity of admiration. The peculiar note of Christina Rossetti's genius is well summed up as "a power of seeing finely beyond the scope of ordinary vision . . . an autumnal muse, perhaps, but the muse certainly of an autumn going down towards winter with the happy light still on it of a past, or now but scarcely passing summer." In such summings up, Mr. Symons's method is seen at his best. They are terse, graphic, and original, and, as a rule, give in a few lines a wonderfully true picture of the author's peculiar genius.

In the essay on William Morris, Mr. Symons is inclined to emphasise rather too strongly what he aptly calls the "vague and monotonous, and continuous and restful going on" of the poems, and to ignore the real passion and fire of which Morris's work was so full. It is curious to find a critic who in his confession of faith in the preface to this volume writes: "A work of art has but one reason of existence—that it should be a work of art, a moment of the eternity of beauty," complaining that "to read 'The Earthly Paradise' is like taking a dose of opium," and that in Morris's work there is a sense of "that weariness which comes of over-much repose."

Mr. Symons's criticism of Robert Louis Stevenson is rather carping, and shows that he has failed to fathom the marvellous attractiveness of Stevenson the man apart from Stevenson the writer. There is a lack of the all-necessary sympathy in Mr. Symons's study. The "Notes on French Writers" are, as we have said before, distinctly disappointing. Mr. Symons knows contemporary French poetry, better than most critics. He has soaked himself in Continentalisms of every kind, but these studies are scrappy and haphazard and incomplete. In one is he biographical, in another critical, and, though all are interesting, the wisdom of including such flimsy impressions in a volume of solid merit is questionable. The note on Catulle Mendès is altogether laudatory. Yet a man who has abused his real talents as Mendès has done is positively despicable.

We have left to the last Mr. Symons's essay on "Modernity in Verse," perhaps the most suggestive study in the collection. With all the good that he says of Mr. Henley's poetry we heartily agree, but it is a pity that no mention is made of Mr. Kipling, one of the most essentially modern of poets. Mr. Symons finds in Mr. Henley's capacity for dealing with London, with the maddening roar and rush of life, the true test of modernity.

## THE SOCIAL PROBLEM IN SWITZERLAND.

*Social Switzerland.* By William Harbutt Dawson. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. DAWSON writes primarily for the expert, and those who are intimately connected with trade organisations or social work in this country will find his book particularly suggestive and instructive; but in these days, when such problems as the relief of the unemployed, the housing of the aged poor, or the protection of the working classes, are forced into such tremendous prominence, the experiments which have been carried on in Switzerland become of universal interest. We could have wished that Mr. Dawson had pointed out more distinctly the difference between the social legislation now in force in England, France, and Germany and that of the various cantons in Switzerland, for his book would then have been of more value to the general reader, who is not always too well informed with regard to the intricacies of social legislation.

The first section of the book deals with the organisation and protection of labour in factories. In Switzerland the law fixes a normal day of eleven hours, though ten hours only may be worked on Saturday and the days preceding holidays. There seems to be little or no desire for an eight-hours' day. In the middle of the day at least an hour's rest must be given to all workpeople. Sunday work is only permitted under special circumstances, and all factory regulations—as to conditions and hours of work, payment of wages, fines, &c.—must be submitted to the Cantonal Government, "which first takes the opinion thereon of the workpeople themselves." Sunday and night work is prohibited for women, who are allowed an extra half-hour for the mid-day rest—when they have household duties to perform. The regulations with regard to child labour do not, however, appear to be very satisfactory.

In spite of the longer hours, the wages paid to the Swiss working classes fall considerably below the standard common in this country, and Mr. Dawson cites the case of the silk-ribbon weavers of Basle who struck quite recently for a minimum wage of 3s. 9d. per day. Though the trade union organisation in Switzerland is comparatively weak, strikes are more generally successful than in this country, for the essentially democratic spirit of the Swiss people is an immense and invariable power on the side of the strikers. Mr. Dawson gives a detailed account of the various organisations of working men in different parts of the country. The story of the evolution of the *Grütlerversin* now a Socialist organisation of great importance, boasting of some thirteen thousand members, is particularly instructive.

Under the general heading of "Industrial Peace" we have next an account of the Industrial Courts of Arbitration which are now to be found in most cantons. All minor disputes between employer and employee are finally settled by the judges of these courts; but there seems little doubt

that the side of the employee is much favoured, and employers are by no means satisfied with the workings of the courts of arbitration. There are three judges—one chosen from the civil courts, one from the ranks of the employers, and one from among the men—but Mr. Dawson adds, very significantly, "there is a tendency for employing members of the courts, or certain of them, to vote with the labour side from motives of trade rivalry or with the object of ingratiating themselves with the working classes."

Switzerland would appear to be a haven of rest for the unemployed working man. There are relief stations situated in all parts of the country—stations very different in every respect from the English workhouse—and labour registries are to be found in every town of any importance. Some idea of the amount of relief given to the unemployed may be gathered from the fact that in 1894, in the canton of Zurich alone, the relief stations drew more than £1,100 from the cantonal exchequer. In many of the large towns homes for travelling working men in search of employment have been established on a very large scale. In the *Passantenhaus*, in Berne, no fewer than 17,000 persons—a third of them foreigners—are fed and housed every year. Of these more than 300 received new shoes, many received new clothes, and not a few gifts of money to help them on their way.

We have no space for a detailed account of the various Swiss labour colonies and labour bureaux and exchanges. As is generally known, it has fallen to the lot of Switzerland to make the first practical experiments in compulsory out-of-work insurance, and Mr. Dawson gives an excellent history of the attempt and its results in the various cantons. The homes for the aged poor, which are scattered throughout Switzerland, are ideal establishments, and it is painful to realise we have so few establishments like the *Grienenasyl* of Berne in this country.

The book concludes with chapters on technical education and the control of the drink traffic. *Social Switzerland* is altogether a suggestive and instructive book—a book to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

## ABOUT BIRDS.

*Citizen Bird: Scenes from Bird-life for Beginners.* By Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliott Coues. With 111 Illustrations. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

"BIRD-DAY" is a phrase unknown to our Cisatlantic ears. In the land of the free and glorious it is becoming known as the name of a festival devoted to instructing the youth in the useful qualities of what a pamphlet before us on the subject calls "our feathered brothers." In a similar manner "Arbor Day" has come to be recognised throughout America as a day on which it is meet for children to plant trees and think about them. These two celebrations are the outcome of a movement which has been taking place to interest young people in the

beauties and economics of nature generally. It is a movement which must command the sympathy of all, but especially of those who have seen the previous sacrifice of nature to the utilitarian Moloch, and have noted the rapid disappearance of singing birds and flowering plants before the devastating march of industry. Many writers have dwelt upon this saddening feature of American growth. Now the reaction has set in with a kind of frenzy, and birds, beasts, and wild vegetation are to be protected at all hazards. The authors of the movement have sensibly abandoned all hope of securing their object by means of prohibitive legislation, and have gone instead direct to the heart of the people at its most plastic and impressionable age. One might have felt sceptical as to the power of any human influence to rob the schoolboy of his bird's-nesting and catapulting propensities; and in England especially we should probably shrug shoulders over the idea, and utter the time-worn complacencies that boys do very little damage to our feathered population, and that birds'-nesting is an excellent means of inculcating a spirit of hardiness and adventure. They look at things differently in America. There not only does the schoolboy seem to be amenable to the dulcet reasoning of humanitarians, but even a Secretary of Agriculture can so far unbend from his official calmness as to "enthuse" in the following strain:

"The love of feather ornaments so heartlessly persisted in by thousands of women, and the mania for collecting eggs and killing birds so deeply rooted in our boys, are legacies of barbarism inherited from our savage ancestry. The number of beautiful and useful birds annually slaughtered for bonnet trimmings runs into hundreds of thousands, and threatens, if it has not accomplished, the extermination of some of our rarer species. The insidious egg-hunting and pea-shooting proclivities of the small boy are hardly less widespread and destructive. It matters little which of the two agencies is more fatal since neither is productive of good. One looks to the gratification of a shallow vanity, the other of a cruel instinct and an expenditure of boyish energy which might profitably be diverted into other channels."

And again:

"Birds are of inestimable value to mankind. Without their unremitting services our gardens and fields would be laid waste by insect pests. But we owe them an even deeper debt than this, for the study of birds tends to develop some of the best impulses and attributes of our nature. Among them we find examples of generosity, unselfish devotion, of the love of mother for offspring, and other estimable qualities."

We try to picture Mr. Walter Long carried away to this extent, and after repealing in one breath his much-detested muzzling-order, sitting down to reflect on the simple beauties of Mrs. Gatty's nature parables!

However, sentimental or not—and it is astoundingly sentimental—one cannot find anything but praise for the authors of the bird-protection movement in America. It has a practical side as well which it would be unfair to ignore, and that is that considerable efforts are being made to put before farmers the true facts as to their indebtedness to birds for destroying the grubs which injure agricultural industries. The

farmer, like the gamekeeper, has an instinctive feeling that most wild creatures are to be regarded as enemies, and destroyed. How short-sighted this policy is can be demonstrated to simplicity by examining the crops of even such an agricultural terror as the crow.

The nicely printed book before us is not unconnected with the movement we have been referring to. Its objects, therefore, are unimpeachable. Whether in the form presented by Miss (? Mrs.) Osgood Wright and Dr. Elliott Coues it is likely to prove acceptable, is a matter which an English reviewer has some difficulty about deciding. We have seen that full-grown American officials can write very sentimentally about birds with confidence of appealing to their public; maybe the peculiarly waterish sentiment of *Citizen Bird* is the kind of thing appreciated by American children. We would rather that American children spoke for themselves. One thing is tolerably certain, it does not appeal to English children. The setting is unfamiliar, involving "Mammy Bun," an old negress cook, certain very Transatlantic children—we assume them to be Transatlantic—an irritating but faultless cripple, and a preposterously benevolent ornithologist. The literary flavour is something between Maria Edgeworth and *Sandford and Merton*, fraught with unpalatable suggestions of an antique time. But more important still is the fact that scarcely a bird mentioned is familiar, or bears a familiar name. The "blue bird" does not flit about our English eaves; cat birds, mocking birds, chickadees, towkees, and a hundred others which figure in these apologies, are conspicuous by their absence. The only English bird of the lot is the English sparrow, and that alone of them all is condemned to ruthless extermination. For these various reasons we doubt the popularity of *Citizen Bird* in England; its charming get-up and scrupulous accuracy may commend it to the different tastes of the American *jeunesse*.

#### A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

*English Epigrams and Epitaphs.* Selected by Aubrey Stewart. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. STEWART'S collection of epigrams and epitaphs makes a pleasant little volume which many people will be glad to keep on their shelves for reference. Like all books of its kind, it contains a certain amount that, from the literary standpoint, is of no particular value, while, on the other hand, it omits some well-known epigrams which one would have expected to find included in it. But, on the whole, its contents are judiciously selected and well arranged. As one might expect, the section devoted to epitaphs is more interesting than that which contains the epigrams, perhaps because comparatively few English poets of the first rank have turned their attention to the epigram. Pope, of course, is an exception, and his epigrams are almost always admirable. But Swift's are too often clumsy, while Byron's, though neat, are rather

obvious. Mr. Stewart, by the way, omits the well-known one of his on Castlereagh:

"So Castlereagh has cut his throat—the worst  
Of this is, that his own was not the first!"

Also the clever punning epitaph on John Adams of Southwell, and the oft-quoted

"With Death doomed to grapple,  
Beneath this cold slab he  
Who lied in the chapel  
Now lies in the abbey."

Byron, in fact, is but scantily represented in this collection. It contains, of course, the celebrated lines on Milton by Dryden,

"Three poets in three distant ages born,"

perhaps the best epigram, in the *Greek* sense of the word, in the English language. While in the more ordinary sense of the word "epigram" nothing can be better than the familiar one by Wesley on Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, also included here:

"While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive  
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give.  
See him when starved to death, and turn'd to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust!  
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown—  
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone."

The last two lines are as good as they can possibly be, but the first four are somewhat too diffuse for a perfect epigram.

Turning to the epitaphs in this collection, we find all, or nearly all, that we could wish of the famous ones, while some new ones are included that were well worth recording. Here is one from Edinburgh:

"John McPherson  
Was a wonderful Person.  
He stood 6 ft. 2 without his shoe.  
And he was slew  
At Waterloo."

This from Pewsey Church is still more delightful:

"Here lies the body of  
Lady O'Looney,  
Great niece of Burke, commonly  
Called the Sublime.  
She was  
Bland, passionate, and deeply religious,  
Also she painted in water-colours,  
And sent several pictures to the Exhibitions.  
She was first cousin to Lady Jones,  
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mr. Stewart, in one place, gives a very unsatisfactory version of a famous epigram:

"This World's a city full of crooked streets,  
Death is the market-place where each one  
meets:  
If Life were only merchandise to buy,  
The Rich would live, the poor alone would  
die."

The other version, which is undeniably superior, runs as follows:

"Life is a city with many a street,  
Death is the portal where all men meet.  
If Life were a thing that money could buy  
The Poor could not live—and the Rich would  
not die."

The epitaph on a great Talker,

"Hic tacet,"

is extremely happy. Altogether this is a pleasant collection, clearly printed and convenient in size. It should be popular with lovers of the epigram.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

The novels published during the past week number twenty-two. They are:

#### WHAT MAISIE KNEW.

By HENRY JAMES.

A study of a young girl upon whom the world opened hardly and harshly. A typical Henry James. Ran serially through the *New Review* and the *Chap Book*. (W. Heinemann. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### THE LADY'S WALK.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

A posthumous, supernatural novel. About a ghost—a lady—that frequents Ellermore in the Highlands. A gentle story. Not in the least bluggy. "We don't call it a ghost," said Charlotte. "I am fond of it for my part; but, then, I have been used to it all my life." (Methuen & Co. 251 pp. 6s.)

#### HUGH WYNNE: FREE QUAKER.

By S. WEIR MITCHELL.

A novel of the American revolution. Ran through the *Century* magazine. The Free Quaker, or Disowned Friend (disowned because he believed, with others, that active resistance was justifiable) who tells the story, was on General Washington's staff. One critic has already boldly stated that "Dr. Mitchell has now written the great American novel." Another (in the *Outlook*) says: "If not the long-sought American novel, it at least comes closer to it than any other novel of the decade." We await our own verdict with fortitude. (T. Fisher Unwin. 485 pp. 6s.)

#### MARIETTA'S MARRIAGE.

By W. E. NORRIS.

Another long novel by the patient, pleasant, pedestrian author of *The Countess Radna*, &c., &c., &c. As usual, many of the characters are titled. The end leaves Marietta, "for once in her life, happy and contented." (W. Heinemann. 350 pp. 6s.)

#### IN KEDAR'S TENTS.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

*The Sowers* took us to Russia. Now we are off to Spain ('tis sixty years ago) with an impulsive and generous Irishman, who plays no inconsiderable part in the Carlist war. Mr. Merriman, as usual, convinces and thrills. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

#### THE BEETLE.

By RICHARD MARSH.

But such a Beetle! Let the author speak for himself: "I am quite prepared to believe that the so-called Beetle was a creature born neither of God nor man." *Dracula*, by Mr. Bram Stoker, was creepy, but Mr. Marsh goes one, oh! many more than one, better. There is a horrible picture as frontispiece. (Skeffington & Co. 351 pp. 6s.)

#### ONE OF THE BROKEN BRIGADE.

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

By the author of *Snap* and *Gold Gold in Cariboo*; but we know them not. The characters move on from Berkshire to Vancouver Island, where adventures follow fast and faster till the postscript, where you may see "an old grey-haired man and a fair type of English womanhood bending over a marble tablet, and underneath is written —" No, fairness forbids. (Smith, Elder & Co. 279 pp. 6s.)

#### THE MISANTHROPE'S HEIR.

By CYRIL GREY.

Of a former effort, *Glenathole*, we wrote: "A most conscientious performance." This, too, is conscientious—and very, very long. It should please the Scot, for the dialect begins on the first page: "Ye canna cross the nicht, Duncan. Hoots, man, ye're daft to think o't." (Skeffington & Son. 380 pp. 6s.)

#### A FAIR DECEIVER.

By GEORGE PASTON.

The end falls thus: "Presently the couple went into the cheerful vicarage drawing-room. . . . But outside in the darkness and the rain the man sat beside the rose-guarded grave, and leant his cheek against the branches, *all unconscious of the thorns* [our italics], and whispered that he had not forgotten. . . ." (Harper & Brothers. 277 pp.)

#### AMY VIVIAN'S RING.

By SURGEON-MAJOR H. M. GREENHOW.

An Indian story, by the author of *The Tower of Ghilaan*. Durbars, station balls, dak-bungalows, and bits like this: "'Khanamez pur hai' announced the khansamah with a solemn salaam; and next moment the young pair went into dinner." (Skeffington & Son. 244 pp. 5s.)

#### THE ADVENTURES OF ST. KEVIN.

By R. D. ROGERS.

The author would join the humorists with these Irish tales. He is not ill-equipped for the task. Seven of the tales deal with St. Kevin, Abbot of Ballykilowen, "who administered justice somewhat in the Eastern fashion." He and the author are very Irish. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 266 pp. 6s.)

#### THE SHOWMAN'S DAUGHTER.

By SCOTT GRAHAM.

By the author of *A Bolt from the Blue*, &c., &c., who prints this motto: "We pay for everything here below; nothing is stolen." Many characters, much dialogue, and rapid movement. A "meaty" novel. *Period*: Close of the Second Empire, "ere the Napoleonic bubble had been pricked by the sword of the Teuton, and burst." (Hurst & Blackett. 370 pp. 6s.)

#### THE GODS ARRIVE.

By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

By the author of *Joanna Traill, Spinster*. Much about Labour and the People. In the beginning Katherine loved Franklin. Had he not "beggared himself to feed the starving women and children in a great dock-strike!" He also gave them (1) his clothes, (2) his savings, and (3) his furniture. So he became a hero, and even a saint in Katherine's eyes. Appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*, and is now published by Mr. William Heinemann. (344 pp. 6s.)

#### A BOOK WITHOUT A MAN.

By AGNES G. HERBERTSON.

But they talk about men throughout, which comes to much the same thing in the end. The heroines are *Ross* (bright and bonny), *Morda* (tall, dark, tragic), *Eona* (fair, plump, emancipated), and *The Limpet* (small, curly, musical, affable—extremely), and they talk. Need we say more? (Elliot Stock. 144 pp.)

#### THE FUTURE POWER.

By Z. S. HENDOW.

An imaginary account of the great strike of 190—, and the triumph of twelve and a half million workers who wanted to change our present social system. They did it, and now (that is, in 190—) "whispered blessings ascend to heaven from millions of lips which formerly only opened to emit groans, sighs, and blasphemies." (The Roxburghe Press. 79 pp. 1s.)

#### THE SECRETAR.

By W. BEATTY.

A Scotch historical romance, an addition to the first-person-singular school. "I, John Kilgour," tell the story, and there is an average of one N.B. word to every three lines. Some one says: "Hech me! d'ye tell me sae? Weel, weel, that may weel be. . . . I maun hae siller some gate." Someone else has "a walth o' fechtin'." The tale is founded on the story of the Casket Letters. (Alox Gardner. 433 pp.)



## THE SINGER OF MARLY.

By T. HOOPER.

A brisk historical novel of adventure of the Stanley Weyman school, as you will perceive by the first three lines which we quote:

"A PROTESTANT spy!  
The cards fell on the table with a soft, pattering click."

Period 1697. (Methuen & Co. 259 pp. 6s.)

## MAIME O' THE CORNER.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

M. E. Francis, or Mrs. Francis Blundell, as she is known in private life, is doing for Yorkshire what Miss Wilkins has done for New England. *Maime o' the Corner* is a pathetic story of village life in the manner of the author's earlier books, *In a North Country Village* and *A Daughter of the Soil*. (Harper & Brothers. 302 pp. 6s. For some or no reason it is dated 1898.)

## THE FALL OF THE SPARROW.

By M. C. BALFOUR.

A story of old-fashioned comfort with old-fashioned flowers and furniture in it, and a squire who says: "I'm d—d if you sha'n't marry the little hussy with my blessing!" "Only," adds the author, "he did not say 'hussy' at all, but another word which he had learnt from the farmers about him." (Methuen & Co. 371 pp. 6s.)

## FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Major Griffiths's experience as a prison inspector entitles him to write a novel under this title peculiarly well. It is a bustling, sensational story of vice and virtue—a melodrama between two covers. (Jarrold & Sons. 332 pp. 6s.)

## A RETURN TO NATURE.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

A story of quiet life in Kent, by the author of *Appassionata*. Social chit-chat, love, rustic humour. On the penultimate page the heroine cries, "Direk, get a blue-bag from someone! Go to the Goodwins and get all the blue-bags you can. I've sat on a wasp's nest. Oh, I *must* be stung." She was not stung, but a minute later she was proposed to and said "Yes." A pocket-novel. (Jarrold & Sons. 262 pp. 1s. 6d.)

## NIOBE.

By JONAS LIE.

A translation. Jonas Lie is a Norwegian, and "the best beloved" of living Norwegian novelists. His age is sixty-three. His work is noted for truthfulness, simple pathos, deep moral sincerity, and his style is "colloquial almost to a fault." Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us in an introduction to *Niobe* that Lie was introduced to his notice by "the elegant and hospitable Mr. Hegel in the classic parlour of his firm." Only think! (W. Heinemann. 290 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*Three Partners.* By Bret Harte.  
(Chatto & Windus.)

The most notable feature of Mr. Bret Harte's new story is the reappearance of Mr. Jack Hamlin.

"Suddenly the conversation dropped, the laughter ceased. Everyone turned round, and, by a common instinct, looked towards the door. From the obscurity of the hillside below came a wonderful tenor voice, modulated by defiance and spiritualised by the darkness. . . . The men looked at one another. 'That's Jack Hamlin,' they said."

This recalls the old thrill that came with the ending of "Brown of Calaveras," does it not? Mr. Hamlin is quite at his best in *Three Partners*—suave, well-groomed, imperturbable, masterful, right. It is an absorbing story, even if the author has done far better things. The old, clean-cut, well-bred style; the old types—the gambler, the drunkard (it is our friend Whiskey Dick of "Two Saints of the Foot Hills," though less grand than of yore), the simple, lucky miner, the Paris-fashioned, delicate, exotic woman, and so on; the old alluring camp life; the mustangs and shooting irons, the clouds of dust and the majestic Sierras—all are here. And the plot holds you to the very end, thanks, very largely, to Mr. Jack Hamlin's share in it. The pictures do not help the book much. Indeed, one had hoped never to see any artist's conception of Mr. Hamlin.

*A Day's Tragedy.* (A Novel in Rhyme.) By Allen Upward.  
(Chapman & Hall.)

[This being a novel in rhyme it has been thought well that it should have a review in rhyme. But in the interests of reviewers this cannot be considered a precedent.—ED. ACADEMY.]

Would you read of Mortimer Vane,  
And Mortimer's lady love Madelaine  
(Whom Mortimer never completely won),  
And Mortimer's rival Harrington,  
And Mortimer's trial for a deadly crime?—  
Why, then you must read this "Novel in Rhyme."  
Pages two hundred and fifty-three  
Go to the woful history.—  
It might be "The Ring and the Book" again,  
But it's merely the story of Mortimer Vane.  
When Mortimer Vane at first grew keen  
On Madelaine she was just sixteen:

"He but a boy and she in the bud  
Before it blossoms to womanhood."

He met her first in the Isle of Wight,  
Or, as the poet prefers to write,  
He

"found her in the lovers' isle,  
The channel's diamond, where the smile  
Of summer on our southern coast  
Lingers last and softens most."

Madelaine was "one of those  
Whose love like the delicate myrtle blows."  
Her father was known as "a warrior,  
Scarred and aged in many a war";  
While Mortimer's father was one "to whom  
Great is the calling of the groom"  
(Which means—translated from Upwardese—  
He went to races and "backed the gees.")  
Mortimer's love, too strongly stirred,  
Broke its fetters with one swift word,  
And he was Madelaine's, Madelaine his,  
And both drank deep of the lovers' bliss.  
But ah! too poor, too dull, was Vane  
To hold such a girl as Madelaine,  
And hence she turned her ear anon  
With a sigh of relief to Harrington.  
Harrington was a millionaire,  
Blackhearted, of course, but less of a bear  
In every way than Mortimer Vane,  
And much better suited to Madelaine.  
Moreover, as far as we're able to see,  
A much more lovable man than V.

"His wealth had been won by crooked ways,  
Walking warily in the maze  
Of London's mightier Monaco."

(*Anglice*: Stock Exchange, don't you know?)  
So when Vane next sought Madelaine's face  
Gracing their favourite watering-place,

"He found her sundered from his reach,  
In the full vortex of the beach,  
Where, to still more vacant fops,  
London's painted Ethiops  
Tuned their noisy serenade,  
And of the sea a circus made,"

And knew at once that he was done  
Brown by the affluent Harrington.  
"Alas!" cried Vane,

"for him who is poor  
To knock at the golden-hinged door  
Of happiness is itself a sin.  
Only the rich may enter in."

And so on Madelaine's wedding-night,  
At Bournemouth, in the misty light,  
Mortimer fired at Harrington,  
And left the financier dead as a stone.  
Such a story did Vane unlock  
In passionate tones from the prisoner's dock

Before an amazingly patient judge,  
Who never so much as whispered "Fudge!"  
Mortimer Vane was condemned to die,  
But, under the warder's very eye,  
He swallowed poison just in time.  
That is the end of the "Novel in Rhyme."

The principal charm of Upwardese  
Resides in its choice periphrases.  
Thus, novelists writing in prose would say  
A "public-house," but the Upward way  
Is to call it

"a Bacchic temple, where  
All day a priestess *debonaire*  
Glad with the vintages of France  
Bright cups wherein the bubbles dance."

When some one wept,

"in a wild gush  
The sluices of grief began to rush:"

While a telegram attains the state  
Of "the russet envelope of fate."  
People who like such tropes as these  
Will fairly revel in Upwardese;  
But others may show fatigue's worst signs  
Ere they conquer the twice two thousand lines.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*The Skipper's Wooing.* By W. W. Jacobs.  
(C. A. Pearson, Limited.)

From the point of view of pure art "The Brown Man's Servant," which is the second and shorter of the two stories in Mr. Jacobs's volume, makes the greater claim. It has a pretty touch on the uncanny. The characters are a Jew pawnbroker and a Burmese—the Brown Man—who wants a diamond which the Jew has got into his clutches and refuses to surrender. This is how the mysterious Brown Man is introduced:

"The cat, still dozing, became aware of a strong, strange odour. In a lazy fashion it opened one eye, and discovered that an old, shrivelled up little man, with a brown face, was standing by the counter. It watched him lazily, but warily, out of a half-closed eye, and then, finding that he appeared to be quite harmless, closed it again.

The intruder was not an impatient type of customer. He stood for some time gazing round him; then a thought struck him, and he approached the cat and stroked it with a masterly hand. Never, in the course of its life, had the animal met such a born stroker. Every touch was a caress, and a gentle thrum, thrum rose from its interior in response.

Something went wrong with the stroker. He hurt. The cat started up suddenly and jumped behind the counter. The dark gentleman smiled an evil smile, and, after waiting a little longer, tapped on the counter."

The Brown Man threatened to send a devil to work his revenge. That evening the cat goes apparently mad, and the Jew stumbles over its dead body on his way to bed. This is the prelude to a terrible night. I do not propose to give Mr. Jacobs away by revealing the form which the devil takes, but in the morning the Jew shoots himself. The story is told with considerable talent, tersely and without irrelevancies. Its companion is cast in a lighter vein and smells of sea-water, ropes' ends and shag tobacco. The skipper of a small coasting schooner has fallen in love with a Board-school teacher. She refuses to marry him until her long-lost father is found. The skipper proposes a reward to his crew, and the consequent adventures of Sam, Dick, the cook, and the boy Henry are, to my mind, immensely diverting. Henry, above all, in prosperity or adversity, is a fund of joy. Generally the laugh is on Henry's side, but when the gymnasium mistress carried him out of the garden with stolen apples rolling from his pocket, the tables were turned; for he met the cook outside. Here is a sample of Henry's wit and humour:

"They had got down to the river again, and he hesitated in front of a small beer-shop, whose half-open door and sanded floor offered a standing invitation to passers-by.

'Could you do a bottle o' ginger-beer?' inquired the mate, attracted in his turn.

'No,' said Henry shortly, 'I couldn't. I don't mind having what you're going to have.'

The mate grinned, and, leading the way in, ordered refreshment for

two, exchanging a pleasant wink with the proprietor as that humorist drew the lad's half-pint in a quart pot.

'Ain't you goin' to blow the head off, sir?' inquired the landlord, as Henry, after glancing darkly into the depths and nodding to the mate, buried his small face in the pewter. 'You'll get your moustache all mussed up if you don't.'

The boy withdrew his face, and, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, regarded the offender closely. 'So long as it don't turn it red, I don't mind,' he said patiently, 'and I don't think as 'ow your swipes would hurt anythin'.'

*The Skipper's Wooing* is extravaganza throughout, but it shows Mr. Jacobs to be possessed of real humour and humour of a more humorous sort than certain humorists have lately vouchsafed to us. Taken together, the two stories quite sustain the high promise of *Many Cargoes*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*Perpetua.* By S. Baring-Gould.  
(Isbister & Co.)

Mr. Baring-Gould is equally well known as a prolific writer of fiction and as an accomplished hagiologist. It is, perhaps, natural that, for once in a way, he should be tempted to combine the two rôles, and to take a saint, or an imagined saint, for the heroine of a romance. At Nîmes, in Provence, is a church dedicated to St. Perpetua. Mr. Baring-Gould chooses to distinguish this saint from the African martyr of that name, and connects her, for the purposes of his fiction, with the history of the Church in Gaul during the third century. At a festival of the local fountain-god Nemausus, Perpetua is chosen to be the victim of an annual sacrifice. She is rescued by a young lawyer, Æmilus; and hence arises an outcry against the Christians, and a persecution which ends in Perpetua's martyrdom.

Frankly, I do not think Mr. Baring-Gould's experiment altogether a successful one from the novel-reader's point of view. The plot is thin to the extent of exiguity. The motive, of a high-born pagan youth in love with, and half converted by, a Christian maiden, is hackneyed, and the scheme gives Mr. Baring-Gould no opportunity to introduce any of those wayward contorted characters in the painting of which his strength lies. But as an historical study of sub-apostolic Christianity the book has very considerable merits. Mr. Baring-Gould is steeped in ecclesiastical and antiquarian lore, and he succeeds in giving a vivid picture of the interesting period at which the first fervour of the Church had subsided, and its internal and external difficulties were beginning to grow thick upon it. He describes the cult of Nemausus, with its dainty and cruel rites, the religious guilds which were so prominent a feature of the century, a Christian *agape*—by no means, it would appear, an ascetic festival—a Roman prison with its *barathrum*, and a provincial amphitheatre. For the close of his story he borrows a pretty legend belonging to St. Eulalia of Merida, as to whom it is told that, while she lay naked in the arena, the unaccustomed snows fell to be her mantle.

"The dense cloud that filled the heavens began softly, soundlessly, to discharge its burden. First came, scarce noticed, sailing down a few large white flakes like fleeces of wool. Then they came fast, faster, ever faster. And now it was as though a white bridal veil had been let down out of heaven to hide from the eyes of the ravening multitude the spectacle of the agony of Christ's martyr. None could see across the arena; soon none could see obscurely into it. The snowflakes fell thick and dense, they massed as a white cornice on the parapet, they dropped on every head, they whitened the blood-stained, trampled sand. And all fled before the snow. First went a few in twos or threes; then whole rows stood up, and through the vomitories the multitude poured—freedmen, slaves, knights, ladies, *flamines*, magistrates; none could stand against the descending snow."

*Perpetua* should prove an excellent book for an Anglican working party. Personally, of course, I should much prefer it in some other form than that of a novel; but Mr. Baring-Gould probably knows his public, and knows that they will swallow nothing that is not presented to them as fiction, and almost anything that is.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*The Crime and the Criminal.* By Richard Marsh.  
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

Mr. Marsh succeeds to the mantle of Charles Reade and the rest with an ingenious story of crime and detection. The mystery, indeed, of the murder becomes apparent to the experienced reader of sensational stories at an early stage; but this matters little,

because the interest of the plot consists not in the question who committed the crime, but in its results. You have to grant Mr. Richard Marsh a good many initial improbabilities, but when you have done this, he manages to wind together the fortunes of some dozen of puppets in a highly subtle and intricate skein. They are puppets, of course, familiar and detestable. Here is a portrait of one of them:

"A man about the middle height, somewhat slightly built, in evening dress, with an orchid in his buttonhole—Mr. Cecil Pendarvon. Mr. Pendarvon was not bad-looking. He had a long, fair beard, which he had a trick of pulling with both his hands. His eyes were certainly not ugly, but to the close observer they conveyed an odd impression. As one watched them one began to wonder if they were the man's real eyes which one saw, or if the real eyes were behind them. Perhaps one had this feeling of wonder because, although there always was the light of laughter in Mr. Pendarvon's eyes, their real expression was one of such cold, passionless, unrelenting cruelty."

Mr. Cecil Pendarvon is, perhaps, the meanest villain in the piece; he is not, however, the principal villain. This distinction is reserved for Mr. Reginald Townsend, whose villainy almost wins to the heroic. At the very crisis of his fortunes, when the detective's hand is on his shoulder, he manages to destroy an enemy by dashing with him through the glass of a first-floor window.

"The drop from the window was only six or seven feet. By the time Mr. Holman had reached it Mr. Townsend was already again in the hands of the police. The detective shouted his instructions through the shattered pane—

'Put the handcuffs on him.'

A voice replied from below—

'They are on him. He has almost killed this other man.'

Mr. Townsend was heard speaking with a most pronounced drawl.

'Almost! Not quite! That's a pity. Still, 'twill serve. Officer, will you allow me to use my handkerchief; my mouth is bleeding?'

He succeeded, in spite of his handcuffed wrists, in withdrawing a handkerchief from an inner pocket of his coat. He pressed it, for a moment, to his lips. When he removed it, he tossed something into the air.

'Done you!' he cried. 'Hurrah!'

There was an exclamation from the officer who was in charge of him. 'He has taken something. I can smell it.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Townsend, 'I have taken leave.'

There was a small commotion. Mr. Townsend, reeling, would have fallen to the ground had he not been supported by the sergeant's arms. The man leaned over him to smell his breath. He, probably, was something of a chemist.

'Hydrocyanic acid!' he exclaimed. 'He is dead.'

The weak point in the book is the introduction of a Murder Club, founded on the Suicide Club of one of Stevenson's famous tales. This is out of keeping with the atmosphere of the rest of the narrative, and, to make it plausible, requires a whimsical imaginative touch, which Mr. Marsh has not at command.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Methodist Idylls.* By Harry Lindsay.  
(James Bowden.)

Mr. Lindsay's Methodist stories are told with great power and sympathy. He has given us a strangely old-fashioned picture of this Gloucestershire village life, with its supreme interest in the "Connexion"; where the personal concern of each member is in the saving or backsliding of his neighbour; where no punishment is so keenly felt as to have the "class-book taken away from him and his name struck off the plan"; and where religion and the language of religion are constantly on the lips. The figures described have a curious mixture of pathos and dignity, begotten of this religious interest; and the treatment also is dignified, breathing of the sympathy the author evidently has with those whose life he is describing.

The most successful of these idylls are perhaps "Aaron Priestly's Stewardship," "Removing Old Landmarks," "Ned Thornbury's Love Story," and "The Backslider"; but all are good. The first two have unfortunately rather too much resemblance to one another, each depicting the attempt of a younger generation to oust an old official—in the first case a "circuit steward," in the second a school "superintendent"—from his office. Aaron Priestly, the lawyer and man of means, who for forty years has been annually re-elected, as he repeats, "just for one more year," is a fine character, whose good deeds appear frequently throughout the

volume. But when it is seriously suggested that a change in the "circuit steward" is desirable, he clings to office. When the crisis arrives, at Quarterly Meeting, Aaron's accounts, of which the grumblers complained that they had always been kept in ignorance, are produced and audited, and it is discovered for the first time that he had been all along making up a large adverse yearly balance out of his own pocket. But it was not this so much as the moral fervour of the man himself, and his deep spiritual conviction, that had earlier silenced the cabal; and it is for its picture of such mental states that Mr. Lindsay's book is principally notable.

"And are we yet alive?" was the hymn sung, and, when it was finished, the superintendent called upon Aaron to pray. It was a most unusual thing for the minister to ask the steward to pray, for it was generally one of the local brethren who was called upon; but there were those present who secretly commended the minister for so doing. It was catching the steward with guile. But the solemn sequel was not anticipated. Aaron's heart was almost too full for words, and for a space the brethren knelt in silence, no sound escaping him the while. A painful hush fell upon the assembly, and, when a few more moments of deep silence ensued, more than one of those present opened their eyes, and glanced up at Aaron. He was standing with both hands bearing down heavily upon the table in front of him, his usually ruddy-looking countenance blanched, and the nerves of his face twitching with strong emotion. Several times he essayed to speak and failed. Every man in the meeting guessed the truth, and a thrill of sympathy passed from heart to heart. A moment later and Aaron found utterance. 'Our Father which art in Heaven' . . .

Simeon Tandy is another of the lovable figures in the community. The place of the emotions in this Methodist life, and the influence of the revivalist element, may be illustrated by the passage in "Ned Thornbury's Love Story," where Selina Martin's singing in chapel carries away the congregation, and thus reconciles her lover's stern old mother to his choice:

"At length the singing was finished, and Selina resumed her seat in dead silence. Simeon Tandy thereupon rose in the pulpit and looked round upon the congregation with anxious face. 'Be there any lost sheep 'ere this mornin'?' he asked in a voice choked with pathos; 'any lost lambs what ha' wandered from th' fold? . . . After the beautiful way in which oor dear young sister ha' sung th' blessed Gospel, surely yo' can't doubt that th' Good Shepherd be seekin' yo'r souls . . . an' that He be anxious to restore yo' to th' fol' again? Sinner! . . . Nay, Brother! . . . Sister!

"Can yo' doubt that God is love  
If to all His bowels move?"

'Won't yo' come back home, yo' pore, homeless wanderers? . . . Yo'll be sure o' a welcome. . . . Coom! . . . Who'll be th' first? . . . Th' big heart o' God throbs for yo'.' Then a marvellous thing happened—marvellous to those who know nothing of such things, but common enough among the 'people called Methodists.' In every part of the chapel men and women instantly rose to their feet, quite a score in all, and made their way to the penitent form, where they flung themselves down, crying aloud for mercy and pardon. The next instant the whole place was on 'fire.' Shouts of praise rang through the sacred building, the preaching service was immediately turned into a prayer-meeting, and that morning a score of souls went down to their houses justified."

There are half a dozen characters in these eleven stories who become familiar friends as we read on—Aaron Priestly, Simeon Tandy, Thomas Tarling, John Oakey, Janet Thornbury, Jethro Hawley—and this is true testimony to the human interest in these idylls. The book is certainly a very striking success in its own way.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A Child in the Temple.* By Frank Mathew.  
(John Lane.)

The title of this story suggests the infant Samuel, but the book is about other and more recent matters. Yet what it actually is about one would have difficulty in saying. There is, by way of prologue, an account of an old Irish nobleman entomologist, who has the customary broken-down fortunes and half-ruined house. This is well done, and the description of the childhood of Florence, the story's hero, who tells the tale, and Curly, his playmate, is pleasant too. But years pass and we are transported to the Temple, where a vagueness comparable only to a London fog sets in. During the remaining 150 pages many things happen, but one sees them as in a glass darkly. Persons to whom the reader is not introduced

appear and disappear, and nothing is sufficiently explained. Mr. Mathew may retort that his intention was to leave an indistinct impression. Well, he has done so; but at the expense of at least one reader's interest. Here is a passage of more humour than relevance, showing how the "Child" (who is a grown man) is assured by a policeman that Kitty Moroney has not committed suicide:

"At the near end of the bridge I got out of the cab, and, accosting a stiff constable, asked had there been an accident lately.

"Accident?" said he sternly, "wot accident?"

"Well," said I airily, with a show of indifference, "I mean, has—that is—did anyone fall in the river?"

"Three," said he solemnly.

"Three!" I cried trembling, with all my fears coming back.

"Lawst week," he went on.

"I mean to-night."

"But you said lately," said he.

"Has anyone jumped into the river to-night?" I asked earnestly, and his stoical countenance altered a little, as if something was beginning to dawn on him.

Said he gloomily, "Might you be hawskin' about a beautiful gal?"

"Yes, yes."

"Wot was in furs?" he went on.

"The very one."

"Hand wot comes up in an 'ansom, hand 'ad been givin' the cabby too many drinks on the w'y?"

"Yes! yes! the same," I cried, though neither Kitty nor I had anything to do with the drinks.

The policeman turned his back on me suddenly, and looked away up the river; and then, in the words of the cabman, "that young copper 'e lawfed."

That laugh was so loud and abrupt, and so unprovoked by my tragical errand, that I believed he was mad; but he turned back to me, looking as stiff and solemn as ever.

"Young gent," said he sadly, "I've seen more of the world, so you'll excuse me if I speak like a fawther. It was crool of you not to have given that gal hall she could have possibly hawsked. I dessay, now, 't was a troifle like a necklice of diamonds that made you quarrel to-noight. Now that I've seen you, young gent, I can quoite hunderstawn'd 'ow hany lydy would tell you she'd jump into the Thames."

Drawing myself up to my full height, I gave him a scowl—though I felt it was wasted, for he was incredibly big.

"Then she has gone away?" I said sternly.

"She 'ave gone awy," he said stolidly.

"Where?" said I.

"Ome," said he. "'Aymarket. I 'eard 'er tellin' a cabby."

As I turned away he went on:

"When you want a gal to do you credit by drownin' 'erself for yer sake, you shouldn't give her such clothes; for 'ow could she be so 'ard-arted as to be spilin' those furs? There's more come to the bridge than will jump into the River," he said sadly, as I got into the cab. "You may bring a gal to the water, but you cawn't make her jump."

One drops the book at the end with the feeling that if the author had tried harder he might have made it so much better. Mr. Mathew's commas are too frequent. I advise him to study the writings of Mr. Pater as a means to reducing them.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Adventure of the Broad Arrow.* By Morley Roberts.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IN connexion with the review of Mr. Meredith's *Selected Poems*, on another page, it may be remarked here that Mr. Meredith's poetical career extends over a much longer period than many of his readers suppose. His first volume of poems appeared in 1851, or forty-six years ago. It was entitled simply *Poems*. *Modern Love* and *Poems and Ballads* came ten years later. Then after a long break, filled gloriously with prose, we have had in the past dozen or so: *A Reading of Earth*, *Jump to Glory Jane*, *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, a revised re-issue of *Modern Love*, and certain pieces published in periodicals. In the *Selected Poems* a list of the parent volumes might have been given.

THE last paragraph of the preface to the second edition of *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, is incorrectly printed. It should read: "The story is one which might have happened better in many ways, but which happened, nevertheless, in the way described. Again: it does not claim to be the picture of a whole society, but a study of a small circle of individuals."

THERE is a foolishly extravagant article on Adam Lindsay Gordon in *Temple Bar*. Gordon wrote some vigorous verse, which we are glad to remember—such verse as:

"And the long lithe sword in the hand  
became  
As a leaping light, as a falling flame,  
As a fire through the flax that hasted;  
Slender and shining and beautiful,  
How it shore through shivering casque and  
skull,  
And never a stroke was void or null,  
And never a thrust was wasted."

But he also wrote a deal of trash, and although Mr. C. R. Haines, the author of

this appreciation spatters his pages with such doggerel of Gordon's as—

"Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone:  
KINDNESS in another's trouble,  
COURAGE in one's own";

and,

"The valour from virtue that sunders  
Is reft of its nobler part,  
And Lancelot's arm may work wonders,  
But braver is Galahad's heart";

we will not quarrel with him on that account now. But when he announces that Gordon's verse is "infinitely preferable to the 'obscene ravings' of Walt Whitman" we must protest. It is time such by-blow meaningless insults to that fine and fearless genius, that "free old hawk," ceased. They make us tired.

It is probable that many people have been puzzled by seeing that Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Christian*, is still running in the *Windsor Magazine*, and that many chapters are yet needed to complete it in its serial form. We believe that *The Christian* will be completed in the *Windsor* in November—that is to say, four months after its appearance in book form. The circumstance is, no doubt, an unusual one, though it is not without precedent. One popular error, however, should be corrected. Messrs. Ward & Lock are not aggrieved, as has been stated, by the early appearance of the story as a book. Nor did its publication in any way surprise them. They knew from the first that it would be published by Mr. Heinemann in August, and they do not regard this state of things as prejudicial to their interests.

ONE hundred and fifty thousand copies of *Lorna Doone* at sixpence are about to be distributed among bookshops and bookstalls by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. This enterprise means, we hope, renewed popularity for Mr. Blackmore's romance. The story was published twenty-eight years ago, and its vitality is as sound as ever. The democratic edition now before us is accompanied by both the preface of 1869 and of 1873. The latter is well known, but we are tempted to print it once more as an example, just now much needed, of literary humility:

"Few things have surprised me more, and nothing has more pleased me, than the great success of this simple tale.

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"Therefore any son of Devon may imagine, and will not grudge, the writer's delight at hearing from a recent visitor to the west, that '*Lorna Doone*, to a Devonshire man, is as good as clotted cream, almost!'

"Although not half so good as that, it has entered many a tranquil, happy, pure, and hospitable home; and the author, while deeply grateful for this genial reception, ascribes it partly to the fact that his story contains no word, or thought, disloyal to its birthright in the fairest county of England."

Mr. Blackmore's new romance, *Dariel*, was issued yesterday.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW's habit—a habit shared by other versatile and critical minds—of judging his work impersonally and exoterically is exemplified by the title of his new volume. It is called *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*.

WE desire to draw attention to an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Wednesday, called "The Five Odes of Keats." Literary criticism so luminous, so penetrating, so sensitive, so judicial, so coloured by temperament, is rare in these days of hurried reviewing.

THE letter from Mr. Kipling which is prefixed to a forthcoming work on Newfoundland may give the death-blow to the word "Colonies." Mr. Kipling objects to it. "I dislike the word 'Colonies,'" he writes, "and if you look through my verses you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial." Yet it would be hard to find a better. "Greater Britain" carries the same meaning, but is clumsy.

A YEAR or two ago we used to hear that the British Museum Reading Room was being so overrun with readers that space and comfort were becoming seriously restricted. It appears that the tide has turned. From the annual Blue Book relating to the Museum we learn that the number of visitors to the Reading Room in the past year has been 191,363, being 3,000 less than in 1895, and 11,000 less than in 1894. The decrease is believed to be due to the rise of local libraries in London. But it would appear that these attract only a certain outer fringe of students. The hard readers, compilers, and copyists are more strenuous than of old, for while the number of visitors is less, the attendants have to supply more books than ever.

It might be said off-hand that something is wrong with drawings that, drawn and reproduced on one scale, can suddenly be reduced to something less than a quarter of the original size. Yet we cannot see much to find fault with in the tiny re-issue of *The Rape of the Lock*, with Mr. Beardsley's illustrations, which Mr. Smithers has just put forth. One or two plates may, it is true, be a little crowded; but "The Baron's Prayer," "The Toilet," and "The Dream," certainly gain in delicacy and charm. It makes an exquisite little book.

WE have in this country no novelist, and certainly no woman novelist, whose popularity can be compared with that of "Gyp" in France. Novels are there published at a lower price, it is true, but relatively—considering the thriftier nature of the French—the cost is about the same. Before us lies a list of forty-three of "Gyp's" books. Here are some figures: *Autour du Divorce*, 47th edition; *Autour du Mariage*, 91st ed.; *Bijou*, 28th ed.; *Le Bonheur de Ginette*, 27th ed.; *Un Homme Délicat*, 22nd ed.; *Joies Confugales*, 21st ed.; *Joies d'Amour*, 27th ed.; *Leurs Ames*, 26th ed.; *Pas Jalouse*, 21st ed.; *Petit Bob*, 46th ed.; and *Le Mariage de Chiffon*, 45th ed.

IN re-issuing Matthew Arnold's *Friendship's Garland* Messrs. Smith & Elder deserve the gratitude of those readers who have succeeded so far only in hearing of the book. The letters forming this delightful volume appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. They were published in 1871, and for many years have been out of print. Although their subjects are out of date—people are no longer much disturbed about marrying deceased wives' sisters, and Dissenters are no longer the game they were—the delicious rallery of the book will always be timely. Wit, as has been said, is the best antiseptic.

WE have said much lately concerning the editions of Scott which are now in preparation. Burns also is stirring the publishers to extraordinary activity. We review Messrs. Henley & Henderson's *Centenary Burns* this week; on our table lies *The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of Burns*, fresh from Messrs. Putnam's; an egregious study of Burns's "Clorinda" appeared a few weeks ago; Mr. Nimmo announces a Life of Burns's friend, George Thomson, by Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden; Mr. J. M. Robertson's *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, reviewed in these columns last week, contain an inquiry into R. L. Stevenson's estimate of the poet; and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton promise *Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop*, a collection of letters edited by Mr. W. Wallace. And probably there are forthcoming other kindred works of which we know nothing. Yet it is doubtful if "Holy Willie's Prayer" finds many new readers.

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON'S *Child of the Jago* is appearing in a Norwegian newspaper, called *Verdens Gang*. A *Child of the Jago* comes out in Norwegian as *Et Fattigbarn*. The copyright law has not yet reached Norway, but Mr. Morrison has nevertheless received a small sum from the proprietor of *Verdens Gang*—not very much, but enough to show that *Verdens Gang* is an honourable paper.

It has been decided to discontinue the publication of the *Progressive Review*, the issue of September 1 being the last.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S two volumes of *The Annals of a Publishing House: William Blackwood and his Sons—their Magazine and their Friends* will be published on October 12. These two volumes were written and partly revised by Mrs. Oliphant, and they bring the story of the Blackwood house and of *Maga* down to the death of Major Blackwood in 1861. The titles of some of the chapters—"The Tales of my Landlord," "The Magazine," "John Gibson Lockhart," "Christopher North," "The Ettrick Shepherd," "William Maquinn," "Coleridge—De Quincey"—indicate the scope of vol. i.; while in vol. ii., in addition to an account of later contributors, such as Samuel Warren, Alison, Douglas Jerrold, Bulwer Lytton, George Eliot, the biographer tells of the personal and domestic life of the Blackwood family, with whom, in later years, she her-

self was on terms of close and affectionate intimacy.

MR. GEORGE GISSING'S visit to Italy in search of health and strength will, we trust, prove successful.

THE Ruskin books which Mr. George Allen announces for this season are the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the new and cheaper edition of *Modern Painters*; *Lectures on Landscape*, delivered at Oxford in January and February, 1871, with twenty photogravure plates and two in colour; and *The Bible References of John Ruskin*, a compilation from Mr. Ruskin's works.

SEVERAL members of the Edinburgh Border Counties Association Committee, in charge of the memorial to mark the birth-place of James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, at Ettrick Hall, favour, says the *Westminster Gazette*, an obelisk with a medallion. The proprietor and tenant of the ground have each given consent to the proposed memorial, which is being industriously furthered by Mr. Thomas Usher, secretary, and the Rev. Robert Borland, Yarrow. A sum of £100 is required, part of which is already subscribed. The house in which Hogg was born, in 1770, no longer exists, the only remnant being part of the jamb of the old kitchen door, with letters "J. H." scratched upon it, which has been built into the dyke at the roadside.

NEW YEAR'S DAY will witness the issue of the first number of another new sixpenny weekly, entitled *Finance*. Its name sufficiently denotes its purpose.

THE following conversation took place recently between a reader and the chief librarian of the — Free Public Library, London:

Reader: "Will you, please, let me have *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*—Carlyle's translation?"

(Librarian brings a volume, and hands it to reader.)

R.: "But this is only half the book. I want the whole of it!" (A portion of *Wilhelm Meister* had been bound up with another Carlyle volume.)

L.: "This is all I can give you. The remainder of the book is in the next volume. We only issue one volume at a time."

R.: "Really! And am I to take away a couple of hundred pages or so of *Wilhelm Meister*, and when I have read it come back for the remainder?"

L.: "That is what you must do. Our rules only permit us to issue one volume at a time, except in the case of fiction, each work of which is issued complete."

R.: "But *Wilhelm Meister* is fiction."

L. (examining the book): "Er—yes, but, as I have said, it is bound up with something else."

R.: "Well, it seems a most ridiculous rule, particularly when it has become the fashion for librarians to decry the large amount of fiction asked for by the public in preference to more solid literature."

L.: "It's the rule, sir. But there's another translation in the library, if you would like to have it."

R. (despairingly): "Well, thanks, I'll take it."

L. (brings another dust-begrimed volume): "This is Goethe's translation."

R.: "What? I really wasn't aware that Goethe had been so diligent as to himself make a translation into English."

(Librarian's attention is suddenly distracted by another borrower.)

The new volume turned out to be Dillon Boylan's translation in Bohn's series.

#### CLOUGH AND HIS DEFENDER.

IN a recent review of Mr. John Mackinnon Robertson's volume, *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, an allusion was made to the somewhat curious appreciation of Arthur Hugh Clough's verse which it contains. Clough's reputation might be thought to have so waned and dwindled during the last twenty years among all classes of readers that it might seem by this time to have well-nigh reached its vanishing point. As a member of a famous group of Rugby men, he is held by many to have been thrust into a position of eminence which his work never really merited, and the charm of his personality seems, during his life, and even after his death, to have enlisted for him the rather indiscriminating admiration of a powerful circle, especially among Oxford men, who exerted themselves to thrust him down the throats of an undiscerning public. But the cult of Clough has died entirely in the Oxford of to-day, and if it lingers at all among men of letters, it seldom makes itself heard. By most of us Clough, particularly Clough the poet, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. One or two of his lyrics in the Arnold manner are occasionally quoted, and one may admire the dexterity and adroitness of *The Latest Decalogue*. But *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (which we cannot pronounce) and the *Amours de Voyage* (which we cannot read) are dead past recall.

This, we say, was, or so we thought, the general opinion. The *Bothie*, as we all know, is not poetry, or anything at all like poetry—it is burdened with a detestable metre. No one, we imagine, at this time of day defends the classical hexameter as a possible form in English verse, and it is exceptionally tiresome reading. Mr. Robertson, however, holds a different opinion. He does not, of course, defend the *Bothie* or the *Amours de Voyage* as poetry. That, we imagine, is past the capacity of even the most tolerant or the most eccentric critic. He therefore throws them overboard as poems, and proceeds to eulogise them as prose! Let us quote his own words in order to be sure to do him justice.

"I do not believe that, in writing the *Bothie* and the *Amours*, he (Clough) was aiming at strictly poetical effects at all. This opinion has been ere now expressed, Mr. Swinburne having suggested in his essay on Mr. Arnold's poems that Clough meant his hexameters to be regarded as 'graduated prose,' and not as poetry;

on which Prof. Masson rejoins to the effect that such a view is quite out of the question. But if, instead of saying anything about 'graduated prose,' a phrase which simply raises the further question why Clough did not write graduated prose pure and simple, if that were the kind of effect he wanted; if, rather, we say that he aimed at an effect which was not poetic, I think we should be stating the plain truth."

We confess that all this certainly does incline us to "raise the further question" why Clough did not write prose, graduated or otherwise, if the effect he aimed at was not a poetic one. And without troubling to go into the question of what Clough had or had not in his mind in the years 1848 and 1849, a question which obviously admits of no sort of final solution, we may say at once that the important point to us is that the effect which he did achieve was certainly not poetic. But Mr. Robertson's contention raises, to our thinking, the much more interesting question whether it is any defence of a poem to say that it makes excellent prose fiction. In fact, when you have settled in your own mind that a poem is not a poem, is there any ground left on which you can defend it? Mr. Robertson maintains that there is; that analysis of character, truthful observation, depth of suggestion, and the rest suffice to raise Clough's detestable hexameters into the region if not of great poets at least of great masters of fiction. The theory is an ingenious one, but in our opinion somewhat dangerous. It is a little like praising a picture while admitting that it is abominably painted, a thing which is seldom done at least by the critical.

But it is evident that Clough's hexameters do not offend Mr. Robertson in the way, or at least to the extent, that they offend many people. He quotes, apparently without a shudder, even with enjoyment, such lines as these:

"Allah is great no doubt, and juxta position  
his prophet.  
Ah, but the women, alas! they don't look at  
it in that way.  
Juxta position is great; but, my friend, I  
fear me, the maiden  
Hardly would think or acknowledge the love  
that sought to obtain her,  
Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing  
he must even put up with. . . .  
Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving, and so  
exact, . . .  
Since we cannot escape, must we even submit  
to deceive you?  
Since, so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and  
revolts you,  
Will you have us your slaves to lie to you,  
flatter, and — leave you?"

And this again we choose from his selections at random. The others are quite as bad:

"I do not like him much, though I do not  
dialike being with him,  
He is what people call, I suppose, a superior  
man, and  
Certainly seems so to me; but I think he is  
terribly selfish."

It is certainly as well that Mr. Robertson did not take up the cudgels for this on poetic grounds. But is it legitimate even as prose? Will it stand the great test? Can one read it?

That seems to us to be the crucial point with regard to Clough. Can anyone with an ear of even ordinary sensitiveness read stuff of this kind for any length of time with patience? Can he read it without actual suffering? We think not. We quite admit that in all long narrative poems, from Homer downwards, there will always be found passages here and there deficient in interest, deficient in charm, unsatisfactory in rhythm. The hand of the potter will shake now and then. But mere doggerel is unpardonable, and this stuff is mere doggerel. Mr. Robertson says it is amusing doggerel. That is a matter of taste, and on a question of humour it is impossible to dogmatise. We fail to find it amusing. It may be urged that in satirical verse and in humorous verse poetical excellence is often sacrificed, and that effects, especially in satire, are often produced by means that would be entirely unpermissible in lyric or even in heroic verse. This is true enough, but satire, too, has its rules and its limitations, and, as long as it employs metre at all, must reckon with metre for its effects. The success of Juvenal, the success of Johnson, the success of *Hudibras*, is achieved by means of the verse, and not in spite of it. Mr. Robertson, however, would have us believe that the splendours of the *Bohis* and the *Amours* exist in spite of their metrical form. Indeed, we gather that he would have been only too glad—as also should we—if Clough had written them in honest homely prose. He does not venture to defend the hexameter form even for analytical fiction. He merely recognises, in Clough's case, what he calls its necessity. We, unfortunately, recognise nothing of the kind. In our view Clough was the victim of a fatal delusion with regard to classical hexameters in believing that they could be successfully employed in English. It may have been partly what Mr. Robertson calls "the exuberance of the holiday-making undergraduate," which caused him to attempt to employ the metre of Homer and Virgil in English poetry, but it must also have implied a certain defective sensibility to sound and rhythm not to have promptly abandoned the experiment.

It is inconceivable that anyone of real poetic instinct and feeling should have found the hexameters of the *Bohis* either impressive or amusing. Mr. Robertson says that Clough probably did not think hexameters, *quid* hexameters, "tractable to serious (English) verse." Our contention is that he ought not to have considered them tractable to English verse at all, and that if he did so originally, the *Bohis*, and the rest, not to mention Longfellow's *Evangeline*, should have sufficed to undeceive him. If his sense of rhythm was not strong enough to save him from so unwise an adventure, his sense of humour—Mr. Robertson declares that he had a sense of humour—should have been strong enough for the purpose. Altogether we are afraid that the zeal of his new defender will not avail to put Clough once more upon the pedestal. In the words of Swift—

"His kind of wit is out of date."

And so is his kind of verse.

## A PROVENÇAL POET.

THE author of *Calendau* and *Lou Pouémo d'ou Ross* is one of those rare writers who possesses a personality akin to Stevenson's: he has rarely left the white freestone house where he was born in 1830, and which stands at an angle of the road for Baux and Saint Rémy, a short distance from the Provençal village of Maillane, and yet he has compelled friendship wherever his poems have been read. Frédéric Mistral has for many years had admirers in England; his chief poem has been read here, if not in the original, at least in several excellent translations. Leaving out of consideration the much-debated question as to whether or not the Provençal Renaissance, of which he is the head, is doomed to failure, all lovers of poetry cannot but be attracted by the poet who, in *Mirèio*, has presented to them with so much truth and seriousness the sum of his efforts to rejuvenate a lost and degenerate idiom.

What is known as the Provençal Renaissance dates from 1854, in which year Joseph Roumanille—a Saint-Rémy schoolmaster, whose first burst of song in the Provençal dialect was inspired by the needs of his aged mother, who had forgotten what little French she had learned at school—called a meeting of the poets of Southern France. Mistral, as an old pupil of Roumanille and as one of the most prolific contributors to *Li Prouvençalo*, a literary journal which had been founded two years before, was among the number. It was at this gathering that the poets of the Midi decided to call themselves *Félibres*—a word the derivation of which is wrapped in obscurity. Some have very ingeniously suggested that it is a contraction of the last two words in the phrase *homme de foi libre*, indicating that these poets emancipate themselves from all literary traditions; others, probably with more reason, have contended that it is derived from the Provençal *fairé*, "to make," and *libré*, "a book." The doubt which surrounds their collective name cannot, however, be said to extend to their aims. Briefly, the *Félibre* poet, whether he be Provençal, Languedocian, or Gascon, would be regarded as the modern troubadour of France; he writes his poems in the dialect of his particular district, drawing his inspiration, for the most part, from nature; and, above all, he cherishes the ideal of preserving his *patois* as a language distinct from French.

"I offer thee *Mirèio*—it is my heart and spirit—

The blossom of my years:

A cluster of Crau grapes, with all the green leaves near it,

To thee a peasant bears."

So runs the dedication to Lamartine of Mistral's *Mirèio*, which, upon its publication in 1859, marked him out as the successor to Roumanille. The author calls himself a peasant, but he is really no more a peasant than Jean Paul Courier was a wine-dresser. It is not difficult to point to the great models which inspired his song. Mistral graduated at the Universities of Montpellier and Aix, and is a man of great classical accomplishments. In reading *Mirèio*, which

called from Lamartine the words "Un grand poète épique est né, un vrai poète homérique en ce temps-ci; un poète né, comme les hommes de Deucalion, d'un caillou de la Crau," we are continually reminded of the *Odyssey*.

*Mirèio* has now been translated into every language of any literary pretension. There are three English editions—a prose rendering by Mr. C. H. Grant; a second version in metre by Mr. H. Crichton, which appeared in 1868; and a third translation in verse by Miss Harriet Waters Preston, which appeared in 1890.

Mistral among the *Félibres* in their annual visits to the Midi, or at the feast of the *Sainto Estello* which commemorates their Renaissance every seven years, is a presence which inspires the most remarkable enthusiasm. These literary gatherings are much anticipated by the people of Provence. It must not be thought that only a limited number of *lettrés* take part in them: they have become as it were national, and you will find the peasant quite as willing as the cultured *Félibre* to take an interest in the present beauty and past history of his district. Though not invariably, yet in nine cases out of ten, visits are paid upon these occasions to the historic surroundings of Avignon, Agen, and Arles, or other places rich in Roman remains, notwithstanding the fact that every stone may be as well known as their own paternal *mas*. Of late years the performance of Greek plays in the Roman theatre at Orange has been considered one of the most important artistic events of the year in the South of France, and it is greatly owing to Mistral that the Greek drama has been restored there.

The composite body of these revivalists does not solely consist of poets; there are *Félibresses* as well as *Félibres*. The former are most *en évidence* at the *Cours d'Amour*, the most idealistic of the revivals which have been made by these Provençal poets. These *Cours d'Amour* are the modern substitute for the pastoral courts which were held in the days of the troubadours, when, we are told, "all the women were loved, and all the cavaliers were poets." The modern courts have, needless to say, assumed a character less amorous and more strictly literary, the successful competitors in what is a kind of poetical tourney being crowned with laurel or presented with the silver lily or the golden violet.

To those interested in literary ideals the question of the durability of the Provençal dialect (we cannot really call it a language), as not only a spoken but as a literary medium, presents the most fascinating subject for thought. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15, 1859, M. Saint René Taillandier reviewed the work of Roumanille, Aubanel, and Frédéric Mistral; and, though appreciating its great beauty, he recognises the almost insurmountable task which the *Félibre* is endeavouring to accomplish. To the question of "Is this language constituted on a durable basis?" he answers:

"Pas encore assurément. Ce n'est pas là l'œuvre d'un seul homme, et si cet essai de restauration philologique, dans le cadre modeste où elle s'enferme, doit réussir un jour, il faudra

sans doute que M. Roumanille, et ses amis aient de nombreux continuateurs."

Almost forty years have passed since these words were written, but one still recognises their truth. Roumanille died in 1891, and there is still a fine roll-call of followers who are carrying on this philological restoration, though theirs may be a forlorn hope. Still, though Mistral's ideals may be unattainable, he has given us sweet music which we should never have possessed, perhaps, but for the Renaissance of the idiom of Provence of the thirteenth century.

## THE WEEK.

A GREAT many books have been published in the last week, but few of these are important. Theological and Educational works are more numerous than usual, and the vanguard of Boys' Books has arrived. The first volume of a new edition of Steele and Addison's *Spectator*, in eight volumes, may be noted. Mr. Austin Dobson supplies the introduction.

New works of Fiction, which have been very numerous, are catalogued elsewhere.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

OUTLINES OF A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION BASED ON PSYCHOLOGY AND HISTORY. By Auguste Sabatier. Translated by Rev. T. A. Seed. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

THE SILENCE OF GOD. By Robert Anderson. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

THE REVEL AND THE BATTLE, AND OTHER SERMONS. By George Ridding, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

THE DYNAMICS OF RELIGION. By M. W. Wiseman. The University Press, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS—HINDUISM. By Sir Monier Monier-Williams, K.C.I.E. 13th Thousand. S.P.C.K.

ELEMENTS OF THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION. Vol. I. By C. P. Tiele. William Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.

BASES OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF, HISTORICAL AND IDEAL. By Charles Mellen Tyler, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE BENIN MASSACRE. By Captain Alan Boistragon. Methuen & Co.

BURNS: EXCISE OFFICER AND POET. By John Sinton. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE. From the Letters of Major W. T. Johnson. Edited by his Widow. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.

PRE-REFORMATION WORTHIES. By Rev. W. Cowan. Elliot Stock.

THE REGISTERS OF JOHN DE SANDALE AND RIGAUD DE ASSERIO, BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER (A.D. 1316-1323). By Francis Joseph Baigent. Simpkin & Co.

THE JOURNAL OF COUNTESS FRANÇOISE KRASINSKA, GREAT GRANDMOTHER OF VICTOR EMANUEL. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. Kegan Paul. 5s.

THE EXPLOITS OF MYLES STANDISH. By Henry Johnson. Sampson Low.

THE LOST EMPIRES OF THE MODERN WORLD. By Walter Frewen Lord. Richard Bentley & Son.

LONDON SIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS. By Philip Norman. F.S.A. Elliot Stock.

THE NICHOLAS PAPERS: CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR EDWARD NICHOLAS. Edited by George F. Warner. Camden Society.

BERTRAND DU GUESCHIN, CONSTABLE OF FRANCE: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Knoch Vine Stoddard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, ART.

ESSAYS ON THE NOVEL, AS ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT AND MISS AUSTEN. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

POEMS. By the late John Lucas Tupper. Selected and edited by W. M. Rossetti. Longmans, Green & Co. 5s.

POEMS BY A. AND L. By Arabella and Louisa Shore. Grant Richards. 5s.

THE SPECTATOR. Vol. I. The Text Edited and Annotated by G. Gregory Smith. With an Introductory Essay by Austin Dobson. J. M. Dent & Co. 3s.

TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL, LORD OF MONTAIGNE. Vol. V.; and THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. Vol. III. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d. each.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. With Eleven Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. Leonard Smithers. 4s.

MODERN PAINTERS. Vol. III. By John Ruskin. New Edition. George Allen.

### EDUCATIONAL.

LATIN VERSE UNSEEN. Selected and Arranged by G. Middleton, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons. 1s. 6d.

CALENDAR OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, 1897-8.

THE BUILDING OF THE INTELLECT. By Douglas M. Gane. Elliot Stock.

ELEMENTARY GEOMETRICAL STATICS. By W. J. Dobbs, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 5s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY PRACTICAL PHYSIOGRAPHY (SECTION I.) A Course of Lessons and Experiments in Elementary Science. By John Thornton, M.A. Longmans & Co. 2s. 6d.

ARE WE TO GO ON WITH LATIN VERSES? By the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.

ENGLAND UNDER THE LATER HANOVERIANS, 1760-1837: BEING PART OF THE INTERMEDIATE TEXT-BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Vol. IV. By A. J. Evans, M.A., and C. S. Fearnside, M.A. W. B. Clive.

STUDIES IN BOARD SCHOOLS. By Charles Morley. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: ARISTOPHANES, PLAUTUS AND TERENCE, JUVENAL, HESIOD, AND THEOGNIS. New editions. 1s.

### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

FROM JUNGLE TO JAVA. By Arthur Keyser. The Roxburgh Press. 2s.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN INDIA AND CENTRAL AMERICA. By A. G. Bagot. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA. By Poulton Bigelow. Harper & Brothers. 16s.

### FOREIGN.

LE MANNEQUIN D'OSIER. Par Anatole France. Sixième Edition. Calmann Lévy.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

LAST LESSONS AND ESSAYS ON CONDUCT (3s. 6d.), and LILLIPUT LECTURES (2s. 6d.). By W. B. Eanda. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. James Bowden.

HALF HOURS IN EARLY NAVAL ADVENTURE. James Nisbet & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE FUTURE POWER, OR THE GREAT REVOLUTION OF 1900. By Z. S. Hendow. The Roxburgh Press. 1s.

THE NON-RELIGION OF THE FUTURE: A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY. Translated from the French of Marie Jean Guyau. William Heinemann.

THE MATHEMATICAL PSYCHOLOGY OF GRATEY AND BOOLE. Translated from the Language of the Higher Calculus into that of Elementary Geometry. By Mary Everest Boole. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 3s.

THE JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY. Edited by W. Aldis Wright and Others. No 50. Macmillan & Co.

THE STORY OF GERM LIFE: BACTERIA. By H. W. Cown. George Newnes, Ltd. 1s.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRDOM IN RUSSIA. Edited by Vladimir Tobertoff. The Brotherhood Publishing Co. 1s.

SEVEN YEARS IN SIERRA LEONE. By the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. James Nisbet & Co.

THE CAMP OF REFUGE. By Charles Macfarlane. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.

ANALOGIA EBOACENSIS: SOME REMAYNES OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF YORK. Collected by Sir Thomas Widdrington, Knt. Edited and Annotated by Rev. Cesar Caine, F.R.G.S. C. J. Clark.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORT. Part VIII. Lawrence & Bullen.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GLASGOW ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. New Series. Vol. III. Part I. James Maclehose & Sons (Glasgow).

MUSICAL MEMORIES. By A. M. Diehl. Richard Bentley & Son.

NOTES OF A MUSIC LOVER. By Lady Helen Craven. Richard Bentley & Son.

LIBRARY CONSTRUCTION: ARCHITECTURE, FITTINGS, AND FURNITURE. By F. J. Burgoyne. George Allen. 6s.

THE ATRANESE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF BURNS. By Henry C. Shelley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.

## SCIENCE.

LECTURES ON PHYSIOLOGY. First Series: On Animal Electricity. By Augustus D. Waller, M.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 5s.  
MEMORY AND ITS CULTIVATION. By F. W. Edridge-Green, M.D. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 5s.

## BOYS' BOOKS.

IN LINCOLN GREEN. By Rev. E. Gilhat, M.A. Seeley & Co. 5s.  
KING OLAF'S KINSMAN. By Charles W. Whistler. A STOUT ENGLISH BOWMAN. By Edgar Pickering. A MARCH OF LONDON. By G. A. Henty. PARIS AT BAY. By Herbert Hayens. LORDS OF THE WORLD. By Rev. Alfred Church. WITH MOORE AT CORUNNA. By G. A. Henty. Blackie & Son.  
IN THE SWING OF THE SEA. By J. Macdonald Oxley, James Nisbet & Co.  
HALF-TEXT HISTORY: CHRONICLES OF SCHOOL LIFE. By Ascott R. Hope. A. & C. Black.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

JUST FORTY WINKS. By Hamish Hendry. Blackie & Son.  
ADVENTURES IN TOYLAND. By Edith King Hall. Illustrated by Aber E. Woodward. Blackie & Son.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## THE BOHN LIBRARIES.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have just reminded the public that the Bohn Libraries are fifty years old. Yet the series is still putting forth new volumes, for whatever comes and goes in the publishing world "Bohn" goes on for ever. Mr. Edward Bell was good enough to allow me to ask him questions about the books singly and collectively.

"Will you tell me first, Mr. Bell," I said, "anything you know about the origin of the library under Mr. Bohn?"

"Well, you know that Mr. Bohn was a second-hand bookseller. Indeed, he occupied the distinguished position which Mr. Quaritch does to-day. His guinea catalogue of his books was rather a famous production in its time. One of his ways of doing business was to purchase 'remainders' and sell them at 'remainder' prices to his customers. Of course, many good books which had hung fire at their published prices would come into his hands; and I suppose he began to say to himself, 'If these books had been published cheaply they would have done well.'"

"And so he began to publish cheap books and do well himself?"

"Yes; the Bohn Libraries being the result. Yet he had his troubles, and one of these was curious. Another publisher, Mr. David Bogue, had also perceived that the world wanted cheap books, and he, too, began to produce them. It was certain that there would be a struggle between Bohn and Bogue, and perhaps it was as well that they found speedy means to go to law, and have done with it. Mr. Bogue had brought out a cheap edition of Roscoe's *Lorenzo de Medici*, a work which Mr. Bohn had bought as a remainder, and of which he believed himself to be the copyright holder. Well, *Bohn v. Bogue* ended favourably for Bohn, and he went on with his scheme. Mr. Bohn was well fitted to make it succeed: he had great experience, knew exactly what people wanted, and courage to go ahead. He brought out books very fast, as you may

judge by the fact that when Bell & Daldy bought the Bohn Libraries in 1864 they numbered 578 volumes."

"You have added a great number since then, have you not?"

"Oh, yes, and allowed about ninety books to go out of print. We have now 771 books in the list."

"Can you tell me, Mr. Bell, what the total sales of the 'Bohn' books have been from the first?"

"Certainly. About 2½ million volumes."

"You astonish me."

"Well, the 'Standard Library' alone accounts for nearly a million volumes, and there are fifteen other 'Libraries.'"

"The books have varied, of course, greatly in popularity?"

"Oh, yes. Goethe's *Faust*, for instance, was a great success. We sold 78,000 copies. So was our edition of Lamb's *Essays of Elia and Eliana*, and Carey's *Dante*. Of the latter work 15,000 copies were called for. Of course the sale of these works continues."

"I suppose, Mr. Bell, that you find libraries good customers for the 'Bohn' books?"

"Oh, yes. We are continually supplying large sets to libraries and institutions. But we find customers also in people who make a point of keeping up their private libraries."

"And what new volumes, may I ask, are you likely to add to the series shortly?"

"Well, we have a good many in hand. Leland's *Itinerary* will be one book, and I may say that it will be the first accurately printed edition. Hearne's text is good, but it was founded on only one MS., whereas the edition which Mr. Lawrence Gomme is preparing for the Bohn Libraries is based on an examination and comparison of two."

"By the way, you have discarded the old green binding?"

"Well, no; we supply it on demand, but the pattern had become too old-fashioned to be retained as the official binding."

I thanked Mr. Bell for his information, and, turning to leave I suddenly realised that in some bookshelves that filled the end of the large room in which we had been talking the entire Bohn Libraries were looking silently down upon us. Right well they looked in their jubilee year.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days a book by Mr. H. Morgan Browne, entitled *Sporting and Athletic Records*. This book gives, in a clear and complete form, accurate records of the best performances in all important branches of sport. The same publishers will issue shortly Mr. Crockett's new romance, *Lochinvar*.

THE Bishop of London's *Story of Some English Shires*, published by the Religious Tract Society, has been so rapidly subscribed that the *édition de luxe*, limited to 150 copies, was exhausted as soon as announced.

THE issue of Messrs. Blackie & Son's "Victorian Era" series will commence on November 15 with Mr. Rose's volume,

*The Rise of Democracy*, which will be followed on December 15 by Canon Overton's volume, *The Anglican Revival*.

THE price of Mr. Richard Marsh's *The Crime and the Criminal* is 3s. 6d., not 6s., as stated in our last issue.

MESSRS. SERVICE & PATON will shortly issue, in their "Illustrated English Library," Thackeray's *The Newcomes*, illustrated by Miss Chris. Hammond, and Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, illustrated by Mr. Fred. Pegram.

THE same firm will issue in October a new edition of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, with an Introduction by Andrew Lang and illustrated by C. E. Brock.

## WHAT THE AMERICAN PUBLISHERS ARE ANNOUNCING.

THE American publishing season is beginning with our own, and it is not uninteresting to scan the lists of announcements that are being issued by firms on the "other side." Here are a few notes.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s list reads very familiarly. This firm is about to give to American readers Mr. R. D. Blackmore's *Daniel*, Mr. George Macdonald's *Salted with Fire*, Mr. William C. Hazlitt's *The Confessions of a Collector*, Mr. B. Yeats's *The Secret Rose*, and other books of our yester day.

*The Ian Maclaren Calendar*, "prepared under Dr. Watson's personal supervision," is the surprising announcement of this firm, which will also issue *A Shakespeare Calendar for 1898*: "A very seasonable Kalendar for the Year of our Lord 1898; Designed to be Used by Ye Manie Lovers of Ye Great Poet, Master William Shakespeare. Compiled by Louella C. Poole and Andrea Jonsson!"

Another undertaking of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. is Zella Allen Dixson's *Comprehensive Subject-Index to Universal Prose Fiction*. Apparently the compiler takes those works of fiction in all languages which are founded upon fact, and classifies them. The index will contain 10,000 entries arranged topically, embracing events from 800 B.C. to the present time.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.'s list also contains books on which English readers have given a verdict. Thus Mr. G. E. Weare's *Cabot's Discovery of North America* is to be issued by them; also Mr. Crockett's recent compilation of Carlyle's fugitive essays, and Mrs. Ernest Hart's *Picturesque Burma, Past and Present*.

*The Beauties of Marie Corelli*, "selected and arranged, with the author's permission, by Annie Mackay," is one of Messrs. Lippincott's announcements.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish *London: As Seen by C. D. Gibson*, and a ready welcome is predicted for it. They are also to be the American publishers of Robert Louis Stevenson's *St. Ives*, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *His Grace of Osmonde*, Mr. Meredith's *Selected Poems*, and Mr. Austin Dobson's new edition of *The Spectator* in eight volumes.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce *A Dictionary of American Authors*, by Oscar Fay Adams, on the same general lines as



the author's *Handbook of American Authors*, but adding largely both to the list of authors and to the books included. *The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, by Mrs. James T. Fields, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of this biography, will be uniform in style, &c., with the large-paper edition of Mrs. Stowe's works recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*Hawthorne's First Diary*, kept by him during his residence at Raymond, Maine, came to light in Virginia during the Civil War, and fell into the hands of a coloured man named William Symmes, who by a curious chance was a companion of Hawthorne in his fishing and gunning sports on the shores of Lake Sebago. Symmes said he had the book from a Maine soldier, whom he found in a hospital. Because of his boyish friendship for Hawthorne, he so prized the Diary that he could not be induced to part with it. After holding it several years, he sent extracts from it to a Maine newspaper. These extracts are reprinted in this little book, preceded by an account of Hawthorne's home in Raymond, and the story of William Symmes. The Diary has been prepared by Samuel T. Pickard, and will shortly be issued to the public by this firm.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also announce some works of considerable interest to historical students. Of these, the most important is *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours*, by John Fiske (2 vols.). It covers the period from the defeat of the Spanish Armada to the first appearance of George Washington in history in 1753, with descriptions of the beginnings of Virginia and its time of struggles and distress, 1607-1610; the rapid rise in power of the great Virginia Company in London until it aroused the alarm of King James I., who compassed its overthrow in 1624; the political and social conditions of Virginia under Charles I., the beginnings of Maryland, and the relation of the two sister colonies down to the death of Cromwell in 1658. The second volume begins with the coming of the Cavaliers, 1649-1660. A chapter on the Golden Age of Pirates treats of the achievements of buccaneers in the West Indies, the Bahamas, and on the coast of Carolina, especially of the famous pirates Blackbeard, Bonnet, and others, and the stopping of piracy about 1720.

Mr. Bellamy has recently identified "equality" with progress, but President Harris, of Andover Theological Seminary, is of opinion that inequality has, at all events, its present uses. In *Inequality and Progress*, to be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., he examines the natural and acquired differences of men, criticises theories of economic equality and equal opportunity, and shows that inequality is the necessary condition of progress and social unity.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's new story for children, *Aaron in the Wild Woods*, a sequel to *The Story of Aaron, the Son of Ben-Ali*, will be issued by this firm.

## PUBLISHERS' AUTUMN LISTS.

### MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS INCLUDE:

"Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir," by his Son, with photogravure portraits of Lord Tennyson, Lady Tennyson, &c., facsimiles of portions of poems, and illustrations after pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., Samuel Laurence, Mrs. Allingham, Richard Doyle, Biscombe Gardner, &c.; "Memorials," by Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne, part ii., "Political"; "Life and Letters of William John Butler, late Dean of Lincoln," by his daughter, Mrs. Knight; "Philosophical Lectures and Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford," edited, with a biographical sketch, by A. C. Bradley and G. R. Benson; "Life and Letters of Edward Thring," by George R. Parkin, M.A.; "Cambridge Described and Illustrated: a History of the Town and University," by Thomas Dinham Atkinson; "South Africa of To-day," by Capt. Frank E. Younghusband; "Impressions of South Africa," by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.; "West African Studies," by Miss Mary Kingale; "Old Virginia and her Neighbours," by John Fiske; "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome: a Companion Book for Students and Travellers," by Rodolfo Lanciani; "History of the Society of Dilettanti"; "France since the Revolution," by J. E. C. Bodley, M.A.; "Foreign Statesmen" Series, edited by Prof. Bury: new volumes—"William the Silent," by Frederic Harrison; "Charles the Great," by Thomas Hodgkin; "Philip II. of Spain," by Major Martin Hume; and "Mirabeau," by P. F. Willert; "A Short History of the Indian Mutiny," by T. Rice Holmes, M.A.; "The History of Greece from its Commencement to the Close of the Independence of the Greek Nation," by Adolf Holm, authorised translation from the German; "A Handbook of European History," by Arthur Hassall, M.A.; "Cameos from English History," by Charlotte M. Yonge, ninth series; "A History of Rome for Beginners," by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A.; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William Milligan Sloane; "Captains Courageous: a Story of the Grand Banks," by Rudyard Kipling; "Mansfield Park," by Jane Austen, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson and an introduction by Austin Dobson; "Northanger Abbey and Persuasion," by Jane Austen, with illustrations by Hugh Thomson and an introduction by Austin Dobson; *édition de luxe* of Rudyard Kipling's Writings in Prose and Verse, in 12 vols., with a portrait drawn and etched by James Strang; "Undine," by De La Motte Fouqué; "Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall," by Arthur H. Norway; "A Portfolio of Twenty Lithographs of Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall," by Joseph Pennell; "Miss Mouse and her Boys," by Mrs. Molesworth; "The Story of a Red Deer," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue; "Sketches from Old Virginia," by A. G. Bradley; "Corleone," by F. Marion Crawford; "A Chapter of Accidents," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, author of "Palladia"; "The Eversley Bible," arranged in paragraphs with an introduction by J. W. Mackail, M.A., in 8 vols., to be published monthly from October, 1897; "Poems of Thomas Hood," edited, with prefatory memoir, by Alfred Ainger; "Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth," edited by William Knight; "Life and Letters of Dean Church," edited by his daughter, Mary C. Church; "The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick; "The Golden Treasury," second series, arranged, with notes, by Francis T. Palgrave; "Selections from Heine," with introduction and notes by Dr. C. A. Buchheim; "Aubrey de Vere's Collected

Poems"; "*Pausanias's Description of Greece*," translated, with a commentary, by J. G. Frazer, M.A., LL.D. (Glasgow), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 6 vols.; "The Scientific Papers of Thomas Henry Huxley," reprinted from the Journals of Scientific Societies, edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester; "A Text-Book of Zoology," by T. Jeffery Parker.

### THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE ANNOUNCEMENTS INCLUDE:

"An Historical Church Atlas," illustrating the History of Eastern and Western Christendom, until the Reformation, and that of the Anglican Communion until the present day, by Edmund McClure, M.A.; "The Liturgy and Ritual of the Ante-Nicene Church," by the Rev. F. E. Warren; "The Machinery of the Universe: Mechanical Conceptions of Physical Phenomena," by A. E. Dolbear, A.B., A.M., M.E., Ph.D., Professor of Physics and Astronomy, Tuft's College, Mass.; "Christian Life in Song": (Te Deum Laudamus) "The Song and the Singers," by the late Mrs. Rundle Charles; "The Anglican Ordinal," by the Rev. Blomfield Jackson, M.A.; "Stafford House Lectures," by the Bishop of Stepney, Rev. Prof. H. E. J. Bevan, Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, and Rev. Canon Winnington-Ingram; "The Anglican Communion," by the Archbishop of Capetown, the Archbishop of Rupertland, the Archbishop of Sydney, the Bishop of Calcutta, and the Bishop of Kentucky; "The Papal Conclaves," by the Rev. Canon Pennington, M.A.; "Missions to the Jews: an Historical Retrospect," by the Rev. A. Lukyn Williams, M.A.; "The Fatherly Hand," by the Rev. Canon Edward T. Vaughan, M.A.; "The Son of Man," by the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A.; "Goals and Tries," by V. Brooke-Hunt, with an introduction by the Headmaster of Rugby; "The Queen's Reign and its Commemoration," by Sir Walter Besant, including the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations and the Naval Review; "Frank and Saxon," by G. Manville Fenn; "By Sartal Sands," by Edward N. Hoare, M.A.; "The Faith of his Father," by Helen Shipton; "The Homeward Voyage," by Harry Collingwood; "The Siege Perilous," by Austin Clare; "Miss Carr's Young Ladies," by M. Bramston; "Sturdy and Stilt: or, Firm Friends," by Annette Lyster; "The Parting Ways," by Mrs. Newman; "Seaton Court," by Maud Carew; "The Carrier's Cart," by Catherine E. Mallandaine; "The Great Gold Mine," by C. E. M.; "Beside the Guns," by M. E. Shipley; "Heroes of the Chitral Siege," by Alice F. Jackson; "The Parish Clerk," by Ascott R. Hope; "The Quiet Hour" Series: "Panacea," by E. M. Mason; "Alfendeane Rectory," by Lady Dunboyne; "Ogres and Workers," in 2 parts, a true story for children, by Lady Laura Ridding.

### MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS'S ANNOUNCEMENTS INCLUDE:

"More Tramps Abroad," by Mark Twain; "This Little World" and "Teles and Poems," by David Christie Murray; "By the Rise of the River," by Austin Clare; "The Three Disgraces, &c.," by Justin McCarthy; "The Secret of Wyvern Towers," by T. W. Speight; "The Witch-Wife," by Sarah Tytler; "Paris," by Émile Zola, translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly—this volume forms the concluding volume of a Trilogy, of which the first two volumes, "Lourdes" and "Rome," have already been published; "Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits," by Harry De Windt; "The Life of Napoleon III.," by Archibald Forbes; "The French Revolution" (Consti-

tuent Assembly, 1789-91), by Justin Huntly McCarthy; "The Complete Art of Making Fireworks," by Thomas Kentish.

#### MR. ELKIN MATHEWS'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*Belles Lettres*.—"The Canon: an Exposition of the Pagan Mystery perpetuated in the Cabala as the Rule of all the Arts," with a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, with numerous illustrations; "Idylls of Spain: Varnished Pictures of Travel in the Peninsula," by Rowland Thirlmere; "An Attic in Bohemia: a Diary without Dates," by E. H. Lacon Watson, author of the "Unconscious Humourist"; "Two Essays upon Matthew Arnold, with his Letters to the Author," by Arthur Galton; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings: the later Georges to Victoria," by Donald G. Mitchell, LL.D. ("Ik Marvel"); "Gesta Typographica: a Collection of Printers' Sayings and Doings," by C. T. Jacobi; and new editions of "The Lambs: their Lives, their Friends, and their Correspondence"; "The Poetry of Tennyson," by Henry Van Dyke, much enlarged; and "The Unconscious Humourist, and Other Essays," by E. H. Lacon Watson.

*Fiction*.—"The Joy of My Youth," a novel, by Claud Nicholson.

*Poetry*.—"Ireland, with Other Poems," by Lionel Johnson; "Selected Lyrics from the Works of the Hon. Roden Noel," with a biographical and critical essay by Percy Addleshaw, with two portraits; "The Wind among the Reeds," by W. B. Yeats, with a portrait; "Baby Lays," by Ada Stow, with sixteen illustrations by Edith Calvert; "Admirals All, and Other Verses," by Henry Newbolt (new volume in "Shilling Garland" Series); and a fourth edition of "Christ in Hades," by Stephen Phillips, with additions—"A West Sussex Garland," by W. J. Ibbett ("Antæus"); "Bad Lady Betty," a Drama in Three Acts," by W. D. Scull.

## DRAMA.

### THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. GILBERT.

HOW essentially limited and groovy the finest talent may be is strikingly illustrated by Mr. W. S. Gilbert's pathetic efforts to become a dramatist. As a witty and ingenious writer of comic opera libretto, Mr. Gilbert has long since acquired fame and fortune, but, like Liston, who, being a first-rate comedian, pined to be recognised as a tragedian, he has never failed in his intervals of leisure to cultivate the dramatic muse; and to the brilliant librettist that fickle damsel has been more than usually unkind. Her last response, given in the case of "The Fortune Hunter," which the London critics were invited to see the other day at Birmingham, is less a manifestation of indifference than a rebuff, and as it is nine years since Mr. Gilbert last wrote a play there seems now but a slender chance of his dramatic ambition being realised. Mr. Gilbert's congenial sphere is that of topsy-turvydom, where, even without the aid of music, as in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and the "Palace of Truth," he contrives to be entertaining. In other forms of drama he is as unhappy as an angel strayed from Para-

dise. He loses his wings. His imagination fails him; his wit dies away on his lips. From the lightest of fantastic fairy tales, spiced with satire, he sinks, as soon as he sets about writing a play, to the level of conventional and laboured melodrama; for that, it may be well to say at once, is the category into which his new piece falls. Mr. Gilbert's is, indeed, a remarkable case. There is nothing like it in the annals. As a contriver of one highly successful class of stage-work, the author of "The Mikado" would readily be credited with the possession of a fine dramatic instinct and of a mordant wit that was equal to any occasion. But no! He has only to put himself to the test of writing a play instead of a libretto and it is at once perceived that the two classes of work require a totally different order of ability. The cleverest dramatists sometimes fail to carry critical opinion and public approbation with them. But this result has occurred too often in Mr. Gilbert's case to be accidental. He is a clever rhymster and a pungent satirist, if not exactly a wit; *un homme de théâtre*, as M. Sarcey would say, he is not.

THE most surprising feature of "The Fortune Hunter" is the poverty of the dialogue where one would naturally expect to find Mr. Gilbert at his best, and the conventionality of the comic relief. In how many plays, during the past few years, have we seen the vulgar, illiterate American heiress, with a fortune of millions of dollars made out of pork? Yet here she is, trotted out again in all her conventionality, loud of speech, deficient in taste, and generally inadapted to her new surroundings. Does the American heiress show this complete lack of good breeding, even though her father has made his fortune in pork? In reality, she is as quick as the rest of her sex to acquire the veneer of society. Mr. Gilbert's Euphemia S. Zyl is a puppet of the stage, from which the sawdust trickles as she walks. Moreover, this impossible person hooks in matrimony an octogenarian English duke in the last stage of physical decrepitude. Is this alliance a true piece of observation? Do English dukes of eighty-five do these things? At twenty-five, possibly; but with both legs in the grave? Surely this is pushing a joke too far! Mr. Gilbert is happier in his portrayal of the English snobbery that kisses the ground that dukes walk on; albeit this joke, too, is dwelt upon at tiresome length. It seems as though Mr. Gilbert's sense of humour deserts him, like Bob Acre's courage, as soon as he comes upon the unfamiliar *terrain* of the drama proper. He is weighed down apparently by his unaccustomed responsibilities. His pen, no longer tipped with a spark, like the Morse needle in a thunderstorm, becomes as heavy and unresponsive as lead.

As regards the flashes of wit in the dialogue, let me speak by the card. I jotted down the best of Mr. Gilbert's *mots* as they fell from the lips of the actors; and here is the record, the verbal accuracy of which, of course, I do not vouch for:

"Ten million dollars is the price of an

octogenarian duke. An octogenarian duke is very dear."

A gambling system has been communicated to one of the characters. It was "the death-bed confidence of an Archimandrite in the Carpathians."

"Your nose is not very long and you cannot see beyond the end of it."

"Undress the duke and put him to bed."

"We met in popper's pork-works, I remember, and had a tender scene in the boiling room."

"In America they admit the British peer duty free."

"So glad to hear the duke was dead; it explained why he did not answer my letter."

As the theme of his play, Mr. Gilbert selects a point of law—French law—for illustration, and thus gives the story an old-fashioned air. "The Fortune Hunter," in subject and treatment, belongs to the period of Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins, who were both addicted to exposing the anomalies of the statute-book. Mr. Gilbert is like the Bourbons. During his long silence as a dramatist he has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. He has not caught the spirit of the time. That we should have a dull and heavy melodrama, for such "The Fortune Hunter" is, with its realistic quarter-deck of a P. & O. liner and its duel with swords in the duchess's drawing-room, instead of a sparkling comedy of manners from the pen of the brilliant and original librettist, is one of the mysteries of the case. But in setting himself to expose the hardship of an article of the Code Napoléon, the author ties himself down of necessity to a more or less mechanical plot. The enactment in question is that a Frenchman's marriage is liable to be annulled if, in contracting it under the age of twenty-five, he has failed to obtain the consent of his parents. It is in such circumstances that the Vicomte Armand de Bréville—*i.e.*, the Aubrey Plantagenet, or the Montmorency of the sensational novelette—has married the confiding Australian heiress, Diana Caverel; and with the results of this ill-assorted union the remainder of the play is concerned. The lady is not without friends. One of her most devoted is an English baronet whose honourable proposals she has already refused. It is strange that she should not be advised as to the pitfalls of French marriage. But the author is entitled to lay down his postulates; it is for the public to judge as to the manner in which he turns them to account.

Now, assuredly, this does not prove a good subject for an English play, because the enactment of the Code Napoléon, to which Mr. Gilbert invites attention, strikes the average Englishman as incredible or absurd; it fails to touch the pathetic note in his bosom. But a worse fault of the work is that the character of the Vicomte, who meanly resolves to annul his marriage in order to ally himself with the American duchess, now left a widow, is not clearly drawn. He is first brought before us as a globe-trotting sportsman, fond of big game. He next appears as a despicable cur, and

as such is disowned by his Boulevard St. Germain parents. Anon he soliloquises à la Hamlet. Finally, his matrimonial scheme with the duchess falling through, he nobly restores his wife her liberty and her good name—the proceedings for nullifying the marriage being stayed by his death—by throwing himself on the point of his opponent's sword in a duel, provoked by him for that purpose. Is he a hero, or a coward, or simply a shuffler who does not know his own mind, this Vicomte Armand de Bréville? Nobody knows—it is a secret which the author has locked up in his own bosom. We do not get to know this man, nor, indeed, any of the characters in the play, as human beings. They are not realities but stage puppets. Mr. Gilbert has not looked around him and studied his types from life. He has borrowed the dusty and moth-eaten “properties” of the transpontine dramatist.

THE acting of “The Fortune Hunter” by a provincial touring company, with Miss Fortescue at its head, does not call for notice. It was adequate; and more need not be said. The piece would not have fared better at any of the West-end theatres from which, indeed, the principal performers, Mr. Luigi Lablache, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Compton Courtts, and Miss Cicely Richards, not to mention Miss Fortescue herself, hailed. It is Mr. Gilbert's curious position in the matter that attracts attention on literary grounds.

J. F. N.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

“The New  
Fiction, and Other  
Essays,”  
By H. D. Traill.

THE *St. James's Gazette's* review of Mr. Traill's book is at once sympathetic and acute. Says this critic:

“Those, if such there be, who had read nothing of Mr. Traill's before turning to this volume will be delighted by those qualities which have so long been familiar to the rest of us—the wit, the high scholarly feeling, the easy eloquence. But those who have followed the career of the essayist with sympathy and hope will put the book down with a sense of faint regret. This will be caused by no failure in Mr. Traill's executive talent, but by a condition of temper in him which becomes more and more apparent. The most successful of journalists, all gaiety and verve, he gives us, nevertheless, the impression of a man intellectually disappointed, and he shows his disappointment by a continuous relinquishment of the highest ideals. ‘What does it matter?’ he seems to say. ‘Why should I praise the best and ridicule the worst, since they see no difference between worst and best?’ This is a blunt and vague generation of Gadarenes, noisily rushing down into stupid places. Mr. Traill is tired of trying to turn them back; he will stand and laugh at them; he will even run with them a little way to see where they are going.”

And so Mr. Traill, in the critic's view, shows “the signals of relinquishment.” Does he not declare in this book that Matthew Arnold's endeavour to restore taste in England was “a positively monumental instance of self-deception”? The reviewer concludes:

“Mr. Traill resists no longer. He gives way to the preposterous pretensions of the novelists.

In his opening essay he deigns to argue with an extravagant story-teller whom it were better to have left unassailed. He writes on ‘The Political Novel’ with a ludicrous solemnity, which seems to be for ever breaking out into the laugh that never comes. He discusses ‘The Politics of Literature’ in a tone of derisive gravity which sends a chill to the heart. One would like to say to Mr. Traill, with brutal directness, ‘You gain absolutely nothing by these defections. The romance-writers think no better of you because you bend before them with mocking salutations. You will never be a popular author, for your instincts are too fine, your apprenticeship to the best literature was too complete, to permit you to produce books such as the gross public loves. Be contented, therefore, to fight in the ranks of those few persons who endeavour to resist the débacle of letters. Let them and their cause have the benefit of your irony and incisive wit.’”

That last hit is repeated by the *Athenæum*, which, in distinguishing Mr. Traill's “common-sense criticism,” says:

“... It is not perhaps the most popular form of literary criticism, and Mr. Traill has—unfortunately, may we say?—squandered on political journalism, for the proper objects of which they are worse than useless, a large share of the wit and humour which might have been better bestowed in quarters where they would have been more valued. Consequently his name may be less familiar to the ‘general reader’ than those of some other literary critics of not half his merit.”

The *Scotsman* makes less ado:

“The essays have an analytical skill and a logical inevitableness only too rare in these times of impressionist criticism, and oftener displayed on the other side of the Channel than on this. Always deeper than they seem to be, they are always bright and often brilliant in their purely literary aspect; and they make their points by many happy strokes of wit and irony. Readers of correct taste in matters of literature will always agree or sympathise with Mr. Traill's judgments, and even those who have another way of thinking must find his book readable and enjoyable in no common degree for its incisiveness, its insight, and its never-failing good humour.”

“The Poetical  
Works of William  
Wordsworth.”  
Vol. VIII.  
Edited by  
William Knight.

THIS volume completes Prof. Knight's edition of the poet's works, and the *Athenæum* falls on it like a panther. It does not even begin with a caress. “We regret to observe,” is its first sentence, “that the editing of this volume, the last of the ‘Poems,’ is little, if at all, better than that of the preceding ones.” And the review is picked out with such sentences and phrases as these:

“Many of the Professor's notes are useless and absurd.”

“All this Baedeker and Herzog because Wordsworth heard a cuckoo at Laverna.”

“When, however, information might be expected, we do not get it.”

“This is a fair specimen of the Professor's slovenly handiwork.”

“But the Professor is perhaps most provoking . . .”

“And when a semblance of a reference is given it is often of no value.”

“We can refresh his memory,” &c.

The *Spectator* is more urbane, it chastises only with whips. Referring to the Pro-

fessor's too liberal and too naive notes, it says:

“If there be any reader who does not know that St. Paul's Cathedral was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, that Waltham Abbey is in Essex, that King Edward VI. reigned for six years, that Latimer and Ridley were burnt together at Oxford, that William landed at Torbay, and scores of similar facts, we submit that he ought not to look for such elementary knowledge in the pages containing the text of an illustrious poet.”

But the *Spectator* would not

“depreciate the prolonged and exhaustive labours which Prof. Knight has given to Wordsworth. The poet, who was so little esteemed by the public during a large portion of his lifetime, is now a great English classic, and as such merits all the critical study which a classic deserves. To supply the fullest materials for this study has been the editor's aim, and we think that in many respects he has accomplished it. His granary is overflowing with golden grain, and if the chaff has not been wholly separated from it, that perhaps was inevitable.”

*Journeys Through France*, has been heartily welcomed. “The M. Taine's ‘Journeys Through France,’ translation,” says the *Times*, “is for the most part executed with unusual skill.” Concerning Taine's matter the same critic writes:

“Though rather hasty sketches than finished pictures, they are Taine *tout pur*, showing all his serious concern for the intellectual and social welfare of France, his noble impatience of the commonplace and the *mesquin*, his keen and imaginative eye for the picturesque in architecture and scenery, his responsive sympathy with the varying aspects of French scenery and life, and his rare felicity of presentation.”

The *Standard* thinks the book is a reflection of the man:

“This book strikes us as being in every sense characteristic of the man, for it is candid, unconventional, shrewd, and vivacious. It represents Taine, however, in full possession of his prejudices, as well as in his most cynical mood. His judgments for the most part scarcely lean towards mercy, and he is too honest to conceal his contempt when men or institutions provoke satire.”

The *Scotsman* says:

“There are in these ‘Journeys’ much of keen observation, a great deal of witty writing, and many epigrammatic sayings which fix themselves on the memory. In fact, it would be worth while to read the book for no other reason than for the clever things that are in it.”

“By Stroke of Sword” By the *Times*, and then it gives Andrew Balfour. the book a very quotable certificate of merit:

“Readers who like domestic scenes must go elsewhere for their milk and water, but for the brandy, which Dr. Johnson thought the proper drink for heroes, this tap can be recommended.”

It must be a rollicking tale that the *Times* calls “this tap.”

The *Bookman* praises Mr. Balfour's title-headings:

“Who would not set to the reading of a story in the most sympathetic mood, finding in its table of contents such items as these: ‘Of the Hollow Tree and the Eyes which Moved;’ ‘Of what I Heard in the Chimney, and the

Man in the Archway"; "Of our Lady the Virgin and the Gathering of the Sharks"? And there is something to be found if we follow the leading of these signposts. Mr. Balfour has a tender conscience about giving full measure to his readers."

The *Chronicle*, too, gives this story five inches of praise:

"Had the hero not been pursued by bloodhounds we had been bitterly disappointed. But the author knows his boy and loves him, and the hero is pursued by bloodhounds."

## MUSIC.

### THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE title was once a sensible one; at Covent Garden the public used really to promenade right round the platform on which the orchestra was placed, and the greater number, no doubt, looked upon the players as helpmates to movement and to conversation. Now they are quieter; more attention is paid to the music, although the programmes are, on the whole, made of sterner stuff than in days of yore. One of the great differences to be noticed between the past and the present is the prominence given to novelties. They are, indeed, quite a feature of the present series of concerts at the Queen's Hall under the direction of Mr. Newman. Excess of anything is bad, but here they are carefully introduced into programmes which include well-known works; and hitherto they have been fairly short, also of light character, so that, if they fail to please, the evening's enjoyment is scarcely spoiled. It is right that we should know a little more of works other than of the great composers who have become household words. Another marked difference is, of course, the present worship of Wagner. Now a popular night means a Wagner night. No doubt much of the present popularity of the master does not arise from genuine appreciation of his music-dramas. But one thing is certain, namely, that what, by the critics—almost to a man—was once thought music well-nigh devoid of form, melody, and meaning, now draws the public more than that of any other composer. And yet, with few exceptions, it was never intended by Wagner for the concert-room.

The first part of the programme on the occasion of my visit was devoted principally to Wagner specimens of his art work *ab ovo usque ad mala*, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." It may occasionally be interesting to hear the "Rienzi Overture"; that opera, however, was not a firm foundation on which he afterwards built, but a false one which had to be removed ere the master could develop what was in him. On the other hand, even in Beethoven's earliest works, there is nothing to offend; while, from time to time, there are foreshadowings, and of by no means ordinary character, of the glories about to follow.

Mr. Wood conducted all the Wagner numbers in able manner. He is in thorough sympathy with the music, and it is evident that he has not sat in vain

at the feet of some of the great German conductors. He has, nevertheless, still something to learn from them. He does not always keep enough reserve force, so that the climacteric point of a passage, or of a piece, does not always make its due effect. Then, again, the proper balance of tone between strings and wind is not always maintained—the latter at times outsound the former. In vigorous passages it is naturally difficult to restrain trumpeters, trombonists, and drummers, who are proud of the strong effects which they can produce; yet unless this is carefully managed the result is unsatisfactory. Fortunately, the anti-Wagnerite is almost an extinct species, or we might still hear about his noisy scoring. It was my first visit to these concerts on this Monday, and I should not like to form a hasty opinion, but it seems to me that the tone of the violins is not strong enough. If that be so, a few more players would establish a natural balance. The violoncellos of the orchestra are particularly good, and the wood-wind players are excellent. Of the excerpts, the Prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" and the "Parsifal" music were the finest. Mr. Wood is a conductor of whom we may be proud, and I am pleased to see that he is already quieter in gesture. Mr. Orme Darvall sang "The term is past," from the "Flying Dutchman." This Air, as it is curiously called in the score, did not quite suit him, but he sang it with great intelligence, and in a thoroughly dramatic spirit. He had his music in his hand, yet he sang without looking at it, and this, for Wagner, is a great advantage. Mme. Marie Duma gave Elisabeth's Prayer from "Tannhäuser," but her rendering of it was not satisfactory.

The first part of the programme included two of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems." The first was "Les Préludes," one of the most attractive. It was carefully rendered, though scarcely with sufficient breadth. The other was "Orpheus," interpreted with much delicacy. The public here in England have never taken very kindly to Liszt's music, with exception, perhaps, of one or two of the *Rhapsodies*. There was a time when it was the custom to speak of the music of Wagner and Liszt as if, forsooth, they were co-ordinate. Liszt's name in history is inseparable from that of Wagner. He helped the latter in the hour of need, encouraged him during the long years of exile, and was one of his first and stoutest champions. Without this patient guide, Christian philosopher, and firm friend, Wagner might possibly not have had the strength and the courage to realise his art dreams. All this redounds infinitely to the credit of Liszt, yet it only concerns the man. His generous deeds have nothing to do with his music. Liszt wrote many works varying considerably in merit. A great number of his pianoforte pieces were composed merely to show off his marvellous technique, and when he ceased to perform them they ceased to give pleasure. The twelve Symphonic Poems represent his most ambitious efforts as a composer of instrumental music, and there is much in them of interest. The matter may not be very deep, but they contain clever

workmanship, often graceful melody, and piquant orchestration. "Faust," "Tasso," and "Die Ideale" scarcely deserve the neglect into which they have fallen. I have often wondered why Dr. Richter, who at one time seemed inclined to introduce Liszt's music, has confined himself of late to the *Rhapsodies*. The late Walter Bache, in his enthusiasm for his master and friend, erred through excess of zeal. A whole programme of Liszt wearies the public and worries the critics. But, received in small doses, there is no reason why his best works should not meet with due appreciation. Surely, also, two or three of the Symphonic Poems which have never or very rarely been performed in London might be given a trial! J. S. S.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DISCOVERY OF COINS.

Blackburn: Sept. 20, 1897.

A very important discovery of coins has been made at Escharen, in the south of Holland, of which Rev. Dr. C. Wilde gives an account in the *Museum*—a Dutch philological paper. The following is a translation:

"At Escharen, a little village about two miles to the south of Grave, a notable discovery was made about the middle of last April. Whilst digging in his field, situated not far from the parish church, a peasant observed at a depth of about sixty centimetres a little jar of old-Franconian workmanship, that proved to contain sixty gold pieces. These coins date, as far as we could make out, from the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, and represent not less than thirty-one different types. Some are Byzantine, the majority are of Franconian (Merovingian) origin. Eleven of them are *solidi*, and weigh from three and a half to four grammes. The rest are *trientes* (one-third *solidus*), some of them being considerably clipped. Thanks to the kind help of Dr. H. J. de Dompierre de Chaupépié, director of the Royal Collection of Coins at the Hague, who showed great interest in the discovery, I was so fortunate as to succeed in determining a good number of the coins. Thus we found a neatly executed and well-preserved *solidus* with the effigy of the Emperor Zeno (474-491), besides several of the second coinages of Anastasius (491-518), Justinus I. (518-527), Justinianus I. (527-565), Justinus II. (565-578), and Mauritius Tiberius (582-602).

"Among the Merovingian coins many are known already from other sources, but still they are rather rare. One *triens* is coined at Choe (Hoei [P] in Belgium), and shows the name of the mintmaster, Landigisilus; another is the work of Medo(v)aldus, the well-known coiner of Amiens; two others come from the workshop of Bertulfus, at Orleans; one other comes from Sion (Sid-ninsium Civitas) in Wallis. In the imperial collection of coins at Vienna they possess a very odd coin, that has on its reverse the words 'BONCOLVNIA CIVITAS.' At Escharen six specimens of this kind have been found. The inscription 'AVDVLFVS FRISLA,' not yet explained with certainty, also appears on three pieces.

"Lastly I have to mention, together with several undecipherable coins, a few curiosities that are not to be found in any of the known standard works on coins (Prou, de Belfort, &c.). This is not the place to enter into many particulars about them. I confine myself, therefore, to mentioning the inscription ACO + NIOM (or + NIOMAGO = Nimeguen [P]), that is to be seen on several pieces.—C. RAAIJMAKERS."



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## REVIEWS.

## THE TENNYSON BIOGRAPHY.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Memoir. By his Son. In 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)*

A MEMOIR of Tennyson was necessary, and we take it as we find it. It is a gift-horse—given, perhaps, a little grudgingly; or we have not to regard it too critically if it lacks in frankness, or stops short where a genuine human document would proceed. We have here a smooth instead of a rough Tennyson—a Tennyson as a son sees him, and decides that we shall see him. No doubt the biographer realises this, for he heads his preface with a hitherto unpublished sonnet, in which his father says:

"Ye know that History is half a dream—say,  
even,  
The man's life in the letters of the man.

For whatever knows us truly, knows  
That none can truly write his single day,  
And none can write it for him upon earth."

These are not the best principles on which to set forth on a biography. But the biographer is frank, at any rate, in advertising the impossibility of frankness, and in going on to tell us that his book is written, not for its own sake, but to keep out any other. Tennyson, we are told, "disliked the notion" of a biography. "He wished that the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be without comment, but that any notes should be final and full enough"—not to give the world the lesson of a great life, but—"to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." That is what we mean by saying that the book is a gift-horse.

We take it, then, for what it is. The real Tennyson will stand forth in time. Meanwhile, this Memoir will serve its purpose for a day. It is not proper biography, but once we know the lines on which it runs, we need have few disappointments. It is a book which nearly everybody will like to read; which hardly anyone will want to keep.

Tennyson, as a poet, has made his gift to England once for all; he has written what he has written; and his glory as a poet no biographer can magnify and none disturb. Tennyson was himself a very apt courtier, as his letters to the Queen declare, perhaps because he himself lived in a kind of court. His own letters to his correspondents are all of a piece—they deal with his attitude towards his correspondents, very little with any affairs or feelings of theirs. The homage of Browning, rendered with a delightful impetus, is accepted; also that of Fitzgerald; and the letters of both these men—not intellectually the inferiors of Tennyson on most topics to be discussed, and in some cases his superiors—are approved, disapproved, or tolerated, as the case may be; rarely made a plane for meeting on an equality of thought or speech. If the Poet applies to a Cabinet Minister for a favour for a friend, the letter is given, but not the result of the application—it is the Tennyson application alone that is important. There is a charming letter of homage from Currer Bell, ingenuously saying that she is giving to Tennyson and other admired persons copies of her own and her sister's poems because nobody will buy them. We are glad to know that Tennyson had the pleasure of this letter, but we should have been more delighted still to hear that Haworth had been stirred by an immediate recognition of Emily Brontë's poems in that volume from the poet she admired; we are not even told that he acknowledged the letter. This is only an instance of the book's consistent attitude—it tells us sometimes, in perfectly worthless letters of formal flattery—such as Mr. Froude's—how far Tennyson affected his contemporaries. We knew all that before; and now we should like to know how Tennyson was affected by them. But of this knowledge the reader will be balked in this book; and perhaps it is as well, for where we have a hint of it it is hardly reassuring. The arrangement is, no doubt, the biographer's; but where Stevenson and Mr. Meredith appear in a list hardly divided from Miss Braddon and Miss Edna Lyall, as among admired novelists, we recognise a certain pervading insensibility to Art, save where the Poet's own work is concerned. Nothing but your own business matters much, you may easily persuade yourself, if you have one idea always, and lack the humour that saves from egotism.

Within these limitations, of which, though they constantly stop the reader short in the biography, we shall say no more in this review, lest we, too, should seem to be ungracious insisters on one point of view, we give the volumes a warm welcome. They open with a glimpse, one does not say more, of the home-life of the poet as a boy in Lincolnshire. When he was twelve he wrote from Somersby to an aunt in Louth to give her his impressions of *Samson Agonistes* (he spells it *Sampson*), and we find him expressing particular admiration for

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,"  
a line in which we see Milton as already his master. Thomson of the "Seasons" had been a yet earlier influence, under which

he wrote blank verse at eight; for Thomson was the first poet he knew. Pope's translation of the "Iliad," made acquaintance with when he was ten or eleven, set him off composing hundreds of lines in the same metre. Byron, of course, became an absorbing influence a little later, and, equally of course, an influence that passed away. When Byron died, the Lincolnshire boy of fourteen felt that the world was darkened. "Byron is dead" he carved on a rock at Somersby. As the placing of Byron is still in dispute, it is worth while to note the experience of Tennyson, as one born during the Byron rule. In maturity he spoke of Byron to Locker Lampson, saying: "Thanks to Byron, I was more *blat* at fourteen than I am now. . . . Byron's merits are on the surface. . . . As a boy I was an enormous admirer of Byron, so much so that I got a surfeit of him, and now I cannot read him as I should like to do." Then, when his friend remarked on the omission of the "Isles of Greece" from the *Golden Treasury*, he "supposed that the editor had discovered some defect in it of which he [Tennyson] was not aware; but he had not read it for years." The first stanza he repeated, saying "That's very fine," but adding: "Thackeray tells me that Samian wine is very wretched stuff." Elsewhere the biographer repeats: "In early boyhood he had been possessed of Byron's poetry, but he could not read it in later life, except, perhaps, 'The Vision of Judgment' and parts of 'Childe Harold' and of 'Don Juan.' He would say: 'Byron is not an artist or a thinker or a creator in the higher sense,' adding, however, that 'he is endlessly clever, and is now unduly depreciated.'" We know not by whom, for nobody has denied him more than Tennyson denies him here. Of Wordsworth, Tennyson was willing to allow that he was the first of moderns, although he accompanies that admission with an amount of reservation that will strike cold into hot Wordsworthians. Among such we must rank Mr. Aubrey de Vere, whose hand constantly appears through these pages, and never too often. He it is who gives the account of the personal relations between Wordsworth and Tennyson.

Mr. de Vere made the acquaintance of Tennyson very early in the forties, and they called each other by their Christian names at the first, and for more than fifty years after. It is with touching pains to unite those two great poets as closely as may be, then and for ever, that Mr. de Vere tells the story:

"Alfred Tennyson's largeness of mind and of heart was touchingly illustrated by his reverence for Wordsworth's poetry, notwithstanding that the immense merits he recognised in it were not, in his opinion, supplemented by a proportionate amount of literary skill. He was always glad to show reverence to the 'Old Poet.' 'Wordsworth,' he said to me one day, 'is staying at Hampstead in the house of his friend, Mr. Hoare. I must go and see him; and you must come with me.' As we walked back to London through grassy fields Tennyson complained of the Old Poet's coldness. He had endeavoured to stimulate some latent ardours by telling Wordsworth of a tropical island where the trees, when they first came into leaf, were a vivid scarlet; 'everyone of

them, I told him, one flush all over the island, the colour of blood! It would not do. I could not influence his imagination in the least!"

Our own, we confess, is left cold. But we interrupt to say as much, for Mr. de Vere, warming to his theme, proceeds:

"During the preceding year I had had the great honour of passing several days at Rydel Mount with Wordsworth, walking on his mountains and listening to him at his fireside. I told him that a young poet had lately risen up. Wordsworth answered that he feared, from the little he had heard, that if Crabbe was the driest of poets, the young aspirant must have the opposite fault. I replied that he should judge for himself, and, without leave given, recited to him two poems of Tennyson: 'You ask me why, though ill at ease,' and 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights.' Wordsworth listened with a gradually deepening attention. After a pause he answered, 'I must acknowledge that these two poems are very solid and noble in thought. Their diction also seems singularly stately.'"

On another occasion Mr. de Vere saw Wordsworth and Tennyson together, at a dinner given by Mr. Moxon. After dinner, when last words were to be said, Tennyson moved up to Wordsworth:

"He spoke in a low voice, and with a perceptible emotion. The old man looked very much pleased, more so, indeed, than I ever saw him look on any other occasion; shook hands with him heartily, and thanked him affectionately."

Wordsworth, it may be added, records this very meeting in one of his letters to his American friend, Prof. Reed: "You will be pleased to hear that he expressed in the strongest terms his gratitude to my writings. To this I was far from indifferent."

To these great literary influences, begun so early, must be added the influence of locality. Lincolnshire is to be found on the face of verse after verse throughout his poems. Even the magic of the landscape in "The Lady of Shalott" has its origin amid the flat cornfields of the poet's native county; and the long waves beating on the long sands of its coast held over him to the end of his days the dominion they gained in his boyhood. When the "Poems by Two Brothers"—Alfred and Charles—were published by Jackson, the Louth bookseller, who gave them the generous sum of £20, part of which was paid in kind, the elated poets hired a carriage in which they drove to the coast, fourteen miles distant, and at Mablethorpe "shared their triumph with the winds and waves." "Poems by Three Brothers" the book ought to have been named, for four of the pieces, usually assigned to Charles, were of Frederick's composing. "My father," says the biographer, "could hardly tolerate what he called his 'early rot,'" although his last judgment on it was: "Some of it is better than I thought it was."

The influence of Trinity College, Cambridge, was not great on Tennyson, excepting so far as it gained for him friends—Spedding, Hallam, Brookfield, Milnes, Trench, and the rest—who were, in truth, his apostles, proclaiming a little later,

in the press, his merits to an unbelieving generation. In 1829 he took the prize medal for his "Timbuctoo" in blank verse; in 1830 he published "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," and in the next year he left the University. The next few years were influential; there was the friendship with Fitzgerald, "faithful Fitz," who met Tennyson at the house of the Speddings in the Lake country, and saw what afterwards formed part of the contents of the splendid 1842 volume—the "Morte d'Arthur," "The Day-Dream," "Dora," and, among others, "The Lord of Burleigh," the inferiority of which Fitz does not seem to have perceived. In the thirties and forties the family lived at High Beech in Epping Forest, at Tunbridge Wells, and at Boxley, near Maidstone. Visits to his beloved Lincolnshire were made when funds allowed—only once or twice do we get allusions to the poverty of those times, when a fare to the neighbourhood of Mablethorpe was a fine too great to be paid. Emily Sellwood, too, lived at Horncastle, in that county. She had been a bridesmaid when her sister married his brother; and her engagement to the Poet was a long affair, not unattended by parental injunctions to the maiden not to write to one who was so ineligible. Indeed, the engagement dragged out for long over a decade; for it was not till 1850 that they were married, his poems then bringing him in a competency. His love of the "central roar" of London drew him, now and again, to lodgings in Norfolk-street, Strand, and he delighted to walk down Fleet-street, dining often at the Cock. "Instead of the stuccoed houses of the West End this is the place where I would like to live," he said to Fitz; but if you look for his London address in later days you will find it in Belgravia. "The Princess," however, published in 1847, was written mostly in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Fitzgerald, who generally knew what he was writing about, rated it lower than much of the work published five years earlier; and he was right. But that was unpalatable truth then; and Fitzgerald, to cover the situation, put his case with extremity. "Like Carlyle," he says, "I gave up all hopes of Tennyson after 'The Princess.'" The biographer has his explanation, to be sure. "Nothing either by Thackeray or by my father," he says, "met Fitzgerald's appreciation unless he had first seen it in MS."

The facts relating to the friendship with Arthur Hallam, and to the publication of "In Memoriam," are so familiarly known that this biography adds little to the history. Even the loss of "the Elegiacs," as Tennyson called them while they were in process, and the recovery of the MS. by Mr. Patmore's persistency pitted against the landlady's statement that the cupboard was bare, will not be new to readers of our columns, and Tennyson's letter to "My dear Coventry," now printed, adds no fresh surprise to the episode. Particularly welcome, indeed, would have been some further account of the friendship between these two poets, very warm in the forties, but untimely ended by the withdrawal of Mr. Patmore into himself and his cloud and fire of mysticism. Tennyson's admiration for "The Angel in the

House" is put on record in the biography by the pen of Mr. de Vere, the devoted friend of both poets, but "The Unknown Eros" opens fields where Tennyson could not follow. Nevertheless, the chapter on "In Memoriam" contains a statement of Tennyson's religious sentiments which will commend itself to every reader as the indication of a grave, sincere, and even humble mind. He did not pretend to a knowledge of theology, nor do we claim it for him. He did not treat it as a science largely accepted on the authority of the past; he began again for himself, as it were. One lifetime is not very long for an investigator in any great department of thought; but it was long enough, in Tennyson's case, to bring him to a belief in man's immortality, and in the existence of a God with a conscious personality. The difficulties of Revelation, and especially the great difficulty that is presented by Revelation's avoidance of just those very explanations that the inquirer needs, were constantly in his thoughts. More and more as time passes will the distinctly ethical note of his poetry be recognised. He came to be an individualist in this orthodox sense, that he distrusted large schemes for the general welfare of the world—he believed that each man was his own especial charge. It pleased him, therefore, to do any kindness, or to hear that his poetry—especially "In Memoriam"—had been of use to readers, and this not less when those readers happened to be of the humblest mental capacity. Such testimonies were a true consolation to him as one who wished well to all his fellows, quite apart, as we believe, from any gratification they gave to one who, from the days of his boyhood on the desolate Mablethorpe sands, craved to be popular. He had, indeed, popularity enough and to spare; enough, some would say, to punish him.

There are no surprises in the volumes; unless, indeed, the correspondence with the Queen be accounted such, and this has a social rather than a literary interest. But we note in passing that the Queen sent her Highland Notebook to the Laureate, who praised, among other things, its "pure English," and that, though they wrote often, and lived near one another at times in the Isle of Wight, they met seldom. The last meeting was in 1883, when the Queen, in her private journal, wrote the account of it at Osborne, as follows:

"After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson in dearest Albert's room for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. Asked him to sit down. He talked of many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no Immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible, God, Who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being. He spoke of Ireland and the wickedness of ill-using dumb animals: 'I am afraid I think this world is darkened; I dare say it will brighten again.' I told him what a comfort 'In Memoriam' had again been to me, which pleased him but he

said I could not believe the number of shameful letters of abuse he had received about it. Incredible! When I took leave of him I thanked him for his kindness, and said I needed it, for I had gone through much; and he said: 'You are so alone on that terrible height; it is terrible. I've only a year or two to live, but I shall be happy to do anything for you I can. Send for me whenever you like.' I thanked him warmly."

Social also in its interest we must hold to be the correspondence about the peerage conferred on the Poet by Mr. Gladstone, although there is a good deal of chatter about the honour being accepted in the interests of Literature. Social certainly is the astonishing item that one of Mr. Gladstone's difficulties in offering the peerage was that the Poet might insist in going to the House of Lords in his wideawake. Mr. Gladstone, as usual, comes out of the correspondence with Tennyson as a man full of considerateness, the possessor of a magnanimity which has, perhaps, been more tried than any man's, and yet has never failed when put to the test. This Memoir is a witness to the genius, gravity, dignity, and essential sincerity of its central figure. Under surface affectations and insimplicities a great and single character.

#### ORIGINAL, FEARLESS, FINE.

*History of the Life of Fénelon.* By Andrew Michael Ramsay. Translated from the French edition of 1723. With a Biographical Memoir of the Author, Bibliography, and Notes by David Cuthbertson. (Paisley: T. & R. Parlane.)

It seems at first sight strangely improbable that the son of an Ayrshire Protestant baker should, early in the last century, become the disciple and friend of contemporary Christendom's greatest Catholic prelate; but those were the relations between the Chevalier Andrew Ramsay and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. Mystic recognises mystic, and the plebeian man from the county of Burns found a fellow spirit in the holy aristocrat of Périgord, courtliest of saints, saintliest of courtiers. Each lived to illustrate the saying of a later expert in "the science of the saints," that "it is a very easy thing for a man to go wrong in spiritual theology, and to stray into the shadow of condemned propositions." But Ramsay, though, indeed, as Hume calls him, "an author of taste and imagination, who was surely no enemy to Christianity," would scarce have survived but for his intimacy with Fénelon, whose faith he embraced, whose doctrines he followed, whose Life he wrote. At best we should know him as one of the innumerable obscurer Mystics, who testify to the soul's thirst in the dry places of the world, but whose testimony is not memorable. Becoming Fénelon's convert, the captive of his sweetness and strength, Ramsay passed into history. As Gibbon says of himself and Bossuet, "he fell," if fall it was, "by a noble hand." For Fénelon is a figure of irresistible charm, rich in grace and in the graces; his presence adorns the courts of

kings and of their King, yet there is a cordial humility and humanity in his carriage. He provokes distinguished writers to phrases of distinction. Here is Michelet:

"Who can say by what enchantment he seized and ravished souls? We encounter it in the infinite charm of his correspondence, all mutilated as that is—no other correspondence has been more cruelly emended, expurgated, obscured for a purpose. Well! in those fragments, those scanty remains, the fascination is still omnipotent. Apart from the nobility of style, the tone so vivid and refined, revealing the gentleman beneath the apostle, there is something peculiar to himself, a feminine delicacy, which in no way excludes strength, and, in the very subtlety, I know not what penetrating tenderness."

Or take Pater:

"A veritable *grand seigneur*! His refined old age, the impress of genius and honours—even his disappointments concur with natural graces to make him seem too distinguished (a fitter word fails me) for this world. *Omnia vanitas*! he seems to say, yet with a profound resignation, which makes the things we are most of us so fondly occupied with seem petty enough. *Omnia vanitas*! Is that, indeed, the proper comment on our lives, coming, as it does in this case, from one who might have made his own all that life has to bestow? Yet he was never to be seen at court, and has lived here almost as an exile. Was our 'Great King Lewis' jealous of a true *grand seigneur* or *grand monarque* by natural gift and the favour of Heaven, that he could not endure his presence?"

After speaking of Napoleon, Lord Acton proceeds:

"In another sphere, it is the vision of a higher world to be intimate with the character of Fénelon, the cherished model of politicians, ecclesiastics, men of letters, the witness against one century and precursor of another, the advocate of the poor against oppression, of liberty in an age of arbitrary power, of tolerance in an age of persecution, of the human virtues among men accustomed to sacrifice them to authority, the man of whom one enemy says that his cleverness was enough to strike terror, and another, that genius poured in torrents from his eyes."

That M. Huysmans' hero, the *malleus sanctorum*, the superior artist in religion, Durtal, should find in a "Job mitré" but "une petite Mystique, ni trop chaude, ni trop froide, un peu moins tiède que celle de Saint François de Sales et surtout beaucoup moins ardente que celle de Sainte Térèse," is no poor compliment to the essential excellence of Monseigneur de Cambrai, to his "sanctified common-sense." Into the tangled and thorny questions of Molinism—Quietism—which made Fénelon's later life a martyrdom and a triumph, we cannot here enter. It had, perhaps, been well for him had he never met with Mme. Guyon and her writings, never written the *Maximes des Saints*. It is personally painful, even now, to watch Bossuet, "the eagle of Meaux," falling foul of Fénelon, "the dove of Cambrai." It is revolting to think of the most delicate and mysterious things of faith exposed to the impure handling of such men as the Great King and Harlay, the infamous Archbishop of Paris, who died in the arms of his mistress. Two true and witty say-

ings contain the gist of the notorious controversy. "M. de Cambrai," said Mme. de Sévigné's daughter, "pleads well the cause of God, but M. de Meaux still better that of orthodoxy; he cannot fail to win the day at Rome." Said Pope Innocent XII.: "Cambria has sinned through excess of love for God, and Meaux through want of love to his neighbour." Technically, verbally, Fénelon was wrong; he erred in expression, not in meaning. We cannot agree with Dean Church, that "it was a poor quarrel and a sign of degeneracy." It concerned the weightiest matters of spiritual life. But we agree with him in condemning its accidents and circumstances, its atmosphere and environment of devotee courtiers, and pietism *à la grande dame*, and social intrigues and jealousies. Mysticism and its exact theology are not for loose and general discussion upon the levels of society, but require retirement, solitude, patience. Take any approved treatise of mystical theology, such as the thousand-paged *Institutiones Theologiae Mysticae* of the Benedictine Schram: then imagine Paris of Fénelon's day canvassing problems and speculations, which even the most learned and experienced of theologians touch but at their perpetual peril. Men and women, whose first effort should have been to keep a few of the Ten Commandments, fell to disputing whether love for God must be absolutely "disinterested"; whether they should "desire hell" if God desired it for them; whether anything short of self-annihilation to the will of God were permitted to a Christian. Fine topics of talk among the *frou-frou* of skirts and the flutter of fans! When Fénelon's book was under examination at Rome, Mme. de Maintenon, we are quaintly told, "did not think herself entitled to enter into an affair which was laid before the Holy See." Mighty obliging and self-denying of the good lady! There was, perhaps, not a score of persons in France capable of judging the questions at issue, either by their scientific training in theology or by their experience of the spiritual life in its most profound reality. Such a man as Jean Baptiste de Renty, who died shortly before Fénelon's birth, and whose *Holy Life* ranks among the greatest of mystical biographies, was the kind of man to whom these tremendous questions were matters of personal knowledge; but such a man is as rare as the aloe blossom. It was Fénelon's lot to be cast among courtly offices, worldly affairs, relations with the State; *c'était Louis XIV.* He was not allowed the pastoral seclusion of Francis de Sales; he stood prominently before France—a public man. Yet he never lost the bloom of sincerity and gentleness, nor did his reserved strength ever kindle into passion; he won the hearts of the most unlikely persons. "He was cast," said Lord Peterborough, "in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else; he is a delicious creature! But I was forced to get away from him as soon as I possibly could, for else he would have made me pious." His very aspect was an enchantment. "Il fallait faire effort," said Saint-Simon, "pour ne pas le regarder." In contrast with too many prelates of his day, he was a



very Dupanloup in the discharge of diocesan duties and episcopal superintendence; and he discharged at the same time a vast "apostolate of letter-writing," as the director of countless souls. Withal, he was a master in literature; *Télémaque* is not yet a faded classic, and his dissertations upon oratory and the ancients are full of a rich purity in style and thought. He wrote the first important modern treatise upon the education of women: he was at all points original, fearless, fine. "Uction" in him was not that sickly-sweet sensibility and sentimentality which in French religious writers is apt to usurp the name: it was a veritable gift of love, eloquent and winning *proprio motu*, but never affectedly or foolishly effusive. His "Spiritual Letters" abound in salutary severities in the spirit of St. Teresa, though without her inimitable humour and homely terseness of speech. He is not languishing and rapturous, but a very wise and simple Christian, who uses a gracious and graceful style, and conveys piety with the pleasing politeness of good French. He had not the magnificent Bossuet's thunder, that organ music rolling over the deaths of princes and chaunting the procession of the ages: Fénelon is the Sophocles to Bossuet's Æschylus, the Spenser to his Milton. The elegance of holiness was upon him, as well as the loftier beauty; he was much of a George Herbert, though nobler, fashioned upon a greater plan. An essential candour shines about his memory; it purifies and freshens his not very wholesome age, in which single-hearted men were rare. His world was aware of his eminence, his solitary distinction; he won to himself even such men as Marlborough. "If I am sorry I have not taken Cambrai, it is not for the honour of the conquest as to have had the pleasure of seeing so great a man."

Mr. Cuthbertson has deserved well of literature in producing this book, with its vivid sketch of Ramsay and its useful annotations. Indeed, one is tempted to suggest that he would do well to write a monograph or brief biography of the Chevalier, whom most of us know merely through Spence's "Anecdotes." For Ramsay has a certain importance in the history of metaphysics, or rather of "theosophies"; and Fénelon's secretary, the tutor of Charles Edward and of "Henry IX.," Cardinal of York, is a picturesque and arresting figure.

L. J. DOWSON

#### DAVID WRIGHT.

*The Power of an Endless Life, and other Sermons.* By David Wright, late Vicar of Stoke Bishop. (Rivingtons.)

A VOLUME of David Wright's Sermons is furnished with a preface by Canon Ainger; and to the many who are complete strangers to the name upon the title-page, the recommending words of a distinguished and interesting preacher, who was likewise a friend, will be a serviceable introduction. Canon Ainger has held for the last several years, as readers will remember, not only the

Mastership of the Temple, but a Bristol Canonry. In residence in Bristol the Master of the Temple first became acquainted with the vicar of Stoke Bishop, and there he had the opportunity of appreciating him. When David Wright died, only a year ago, he had been for five-and-thirty years vicar of Stoke Bishop, and he had been little else. He was a born preacher, uniting in himself so many of the fine preacher's finest qualities, yet entirely and intensely, though never aggressively, individual. But, though a born preacher, he never preached to crowds, and rarely to congregations consisting for the most part of the intellectually distinguished. If we remember rightly, in the very latest days of the ministry of F. D. Maurice at St. Peter's, Vere-street, David Wright preached a few sermons there—filling Mr. Maurice's place; but if he did so it was probably in the vacation—the congregation of St. Peter's, Vere-street, must have been out of town at the time. Once or twice, at least, his voice was heard in Westminster Abbey; and, as regards mere local recognition, it is true that there was bestowed on him for a year or so the more or less honorary appointment of Mayor's Chaplain at Bristol; but there, probably, his outward distinctions, such as they were, stopped. Practically he went without the rewards and recognitions of distinguished service and of exceptional capacity. He was valued, of course, and beloved in his own parish, and in the great city which lies upon its borders. In the best sense he must have been to some extent at least "influential." But a hundred smaller men might have exercised an influence as considerable, and would have enjoyed, locally, a consideration as great. The "powers that be"—careful, generally, in their selections for promotion, and guided generally, we do not doubt, by the best motives and by wisdom—were yet for once strangely lacking in the proper initiative when they permitted David Wright to end his labours almost as he had begun them—to end them simple vicar of the agreeable country parish where he had taken up his cure of souls thirty-five years before.

In Church newspapers habitually devoted to the discussion of doctrine—in the *Guardian*, the *Record*, and the *Church Times*, for instance—we shall expect to see what it would be almost inappropriate to print here, an analysis of the mind and method of David Wright as a Churchman. Here, in regard to his doctrinal position, it will be enough, or almost enough, to say that he was not a party man. He was nearer, perhaps, to the Evangelicals than to any others; yet his Evangelicalism was tempered by modern culture, by Broad Church influence, by something, too, that came to it from the graver leaders of the old High Church school. Briefly, and to repeat it, he was not a party man; but his attachment to the Catholic Church and to the Church of England as an institution, was profound and lasting—was perhaps growing in intensity to the very end—and his broad and tolerant Christianity, concerned so much with the spirit and so little with the letter, feared no undermining from "modern thought," and knew no apprehension from

the later discoveries of a "Science" apt to be periodically revised or overturned by its own votaries. For David Wright the world of Nature might be pryed into to what conclusions you chose. The world of the Spirit and of the heart of Man at least remained.

Perhaps of his own personality, as of his published sermons, a spiritual gravity and dignity was the main characteristic. His sermons, while wholly devoid of pessimism—or he would scarcely have been Christian at all—had, as a frequent "note," that profound sadness which belongs to the great things of Literature, to the poem or the story which outlasts the fashion of a day. How could they avoid it, and yet have a true outlook on present human life? He was accustomed to read his sermons with absolutely no conscious art, and even little of acquired skill, of delivery; often with some nervousness—in the level and expository passages with some hesitation and shyness—but ever with an abounding sense of reverence and responsibility; with a voice second only in impressiveness and vibrating quality to that of the Bishop of Southwell—a Churchman with whom, whether he knew it or not, he must have been greatly in sympathy. The present writer was an occasional but close listener to his always remarkable and deeply studied sermons, over a period of six or eight-and-twenty years, and, so far as memory may be trusted, they changed but little in character, in method, or delivery. At the end as at the beginning of this prolonged experience of him, it was felt that one was listening to the most personal utterance of a profound though reserved nature—to an utterance fortified by much secluded meditation, by a deliberation of purpose and a quietude of life hardly attainable by the popular favourite, the celebrity of the busy hour. The Master of the Temple bears tribute to "the originality of thought and intellectual acuteness" of the author of sermons which justify indeed his praise to the full. David Wright was essentially reflective, subtle, stored with deep wisdom. It is claimed for him, by the sponsor we have already named, that he had "an almost ideal pulpit style." And so far as any one man can possess that, doubtless it was possessed by David Wright. On the negative side this is especially true. His style was singularly without fault or technical vice. And at the same time its actual qualities were various and convincing. He could be direct without abruptness; tender without sentimentality; picturesque and vivid without exaggeration; and, at need, satirical without flippancy. You could not, of course, ask him to combine within the limits of one personality every quality that is attractive or valuable in the speech of man to man—to be at once the preacher of a *Carême* at Notre Dame and Canon Eyton at Westminster, and Ignatius delivering a message from God to London Society. As well invite Schumann to appropriate the qualities of Chopin, or Edmund Kean to add to his own magic the elaborated art of Kemble. But among the masters of the English pulpit David Wright must surely take—and should have taken long ago—his honourable and recognised place. The



volume which survives him, as he lies quiet in his grave by "that broad water of the West," may be a satisfaction to the thoughtful soul, and is a model for the younger preacher.

### OLD LONDON.

*London Signs and Inscriptions.* By Philip Norman. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS is a good book with faults. One of its faults is that it has not been brought up to date, no trivial drawback in a work dealing with the ever vanishing relics of London's past. It is clear, indeed, that Mr. Norman wrote some of his chapters a long time ago. On p. 5 he speaks of a house in Panyer-alley as "shortly to be pulled down," and adds a note at the bottom of the page stating that this house was demolished in 1892. Why not have altered the text? On p. 76, in dealing with the Bridge House Estate, Mr. Norman writes of the Tower Bridge as in process of building! On p. 104 he tells the reader that at the "Cock" in Fleet-street he "will find excellent fare and the utmost attention from Paul." The excellent fare is still to be had at the "Cock," but everybody knows that Paul no longer serves the hot and hot. Again, on p. 113, Mr. Norman begins to discourse on the "Goose and Gridiron" as if it were still standing by St. Paul's, whereas it was shut up a year or more ago, and has since been razed to the ground, and replaced by the extension of a draper's premises. Elsewhere we read: "A well-modelled bas-relief of a woman's head, probably intended to represent Minerva, is on a house belonging to the Leathersellers' Company at the corner of Old Jewry and Gresham Street." Is it? We think not. The house and its decorations disappeared fully three years ago. Perhaps these mistakes are not very serious; but they are irritating, and they suggest the existence of others. A more serious defect in the book is its digressions. Now digressions are often charming, but they ought not to interfere with business, still less exclude it. Had Mr. Norman's treatment of his subject been exhaustive, his excursions into collateral subjects would have been more acceptable. But he gives us a long chapter on the old spas and pleasure gardens of Islington and Clerkenwell with practically no justification, while, equally without justification, he omits any account of the tablets which have been placed on London houses that have been dwelt in by illustrious men. These are "inscriptions" in every sense of the word, and their enumeration would have been a useful feature. Their number is constantly being added to, but we know of no complete list of them. The houses to which these circular tablets are fixed are necessarily houses with histories, and would have afforded material for a delightful chapter; whereas the substituted chapter on the Islington and Clerkenwell spas is neither relevant nor exhaustive. For why these spas any more than the Hampstead ones, or those which existed on the south side of the river? Moreover, it

is a little annoying to find Mr. Norman dealing with this subject in a confessedly perfunctory manner, with never a mention of Mr. Warwick Wroth's exhaustive work on the London spas and pleasure-gardens, published only last year. Other digressions suggest other uses to which Mr. Norman might have put his space. For example, it is entirely to be desired that London landlords and architects should be encouraged to fix signs, escutcheons, dates, and other distinctive marks to new buildings. This practice has, if we mistake not, been growing in favour of late years; and we wish that a chapter had been devoted to such modern signs and inscriptions. This would have rounded off the book nicely. But enough of criticism or hyper-criticism. This is quite a good book; it is painstaking and pleasantly written, and its subject is one of real interest.

Signs, either painted or sculptured, entered into the daily life of old London in a way that we can now hardly realise. They were indispensable guides to the large proportion of Londoners who could not read. When an unlettered citizen required a jack-knife it was useless to tell him the name of the shopkeeper who could supply it; but if he were told that the best jack-knives were to be had at, say, the sign of the "Half-Moon" on Ludgate-hill, he had only to walk up Ludgate-hill until he saw a half-moon. In this way the signs of tradesmen and innkeepers became household hieroglyphics; and they still yield many a secret of old London to the intelligent student of their weather-beaten faces. A good example of this communicativeness is to be found in the well-known stone in Panyer-alley. A naked boy is sculptured sitting on a pannier or basket, and holding in his hand a bunch of grapes. Below is the inscription:

"When ye have sought the Citty round,  
Yet still this is the highest ground."

Now the interest of this stone has generally been placed in this inscription; it really resides in the figure. It is quite doubtful whether Panyer-alley, which runs between Newgate-street and Paternoster-row, is the highest point in the City. That distinction has been claimed by Mr. W. J. Loftie for a point in Cornhill, and Leadenhall Market has a claim. In any case, the question raised by the inscription is a small one. The figure, on the other hand, is historically suggestive. Mr. Norman tells us that it probably dates from after the Great Fire, but it is equally probable that it is the successor of an earlier sign mentioned by Stow. Panyer-alley, according to Stow, was "so called of such a sign," and, in confirmation, a "Panyer," Paternoster-row, appears in a list of taverns of the fifteenth century. According to the *Liber Albus*, the sale of bread was only allowed in the King's open markets, and was sold in baskets or panniers. It may well be a true surmise that about 1430 Panyer-alley was a recognised standing place for bakers' boys with their panniers. The sign might thus be classified with that of the "Baker and Basket," which Mr. Norman has found still existing in Finsbury and Whitechapel.

Another interesting figure is that of

the wooden boy at the corner of Giltspur-street and Cock-lane, put up to mark the spot where the Great Fire ended. Mr. Norman revives the delightful story of the Nonconformist preacher who thus moralised the theme of the Fire and this its memorial.

"He asserted that the calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of blasphemy, for in that case it would have begun in Billingsgate; nor lewdness, for then Drury-lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for then the flames had reached them from Westminster Hall. 'No, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony, for it began at Pudding-lane and ended at Pie-corner.'"

A sign that has disappeared from this neighbourhood is one representing King Charles I.'s gigantic porter and his dwarf. Their portraits appeared side by side as a painted sign over the entrance to Bull Head-court, Newgate-street, but the sign vanished some years ago. Mr. Norman thinks it may still be in existence. The suggestion is exciting. A man with time and money to spare might give himself endless fun by undertaking the quest of the porter and dwarf.

We have not space in which to follow Mr. Norman through his interesting and well-packed pages on Animal and Bird Signs, on Crests, and on Miscellaneous Inscriptions. The book abounds with interesting facts and inferences. We could wish it had been more lavishly illustrated. The illustrations have quality, but their quantity is meagre, considering how necessary pictures are to a book of this kind. The sign of the "White Lion," in Upper-street, Islington, with its date 1724, is justly praised by Mr. Norman, but it is not illustrated; and there are many other signs which the reader could have understood better by the aid of pictures. The "Maiden's Head," "one of the commonest London sculptured signs," is one. We presume that this is the sign which still abounds in Long Acre. Talking of Long Acre, Mr. Norman does not say anything about the large and spirited cock which tickles the sky-line at the corner of Drury-lane. Perhaps it is not very old, but it can hardly be very new. There is also a pert grimy little cock (not mentioned) above Messrs. Pownceby's wineshop in the Strand. But Mr. Norman has discovered dozens of signs which we had missed. Not the least interesting is that of the "Three Squirrels," which is attached to the bars of the lower windows of Child's Bank in Fleet-street. The squirrels are within reach of one's stick, and they are delightfully quaint relics of a goldsmith's shop of the seventeenth century that stood "over against St. Dunstan's Church."

### CITIZENS IN THE MAKING.

*Studies in the Board Schools.* By Charles Morley. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THIS book is admirable journalism. Mr. Morley is always graphic, always dramatic, and never irrelevant. For some tastes he may be a thought too jaunty, but that is his only fault, and many readers will not agree to

that. For the object in view, a more fitting name could not be desired—the object being the instruction of the reading public in the methods of the Board school teachers of this city and the stubborn material with which they have so often to deal. The chapters making the volume appeared first in the *Daily News*; reprinted between two covers they form an organic whole of no small value to those interested in education, and of considerable entertainment to the ordinary reader. Mr. Morley selects with great skill. His instinct is unfailing; his eye is alert for saliences, and he has the art of making a scene live. Few books contain so much life as this. Take, for example, the following passage, showing how the wild boys of Walworth have been so far tamed as to attempt dramatic renderings from the great poets:

"And then we had Tennyson's 'Dora.' You may remember how that hard-hearted Farmer Allan insisted that William (his son) should marry Dora (his niece); but, as you may also remember, William declined, and was accordingly turned out of the house. It fell to my friend Tom Tipping to personate poor William, and never shall I forget the peremptory way in which that ragged urchin in the long overcoat and the two old boots declaimed:

"I cannot marry Dorer; by my life, I WILL NOT MARRY DORER."

Poor Dora! He stamped his boot so that his toes came clean through the leather. His friend Bob Duffy was Farmer Allan. Little Bob's eyes started out of his head, so enraged was he, as he turned round upon William and cried: 'You will not, boy!'—with what unmeasured contempt he hissed out 'boy'!—'You dare to answer thus? But in my time [here he rapped his knuckles on the hard desk] a father's word was law!' This was altogether too much for my gravity. The idea of Bob, notoriously indifferent to parental admonitions, coming out so strong! But he regarded me with a frown and went on in even sterner accents than before: 'Look to it [and here he looked at me as if I was William]; consider, William:

"Take a monf to fink,  
An' let me have [very strong aspirate] an answer  
to my wish;  
Or, by the Lord [Lord tremendous! emphasised],  
that made me, you shall PACK,  
And never more darken my doors again.'

The effect was terrific. Poor little Bob! I thought he would have burst the only button that held his clothes together."

Dickens himself would have enjoyed reading that passage. As to the advisability of teaching the boys of Walworth to recite in this way we say nothing. For the reviewer, at any rate, the justification of the proceeding is Mr. Morley's description.

The lesson described in the chapter entitled "Citizen Carrots," which is, perhaps, the best chapter in the book, is open to no possible disapproval. Here Mr. Morley shows us the manner in which the theory of rates and taxes is explained by a clever master. Nothing could be more lucid and more desirable. Teachers are, of course, born and not made; a few more of such teachers as Mr. Morley describes and the public schools will be seeking the Board schools to recruit their staffs! We must not, however, give the impression that Mr. Morley's presentment of the case is complete. That

is not so. He says, for example, nothing of the tedious, uninspired teachers, nothing of the many instances of inconquerable dullness possessed by some children; but he shows enough of success to cause the ratepayer who reads the book to feel no little satisfaction. A glimpse of the literary taste of young Hampstead is gained from the following dialogue between teachers and scholars:

"Who reads Charles Dickens?  
Great show of hands.  
'Which book of his do you like best?'  
Great show of hands and loud cries of '*Oliver Twist*.'  
'And what part of *Oliver Twist* do you like best?'  
'When he is in the workhouse' (note: the boys and girls in this part of the world don't call it 'workus,' and their aspirates are remarkably well placed) say some. 'When he's with the old Jew,' say others.  
'Who was he?'  
'Fagin.'  
'Why do you like Oliver when he was in the workhouse?'  
'Because he ASKED FOR MORE.'

The answer could not be bettered, not even at Eton. Sometimes, however, Mr. Morley found the scholar very far astray. Then, at Gravel-lane, in a school composed mainly of Jews, the following replies were volunteered to the question, "Who is Henry Irving?"—Henry Irving is a great singer on theatres; is a man who writes poems; is a poem; is the Queen's son; is an archbishop; is a coal-merchant; is a Dutchman; is the greatest laughable actor; keeps a sweet-shop in New-street. The same children atoned for these wide shots by some very apt definitions. A tragedy, said one, is a cryable play. A novel, said another, is a kind of book which tells you of loves. Lord Rosebery, said a third, is a great man on betting on horses. But the most memorable is this: "The Armenians were discovered by the English." The *St. James's Gazette*, which to some extent shares this belief, should add the author of the remark to its staff.

Let us end by quoting some lines from the book of original verses, the work of his pupils, preserved by a Southwark master. The piece in question is called "Morning," and the poet was a boy of eleven:

"The leaves of trees do seem to talk  
Among the grassy hills of chalk.  
The sheep so merrily do play  
On this great and happy day.  
The river winding in and out  
Upon its long and awkward route,  
The policeman walking to and fro  
Upon his beat so long and slow.  
A boy so merrily at his play  
Singing a sweet and merry lay.  
The judge judges on the judgment day,  
While the prisoners look as white as clay.  
And now this lovely day is done,  
People have got their great work done,  
And to bed they gladly go  
To lie and sleep so soft and low.  
Thou, glorious God, so good has been  
To make us happy and likewise clean."

This is not bad for a boy of eleven brought up in the Borough High-street! But Mr. Morley's book throughout shows us that there is more in the young Londoner than most people think.

## A WRITER FOR CHILDREN.

*Lazy Lessons and Essays on Conduct.* By W. B. Rands.

*Lilliput Lectures.* By W. B. Rands. Both edited by R. Brimley Johnson. (James Bowden.)

THESE books were, it seems, prepared for the press in 1882 for Mr. Strahan, but the death of their author in that year interrupted the proceedings. They are now, therefore, issued in collected form for the first time.

Mr. Rands, according to Mr. Johnson's biographical note, was born in 1823. After attempting various methods of life he became a reporter to committees in the House of Lords. He resigned this post in 1875, became a professional journalist, and died in 1882. His writings appeared under various pseudonyms—Henry Holbeach, Timon Fieldmouse, T. Talker, and Matthew Browne—the last of which is the best known. His books for children won some measure of popularity—*Lilliput Lovee* (1866), *Lilliput Revels* (1871), *Lilliput Legends* (1872)—but they are now little known. Mr. Johnson extravagantly calls Rands "the laureate of the nursery," and states that "he stands somewhere between the simply didactic school of a hundred years ago and the highly imaginative writers of to-day"; adding, "he is as genuinely childlike as Miss Edgeworth, Jane and Anne Taylor, or the authors of *Evenings at Home*, but his conception of child-nature is more subtle and more philosophic." "Child-like" is an odd term to use. We cannot agree that in the foregoing sentences Rands' place is accurately established. Certainly he is not to be ranked with Miss Edgeworth and the Taylors, who possessed genius; and subtlety is not the most prominent of his characteristics.

The two volumes before us are distinguished rather for their author's kindness than anything else. They tell us nothing new of children, although they tell children many things of us. We cannot imagine children reading them alone if a story book, even a very familiar one, were within reach; but the chapters would come excellently well from a parent or governess. The style is so persuasive and so direct that a child could not possibly fail to carry away from the reading something to retain and think about.

An anecdote here and there, and now and then original verses—apt enough, but rarely, in our opinion, as "exquisite" as Mr. Johnson thinks them—now and then scraps of old poetry, help out the lessons very pleasantly. Among the subjects of *Lazy Lessons and Essays on Conduct* are Telling the Clock, Botany, the Middle Ages (a very interesting paper on a period which Rands knew well), Christmas Make-Believe in the Old Time, Telling the Truth, Moral Courage, Crossing the Road; while the *Lilliput Lectures* deal, among other subjects, with the World, Cities, Science and Philosophy, Art and Artists, Thoughts of God, Character, and In Church.

The two books, are excellently bound and printed.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

FICTION readers cannot complain of lack of novels. Reading eight hours a day for seven days, it would be a heroic task to master these twenty-seven stories—the harvest of the past week. For the Omnivorous there is a wide choice; even Particular readers will find something to their taste. A new novel by Stevenson is not an every-day occurrence; and there are many to whom a new story by Miss Mary E. Wilkins is also something of an event.

ST. IVES.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The last work we shall have from that master hand. It tells of the adventures of St. Ives, a French prisoner in England. *Period*: 1813. These surprising and delightful adventures begin in Edinburgh Castle, and there the heroine, Flora, first meets St. Ives, and there dies that magnificent rascal Goguelat. "‘You have given me the key of the fields, comrade,’ said he, ‘sans rancune!’” *St. Ives* was taken down from Mr. Stevenson’s dictation between January, 1893, and October, 1894. About six weeks before his death he laid the story aside to work on *Weir of Hermiston*. He never completed *St. Ives*. The last six chapters have been written by Mr. Quiller Couch from notes left by R. L. S. (W. Heinemann. 312 pp. 6s.)

JEROME.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

A long story by the talented author of *A Humble Romance*, *A New England Nun*, and *A Far-away Melody*. The hero of the novel, Jerome Edwards, is one of Miss Wilkins’s conscientious hard-working New Englanders. *Jerome* is certainly not for those who desire high-spirited books. It is as sad as sorrow. (Harper & Brothers. 506 pp. 6s.)

THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Six stories by the other Arthur Morrison—that is to say, not the Arthur Morrison of *A Child of the Jago* and *Mean Streets*. They are exciting stories—even breathless; but if you want psychology you must go elsewhere. Pictures, too! The first is called "Mr. Loftus Deacon lay in a pool of blood." (Ward Lock & Co. 308 pp. 5s.)

UNKIST, UNKIND!

BY VIOLET HUNT.

A new novel, already familiar to readers of *Chapman’s Magazine*, by the author of *A Hard Woman*. A gruesome story of witchcraft and murder among the county families of Northumberland, told by a lady’s companion. (Chapman & Hall. 360 pp. 6s.)

FATHER AND SON.

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

Mr. Paterson’s stories of rancho life in Texas, which lent distinction and interest to *Macmillan’s*, may be recalled. Of late he has done less. This new novel appeared in the *Weekly Times*. It is English and begins with a football match. A serious study of masculine character. (Harper & Brothers. 329 pp. 6s.)

MISS PROVIDENCE.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

By the author of *Lady Baby* and *A Spotless Reputation*. This story is concerned with a girl so young in age and honesty that she insists on breaking her engagement with her lover because he has once wooed a governess. In the end they are restored to each other. (Jarrold & Sons. 323 pp. 6s.)

CECILIA.

BY STANLEY V. MAKOWER.

A new novel by the author of *The Mirror of Music*, that remarkable study of music-madness. This also is the story of a girl—a singer—but the circumstances are less abnormal. An elaborate study of a very modern feminine mind. (John Lane. 319 pp. 3s. 6d.)

HERE THEY ARE!

BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

Mr. Sullivan is known as a droll writer and droller artist. In this book he offers some fantastic stories conceived in a spirit of burlesque, with pictures from his own pencil. People who liked *The Flame Flower*, his last year’s book, should like this. (Longmans & Co. 350 pp. 6s.)

CLAUDE DUVAL OF NINETY-FIVE.

BY FERGUS HUME.

Another *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*? is the natural question on opening a new story by Mr. Hume—such is the disadvantage to an author of early popularity! In the present case the reader must discover the reply for himself. The book is a story of modern highway robbery by a lady instead of a gentleman of the road. (Digby Long & Co. 256 pp. 3s. 6d.)

AT THE CROSS ROADS.

BY F. S. MONTRÉSOR.

A novel of feeling, "nobility of thought and purpose." There is a picture of cross-roads upon the cover, and the author of *Into the Highways and Hedges* explains in a rather sentimental preface that the book is so called because she has tried to describe how "first the man and afterwards the woman stood where two ways met . . . everlastingly together, and yet everlastingly alone." (Hutchinson & Co. 402 pp. 6s.)

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS’S LOVE AFFAIR. BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

A light-hearted, fantastic book by the author of *The Cure for Souls*, &c. The hero is a shopman—but an exquisite shopman of good family, who loves a princess. (C. Arthur Pearson. 301 pp. 3s. 6d.)

WHERE THE REEDS WAVE.

BY ANNE ELLIOT.

In two volumes. By the author of *Dr. Edith Romney*. A homely story, with an undercurrent of tragedy. It runs easily, and each chapter is headed by an oblong "bit" of quiet landscape. (R. Bentley & Son. 658 pp. Two vols.)

A VILLAIN OF PARTS.

BY B. PAUL NEUMAN.

Rather an old-fashioned yarn in the first person. It took place "a long time ago now, longer than I care to set down on paper." The dedication, like the story, is a little vague: "To my boys mine, yet not mine." (Harper Bros. 240 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DEILIE JOCK.

BY C. M. CAMPBELL.

The story of a scamp, told by himself. He is a Scot, and he talks throughout in the vernacular. Thus: "I was born in the South Back o’ the Canongate—it’ll may be fifty years syne." Mr. Campbell is not a stylist. In the introduction his scamp "discusses" food and lights "a postprandial pipe." (A. D. Innes & Co. 342 pp. 6s.)

ONLY A LOVE-STORY.

BY MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN.

Mrs. Jocelyn once wrote a novel called *Only a Horse Dealer* and her *Drawn Blank* may be remembered. This being "only a love-story," we may leave it for the present, merely remarking that the heroine is introduced as Veronia Blackendale, but becomes Veronia Brackendale two pages later. Her wish to change her name is thus apparent from the first. (Hutchinson & Co. 377 pp. 6s.)

## DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT. BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

"The first patient, the first brief, the first book—aye, and the first love. What a halo remains round them." So exclaims the author of this story and of *Not Like Other Girls*, *The Mistress of Bras Farm*, and other novels that have pleased. Tells of a young doctor's struggles. (Hutchinson & Co. 322 pp. 6s.)

## WHEN A MAIDEN MARRIES.

BY ANDREW DEIR.

Mr. Deir has been reading a Greater not wisely, but too well. "An old-fashioned inn with circumambulant cows" . . . "An ugly little woman was ranting sulphuric acid gas from the platform" . . . "Away rolls the carriage, and away go bride and bridegroom, luck-battered into the unknown." (Digby, Long & Co. 296 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## EL CARMEN.

BY GEORGE CRAMPTON.

This is a story of El Carmen Estancia and of two Englishmen who lived there, and of a woman they both loved; also of how Belleville boomed, and, like a bubble, burst, involving the whole countryside in a common bankruptcy. We have easily arrived at this summary of this story, because the author gives it himself in these very words. (Digby, Long & Co. 289 pp. 6s.)

## JOHN OF STRATHBOURNE.

BY R. D. CHETWODE.

On the cover a peasant clad in red, with cross-garter stockings, is sliding down a rope that overhangs a cliff. The heroine, in black, clings to his neck. The tops of fir-trees are still below them. The sun sets red and fateful. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 301 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## THE LORDSHIP, THE PASSEN, AND WE.

BY FRED. T. JANE.

This humorous story, or series of episodes, is supposed to be told by Bill Baston, the village carpenter of Barroscombe. Bill has a pretty humour and a fine scorn for Radicals in red vans. His child is taught to pray: "O Lord, bless all this parish with aught that's to spare after father and mother and me; and send us Protection soon as may be. Amen." (A. D. Innes & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

## CHLOE.

BY DARLEY DALE.

A doctor attending Sir John Dane loves his patient's daughter, Chloe, who is given to playing an accompaniment to her life on her violin. An overdose of opium kills her father, the result of a careless prescription written by Paul's twin brother. Whereupon a compact of impersonation is made between the brothers. Chloe knows nothing of this, and is left to play out her bewilderments and griefs on her violin. She is fiddling quite happily on the last page. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 352 pp. 6s.)

## ODD STORIES.

BY FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.

A collection of stories—pathetic, humorous, tragic. Some have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, and elsewhere. (H. Constable & Co. 318 pp. 6s.)

## THE TORRENTS OF SPRING.

BY IVAN TURGENEV.

No. XI. in the series of translations of the great Russian's novels. As before, Mrs. Constance Garnett is responsible for the rendering. The volume also contains two shorter stories, *First Love* and *Mumu*. (W. Heinemann. 406 pp.)

## CAPTAIN MANSANA.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

Contains two short novels, "Captain Mansana" and "Mother's Hands" and is Vol. VII. in the series of Björnsson's translations. "Captain Mansana" was first published in 1875 in a Norwegian periodical. Says the author: "Those of its incidents which appear most extraordinary are absolutely historical, the minutest details being in some cases reproduced. Mansana is drawn from life." Lassalle, we gather, was his prototype. (W. Heinemann. 224 pp.)

## THE RAID OF THE "DETRIMENTAL."

BY THE EARL OF DESART.

The *Detrimental* is a yacht, not a man. The raid is made upon a castle in the south of England, the captives are "a bevy of young ladies well known in the best society." The story is rich in improbabilities, written in high spirits, and interlarded with slang, as "I heard that he had 'dropped' an enormous sum, and was what his friends called 'about cooked.'" (C. Arthur Pearson. 424 pp. 6s.)

## A TRAGEDY OF GRUB STREET.

BY ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

The title-story fills two-thirds of the book. It is followed by shorter tales. They talk oddly in Grub Street: "Owen!" cried the strange lady. "Angela! Leper!! Wanton!!!" came the horrible reply; and the spirit of Owen Considine passed away." (George Redway. 205 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## MAX.

BY JULIAN CROSEY.

Clearly an early book—early books generally tell the life-story of a man of genius, and always without humour. We are introduced to Max in a Chinese prison, we accompany him to London, where he writes books and does other odd things. After 500 pages he leaves us (suicide). Here is a sentence Max addressed generally to the editors of newspapers a little before the end: "I die because I choose to die; because I am sick of the putrid vomitings with which you fill the world." Poor Max! Unfortunate editors! (John Lane. 503 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Charmer.* By Shan F. Bullock.  
(James Bowden.)

This book is a warning to those who would write a novel round a farce motive. On the stage, before a not very discriminating audience, the complications of the "Charmer" might raise a laugh. In their present form they chasten rather than exhilarate; and, personally, I regret to find them associated with the name of Mr. Bullock, who can do good work when he keeps his humour under restraint. One cannot deny a certain element of absurdity in the idea of a newly married couple posing on their honeymoon as brother and sister. Good books have been built on foundations just as flimsy. But when the jest is revealed only after 250 pages of some of the most low-comedy love-making ever penned, one wonders whether the secret is worth all the vagueness and inconsistency which it has cost Mr. Bullock to keep it. The little conspiracy involves, apparently—for at the critical moment of disclosure the heroine "quickly began pulling off the glove from her left hand"—the perpetual wearing of gloves to hide the wedding ring, and also, I should think, creates a dramatic necessity for a preternaturally unvigilant landlady. It was a serious indiscretion for Mr. Bullock to keep the reader till the very end of the book in ignorance of the fact that Philip and Stella York are husband and wife. If we knew the true state of affairs earlier we might find some humour in the rivalries of three natives who aspire to the hand of the lady. Of these the chief is Mr. David Cuffe, concerning whom my principal regret is that he does not get the thrashing he is eventually threatened with. He is a pertinacious wooer, but not, I think, very adroit.

"At last he caught William (a rival, by the way) by the collar, and in his most impressive manner gave out his plan of campaign. William was to do this, not to do that; to say this, not to say that; to keep his wits awake and his tongue free; above all, to follow David's lead. 'Ye hear me, William,' said David at last; 'ye hear me? Now listen to me: you'll sit you side o' her, as I said, an' I'll sit this; when I say a word, you'll second it; when she says a word, answer polite; an' when I wink or cough, up you get an' slope.'" "

Presently they heave in sight of the "Charmer," or "Herself," as Mr. Cuffe prefers to call her, and begin the attack:

"Now just take meself lyin' here at me ease in the butiful sunshine," David continued. "Some people'd think I could find somethin' better to do."

"Ay," said William, "ay, indeed."

"But that's as may be," said Mr. Cuffe, and crossed one leg over the other. "For, after all, maybe few in Kyle has better reason to be here lyin' snug in the sun."

"Yes," said Stella.

"Faith, that's so," said Long William.

Suddenly Mr. Cuffe shot out his legs, sat up, and turned his little black eyes on Stella.

"Now I put it to ye, Miss York," said he, "what's your private opinion o' what me business here in Kyle is?"

Stella turned and looked at him.

"Really, Mr. Cuffe," said she, "I have not the faintest notion."

"No! Well, then, in two words I'll tell ye: to find a wife."

Mr. Bullock made a fatal mistake in spinning the story out to its present dimensions. It might have made an amusing short tale.

*A Girl's Awakening.* By J. H. Crawford.  
(John Macqueen.)

In his works on the wild life of Scotland Mr. Crawford showed himself to be a writer of discernment. His novel fulfils the high expectations which were thus raised. It is not without faults; but it is distinctly above the average.

The story, which is concerned with the lives and loves of village folk, opens prettily by the side of a trout-stream. Two wandering maidens, Margaret Grant and Gwendolen Anderson, surprise Alan Fordyce, who is fishing; and, from their confidential conversation after they have left him, it is clear that Margaret has had the youth very tenderly in her thoughts. In that respect, however, she is not alone. Dwells in the cottage next to Alan's another damsel—Narcisse, to wit—whose maiden fancy had ceased to be free soon after Alan had begun his evening visits to her guardian, an old astronomer. To be plain, Narcisse is resolved that Alan shall wed her. She makes him read *The Mill on the Floss* to her, and associates the hero and the heroine with him and herself, and the river with the stream of her own village. By and by he is the author of a novel; and there again, in happiness, and apparently with his assent, she finds the story of her opening life reflected. One night, when he has not called, she steals into a hut which he had built for himself in a wood, feasts her eyes upon him sleeping in the dark, and slips out before he is awake. In short, Narcisse makes hot love to the interesting young stranger who is sojourning in the quiet Scotch village by the German Ocean.

I state the theme thus fully in order that I may emphasise the ability with which it is developed. The plot has little in it; yet it is played upon with arresting skill. In the hands of a mediocrity in the art of fiction the story would have been coarse or lugubrious, or both; but, with his naturalist eye, Mr. Crawford saw all the pitfalls, and he has avoided them. Narcisse is not the erotic hussy which my account of her doings might suggest. She had read Alan's book, of the subject-matter in which, incidentally, Mr. Crawford remarks that

"if the cottagers themselves were unaware that some of their experiences were touching—the commoner of them most touching of all—the same is true much higher up the scale. We know our faces only as cast back from the looking-glass. The complexion and features of our experiences are shown to us for the first time in a picture, and surprise no one more than ourselves."

By delicate touches such as that Mr. Crawford maintains my interest in his heroine. Narcisse is no green-sick girl inviting a squalid doom.

"There hangs, somewhere in the galleries of Rome, a twin picture, by the brush of Titian, representing human and Divine love—the chill absorption in things celestial; and the kindlier, warmer, clinging round earthly objects. With unerring instinct the artist has in both cases chosen a woman, seeing that the sex [*sic*] has in it the possibilities of the two extremes. Narcisse experienced the swift transition from one mood to the other. What might suit a placid and unexacting nature only mocked her with a false hope. The stoicism of a joyless life, the dull, unimaginative discontent which goes by the name of patience, the self-deceptive hypocrisy of pretending to be pleased with the unpleasing, were not within her compass. Nor did it really make it any better to dream of something beautiful and forget the facts. The hollowness revealed itself."

Mr. Crawford's faults are "defects of his qualities." His dialogue is sometimes difficult to follow. Apparently he took to heart the dictum—of Mr. Anthony Trollope, if I remember rightly—that in real life people conversing speak only five or six words at a time, and that in that respect fiction should be realistic. Consequently, his dialogue is snippety and too allusive. Then, at the bidding of a similar restraint in larger matters, five or six chapters towards the close are undramatic, even almost lifeless. For two-thirds of it, however, the book is excellent. When I reflect upon it at the close, I find myself astonished at having been so much absorbed. Of Alan I have learned next to nothing. He has hardly ever opened his mouth. Excepting the three Miss Aldcastles, whose prattle is excellent comedy, all the other characters are equally dumb. There is next to no action in the novel. Only Narcisse, practically, does anything. Nevertheless, I seem to be familiar with everybody, and to have witnessed a very moving play. It is a striking illusion.

*Blight.* By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes.  
(Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

"What," asks a certain wise old Duchess, for whose sake alone one would willingly read this book—"What *can* be the pleasure of being always disagreeable? I can understand losing one's temper now and then, and liking to hold one's own; but with her it is such a dead level; she is never pleased or pleasant except by accident." The allusion is to the Lady Easton of the book. Not many novelists would have the courage to write a story round so unlovely a character—unlovely not in point of morals, but of intense and incurable selfishness. Yet, with the insight and conscientiousness of an artist, the unity of purpose is maintained throughout the book, which, on the other hand, is by no means overloaded with psychological analysis. *Blight* is a skilful study of a woman from whom Nature, while endowing her with an intense craving for love, withheld the power of inspiring it. How her jealousy and resentment work out the tragedy of her life is portrayed with consistency. But if Mrs. Forbes writes with wide sympathies and large experience of the feminine temperament, she is also an author of shrewdness and observation. One seldom meets a more sagacious Duchess than the lady who says:

"Has it never struck you that it is the very women who are convinced that they are not heaven-born mothers who become such? They give themselves heart, soul, and intellect to the study of their children, and know them with a knowledge undreamt of by your motherly mothers, babbling baby-talk, and telling you that maternity is the highest blessing! Such women seem to think themselves singled out by Providence, instead of being the ordinary instruments of reproduction, and they consider that, having borne children, nothing further is required of them, and they have but to enjoy the gratitude of their offspring and the approbation of the world and its Creator."

Her theory of education, also, differs from the other lady's:

"When a boy is good-looking, well born and well endowed, he is bound to be spoiled, and if home does not do it the world will. Now home spoiling, with lots of love in it, will never hurt a fine nature, and the bad ones will go to the devil anyhow, so they don't count. The world's spoiling is another matter. A boy who at home has a hard, or even a dull, neglected time, always swallows the world's indulgences open-mouthed, and asks for more. He is completely taken in, and when at last he finds out what it is all worth, and how he is expected to pay for it, it sickens him, and, if he be not the worse for the experience, both morally and physically, he may thank God for an exceptional nature."

It must not be supposed that this is either a dull or a didactic book. With the one exception, its folk are quite pleasant company.

\* \* \*

*The Plagiarist.* By William Myrtle.  
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

The plagiarist was Gilbert Heath, and he purloined from a safe a MS. by the late Thomas Rushworth, and incorporated it in a work called "Italy's Place and Influence in the Domain of Pictorial Art—a Critical Estimate." The reviewers praised it unconditionally, and compared him with John Ruskin, the "Aristotle of Art," and Mrs. Jameson the "female Ruskin." He, therefore, threw up the law and took to literature, and in his recreations "he nurtured, so far as he possibly could, the artistic side of his nature. He listened to recitals by such *virtuosi* as Paderewski, Joachim, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé—he witnessed performances by Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry." He also married the daughter of his professor and inherited £95,996. But he was found out by a critic who thought and spoke as follows:

"The crime of plagiarism is becoming far too common. It is time for the critic to use the knife unsparingly. Examples must be made, else this widespread sin of a literary age will never be eradicated. The sad thing is, that the clergy are among the worst sinners in the matter of plagiarism. . . ."

Heath was exposed. A few nights later he broke open his father-in-law's safe and was shot by a mechanical burglar alarm. *The Plagiarist*, you see, is not too probable a book. It is, indeed, quite harmlessly silly. I should conjecture William Myrtle to be a young lady.



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## NOTES AND NEWS.

CERTAIN friends of the late Poet Laureate have contributed their recollections of him to the Memoir which we review this week. The name of Prof. Max Müller is not included, and yet the Professor's memories of his occasional meetings with the poet possess an interest, and are told with an engaging frankness which some of the others lack.

THE letters to the Queen in the Memoir proclaim Tennyson to have been a courtier of the first water. But sometimes the natural man overbore the courtier. Prof. Max Müller tells how he once complained to the Queen that he could no longer stay in the Isle of Wight, on account of the tourists who came to stare at him. The Queen, with a kindly irony, remarked that she did not suffer much from that grievance; but Tennyson, not seeing what she meant, replied, "No, madam; and if I could clap a sentinel wherever I liked I should not be troubled either."

THE annoyances to which he was subjected from the curiosity of tourists had its humorous side—for the onlookers. "It must be confessed," remarks the Professor, "that people were very inconsiderate. Rows of tourists sat like sparrows on the paling of his garden, waiting for his appearance. The guides were actually paid by sightseers, particularly by those from America, for showing them the great poet. Nay, they went so far as to dress up a sailor to look like Tennyson, and the result was that, after their trick had been found out, the tourists would walk up to Tennyson and ask him, 'Now, are you the real Tennyson?'"

It is on record that Tennyson visited Fitzgerald at Woodbridge in 1876, and by

internal evidence we are made aware that, whether mutton cutlets or not, the meat was tough. The duty-letter written by the bard after his departure is not given, but Fitzgerald's reply to it is. It reads, under all the circumstances, rather sadly, one thinks:

"I am glad you were pleased with your short visit here. Perhaps you will one day come again; and, if you will but give warning, and no nieces are in possession of the house, it shall be ready for you, and some tender meat provided. Somehow, I, when you were gone, felt somewhat abroad; and, a few hours after, went to an old village by the sea, Dunwich. I was wishing I had made you come with me, over a wild stretch of heath too, but there was no room in the little inn, and, daresay, very tough meat. That fatal reed sticks in my side, you see. But I am still yours, and all yours, sincerely, E. F. G."

WHILE "last words" on Burns are being pronounced in the columns of the daily press, it is interesting to record some opinions of great poets elicited long ago by Mr. Aubrey de Vere. "Read the exquisite songs of Burns," Tennyson once besought him. "In shape each of them has the perfection of the berry, in light the radiance of the dew-drop: you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces." On the same day, Mr. de Vere met Wordsworth, who praised Burns as a great genius who had brought Poetry back to Nature, adding: "Of course, I refer to his serious efforts, such as 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'—those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget." This story of contrariety was told by Mr. de Vere that evening to Sir Henry Taylor, whose comment was: "Burns's exquisite songs and Burns's serious efforts are to me alike tedious and disagreeable reading."

THE unpublished poems in the Memoir have been selected according to Lord Tennyson's expressed desire. Some he put aside for preservation, others, according to his latest injunctions, have been chosen by the late Lady Tennyson and by the present Lord Tennyson from several volumes of unpublished poems, and by them submitted to a committee of friends (named by the late Poet Laureate), who have fully and finally approved of the selection.

AMONG the unpublished poems is one called *Havelock*, November 20, 1857—so fine, so stirring, that one wonders why Tennyson rejected it—

"Bold Havelock march'd,  
Many a mile went he,  
Every mile a battle,  
Every battle a victory.

"Bold Havelock march'd,  
Charged with his gallant few,  
Ten men fought a thousand,  
Slew them and overthrew.

"Bold Havelock march'd,  
Wrought with his hand and his head;  
March'd, and thought, and fought,  
March'd and fought himself dead.

"Bold Havelock died,  
Tender, and great, and good,  
And every man in Britain  
Says 'I am of Havelock's blood.'"

THE death is announced of Francis Newman at the age of ninety-two. His was a career as strange as it was long. It began in the England that had no Oxford Movement, no Carlyle, no Thackeray, no Tennyson, no Gladstone, and no Disraeli. William IV. was king when Francis Newman ceased to be a Fellow of Balliol, having already decided in his own mind that there was something wrong in his creed. In scholarship at Oxford he was the superior of his brother John Henry Newman, whose greater career and fame, however, put those of Francis under eclipse. It is a little unfortunate, too, for his posthumous fame that his death should be announced on the very day that the reviews of Tennyson's biography filled the papers, although the *Times*, despite its five columns on the late Laureate, spared space for a fair biography of the Professor, and gave him a leading article besides.

PROF. FRANCIS NEWMAN looked the man he was. His picturesque figure retained much of its vigour to within very recent years, as he walked about the roads of Weston-super-Mare; but his sight latterly failed him, and a fall downstairs, a few months ago, sent him to the bed from which he did not rise. Mentally, he was alert almost to the last. His two books, *The Soul: Its Sorrows and Its Aspirations* and *Phases of Faith*, had a place of their own; but George Eliot wrote of them in 1874 as an influence even then of "far-off days," though it was an influence she admitted she had felt. To her he had become "poor Mr. Francis Newman." Various other works from his pen, including four volumes of *Miscellanies*, were received with the respect due to his name—their titles are hardly heard of now. A stay in Bagdad gave him early in life a love for the East. He was a vegetarian; he loathed cruelty to animals; he did not smoke; he did not drink; and he spoke modern Arabic fluently.

BY the death of Sir John Gilbert in his eightieth year a great figure in Victorian Art has been removed. Yet of late years public gratitude to the artist had changed into gratitude to the art patron. When Sir John Gilbert ceased to paint pictures he began to present them, and many fine works, chiefly historical, are now in the municipal art galleries of London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool—his gifts to us and to our heirs for ever. As an illustrator Sir John Gilbert was long supreme. He was connected with the *Illustrated London News* from the first; and it has been computed that his drawings in that paper numbered thirty thousand. As an illustrator of books, too, Sir John Gilbert was successful: witness his illustrations to Shakespeare, Longfellow, and Cervantes.

WE welcome Mr. George Gissing to the ranks of the humorists. His story in the *English Illustrated Magazine* called "Spell-bound" is of humour the subtlest. It tells of a man who debauches himself upon Free Libraries. He neglects his work, he neglects his wife, he neglects himself for the Free

Library. He does not care in the least what he reads, but read he must from morn till evening. So long as it is print nothing else matters. "The scent of newspapers, mingled with the odour of filthy garments and unwashed humanity, put him beside himself with joy; his nostrils quivered, his eyes sparkled."

We refer elsewhere to the fact that the value of the new *édition de luxe* of Mr. Kipling's works, not yet published, has risen from six to nine guineas. Meanwhile, the early editions of Mr. Kipling's books command high prices. We observe that Mr. Karslake, of the Charing Cross-road, asks for *Wee Willie Winkie* in its first edition and wrapper, £2 2s. A similar copy recently fetched £2 14s. The first edition of *The Barrack-Room Ballads*, uncut, is valued at £1 5s., and the first edition of the *Second Jungle Book* at 9s. These prices quite outshine those obtainable for first editions of R. L. Stevenson's works. *Across the Plains*, 10s.; *Ballads*, 10s. 6d.; *The Ebb Tide*, £1 1s.; *The Black Arrow*, 10s. 6d.—such are the prices asked for uncut first editions of these books.

On November 1 will be issued a new magazine for young people under the title *Harper's Round Table*. Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson (too long silent) will contribute a serial called "Treasure Trove."

LORD COLERIDGE has been delivering a lecture at Ottery St. Mary on some matters of local history. It has high memories, quite apart from its fame as the birthplace of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the great-great uncle of the lecturer. For in that parish Sir Walter Raleigh, too, was born, and the house now owned by Lord Coleridge was the meeting-place of Sir Thomas Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell.

We trust that the stories from Tibet of the brutal treatment of Mr. Henry Savage Landor, the inheritor of a great name, may prove to be exaggerated. The pilgrimage to Lhasa, even in the interests of a London daily paper, is, of course, a risky adventure, and the discovery of the disguise of the supposed pilgrim may easily be followed by consequences less than agreeable, though we may hope that they stop short of torture with hot irons and of a sword that is arrested in its last fatal flourish only by the Grand Lama. Anyhow, Mr. Landor has reached the Indian frontier alive, though with wounds numbered at twenty-two.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's approaching visit to America has inspired a writer in *The Philistine*, an amusing "little fad magazine-let," to the following parody:

"Glittering Anthony Hope seems dead!  
Read at his last new book an hour.  
That is the story, this its thread,  
He penned the tale, but it lacks his power.  
Beginning to languish, too, like the rest;  
Much has been changed by his fame I think:  
By ravenous publishers opprest,  
He drowns his genius in seas of ink.

"It is not too late yet, Anthony Hope,  
You can redeem yourself, firm and true;  
For good stars meet in your horoscope,  
Your earlier characters live and woo,  
Flirt, laugh, skirmish—fight as of old,  
And bewitch us—this cannot be denied;  
Toward "The Prisoner" and "Dolly" no  
heart is cold,  
They are fellow mortals—naught beside.

"We love you, Anthony, all the while!  
There are better things yet to come, we  
hold;  
There is place and to spare for your villain's  
guile,  
And your nonchalant heroes—overbold.  
So hush—here's a bit of advice to keep;  
We want your genius fresh from your  
hand.  
There, that is your secret, don't try to reap  
Gold for mere trash—you understand!"

DICK'S Coffee House is to be pulled down to enable an adjoining insurance office to expand itself. Thus another of the glories of Fleet-street is doomed. "Dick's," originally "Richard's," has many literary traditions, the most touching being one connected with Cowper. It was while "at Richard's Coffee House at breakfast" that the poet read in a newspaper a letter which seemed not only a libel on himself, but showed that the writer was acquainted with his intention to commit suicide. Flinging down the paper with a passionate gesture, he rushed out to seek a house to die in, or, if none offered, "to poison myself in a ditch, where I could meet with one sufficiently retired."

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN, the author of *The Choir Invisible*, has been giving some information concerning himself and his work to an interviewer of the *Springfield Republican*. His remarks on local colour support Mr. Barrie's contention that everything of importance to us happens while we are children. Says Mr. Allen: "Nearly all material of a writer's work that comes from nature is usually gathered unconsciously during childhood. The impressions then received are deepest, strongest, and clearest. They are instinctive, and all the better for being unconscious, so that in middle of life an author, having changed his environment, may write for years regarding nature in the region of his childhood without ever once revisiting it or adding a single new impression."

MR. ALLEN's opinions concerning the state of American fiction at this moment are interesting: "Never before," he said, "was the interest in American fiction so keen, so genuine, and so widespread. Never before were there so many publishers eager to handle a good American novel or to pay such prices for it; never before were there so many critics on the whole press of the country so ready and so cordial to rate a book at its full value, and never before was there so studious and so sympathetic an audience of readers."

MR. ALLEN continued: "I give it only as an opinion, and it may be worth nothing whatever, but the literary situation in this

country just at present is peculiar. The Scotch school that have been carrying everything before them are now a waning influence. Among the English novelists not a one is gaining on this side. Kipling himself has never touched an American subject in prose without a distinct injury to his reputation. The Russians have had their day. With the exception of two or three foreign novelists new to us, the national attention is directed towards the future of American fiction. The novelists of to-day may not be in that future, but they are certainly trying to be."

A VOLUME of verse by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, called *The Coming of Love and Other Poems*, will be published by Mr. Lane on the 20th. The book will contain a number of Roman poems.

ON Tuesday next, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will instal themselves in their new premises south of Leicester-square. The tendency of publishers to move westward is as curious as it is marked, and Messrs. Macmillan's move from Bedford-street to St. Martin's Street will seal the title of the neighbourhood of the Charing Cross to be a new publishing centre in London. Messrs. Macmillan's new premises are very extensive, and they have been built and fitted up in a manner worthy of the firm. The building, which has entrances in St. Martin's-lane and Whitcomb-street, stands partly on the site of an old galleried inn, "The Nag's Head," which flourished when Whitcomb-street was called Hedge-lane. The neighbourhood has literary associations with Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Martin Burney and his daughter Fanny, and others.

A GERMAN translation of Mr. Percy White's novel *Corruption* is now appearing in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It will afterwards be published in book form.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society announce for their third season the revival of Ford's tragedy, "The Broken Heart"; also of Middleton and Rowley's drama, "The Spanish Gypsy." There will be revived besides a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; and Ben Jonson's fragment, "The Sad Shepherd." The first performance of the season will be given on Tuesday evening, November 2, at the Mansion House, by invitation of the Lord Mayor. The play chosen for representation on that occasion is "The Tempest."

HERE is another example of the way dedications should not be written. It appears in front of a new novel, called *A Return to Nature*:

"To M. M. N.

"We spoke of stars once, madam. My star-lore is but little; but this I know of the star Jupiter, that there are other stars of which some always shine upon his dark side.

"Happy star Jupiter!  
"Do you take my meaning, madam, and will you shine upon my dark side, like those kindly stars?"

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

## I.—A SOLICITOR.

I HAD just ordered lunch when my solicitor walked into the club dining-room, and sat down by my side. Tregarthen is accounted prosperous in his profession. I remarked that I had just met a certain author in the Strand.

"Who?" said Tregarthen.

I repeated the name.

Tregarthen laid down the menu-card, gave his order, and then turned to me.

"Now, what attitude," he said, "am I expected to assume in the face of this information?"

"Well," I said, "I thought you'd be interested. His book —"

"Oh, he writes books?"

"Of course. You know him by name."

"What did you say his name was?"

Again I repeated it.

Tregarthen looked critically at his cold beef, and shook his head.

"I never heard of him," he said.

"Seriously?" I asked.

"Are you trying to get at me?" said Tregarthen.

"But don't you—well, don't you—try to keep up with current literature?"

"If you mean, do I read current books; well, I don't. Can you suggest any reason why I should?"

"One likes to be in touch with the thought of the day."

"Literary men," said Tregarthen, "have a curiously exaggerated opinion of their importance. Do you suppose that I don't think for myself? Because I do, pretty continually. And why should I pay six shillings to this friend of yours—what is his name?—to do my thinking for me?"

"But don't you feel any curiosity when you see the advertisements of a new novel, with a taking title by, say, Anthony Hope, or Hall Caine, or H. G. Wells, or —"

"Certainly. And if I do I take the opportunity when I am invited out to dinner of asking the girl next me to tell me about the new novel. Girls can generally give you a good idea of the last new novel. And when she has told me about it I am extremely glad that I haven't wasted my time by reading it. I manage to get a pretty good notion of current literature that way. Now and then I read a book—I admit that—but that is only when I take a girl in to dinner who tells me of a plot that doesn't bore me to death."

"Then you depend entirely on the most incompetent of critics?"

Tregarthen ate his cold beef in silence for a few moments.

"Girls are not so silly as they look," he said.

"But don't you want to be amused?" I said; "to see pictures of life, to —"

"I don't depend on novels for that," said Tregarthen. "I don't want silly people to invent situations for me when I've got them ready made every day in my office. Take the case of Blantyre v. Hopkins, for example."

"I never heard of it," I murmured.

"Possibly not," said Tregarthen. "It hasn't got into the papers, because the in-

teresting part of it doesn't come into court. But if a man—your friend, for instance, what's his name?—Anthony—Anthony—Trollope—"

"Hope," I said.

"Well, Anthony Hope, or any of those people, if he can make a story as interesting as Blantyre v. Hopkins, then I'll buy his book. What's more, I'll read it. But he can't."

Tregarthen set down his knife and fork, and looked round to call for his bill. He is a rapid and bad luncher.

"My dear boy," he said, "a solicitor doesn't want a novelist to tell him what life is like."

It struck me that in all probability a good many people do not read the books they are supposed to read. I decided to investigate.

C. R.

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

It is undoubtedly a sad thing for a nation to feel itself morally above its literature. It is by no means necessary for poets and novelists to instruct or to preach; but it should be far from their mission to degrade with the ferocious consistency of the modern French masters. France is not better than any other land, but assuredly for those who know her she is not worse. All these interminable volumes of scandal, documents, vicious gossip, "muflieries" and "rosseries" at first sicken, and then exasperate. The falsity of them is so obvious, so cheap, so irredeemably, vulgarly venal. Suppose, for one moment, what everybody agrees to deny, that life in Paris was what Gyp, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prevost and Company persist so lugubriously and monotonously in painting, then what remains for them to reveal year after year? The ignoble tale of adultery has been told so often, without poignancy, struggle, romance, or remorse, that now surely it may be conceded there remains not a detail to invent for the readiest wit. We know it all so well. The young viscount who scents himself to pay an afternoon call for the first time on a beautiful and enigmatic marquise between two ages, will be her lover in the French sense of the word before twenty-four hours have elapsed. And then all the old, old details; the bachelor's *entresol*, the subdued lights, the delicate silks and couches; the double veil, the hired vehicle, the eager entrance and anxious exit. Ever and ever the same details of toilet and gesture, as if the whole wretched business were not more stale than last year's bread, less inviting than the sewer-washed waters of the Seine in its city course.

All this pornography, which, in giving France's reputation to the dogs and foreign contempt, provides a very decent and hard-working body of reporters, who mistake cultivated journalism for literature, and who have the modesty to call themselves "men of letters," which they undoubtedly are, instead of creators, which heaven knows they are far from being, with com-

fortable incomes—a blessed result rarely obtained by real literature—bids fair to win its own extinction from excess of zeal. Young writers are rising on all sides in violent protest against this eternal servitude of sensuality. Not so long ago M. Maurice Bouchor shook himself free of the gross chains of the famous "Théâtre Libre." His new "Hymn to Venus" might be endorsed by the Social Purity League, and romantic youths could not recite a finer prayer:

"Permet, que le désir, patiemment dompté,  
Se transforme en profonde et virile tendresse,  
Fais que l'amour en moi devienne la bonté.

Et souffre, en cette nuit que le silence  
opresse,

Que sans être—haute par le remords cruel  
Je redise le nom, doux comme une caresse  
De ma riieuse amie, aux yeux couleur de ciel."

The critics are so struck by this new fresh note of virtue and sentiment in French poetry to-day, that they quietly expect to be projected out of symbolism and every other industrious research after obscene nonsense back into the placid shallows of the morning of romance. "Pon my conscience," one critic exclaims, "I believe the poet of the future will be some amiable young man, who will tell us that the beloved betrayed him, and that he was full of grief."

M. Maurice Pugo (if it were not for Maurice de Saxe and Maurice Barrès, we should be tempted to believe there is a spiritualising influence in the name of Maurice wafted from Belgium) violently attacks, in the worst possible French—which M. Gaston Deschamps likens to a French acquired in German translations—the miserable inadequacy and corruption of the present system of education in France. The State, alas! we learn on all sides, is cynically indifferent to the crude young souls tumbled recklessly by indifferent or ignorant parents into the brutalising mould of its despotism. M. Jean Aicard, in one of his novels, has already passionately lamented the moral and social wrongs of young midshipmen and sub-lieutenants debarred from the innocent delights of romantic engagement and love-marriage, and condemned to waste and stain their youth in degrading ties. M. Art Roë has lifted a virile and impressive voice in behalf of his youthful military comrades, and with an eloquence both tender and martial sketches the note of reform in camp and barrack. And on behalf of French youth of all classes Sully Prudhomme has written:

"Custom in France, where real betrothals are unknown, makes the condition of young lads who respect themselves very difficult from the age of puberty until marriage. A young man is practically left to himself to solve the cruel problem imposed upon his conscience by our social state. How can he yield, without degrading himself, to the most imperious instincts of the senses, of which the heart becomes an accomplice, before he may legally satisfy them? Hence scruples full of anguish, weaknesses, and heroic struggles, all an interior drama. . . ."

"In reading verse in which the combat and sufferings of the twentieth year find discreet but sincere expression, more than one of us will feel the ache in his soul of old wounds. Youth is a difficult age; we do not envy it."

M. Maurice Pugo would lighten this difficult period by the accepted joys of fresh and innocent love, by the excitement of a chosen engagement and an early marriage of inclination. He would suppress the *dot*, fatal blight of romance in France. This young man would be spared the now obligatory ordeal and consecration of the brutalising Latin Quarter, the squalid bohemianism and the tristeful sprees. He would suppress inheritance as well as the *dot*, holding that man should work for whatever he obtains and enjoys, and he would reform literature and art. Naturalism he well describes as a solemn and gloomy renunciation of beauty. The popular masters, whether Bourget or Zola, have all equally repudiated man's inalienable right to reverie and aspiration. Psychology he holds to be mere mechanism, and beseeches young writers to turn their back upon venality, commerce, scandal, the basenesses of industry and fabrication. And I think he is not preaching in the desert.

H. L.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE BOOKSHOPS.

#### WEST CENTRAL.

AT the large shop at Holborn Bars they make much of *éditions de luxe*. The new twelve-volume edition of Mr. Kipling's works, not yet published, is there offered for subscription. But I hear that the market value of the set has already risen from six guineas, its published price, to nearly nine guineas. Only 1,050 copies are offered to the public, and the few copies not already bespoken will be "held for the rise." The *éditions de luxe* of Mr. Meredith's and Charles Lever's novels seem to be having a safe, uneventful passage through the bookshops. I noticed that Messrs. Bell & Son's new four-volume edition of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, just published at thirty-six shillings, was well to the front. Of new novels the three most prominent were *In Kedar's Tents*, *The Martian*, and *St. Ives*. The last-named is bound in an almost black cloth and is not ineffective in a shop window. Mr. Bret Harte's *Three Partners* was also given a good place. Among serious books were Mr. Gardiner's second volume of his *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate* and Mr. Andrew Tuer's *History of the Horn-Book*. Mr. Morris's romance, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, was to be seen in the large paper Kelmscott edition; and all who did not run could read how in the dim wood called Evilshaw—what a foil to Holborn!

"was neither highway nor byway, nor wood-reeve, nor way-warden; never came chapman thence into Utterhay; no man of Utterhay was so poor or so bold that he durst raise the hunt therein; no outlaw durst flee thereto; no man of God had such trust in the saints that durst build him a cell in that wood."

A hundred yards further west a small window makes a good show of *St. Ives*, and *The Martian*, and *In Kedar's Tents*. These seem to be the three stories of the moment. *The Christian* is still everywhere to be seen, but its climax was reached quickly some

weeks ago. Mr. Lang's *Dreams and Ghosts*, Prof. Dowden's *French Literature*, and the new Eversley edition of Green's *The Making of England*, were to be seen in this window. A new cheap edition of *Sartor Resartus*, put forth by Messrs. Service & Paton, was also given a good chance.

In Oxford-street, between the Tottenham Court-road and Regent's-circus, a large corner shop had all the books of the moment well placed. *Unkist*, *Unkind!* and *What Maisie Knew* were hospitably entreated; *The Christian* was given the company of *The Scapegoat*, *The Doomed*, and *The Manxman*. Messrs. Nimmo's new six-shilling edition of the "Border Waverley Novels" was in easy view, and—for a surprise—space was found for those fine books of the late Mr. Hamerton, *The Intellectual Life* and *Human Intercourse*. A corner shop usually devotes its best window to the books of the moment, and its second best to the books of yesterday and to series of classics. Here may be found very full sets of the "Minerva," "Scott," and "Silver" libraries. The "Mermaid Series" of plays, the Dryburgh "Waverley," and cheap sets of Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, Ainsworth, and Macaulay.

In a large Strand bookshop all the probable books were so well represented that it seemed unprofitable to take note of them. A less conspicuous feature interested me. This was the immense number of books which are not books. Exclusive of series of guide-books and technical hand-books I noticed the following:

<i>How to Read Faces.</i>	<i>Cooling Cups and Dainty Drinks.</i>
<i>How to Mesmerise.</i>	<i>When was it? A British Chronology.</i>
<i>Chiromancy.</i>	<i>Dainty Dishes.</i>
<i>How to Read Heads.</i>	<i>Character in Faces, Features, and Forms.</i>
<i>Etiquette for Girls.</i>	<i>How to Read Character in Handwriting.</i>
<i>Grammar of Palmistry.</i>	<i>Etiquette of Good Society.</i>
<i>Things not Generally Known.</i>	<i>The Gentlewoman's Handbook of Education.</i>
<i>Curiosities of Science.</i>	<i>Interest Tables.</i>
<i>Popular Errors Explained.</i>	<i>Cobbett's English Grammar.</i>
<i>Familiar Sayings, Phrases, Proverbs, and Family Mottoes.</i>	<i>How to Dance.</i>
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<i>The Law of Landlord and Tenant.</i>	<i>Practical Instruction in Mesmerism.</i>
<i>Speeches and Toasts.</i>	<i>Cole's Fun Doctor.</i>
<i>The Book of Ready-made Speeches.</i>	<i>Pros and Cons: A Guide to the Controversies of the Day.</i>
<i>The Dream-Book and Fortune-Teller.</i>	
<i>The Chairman's Guide.</i>	
<i>Two Thousand Familiar Quotations.</i>	

These books were priced from sixpence to eighteen-pence, and it is certain that they have their public.

### VILLAGE READING-ROOMS.

THE march of culture is too apt to omit villages from its route. It is true that, as a rule, villagers have little time, and less inclination, to indulge in the delights of reading anything beyond the paper; but, although this is the case with the mass, there remain a minority who are genuinely

interested in books, in stories, biography, travels, poetry, natural history. It is hard that they should—often if not generally—have such poor literature served out to them.

It seems to be the belief of those who are responsible for the libraries of village reading-rooms that anything is good enough for a tired working man. The periodicals of fifty years ago are piled on shelves for his benefit; he is pestered with theological works of the driest nature, or his intellect—usually a pretty shrewd one—is insulted by little stories, the integrity of whose moral character is considered to atone for the feebleness of their execution. Only by rare chance is a new book of real merit or vigour laid before him. As a general rule, he is kept half a century behind his day. Considering what a quantity of good reading matter is now produced year by year, this is a hard condition of things.

Let us look at an ordinary village reading-room. It is long and narrow. The floor is bare, or partly covered with linoleum. The walls are washed. There are a few pictures: reproductions in colour after Birket Foster, an engraving of Maclise's picture of Wellington and Blucher, three or four botanical charts, the church almanack coloured by hand—probably by some young parishioner not unacquainted with *Ministering Children*, and a copy of the rules. The rules are always prominent. They fix the subscription—sixpence per month—and name the penalties which follow if it is not paid; they forbid gambling, smoking, bad language, and the removal of books or papers; they state that the hours of opening are 10 to 10, that coffee and cocoa are obtainable from 6 p.m., and so on. At one end of the room is a bagatelle-board. The chairs are of solid wood. On a side table is a pile of back numbers of the *Illustrated London News* and one or two odd copies of the *Sketch*. On the mantelpiece are boxes of dominoes, draughts, and chess.

Above these is the library, contained on two long shelves. The books are odd volumes of *Chambers' Journal*, a complete set of *Chambers' Miscellany*, two or three Waverley novels, Beeton's *Dictionary of Geography*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a few Ballantynes, a volume of *Sunday at Home*, five or six volumes of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, and a score more of books, mainly devotional. Such are the attractions of the village reading-room.

It is not remarkable that the room is unpopular, and that country labourers are behind the times. The village is small, but there must be some forty men in it, to say nothing of boys (the minimum age at which one may join is fourteen), who would be glad to have the opportunity of reading something more fresh and modern than most of the books mentioned. A few members may drop in on Saturdays to see the pictures in the new *Illustrated London News*, and bagatelle exerts some sway; but the shelves are neglected, or their books read and re-read in a kind of stupor. And no wonder! These are not books for 1897. *Chambers' Miscellany* was an admirable publication in its day, but its day is over. The pity of it is that within a mile of the reading-room are half a dozen large houses



wherein superfluous books—good fiction, good poetry, good history, good biography, good travel—are lying in heaps.

### AMERICAN PUBLISHING.

#### SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

The proportion of English books published in America to the works of native writers has for years appeared to be very large. It has, however, been diminishing ever since the amendment of the copyright laws prevented the flooding of the American market with cheap editions of English books. The American author, relieved of that ruinous competition, is doing much better, and the position at the present moment is seen in the following table of figures, based on an analysis of this autumn's announcements. The national origin of 616 books just published, or just about to be published, in the States is accounted for as follows:

	Of English Origin.	Of American.
Biography . . . . .	32	28
History . . . . .	7	36
General Literature . . . . .	38	52
Poetry . . . . .	5	18
Fiction . . . . .	48	136
Travels . . . . .	12	16
Art and Archaeology . . . . .	12	7
Music and the Drama . . . . .	3	4
Science and Nature . . . . .	4	23
Politics and Economics . . . . .	4	19
Philosophy and Psychology . . . . .	—	15
Theology and Religion . . . . .	22	63
Sport . . . . .	12	—
	199	417

The figures for books on Sport and Philosophy are very curious.

### THE WEEK.

THE event of the week has, of course, been the publication of the biography of Lord Tennyson by his son. Another new work of importance is the second volume of Mr. Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. A critical biography of *Albrecht Dürer*, by Mr. Lionel Cust, and *Private Papers of William Wilberforce*, edited by Mr. A. M. Wilberforce, should be noted. New novels, which are very numerous, are catalogued and described elsewhere.

Two books in which history is helped out with fiction may also be mentioned. These are *The Diary of Master William Silence* and *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton*. The following is a complete list of books we have received in the past week:

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- A PRIMER OF THE BIBLE. By W. H. Bennett, M.A. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.
- THE HERODS. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Service & Paton. 3s. 6d.
- REASONS FOR THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE HEXATEUCH. By Rev. Isaac Gibson. George W. Jacobs & Co. (Philadelphia). 50 cents.
- STUDIA SINAITICA, No. VI.: A PALESTINIAN SYRIAC LEXICON. Containing Lessons from the Pentateuch, Job, Proverbs, &c. Edited by Agnes Smith Lewis. C. J. Clay & Sons. 12s. 6d.
- SERMONS PREACHED IN ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL, 1870-1897. By Francis St. John Thackeray, M.A. George Bell & Son. 3s. 6d.

- A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES TO THE PHILIPPIANS AND TO PHILEMON. By Rev. R. Vincent, D.D. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 8s. 6d.
- BABYLONIAN INFLUENCE ON THE BIBLE, AND POPULAR BELIEFS. By A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.
- A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, D.D. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 12s.
- THE MASTER'S WATCHWORD. By Rev. Jervis Coats, M.A. James MacLehose & Sons (Glasgow).
- TWO ESSAYS ON THEISM. By Andrew Seth, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.
- A GUIDE TO BIBLICAL STUDY. By A. S. Peake, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
- THE HOLY BIBLE, CONTAINING THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS (Eversley Series). Vol. I.: GENESIS TO NUMBERS. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
- THE GOSPEL IN THE EPISTLES. By J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: A MEMOIR. By his Son. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.
- FRANÇOIS UNDER LOUIS XV. By James Breck Perkins. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.
- A MEMOIR OF WILLIAM PENNELLY OF TORQUAY. Edited by Hester Pengelly. John Murray. 18s.
- UNDER THE RED CRESSONET: ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH SURGEON WITH THE TURKISH ARMY AT PLEVNA AND EZZEROUN, 1877-1878. Related by Charles S. Ryan, M.B., and John Sandes, B.A. John Murray. 9s.
- ERAS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: THE AGE OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Paul Van Dyke. T. & T. Clark. 6s.
- THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By George C. Napier, M.A.
- THE SECRET CABINET OF HISTORY. Translated from the French by W. C. Costello. Charles Carrington (Paris).
- RICHARD HAKLUTT: AN ADDRESS TO THE HAKLUTT SOCIETY. By Sir Clements Markham. Bedford Press.
- THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON. Edited by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D. John C. Nimmo. 6s.
- HEROES OF THE NATIONS: ULYSSES S. GRANT. By William Conant Church. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.
- THE STORY OF THE EMPIRE SERIES: THE STORY OF INDIA. By Demetrius C. Boulger. Horace Marshall & Son.
- GOSSIP FROM A MUSEMENT ROOM: BEING PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF ANNE AND MARY FITTON, 1674 to 1618. Transcribed and edited by Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. David Nutt.
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- MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS: FROM HER BIRTH TO HER FLIGHT INTO ENGLAND. By David Hay Fleming. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE, 1649-1660. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 21s.

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

- ENGLISH MINSTREL. Edited by S. Baring-Gould, B.A. T. C. & E. C. Jack (Edinburgh).
- THE CANTERBURY POETS: THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE. Edited, with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by H. Kirke Swann.
- SKETCHES FROM OLD VIRGINIA. By A. G. Bradley. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
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- ALBRECHT DÜRER: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Lionel Cust. Seeley & Co.
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- POETICAL GREETINGS FROM THE FAR EAST: JAPANESE POEMS. By K. Florence. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
- POEMS IN TWO VOLUMES. By William Wordsworth. Reprinted from the original edition of 1807. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A. David Nutt.

#### SCIENCE.

- THE PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. By D. Mendeliëff. Translated from the Russian by George Kamensky. Edited by T. A. Lawson. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. Second edition.

- ALTERNATE-CURRENT WORKING. By Alfred Hay. Biggs & Co. 5s.
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- TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.
- DANISH ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS, 1805-1830. 2 vols. Edited by C. C. A. Gosch. Haklutt Society.
- THE TENTH ISLAND: BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF NEWFOUNDLAND, ITS PEOPLE, ITS POLITICS, ITS PROBLEMS, AND ITS PECULIARITIES. By Beckles Wilson. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

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## DRAMA.

IT has been a full and varied week for the first-nighter. New theatrical enterprises continue to be entered upon, the Avenue and the Royalty being the latest of the smaller houses to open, though generally, in the West-end, managers complain of bad business. With new suburban theatres at every turn—East, West, North, and South—it is not to be wondered at that the flow of suburban playgoers towards what Mr. Hall Caine calls the "Devil's Acre" should be checked. Before the season opened I ventured to warn West-end managers of what was coming. The evil time is already upon them by all accounts, and they have not seen the worst of it yet. But commercial considerations weigh little with the theatrical speculator, who looks upon his business as, what it is, a species of gambling. The result is, that although probably not one-half of the West-end theatres can be expected to pay their way, they are never long without a tenant. When Mr. George Alexander has returned to the St. James's, and the Court Theatre has been re-opened with the new programme there in preparation, every West-end theatre will be occupied.

THE Avenue, under Mr. Fitzroy Gardner's management, tries the triple bill, a class of entertainment which gives the theatre somewhat of the variety of the music-hall. The triple bill has been successful and may be so again, but to achieve that end its constituent parts must all of them be better than those Mr. Gardner has given us. Over the entire Avenue programme as it stands there is the trail of the amateur. The late Sir Charles Young wrote a few fairly good plays, notably "Jim the Penman," but he ranked to the last as an amateur dramatist. In any case he is represented in the Avenue bill by one of the least important of his productions—"The Baron's Wager," a trifle much favoured by amateurs. Mrs. Oscar Beringer, again, who is responsible for the second item, "My Lady's Orchard," is a comparatively new hand, while Messrs. Gayer Mackay and Claud

Nugent, author and composer of "The Mermaids," the musical fantasy which is given the place of honour in the bill, are quite unknown. Unfortunately, Mr. Gardiner cannot lay claim to discovering new talent. His triple bill, in a literary and musical sense, hardly rises above the level of private theatricals; and considering the competition that rages at the West-end, this cannot be deemed an adequate equipment for what has always ranked as one of the least fortunate of the theatres. "My Lady's Orchard" is, however, an interesting proof of the existence of dramatic talent in the Beringer family. Not only does Mrs. Beringer write the play, but her two daughters—Miss Esmé and Miss Vera Beringer—sustain the chief parts in it, the latter being the child-actress who won notoriety in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" seven or eight years ago.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER, already favourably known as an actress, has a predilection for male characters, which first found expression some little time ago in Romeo. In the present instance she plays a mail-clad knight of the troubadour period, and in this capacity fights a sword and dagger duel with Mr. Brookfield. The performance is remarkable enough as a *tour de force*, but I must confess to having small sympathy with such exhibitions, which give prominence to the actress at the expense of the play. The Elizabethan dramatists had to content themselves with boys or young men in their female characters, and it does not appear that the public interest in the performance was disturbed by that arrangement. But we are not habituated to Amazon heroes, and if Miss Esmé Beringer wishes to pursue her art with success she may be advised to cultivate a little more sincerity than her present achievement would imply.

THE existence of the child actress is a serious reflection upon the claims of acting to rank as an art. Infant prodigies have been numerous enough on the stage, but one never hears of a Royal Academician or a newspaper leader-writer of tender years. Acting must be much less an art than a natural aptitude, in which intelligence counts for little. Otherwise, how are we to account for Miss Vera Beringer's failure to sustain, as an educated young lady, the histrionic reputation she acquired in her childhood? The fact is, that while she has increased in intelligence, she has outgrown her original aptitude for the stage. At all events, one fails to discover in her acting now any ability beyond that of the average young lady who develops a taste for private theatricals; whereas as a child she excited the wonder and admiration of the playgoing public. At the conclusion of the run of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" Miss Vera was sent back to school, and there apparently she has unlearned most of what she ever knew of acting. It is curious to note how often the infant prodigy fails in after life to redeem the promise of childhood. Perhaps Miss Vera Beringer's worse fault is her voice, which tends to shrillness. To

an actress, the importance of a sweet, winning voice can hardly be overrated. No greatness is to be attained without it. Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, Ellen Terry, and Ada Rehan, have all that *voix d'or* to which every chord in the heart of an audience is so responsive. By dint of intonation alone—that is to say, independently of the sense of the words uttered—it is possible to bring tears to the eyes of an auditor, as experiment readily shows. But to that end you must have *des larmes dans la voix*.

FOR proof of the charm that may lie in the voice, one need only turn to Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind, now being given at the Grand, Islington, whither Mr. Daly has chosen to take his company this season rather than disturb the run of "The Geisha" at his own theatre adjoining Leicester-square. Conspicuous for its artlessness (in the best sense), its true womanliness, its innocent coquetry, its purity and its general wholesomeness, Miss Rehan's Rosalind has some claim to be regarded as the most delightful that the present generation has seen. The heroines of Shakespeare's comedies are beautiful types, and Miss Rehan appears to have a wonderful affinity for them all. We have still to see her as Beatrice, but unfortunately Mr. Daly's plans do not this year embrace the presentation of any novelty, his company being engaged for the first time in a provincial tour, of which the Grand Theatre, Islington, is a well-known *étape*.

THE new farce of the present season given at the Strand, the Globe, and the Royalty is not of particularly high quality. "The Purser" is English, "Miss Francis of Yale" is American, and "Oh, Susannah!" is English again. Now English and American farce is nearly always inferior in wit and intellectual resource to French; it tends to buffoonery. In "Miss Francis of Yale" this is especially noticeable, so excellent a comedian as Mr. Weedon Grossmith being condemned to take part in a pillow-fight in a bedroom, this being the climax of the action. "The Purser" is a more refined production. It is concerned with what may broadly be described as amatory life on board a P. and O. liner, and tells its story without any noisy exaggeration. For that reason, however, it declines into the groove of platitude, lacking as it does the wit and the observation of the best French pieces of its class. "Oh, Susannah!" would also be a rather tame story of the misunderstandings resulting from a marriage being kept secret were it not for the comicalities of a hitherto almost unknown actress in the unpromising part of a lodging-house maid-of-all-work. Miss Louie Freear is a genuine low comedian in petticoats. She possesses the instinct of drollery that characterises Mr. Arthur Roberts, with whom, as a born humorist, she is entitled to be classed. The laughter-loving public will look forward to Miss Louie Freear's further appearances with interest.

J. F. N.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Poetry of Robert Burns," Edited by William Ernest Henley and Thomas F. Henderson.

To see critics at loggerheads one has only to read the reviews of Messrs. Henley and Henderson's completed "Burns." Two sets of reviewers declare themselves sharply—those who praise and those who blame; but each of these sets is divisible into two. Thus among the laudatory critics we find some who praise with knowledge, others whose praise, though perhaps more extravagant, is less convincing. Of the forcibly eulogistic reviews the *Standard's* is a good specimen. Clinching a short well-packed article, this critic defends Messrs. Henley and Henderson's severely judicial view of Burns's character as follows:

"'God have mercy on me,' was one of the bitter things that Burns wrote of himself; 'a poor, damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool! The sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imaginations, agonising sensibility, and Bedlam passions.' Surely, with such a confession in view, even though there is much that is tender and noble to throw into the opposite scale, Mr. Henley is right in claiming that the poet knew himself as his apologists have never known him and will never know. Neither poverty, disappointment, nor the bitter limitations of his lot are enough to account for the tragedy of such a life. The fierce restlessness of the man was due to his unvanquished conscience, and the rankling sense of the contrast between his moral vision and his moral failure. Such a conclusion may not be acceptable to the more perfervid, not to say idolatrous, fellow-countrymen of a poet who broadened the path of humanity and interpreted its common heart, but justice lies that way, and all of mercy that so great a man need ask."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, like the *Standard*, recognises that the editors' portrait of Burns is based on the one he drew of himself in his moments of complete insight:

"It is the portrait that Burns has drawn of himself in his poems, but which his admirers in the past and even to this day have tried to modify so that he should appear a more respectable person than he ever thought of laying claim to be. . . . With such a man as Burns, who has expressed himself so fully in his poetry and love of his letters, the attempt [to suppress the truth] was doomed to ignominious failure. . . . The result, however, is entirely satisfactory; and although the false Burns suffers, the true Burns is convincingly presented to you."

The *Saturday Review* says of Mr. Henley's attitude to the poet:

"We confess that it is one with which we find ourselves in almost perfect sympathy. He sees in him a peasant who was a great poet, who wished to be a 'buck,' and he presents him in those lights to us without palliation and without sanctimoniousness. The Common Burns, as Mr. Henley calls the mere object worshipper of a doctored portrait of the poet, will probably give a succession of piercing screams as he perceives illusion after illusion being torn away. Sometimes, perhaps, Mr. Henley is too truculent with the Common Burns, and sometimes he seems to lose the sense of proportion a little. On the whole, for instance, we believe that he has made out a case against that sentimental spectre, Highland Mary, but was she worth the expense?"

This critic finds in Mr. Henley's style some-

thing more than the "vigour" detected by some critics, or the "truculence" that has angered others:

"At every turn he lightens the tissue of his disquisition by some phrase or flash of suggestive description which delights the attention. What could be better, for instance, than the little vignette of the wild snatch of song murmured by 'some broken man, in hiding among the wet hags; some moss-trooper drenched and prowling, with a shirtful of sore bones'?"

The *Chronicle's* critic is less perspicuous and decisive than the foregoing on the question of Burns's character, but he thinks that no rational Burnsian has cause of complaint against Mr. Henley. He finds fault with the violence of Mr. Henley, who "has been at no pains to choose the smooth phrase or the sober-suited epithet which turneth away wrath." Not a few reviewers reproach Mr. Henley for his strong language. "Will nothing," asks the *Saturday*, "persuade Mr. Henley how much he loses by talking of 'Browning's ridiculous verses,' and 'that irascible, pompous ass, the Earl of Buchan'?"

The *Morning Post* treads gingerly. It does not so much say things itself as surmise what "devotees of the poet" will say. With the *Westminster* it represents the first class of those who blame—the timidly hostile. The *Westminster* says:

"We must confess that there is something about the work of Messrs. Henley and Henderson which occasionally jars. We are no blind admirers of the poet, and are quite ready to admit his faults and failings, but we do not think it was necessary to rake up and give quite such prominence to some of the most shady passages in Burns's life. Mr. Henley—for without any injustice he may be held responsible—gives one the impression that he takes a pride in detailing and discussing the moral offences of the poet. The impression may be quite erroneous, but there it is."

We now reach the outspoken criticisms of Burns's defenders. These gentlemen do not mince matters with Mr. Henley. The *Glasgow Herald's* critic, after quoting some of his strongly worded passages, such as the one in which he alludes to the poet's "genius for paternity," says:

"Supposing enthusiastic Scotsmen are wrong about Burns—and many of them do talk sad nonsense about him—it is certainly not by such provocative criticism that they are to be reformed. Of course, however, Mr. Henley's estimate of Burns is quite as erroneous as that formed by the commonest Burnsian, and it errs by enormously exaggerating one aspect of the poet's character and career. That Burns's passions were too strong for him, and that they marred his life, no one with any eye to fact will deny; but that lewdness and a faun-like quality were the most prominent features of his genius and character as he is now and will be remembered by the world is an utterance monstrous and morbid in the extreme. . . . That, in fact, his genius should be represented as a kind of sublimation of 'sculduggery,' is one of the strangest instances of perverted taste and judgment that the history of criticism has to show."

But the fiercest reply comes from Claudius Clear, in the *British Weekly*. Claudius means fight. In his first paragraph he says with horrid calmness—that the book is out. In his second he is suspiciously cordial. In the third he viciously sketches

Mr. Henley's career as a journalist while tucking up his wrist-bands. Then he delivers blow after blow. Here are a few:

"The essay is not upon Burns the man or Burns the poet. It is almost entirely upon Burns the rake. Over the sadder and baser incidents in Burns's career Mr. Henley literally gloats. Every amour is described as particularly as Mr. Henley dares."

"Something . . . should be said of the attack on Mary Campbell. . . . Let it be remembered that we know nothing about Mary Campbell except from Burns himself, and that all he tells us and all she inspired within him makes us believe that she sleeps in a pure grave. We decline to apply to her any of the epithets Mr. Henley has resorted to his slang dictionary for, because she was a woman, because she is now defenceless and dead, because we know that her poet thought of her memory with lingering and sacred tenderness. Of course these reasons are Greek to Mr. Henley, but he must be content to leave room in this planet for those who understand them."

"Mr. Henley's idea of the Kirk of Scotland is that it was in 1759 still offensive enough and still potent enough to make life miserable, to warp the characters of men and women, and to turn the tempers and affections of many from the kindly and natural way. He also speaks of the life of Scotland as made up of theology and fornication, and so forth, and so forth. I can scarcely think that any Scotsman will give himself the smallest trouble to reply to such statements. He will simply say, 'You know nothing of Scotland and nothing of Scottish religion, and no man could ever explain either to you.'"

"Mr. Henley has done his best with the side of Burns he understands. He has shown great industry and he has spared no pains. Scotsmen will take what helps them, and will wish Mr. Henley a better temper and a better understanding. They love Burns and they pity him. They may not love Mr. Henley, but him too they will pity, if they trouble to read him."

We do not know, nor does it concern us, whether Mr. Henley is angry with Claudius Clear; but we cannot help thinking that Claudius must be angry with the *Scotsman* for not being angry with Mr. Henley. The *Scotsman's* critic actually writes:

"The truth is, Mr. Henley understands Burns a great deal better than the majority of those who have written about him. . . . Fine as his essay is as a piece of literary history and criticism, it is not less so, rather more so, in its summing up of the life of Burns. Certainly he extenuates nothing; but that is not what he is there for. There have been more sins of this kind done by writers about Burns than can ever be covered by the affectation of charity; and it takes good will and more to make so true a portraiture as his. To seek a comparison from the art of painting, the work is like a picture by Meissonier, so accurate in detail, so much in little space, pathetic and serene. Every word of it is well felt and well written."

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## REVIEWS.

## THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.

*Annals of a Publishing House: William Blackwood and his Sons.* By Mrs. Oliphant. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

THE house of Blackwood have had from the first the peculiarity of contracting intimate personal relations with many of the authors who worked with or for them; and the numerous and durable friendships which resulted are a singular testimony to the merit of these publishers as men. Most people dislike to have money dealings, except of the most definite and formal nature, with their friends; and not many important contributors can put up with editorial rebuffs. Yet there never was a contributor to *Maga*, except Wilson, the tutelary genius—and not even Wilson in the days of the first Blackwood—who could count with certainty on acceptance, and all were subject to editorial retrenchments. But although the publishers insisted courteously but firmly upon the right to reject and the right to excise, they never imitated the evil fashion of the *Quarterlies* in inserting paragraphs and altering the author's meaning; and in their money dealings they adhered resolutely to the view of their founder, who treated payment as an accident of the transaction:

"The sentiments which he held on this subject, written I do not remember to what correspondent," says Mrs. Oliphant, "are very strongly expressed: 'I never did, and never will, hold out money in itself as the inducement for men of talents to write for *Maga*. What I have always been anxious for is that able men should write on such subjects as they themselves felt an interest in, and, we must allow he adds at once, 'never to print any article without paying liberally for it.'"

In short, the Blackwoods spared neither trouble nor money to make their magazine so good that the best men would account it an honour to appear in it. They endeavoured to inspire their contributors with

their own zeal for *Maga*, and this constituted a real bond of union—a sort of comradeship, very pleasant to read of.

These two volumes do not carry the history beyond 1861, when John Blackwood was left in sole charge, three other brothers having died in harness. The first volume relates how William Blackwood was apprenticed to a bookseller, set up a bookshop himself in Edinburgh, became Murray's Scotch agent, issued some few books, and was for a brief, bright moment partner with Murray in publishing *The Tales of My Landlord*; how in 1817 he attempted a magazine, the *Edinburgh Monthly*, under the editorship of Pringle and Cleghorn; how it failed, the editors departed; how *Maga* rose from its ashes, and burst upon the world with the *Chaldee Manuscript*. This makes up about a fifth of the book. The rest tells of *Maga's* turbulent youth, explains the genesis of the famous *Noctes*—an idea of Blackwood's own—and sketches the main contributors. It is an extraordinary record. Scott's success had turned the head of every publisher, the bacillus of authorship had not yet widely extended its ravages, authors were scarce, and publishers—more especially Blackwood—had the wildest expectations of every new aspirant. He sent out into the highways and the hedges to compel men to write for him; but with a shrewdness strangely allied to this rashness, very soon took their measure. If they would not do, good-bye to them. If they did do, he harnessed them to the most wildly jibbing team that ever man held together. Of his chief helpers, there was not one but recommended himself by letting the publisher in for a libel action in his first or second contribution, yet reproaches never seem to have followed; and one and all considered it a mark of genius to be late with their "copy." The magazine used to come out when it pleased Heaven and Professor Wilson; it often came in a double number: it had no really responsible editor, except in so far as Mr. Blackwood had to stand the racket for whatever might appear; in short, it had the disorder of all vigorous growths. Gradually control became centralised and method asserted itself; but the period of which this first volume treats is the period of the veiled council, the symbol of which is the *Noctes*, written first by a single hand, then sent round to the others for correction and interpolations. It is odd to learn how many of the boisterous convivialities originated in Lockhart's sober seclusion. But the suppers at Ambrose's were a jovial reality for all that.

Of the four chief figures of this group—those who receive a whole chapter apiece—Lockhart was already sufficiently familiar to us, but loses nothing by this new presentment. He was the brain of the party. Hogg also is scarce a novelty, and merits no mercy, the man who calumniated his benefactor, and that benefactor Scott. But even this scarcely deserved a worse punishment than that of vanity mortified to the very quick, and one becomes almost sorry for him. The part which Wilson made him play in the *Noctes* always galled him—for Hogg did not write the sentiments that are put in his mouth—and

it galled him still more when the Ettrick Shepherd remained a figure at Ambrose's board, but had ceased to find acceptance for his work in *Maga*. Here is a letter from him to Blackwood:

"March 28, 1828.

"At your d-sire I send you an article for the *Agricultural Journal*, and a poetical epistle for the magazine, though I know as usual it will only be giving the carrier the trouble of bringing them out again; and as you are the only man whoever does me this honour (i.e., of rejecting contributions) the oftener you do it the better; but I want to establish this fact to your own conviction—that our friendship shall not fail on my part.

"I am exceedingly disgusted with the last beastly 'Noctes,' and, as it is manifest that the old business of mocking and ridicule is again beginning, I have been earnestly advised by several of my best and dearest friends to let you hear from me in a way to which I have a great aversion; but, if I do, believe me it shall be free of all malice, and merely to clear my character of sentiments and actions which I detest, and which have proved highly detrimental to me."

Wilson and Maginn alike are revelations to us. Mrs. Oliphant with the utmost justice sets down an admirable portrait of each, but she does not conceal her dislike of Maginn, and she shares that loving tolerance for the Professor which was hereditary in the house. The Blackwoods had good reason to be grateful, for when the founder died scarcely past his prime, and the two sons Alexander and Robert were left in charge, it was Wilson who saw them through. Lockhart had gone to London and the *Quarterly*, Maginn also was absent and no longer loyal; but Wilson responded to Mrs. Blackwood's unusual appeal—"Oh, Professor, you'll stand by the boys!" But *Maga* had stood well by the Professor, who owed it to this connexion that he occupied a chair which gave him a handsome stipend and a six months' summer holiday per annum; and it had shielded him from the consequences not merely of his ordinary rash speeches, but of one downright disgraceful act. In August, 1825, he and Lockwood had been staying with Scott at Wordsworth's house on terms of the closest friendship. In the next number of *Maga*, Wilson, contrary as it would seem to his very convictions, and in sheer wantonness, attacked both Scott's poetry and Wordsworth's. In the same article he described an Irish Member of Parliament, Mr. Martin, as a jackass, and Mr. Martin threatened an action demanding the writer's name. Wilson, who with all his big frame had no vigour and was continually imagining himself ill and complaining of nerves, broke down utterly:

"To-day only I got your packet, it having lain at a farmhouse at some distance for at least two days. On reading your enclosures I was seized with a trembling and shivering fit, and was deadly sick for some hours. I am somewhat better, but in my bed, whence I now write. All this may be needless, but it is the case; and I am absolutely an object of any true friend's commiseration. To own that article is for a thousand reasons impossible. It would involve me in lies abhorrent to my nature. I would rather die this evening. Remember how, with Hunt, I was most willing to come forward [this was another libel action

brought on by his intemperance in the same year]; here it is death to do so. I am absolutely not in my right mind to-night. I wish well to all mankind, and am incapable of dishonour. This avowal would be fatal to my character, my place, to existence. Say nothing to me that could add to my present misery" (p. 282).

"Lying and dishonour are death to me," he writes, and practically begs the publisher to get the lying done by deputy. Maginn, meanwhile in London, was trying to take the blame on himself, and interviewing Martin. He got him to dinner, and—"we Irish know how to talk to each other"—pacified him by promise of an apology in the next number. "He said he understood you were a d—d decent man, but that you ought to take care of what you got your people to write (true enough, *entre nous*). And here is the conclusion to the long letter:

"I think I did a good job for you. As I cannot offer to give people champagne at my own expense, I charge you the bill which, like Falstaff's, is rather heavier in the drinking than in the eating. It amounts in all to £3 7s., with which I debit you."

Poor Captain Shandon. A letter describing Mrs. Maginn's call on young Blackwood is worthy of Thackeray.

That name reminds one to pass to the second volume, annals rather of the publishing house than of *Maga*. Thackeray represented their great mistake: the young Blackwoods refused an early offer from him of what seem to have been "Roundabout Papers." But it was to Thackeray, as a close friend, that John Blackwood wrote later on, anent a new author, "who looks very like a first-class passenger"—the timid person whom Lewes introduced as George Eliot. Interesting as the pages concerning her are, they are not so good as those which show Bulwer Lytton—long a pillar of *Maga*—in a very amiable light; and not a tenth part as amusing as the wonderful epistles and doings of Samuel Warren.

"What say you," writes the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, "to a review by me of Dickens's new book on America—a fair, prudent, and real review—bearing in mind my own position as a sort of honourable yet fearless rival of his? I have just read forty pages. I could make it a first-rate affair. . . . If you can rely on my judgment and tact, I can."

"In the description of the voyage out is to be found, in my opinion, a perfect specimen of Dickens's peculiar excellences and faults. . . . These last I should touch on in a manly and delicate and generous spirit. Rely on Sam Warren. I will do him good, and will make himself acknowledge me a high-minded rival, a real friend. . . ."

"Oh, what a book I could have written!! I mean, I who have not only observed, but reflected so much on the characters of the people of England and America."

Coleridge, De Quincey, and Galt all figure characteristically; so does Landor, naturally furious because in an article of his after the names Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, the editor had inserted "and Wilson." Poor Christopher! But the pathos of oblivion touches many of these pages,

which record not failures, but forgotten successes. Not less interesting, however, than the authors are the publishers themselves; Alexander and Robert, who succeeded their father; John the younger brother, ablest of the sons, who established the branch in Pall Mall, for a while an active centre of literature; and Major Blackwood, father of the present Mr. William Blackwood, who after twenty years' service in the Indian Army came home to take his share in the firm's counsels. All of them show the same courtesy and kindness; all criticise, not as literary men, but as lovers of books who well know what a book should be. Not a single note is signed by any Blackwood that has not a curiously familiar tone to those many who have received letters from the headquarters of *Maga*.

These somewhat random notes and extracts may give, perhaps, a general idea of the masses of information contained in these two bulky volumes. They can, however, give no idea of the skill with which Mrs. Oliphant has grouped and selected the immense correspondence. Her final revision would doubtless have removed a few needless repetitions, but these do not affect the readableness of the whole. The great length—1,000 large pages—has not seemed long, and it is surprising how the heterogeneous elements have been wrought into a really continuous narrative. Two things have made this possible: the central interest afforded by *Maga*, and the extraordinary persistence of character in the firm. The book is a history of *Maga* and a history of the Blackwoods—if it is possible to separate the publishers who made the magazine and the magazine which made the publishers. *Maga* no longer holds the field triumphant and unassailable; but she is in no way superannuated or superseded, as has become more or less the fate of her rivals, the Buff and Blue and Yellow. How potent was the energy of her youth will be felt by everyone who reads this history of her. The impression is easily verified by turning to one of the old numbers, perhaps the only productions of a distinctively party and political organ which after three generations remain fresh and readable.

It is a history which must have been pleasant to write, for it is a history of few defections and many loyalties. The errors of *Maga*, which were flagrant and many, are neither concealed nor condoned, but they are related along with her triumphs and her virtues by one who gave her the love and service of a lifetime, and whose fortunes—as more than one pathetic passage relates—were connected at the happiest and saddest moments with those of the magazine. Mrs. Oliphant received her first proofs from *Maga* on her wedding morning. She surmounted the struggle of her early widowhood by an unlooked-for success in its columns; and the last book of so many that she wrote was this narrative—a most fitting conclusion to her varied career.

"SCHOLARLY, BUT COLOURLESS."

*A History of French Literature.* By Edward Dowden. (W. Heinemann.)

As a painstaking, well-written volume Prof. Dowden's *History of French Literature* may freely be commended. Honest industry is always admirable, and is a worthy object in itself. But the book cannot be described as an artistic achievement, nor does it at any time rise above the level of sober, mediocre, and readable matter. This is partly due to the stupendous effort to comprise so vast and varied a subject into a single volume, but still more to the fact that Prof. Dowden as a critic is not equal to the task he has undertaken. Taine has spoiled us for commonplace treatment of such a subject. We want a temperament, an imagination, a quality of interpretation as sweeping, as penetrative, a mind as robust and original, as that of the unique historian of English literature. There is nothing but genius lacking to prevent even a single volume from being a masterpiece, but for that the writer must have an individuality, a judgment not to be confounded with that of the man over the way, a commanding distinction of style.

Now, Mr. Dowden writes well, but his style is that of the lettered crowd. Given a capacity for reading and writing, a hundred writers of the same scope and learning might sign their names to his work without mortal reader feeling bound to interpose in his behalf. And when you have lamented the undistinguished monotony of these 428 pages, without a single flash of inspiration, without a lively touch of temper or caprice, without a smile or frown, without a ray of light or charm, without a trace of originality, there remains the critic for consideration. As a historian of French literature, Mr. Dowden shows himself accurate, fair, and conscientious. He has condensed as far as possible, and crammed as much as he could of the big and little into such space as naturally forbids free breathing and the necessary expansion of individual genius. This makes his history an excellent guide-book for beginners, or for those who have no fancy for closer acquaintance with the subject, who are content to distinguish roughly between the work of Froissart and Villon without any ardent desire to explore either. This is always laudable industry, and for such reason Mr. Dowden's work has its just measure of utility.

Criticism takes us into depths beyond the writer's capacity. True, the quality of our British critical work has rarely been commanding. An eminent French writer has said that there is no such thing as criticism understood in England, and certain it is that so far as literature is concerned we still await our Sainte-Beuve, our Taine; we await even lesser lights, critics of the force and subtlety of Weiss, Jules Lemaitre, and Anatole France. The French critic proves himself more than a worker—a creative artist in his domain. Mr. Dowden, like the average British critic, is content to say what all the world would say, precisely in the way that all the world would say it. He is not subtle, not suggestive—to win pardon for his lack of depth and penetration, and

accumulation of defects; he is contentedly shallow and obvious. This is how he sums up the spirit of courtly literature:

"In general, the poems of the *Épopée courtoise* exhibit much of the brilliant external aspect of the life of chivalry as idealised by the imagination; dramatic situations are ingeniously devised; the emotions of the chief actors are expounded and analysed, sometimes with real delicacy; but in the conception of character in the recurring incidents, in the types of passion, in the creation of marvel and surprise, a large conventional element is present. Love is independent of marriage, or, rather, the relation of wedlock excludes love in the accepted sense of the word: the passion is almost necessarily illegitimate, and it comes as if it were an irresistible fate; the first advance is often made by the woman; but though at war with the duty of wedlock, love is conceived as an ennobling influence prompting the knight to all deeds of courage and self-sacrifice. Through the later translation of the Spanish *Amadis des Gaules* something of the spirit of the mediæval romances was carried into the chivalric and pastoral romances of the seventeenth century."

It is only when we come to surprising personalities and eccentric genius that we realise the amiable banality of Mr. Dowden's work. That he should be content to walk us through "les lieux communs" when engaged upon the mere documentary portions of his great task, well and good. Genius itself might be pardoned for nodding over Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meung; but Froissart, but Villon! here, surely, are individualities to arrest the readers! Here are delightful occasions to dive underneath the historic wave and bring up pearls of observation and characterisation. Work here may be brilliantly explained by character, moment, race, and environment. Yet neither the quaint and garrulous Froissart nor the double soul of Villon—tender, mournful, pious, and resigned; immoral, ruffianly, and lying—reach us with any vividness of conception. Mr. Dowden makes mention of Villon's "intensity of personal quality," but his business is to make it more evident to us. He laments the tendency to create a Villon legend, but neglects to point out that nothing in all French poetry, before or since this classical vagabond's time, has reached the full and perfect beauty of much of his verse. Many details should have been sacrificed, that the general reader, to whom the book is addressed, might spend another page on this mysterious and unique image of viciousness and innocence, of depravity and engaging childishness, drunken reprobate, repentant soul, and at bottom sweet-natured and harmless child, all in committing every crime of the calendar.

Mr. Dowden is too preoccupied in chaining the mere sequence of work to note or hint at the thousand and one influences that beget, modify, and limit production. He makes no effort to evoke atmosphere and environment. The history of a literature, to fulfil the entirety of its purpose, should in a measure prove the history of racial evolution. It should not be less than a coloured, suggestive, vital revelation of a nation's inner history and development. So many things conspire for and against the production of books that in themselves seem apart and independent. It is this atmos-

phere, these exterior and seemingly remote influences, that we miss in this colourless, if scholarly, book. Light and air should travel freely about the imagination, and instead we are confronted with the dull list of national bookshelves. We crave some vivid presentment of society, we desire to captivate, on palpitating wings of evocation, the tone of thought, of sentiment, to recall the radiant vitality of a vanished hour, hear some echo of the murmur of the thrilled past, gather from exterior details some notion of the interior man whose intellectual work we are invited to consider.

It seems ungracious to cavil at so much evidence of labour, and one would willingly congratulate the public on its results; but it is disconcerting to find so little in it to praise or quarrel with. The traveller in search of the picturesque or the grotesque is not satisfied to find himself upon an even plain with never a hill or hollow in view; and the true combatant is equally charmed by a windmill to tilt against or an altar to pray before. In this department, as in every other department of letters, it does not suffice to classify with accuracy and express oneself with lucidity; the rarer faculties of seeing, feeling, and thinking are necessary as well. And one wonders in dismay what the precise object of such an undertaking can be when all the best of French literature may be studied piecemeal in excellent monographs both in English and in French. Its utility seems to consist in reference, and in this case the achievement may be described as considerably below the labour, since a slim catechism or dictionary would just as well have served.

Turn to p. 166, and read Prof. Dowden's extremely commonplace analysis of *Polyeucte*, and then open M. Jules Lemaitre's third series of the *Impressions du Théâtre*, and read M. Sarcey's lecture at the Odéon on Corneille's tragedy. We do not suggest that classical tragedy should be treated in a serious book in this flippant and delightful way. But underneath the modern flippancy, the charming lightness of touch and cynical explanatory smile, the mobile arch of brow and bright gesture of the lecturer, which M. Lemaitre makes us feel and see (a tone and attitude more seemingly suited to a discussion on the modern plays of Meilhac), what penetration, what originality and surprise of view, what youth and reality infused into an old subject! Why has Prof. Dowden never for one moment deviated from the dull academical manner, shut his eyes upon the mechanical superficialities of training, and struck a personal note to help us to a little good-humour at least? His Corneille is the sort of thing most of us left behind us with our schooldays. That he might have succeeded had he lent himself to the newer method may be gathered by his concise description of La Rochefoucauld's maxims as "a collection of medals struck in honour of the conquests of cynicism." But happy sentences like this do not abound. On the next page he returns to the hackneyed definition of La Rochefoucauld's work and character.

Mr. Dowden's summing up of Racine's characteristics is more telling than any of

his former judgments. True, Racine is an easier, because a more sympathetic, subject than Corneille. He is the dramatist of profound and complex love, and his more modern genius offers an occasion to be interesting. Prof. Dowden points out the audacity that underlies the exquisite suavity of his style, the rare effects of his simple vocabulary, the delicacy and music of his verse, and the dignity of his treatment. But why not support his criticism by the analysis of some illuminating quotations? As a fact, the entire book rolls to its unexciting end unaided by quotation, and the analyses are so cursory and slight as to afford us no pleasure whatever. Even in the pages referred to about Racine, "sensible" is the most enthusiastic adjective at our disposal. And in a mere synopsis, such figures as Montaigne and Bossuet should stand out in finer relief, demand a profounder insight and a more brilliant handling, if even dismissed in a couple of pages, than here bestowed upon them. Indeed, the entire seventeenth century could not well be more inadequately represented than in the hundred and few pages here given to it.

As a compiler of mere facts and the placid announcer in the long defile of historic names the writer is at his ease. No undue demand is made upon his imagination, and we cannot cry out at his lack of freshness, hence our ability to plod our way through well-written pages that simply remind us of half-forgotten names. It is only when vividly remembered figures start into view and familiar landmarks revive old reveries and delights that our patience is tried. We would have the author of *Vert-Vert* more deferentially treated, and something more is due to Marivaux and the Abbé Prévost than Prof. Dowden appears to believe. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot have been so well done elsewhere that there is little left to be said about them. It is hardly necessary to tell a schoolboy that "Rousseau was essentially an idealist, but an idealist whose dreams and visions were inspired by the play of his sensibility upon his intellect and imagination, and therefore he was the least impersonal of writers"; but it is well to weigh upon the fact that Rousseau restored to French prose "colour, warmth, and the large utterance which it had lost."

Prof. Dowden has even found the means of making the amazing and dazzling figure of Beaumarchais a mere lifeless name. Chérubin himself, that prince of impudent and adorable pages, is overlooked. But how many are overlooked in this volume where better men might have been spared? Prof. Dowden canters along the dusty road of acknowledged glory, and has no word or recognition for less obvious celebrity. The ostentatious Chateaubriand figures in all his legendary egotism; Mme. de Staël in the flames of Napoleonic wrath, turbaned and persecuted; but we hear nothing of Laclos, who, as the master of the mundane and psycho-physiological novel of to-day, merits a nod. It is something to be responsible for the fiction of M. Bourget, who traces the particular turn of his talent to the influence of "Liaisons Dangereuses."

From Lammenais to Sainte-Beuve nothing luminous or fresh is said.

Still it must be admitted, in the writer's words, "that no one can pretend to know the whole of a vast literature. He may have opened many books and turned many pages; he cannot have penetrated to the soul of all books, from the *Song of Roland* to *Toute la Lyre*."

### THE LAFAYETTES.

*The Household of the Lafayettees.* By Edith Sichel. (Archibald Constable.)

The value of such a history of a great family, in addition to any interest which may arise from the historical portraiture, lies in insisting upon the earlier revolution *within* the noblesse, and the genuine moderation of the earlier republicanists. Lurid and inaccurate sketches of the great event have become so common that its profoundly logical sequence, its inevitableness, are lost sight of. The men whose faces we see through the confusion are, in a way, types of character, and in them virtue and vice work themselves out to a conclusion with a rapidity which seems almost theatrical. Here, for some dozen years, the dramatic held festival, and in reading the tale of it we seem to be looking at the naked bones of human character.

The author is at her best in her rough bird's-eye surveys of the period, especially of that time which immediately preceded the Terror. It was an age of theory run mad, of sensibility and noble emotions, of endless posing as "friends of man" and "children of nature." It was a time full of a sort of spectral life, when men and women sought always some new thing, and coquetted pleasantly with words and feelings which were some day to be their death. But the high spirit, the generosity and the very flightiness had one effect—they produced a society of fascinating women. At no time were the great ladies so powerful. Their follies ruled the world, their airs and graces were embodied in a preposterous system of etiquette, and in their new pose of earnestness they dared to meddle with science, the State and the Church. It is a cruel tale to read, for over these butterflies even then was hanging the shadow of death. They were, many of them, saints in the truest sense, and beneath the folly lay a deep kindness and courage. Mme. de Tessedé, the Voltairean, the apostle of sensibility, who, when in England, paid a visit to the grave of Richardson and lay for a long time sobbing, met poverty and exile with a Spartan heroism and a more than Spartan cheerfulness. Still stranger was the Maréchal de Noailles, who, says Miss Sichel,

"had many habits, equally innocent, impious, and inconvenient. She kept up a constant correspondence with the Virgin Mary, posted her letters in a dovecot, and never suspected that it was her priest who answered them. 'What familiarity,' she once exclaimed: 'this little bourgeoisie of Nazareth addresses me as "Dear Maréchal de la troisième ligne"!'—but I must remember that she is my Saviour's mother (here she bowed her head), 'and

after all she *does* come of the Royal House of David.' Sometimes her whims took a less extravagant form, as when she insisted that all her elderly grand-nephews should be painted as cupids and distinguished from middle-class loves by having the Order of Malta represented on their shoulders. But even while we laugh there rises before our eyes a vision of the same lady, borne in a tumbrel, with uncomplaining dignity, to the scaffold."

It was with the young aristocrats of the period that the *theory* of the Revolution arose:

"Excited to liberty by philosophical writings and speeches," wrote the Comte de Ségur, "we wished to enjoy in one breath the favours of the Court, the pleasures of the town, the approval of the clergy, the affection of the people, the applause of the philosophers, the renown of *littérati*, the favour of ladies, the esteem of virtuous men."

It was a large ideal, soon to be pitifully broken, but it gave rise to a certain vague rhetorical type of character. From such a class Lafayette arose, and in a way he is its best example. A highly respectable soldier, he distinguished himself first in the American War and returned to Paris to be admired. In the early days of the Revolution he seemed to be the most prominent figure. He became commander-in-chief of the National Guard, and for a little time directed the affairs of the nation. But life became too complex for him, stronger men arose, and he was driven with all his excellent sentiments into exile. After a weary time in Prussian and Austrian prisons, he returned to Paris to find Napoleon at the head of affairs. The two men did not agree, and Lafayette went into retirement. He played some little part in the expulsion of Charles X. and the establishment of Louis Philippe. But his work was over, and at his country dwelling he ended his days in peace.

An amiable, honourable man, but one very far short of greatness. He was at his best as a soldier; as a statesman he had neither strength nor wisdom. He was all his life dominated by hazy abstract ideas which made him diffident in action. Liberty was his chief fetish, and he wasted his time in that most barren of all strifes, the discussion of the best form of government. He incessantly talks of "the lovely name of liberty," and we are told that "he did not suffer the Red Indians to escape, but addressed them eloquently in their native tongue, and converted a feathered chief to the love of liberty." He had a craving for a certain theatrical effect, and posed incessantly on his curvetting white horse. He overestimated his own importance, till even the friendly John Adams is driven to declare, "Lafayette *will* think himself the one person necessary." On the whole, a kindly, high-spirited, ineffective man, at once too romantic and too stupid. He had the misfortune to be cast among men of far greater power, to whom his *fineness* of nature was repugnant. Talleyrand despised him heartily. Mirabeau, the old "swallow of formulas," found him impossible, and hit off his weakness in a perfect nickname. To the fierce men of the Terror this Cromwell-Grandison was an inconsiderable aristocrat, and to Napoleon he was an obstinate, well-meaning

visionary. Yet one cannot but admire the man, for he believed so heartily in himself and his vague ideals, and he shaped his course so honestly on his beliefs, that at times he rose into the heroic.

Miss Sichel's work is interesting, though not without faults. In a general survey of the period she is excellent, but when she has to trace the career of Lafayette himself her desire for brisk narrative lands her in a jerky, breathless style. She is too fond of a heavy antithesis, and now and again there is a trace of the spread-eagle in her sentiment. This leads her to the fault of over-emphasis. We can welcome an honest enthusiasm, but surely in such sentences as the following there is a lack of good sense: "Lafayette was free by the grace of Napoleon; it was as when Sindbad the Sailor burst the sealed casket and let loose the genius who was destined to defy him"; and "It is said that our greatest deeds are unconscious; Napoleon never knew that he had taught Lafayette experience." Again, were Hyde and Clarendon two different people, as p. 100 declares? But apart from such blemishes the work is vigorous and attractive, and, if for nothing else, we must be grateful for the portrait of Adrienne de Lafayette, surely a heroine even in an age of great-hearted women.

### AN OLD DIARY.

*The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska.* Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. (Kegan Paul.)

THIS is a quaint little book, full of a delicate, old-fashioned charm. It is quite in keeping with the portrait of the diarist by Angelica Kauffman, in which she appears as a slim high-waisted creature, with a sidelong glance of the eye, and a dark curl elegantly disposed over a white shoulder. Françoise Krasinska was a daughter of the Korwin Krasinski family, and had the honour to become, through her daughter, Marie Christine, the ancestress of the ducal House of Savoy, and so of the present royal House of Italy. The journal begins when the writer was sixteen, with the marriage of her elder sister, and ends with her own clandestine marriage, two years later, to the Duke of Courland, afterwards an unsuccessful candidate for the Polish throne. The young lady is clever with her pen, and describes her home and the curious feudal life she led there in a fresh and entertaining manner. The unconscious picture which she draws of vivacious girlhood, trammelled in the ceremonial of a petty eighteenth century court, is delightful.

"The courtiers often tell me I am the handsomest, but I am sure I do not see it; we all have the bearing becoming young ladies of high station, the daughters of a Staroste; we are straight as poplars, with complexions white as snow, and cheeks pink as roses; our waists, especially when Madame ties us fast in our stays, can be, as they say, 'clasped with one hand.' In the parlour before guests we know how to make our courtesy, low or *dégagé*, according to their importance; we have been taught to sit quiet on the very edge of a stool,



with our eyes cast down and our hands folded, so that one might think we were not able to count three or were too prim even to walk out of the room easily. But people would think differently if they saw us on a summer morning, when we are allowed to go to the woods in morning gowns and without stays, puffs, coiffures, or high-heeled shoes: Oh! how we climb the steep hillsides, and run and shout and sing, till our poor Madame is quite out of breath from running and calling after us."

As girls will, Mdlle. Franulka gives full details of her sister's wedding, preserving for us many curious customs, like flies in amber, in her artless narrative. The bride is set to wind a skein of tangled silk, in order to prove whether she has sufficient patience for the trials of married life. She performs the task to perfection, and even Matenko, the court fool, can find no room for criticism. In the wedding wreath are fastened a ducat with the date of the bride's birth-year, a bit of bread for good luck, and a lump of sugar to sweeten the future. She is without jewels, for every jewel worn on the wedding-day must be paid for afterwards with a vial of tears. At midnight comes the ceremony of the "Cap." Let Mdlle. Franulka describe it:

"A stool was placed in the middle of the room, the bride sat down, and the bridesmaids began to undo her hair, singing in plaintive voices the old song, 'Ah, we are losing you, Basia.' Then my honoured mother removed the rosemary wreath and the Woivodine Malachowska put in its place a big lace cap. It seemed Basia was costumed for fun, and I should have laughed had not her eyes been overflowed with tears. The cap is very becoming to her, which, they say, is a sign that her husband will love her very much. I am sure he will; he could not help it, she is so good."

How full of sensibility it all is.

Mdlle. Franulka succeeds to her sister's dignity as "Mdlle. Staroste," and to the two pillows and the silk coverlet which are the outward sign of that dignity. Then her own love troubles begin. The first suitor will not do, and he receives the Polish equivalent for the American "mit-ten"; that is to say, a goose with black gravy is served at dinner in token of refusal. But Mdlle. Franulka, although she talks much about her "honoured Mother" and her "gracious Parents," has a pretty will of her own. Presently she falls in love with the Duke of Courland, and he, who is much her superior in rank, proposes to marry her secretly, without the knowledge of his father, the King, or of the all-powerful minister, Brühl. The young lady's parents reluctantly consent, and the wedding takes place—shorn of its ceremonies and with many forebodings. One is sorry to learn that the forebodings were justified, and that the marriage entered into with so many tears and heart-beatings was not a very happy one. But it is a vivid, palpitating bit of life that M. Dziekonska has rescued for us from the archives of history.

## FOR TEACHERS.

*Teaching and Organisation.* By P. A. Barnett, and Others. (Longmans.)

THIS book will doubtless attract the wide and careful attention which it deserves. As such a work should be, it is the joint production of various hands; and its different sections in combination cover pretty well the whole field of secondary education, ranging as they do from the claims of Greek verse composition to the merits of the latest hat-peg. For practical value, however, the gem of the collection is the chapter on "Organisation and Curricula," by the Head Master of the City of London School. With much that Mr. Pollard has to say most schoolmasters will be in entire agreement; and even those who are not prepared to accept some of the more drastic changes he recommends, will approach with respect and weigh with deliberation the strongly, but temperately, expressed convictions of one of the most experienced and distinguished schoolmasters of the day. The articles on Ancient and Modern History very properly insist on the concomitant use of maps, models, and illustrations. The last are now, to some extent, procurable in this country, but maps worthy of the name and models cannot be obtained except from abroad. The ideal educational map at present appears to be one in which all the natural features and nearly all the place-names are left out. This economy of information is supposed to render it "clearer and less confusing," and doubtless also popular in the eyes of the schoolboy. The argument would apply with added force to a blank sheet of paper. For our part, we have never been able to realise the value of maps that do not fulfil the purpose for which maps presumably exist. From the Historical Atlases published in England it is impossible to show the learner why a march took this direction instead of that, or how the course of a campaign was regulated by physical obstructions or facilities. Maps should partake much more of the character of pictures than they do; and an inspection of the sensibly conceived and beautifully executed plans in the Companion Atlas to Siborne's *Waterloo Campaign* will show that the prevailing belief that the highest class of cartography can be produced only in France and Germany is erroneous. In Mr. Miall's interesting paper on "The Teaching of Science" we catch the echo, sometimes even light upon the *ipsissima verba*, of his charming little volume, entitled *Thirty Years of Teaching*, which we had the pleasure of noticing recently. Dr. Abbott's chapter on "The Teaching of English Grammar" could only have been written by Dr. Abbott, as Dr. Dukes's chapter on "Health and Physical Culture" could only have been written by Dr. Dukes. To the former we should like to add that W. B. Hodgson's *Errors in the Use of English* (Edinburgh: David Douglas) would be found extremely useful for class-teaching. "Why," asks Mr. Morris, "should the drawing lesson be almost entirely occupied in practising the drawing of forms which have little or no connexion with the other subjects taught in school?" There is no reason why it should. The drawing-

work can easily be dovetailed into the ordinary class-work, and made subservient to the classical, historical, geographical, or science lessons: Greek and Roman antiquities, mediæval arms and armour, battle-plans, fortifications, mapping, botany, and so forth, will furnish abundant material. Mr. Sidgwick on "Form Management" is, as usual, interesting, though here and there we are dead against him; as, for instance, in his condemnation of place-taking, which after a scholastic experience of thirty years as boy and master we still swear by; and we see no force in a single one of the arguments he urges against the system, while some of his advice to the novice-master we consider entirely pernicious and subversive of the tottering ruins of class-room discipline that yet survive. We are relieved to see that later in the book this ill-counsel is somewhat counterbalanced by Mr. Buckle's more judicious attitude. The other chapters, excellent though many of them are, do not call for detailed comment: perhaps the most noteworthy are those on "English Literature," by the editor; on "Classical Teaching and Specialisation," by the Head Masters of Haileybury and Clifton respectively; and on "Furniture, Apparatus, and Appliances," by Mr. W. K. Hill. There is a supplementary paper on "Organisation and Curricula in Girls' Schools," by the Head Mistress of the Queen's School, Chester. All that is needed to round off the book is a full bibliography of works on pedagogics, an addition which the editor may perhaps see his way to making in a subsequent issue.

## FROM RELIGION TO IRRELIGION.

*The Silence of God.* By Robert Anderson, C.B., &c. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A SHORT and concise book by the Assistant Commissioner of Police, written from what may, without offence, be described as the ultra-Protestant standpoint. Dr. Anderson insists much on the dogma of justification by faith and is entirely opposed to sacerdotal pretensions. As for the "silence" of God, or His apparent indifference in the presence of crimes like the Armenian massacres, he accounts for it by supposing that the age of miracles, or of Divine interference with the ordinary course of things, was past when the Jews rejected the Gospel—a period which he apparently makes coincide with the beginning of St. Paul's mission to the Gentiles. Satan, he holds, is not the author of sins of the flesh, but only of spiritual error: "the pursuit of religious systems, which honour man and dishonour Christ."

Dr. Anderson complains with some bitterness, that while books attacking the Christian faith receive ample notice from the secular press, those written in defence of it are passed over with slight comment. But what would he have? Does he not see that a book dealing with such subjects as his own cannot be discussed at length without taking up one or other of the many sides which the questions raised in it present? To do so would be an impertinence in a journal not published in the interest of a particular Church or sect, and would be



resented by all those of its readers who did not happen to be of the same way of thinking as the reviewer.

*Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion.* By Auguste Sabatier. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

IN this book the Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris gives a sufficiently exhaustive account of the evolution of religion in general, of Christianity in particular, and of the dogmas of the latter in face of modern philosophy and theories of knowledge. He is, he tells us, religious because he is human, Christian because 'Christianity is the perfect and supreme religion in the world,' and Protestant because in Protestantism alone can he "enjoy the heritage of Christ without placing his conscience under an external yoke." The book is well translated by the Rev. T. A. Seed.

*History of Dogma.* Vol. III. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. (Williams & Norgate.)

IN the present volume of this most valuable and scholarly work, Dr. Harnack treats of a period of great importance to the Church, but one in which her history is, as he confesses, very obscure. With the end of the second century the struggle with the great Gnostic sects of Hadrian's reign was nearly over, and the doctrine that the Second Person of the Trinity is the Logos or Word of God had become, in the author's words, "the central dogma of the Church." Yet the exact state of the Church's faith at the time of her alliance with Constantine is not very apparent, and it is perhaps more for this reason than for any other that Dr. Harnack is compelled to begin the second division of his *History of Dogma* with St. Athanasius, whose influence on the creed of the succeeding centuries he declares to be second only to that of St. Augustine. This may be so, but the space at our disposal prevents our discussing it. An appendix on Manichæism, short but giving full weight to the new material provided by Kessler, will prove interesting to those who know the great part which this heresy secretly played in the evolution of doctrine, especially in post-Reformation times.

*Bases of Religious Belief.* By Charles Mellen Tyler, D.D., &c. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

WITHIN the space of less than 250 pages, Dr. Tyler here gives a summary sketch of the evolution of religious belief which, according to him, culminates in a faith that can perhaps be best described as Christianity without dogmas. He has evidently read much on the subject—he is, by the way, Professor of the History of Religion at Cornell—and summarises both well and clearly. In fact, with a little alteration, the book might be made into a class-book, giving not only the principal theories of the origin of religion, but also a key to the nomenclature which the youngest of the sciences has adopted. It is a pity that with so many excellent gifts, Dr. Tyler has allowed himself a latitude in the spelling of proper names which we have noticed of late in the books of other American

scholars. Prof. Tiele, of Leyden, is here mentioned as "Thiele," M. Girard de Rialle as "Gerard de Rialhe," and Prof. Maspero as "Count G. Maspero." Carelessness in such matters is apt to make a reader distrust an author's accuracy in others of more importance.

*The Non-Religion of the Future.* By Marie Jean Guyau. (Heinemann.)

LAST on our list comes M. Guyau's *L'Irreligion de l'Avenir*—a title of which his translator seems to be somewhat afraid. M. Guyau is no mere railer at Christianity. In fact, he says, and shows throughout that he has taken the saying to heart, that there is a fanaticism of irreligion as reprehensible as the fanaticism of religion. But he has brought himself to the conclusion that the old faiths are dead or dying, and that none other are likely to arise in their place. Hence he sets himself to consider what will be the future of the world when religion is withdrawn from it, and he finds the prospect to be one not for ecstasy but for sober hope. Woman, he thinks, will acquiesce in the disappearance of religion, "in proportion as an intellectual and æsthetic education is supplied to her"; voluntary associations for intellectual, moral, and æsthetic purposes will take the place of churches, and the individual may even, through some interfusion of personalities not yet discovered, come to approve of the extinction of his own consciousness. All this is dilated upon with the clearness and point which French writers of a certain class seem to have at their command; but the book is far too long, and covers too wide a field. As to M. Guyau's conclusions, we should like before accepting them to be satisfied as to his premises. Is it so certain that no new form of religion will be invented? And if faith is really moribund, is its state worse than it was immediately before the Christian Era or the Protestant Reformation?

## FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

*Waverley.* By Sir Walter Scott. "The Temple" Edition. With a Bibliographical Note by Clement K. Shorter. In 2 vols. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

MESSRS. DENT & Co., already renowned for their dainty and delightful publications, have never done anything better than this, the initial work of their Temple edition of the Waverley novels. Judging by the two volumes of *Waverley* before us, the forty-eight novels, which will follow at intervals of a month (cost you two shillings apiece), bound in green limp lambakin leather, printed upon a thin but tough opaque paper, of a size that can be slipped into the pocket, no volume more than half-an-inch in thickness, will, indeed, be a possession of delight. Mr. Shorter's bibliographical note is compact with information, Mr. Herbert Railton's drawing of Melrose Abbey is well-designed and reproduced, Mr. McDougall's title-page borders are quite

pleasing, and the photogravure portrait of the Great Unknown excellent. We have but one complaint, and that is the pseudo-book-plate—at once useless and disfiguring. For the rest, a definitive edition, if ever there was one.

*The Spectator.* New Edition in Eight Volumes. The Text Edited and Annotated by G. Gregory Smith. With an Introductory Essay by Mr. Austin Dobson. (J. M. Dent & Co.)  
Another Edition in Eight Volumes. Edited by George A. Aitken. Vol. I. (John C. Nimmo.)

WE cannot give unqualified praise to Messrs. Dent's new edition of the *Spectator*. It is excellent in intention. The paper could not be improved, nor the type, which is thick, clear, and black. But the effect is one of crowding. There is too much type to the page. The inside margins are so narrow that two pages of type facing each other almost run into one. The theory of margins has, indeed, been set at naught. It is a pity, for in every other respect the volume before us is admirable. Especially do we admire the neat binding in blue art canvas, with a backing of coarser undyed canvas. Mr. Austin Dobson's task was to him an easy one, and in his send-off essay he blends ease and erudition in his accustomed happy vein. The text is that of the revised edition of 1712-15, and the original spelling and lavish use of capitals are retained.

It is not a little odd that, after the *Spectator* has for many years been obtainable only in one-volume editions or in second-hand sets of an earlier day, it should now receive flattering attention from two firms of publishers. Not less elaborate than Messrs. Dent's edition is the one which Mr. Nimmo has begun to issue. This also is in eight volumes. But the two editions offer a complete contrast in their appearance. Messrs. Dent's edition is small and antique; Mr. Nimmo's is large and modern. The old spelling and capitals are here banished, and the book gives few suggestions of the eighteenth century aspects of the *Spectator*. Some will miss these suggestions and a certain snugness which Messrs. Dent generally achieve in their reprints. Others will welcome the clarity, the unaffectedness of Mr. Nimmo's edition, and the matter-of-factness of its brown buckram binding. Mr. George A. Aitken is sponsor to this edition.

*The Secret Cabinet of History.* By Doctor Cabanès. Translated by W. C. Costello. (Paris: Carrington.)

THE outward form, no less than the contents, of this book inevitably make us think of Browning's "scrofulous French novel" with its "grey paper and blunt type." Dr. Cabanès' notion of secret history comprises unpleasant medical details concerning Louis Quinze and Louis Seize, Marie-Antoinette, Marat, Talleyrand, and others. There may have been some reason for writing the book; there was none for translating it, for any historian likely to use it to profit would certainly be able to read it in the original.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

Only eighteen novels have been published during the past week. Quite enough to pick and choose from, but small in comparison to former weeks of this prolific season. The list includes no work of supreme interest; but *The Two Captains* is a good Clark Russell; and there are at least four new stories by lady novelists of some reputation.

#### THE TORMENTOR.

By BENJAMIN SWIFT.

Some interest attaches to this novel, owing to the high praise given to its predecessor, *Nancy Noon*, by Mr. J. M. Barrie during his American tour. Mr. Benjamin Swift, whose baptismal name, we believe, is Paterson, is a Scotsman, and lives in Glasgow. He has another novel (*The Destroyer*) ready. (T. Fisher Unwin. 288 pp. 6s.)

#### A SPANISH MAID.

By L. QUILLER-COUCH.

We are favourably inclined to *A Spanish Maid*, for it was accompanied by a cheery little note from the publishers saying that the leaves had been cut for convenience in reviewing. Others, please copy. It opens on the wide plains of Spain (Spain is the fashion now in fiction), and there we meet the distracted Teresa. Her mother is dead, and as for her father: "Go back to that devil and his tribe? Go back and be of his people? Go back to be a tortured slave? I will not go." No, Teresa goes to a much nicer place—the West of England—to the peasants and fishermen who talk in dialect, which is not at all like Teresa's heroics. The book is dedicated "To my Teacher," and Miss Quiller-Couch has certainly caught something of A. T. Q. C.'s clear-cut fly-away style. (Service & Paton. 302 pp. 6s.)

#### THE TWO CAPTAINS.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A typical Clark Russell, with a moving plot and plenty of incidents. "Young man," said the old salt to the narrator, "if ever you put my yarns into print, let them take the form and character of Mr. Dana's book, *Two Years Before the Mast*—that incomparable log-book." Hence this full-bodied story. It includes some spirited pictures. (Sampson Low & Co. 423 pp. 6s.)

#### SUNSET.

By BEATRICE WHITBY.

Miss Beatrice Whitby has written several novels. Her *Awakening of Mary Fenwick* will be remembered for a certain cleverness, and, indeed, Miss Whitby has the uncommon gift of drawing commonplace people; in this story of domestic life she again displays this gift. The opening chapter, introducing us to a lonesome little girl in her nursery, is true to life, and tempts the discerning reader to continue. (Hurst & Blackett. 351 pp. 6s.)

#### THE MAKING OF A PRIG.

By EVELYN SHARP.

A delicate, humorously touched little novel by the author of that book of clever fairy tales called *Wynns*. Miss Sharp contributed stories to the *Yellow Book*, and has a graceful, if not a very profound, talent. (John Lane. 410 pp. 6s.)

#### THE BUILDERS.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

By the author of *When Charles the First was King*. It is no part of Mr. Fletcher's intention in *The Builders* to make the world laugh. *The Builders* is serious and solemn, with a deal about the Yorkshire peasants, in which county the scene is laid. Philip met a lady in a railway carriage. She was reading. "He took the book

from her hand, and glanced at the title. He laid it down with something of a shudder." Then said Philip: "The Bible is open to all. If men and women were satisfied with that, nobody would write such books as the one you are reading." (Messrs. Methuen 335 pp. 6s.)

#### SWEET REVENGE.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

This is one more romance of the American Civil War, that fearful cradle of romance. It is exciting enough by all appearance. "Hands up!" These are the two first words in the story, and the last two are "My sweetheart!" (Harper & Brothers. 248 pp.)

#### LIFE'S WAY.

By SCHUYLER SHELTON.

Mr. Shelton's name is strange to us, but his opening chapters, introducing us to a Berlin boarding-house, make easy reading. A young American student, Philip Seymour, becomes the table-neighbour of an American girl; and at the same meal sends a thrill, all unwittingly, through the heart of a shy young concert-singer, another new arrival. It is the business of Philip Seymour's life to enjoy himself; and he does—with interruptions. (Bentley & Son. 269 pp.)

#### HIS FAULT, OR HERS?

By the author of *A High Little World*. This is a story of chapel-going life in a country town, of faith and love tried to the uttermost. A story that might please Mark Rutherford's readers. (Bentley & Son. 281 pp.)

#### BROKEN ARCS.

By CHRISTOPHER HARE.

This is a West Country chronicle, and many of the characters speak the vernacular. Now, some like dialect in a story; others do not. For those who do we offer a taste. There is plenty more of the dish:

"'Tidden nar' a bit o' good for I to go churnen, mother. It do seem as if thik there butter wur bewitched, for I caan't get 'en to come no ways!"  
'Tell 'ee what, Susie, tidden the butter as be hag-rod.'

(Harper & Brothers. 317 pp. 6s.)

#### THE FREEDOM OF HENRY MEREDYTH.

By M. HAMILTON.

By the author of *McLeod of the Camerons*, *A Self-denying Ordinance*, and *Across an Ulster Bog*. A story of a divorced husband, and what he did with his freedom. Perhaps it is rather the story of what other people did with it—notably his daughter Vivien and Alison Carnegie, his cousin and former love, whose only failing is an inordinate desire "to manage people entirely for their good." (W. Heinemann. 287 pp.)

#### TEMPTATION.

By GRAHAM IRVING.

The story of a woman over-persuaded, but with an extraordinary development in the plot by which she saves her child from the slur of illegitimacy. (Ward, Lock, & Co. 246 pp.)

#### FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

By JOHN LE BRETON.

Three emotional short stories designed to illustrate the three Graces. (John Macquenn. 288 pp.)

#### BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

By HEADON HILL.

A vigorous story of the Russian secret police—"the dreaded Third Section"—and their dealings with "the gentry of the knife and bomb." A tissue of mystery and incident. (Cassell & Co. 307 pp.)

## HIS CHIEF'S WIFE.

BY BARONESS A. D'ANOTHAN.

"The next moment the British Ambassador, in his riding breeches, appeared from the door of the drawing-room that opened on to the verandah." But he is only the British Ambassador to the Court of Brazil, in which country the scene is laid. The society is of the best Brazilian brand, and lest you should chuckle to think the characters are copied from life, the authoress appends a note to say that they are "purely and entirely from the imagination." (Chapman & Hall. 298 pp. 6s.)

## THE SILVER FOX.

BY MARTIN ROSS AND E. CE. SOMERVILLE.

A bright and slangy story that people with nothing else to do will read through at a sitting. It opens at Hurlingham, where a coterie of the smart are foregathered. The silver fox is a sort of fox "that no one had ever seen before"—a beast of bad luck that smiled and showed its teeth, and sometimes turned into a "whitey silvery sort of t'ing." (Laurence & Bullen. 195 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## THE GREAT K. AND A.

TRAIN ROBBERY.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

This story has been a success in America, where also Mr. Ford's earlier story, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, was well received. "K. and A." is short for Kansas and Arizona railroad, and the "holding up" of Overland No. 3 is the subject of an exciting story. (Sampson Low & Co. 200 pp.)

## IVY KILDARE.

BY L. B. WALFORD.

Dear us! How time flies! This is Miss Walford's fourteenth novel. It tells the story of a matrimonial problem, and is written in that light-hearted, colloquial manner in which the wise discuss matrimonial and other problems. Miss Walford is of the school of the great Frenchman who observed, when the clouds were heavy about his head: "I have had my good days. I have had my bad days. These are bad days. They will pass like the rest." (Longmans & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

## THE LAST STEVENSON.

*St. Ives.* By Robert Louis Stevenson.  
(William Heinemann.)

There is never another novel, perhaps, of the picaresque order which begins in a manner so taking and so gallant, to decline upon issues so disappointing, as this of *St. Ives*, the last posthumous work of Robert Louis Stevenson. At the outset, we are confronted, it is true, by the staggering supposition that a Frenchman, nurtured in France, who had never set foot in Britain until he was conveyed thither as a prisoner of war, is able, nevertheless—not only to write his memoir in Stevensonian English, a licence which might pass but—to use both the Scotch and English idiom and accent so perfectly that none whom he met in his travels should suspect his nationality, save upon one insignificant occasion; and this, at a time when his life depended upon the preservation of his disguise. But, setting aside this objection as insuperable, the initial adventures of the romantic Mr. St. Ives are brilliantly invented, and are told in vivid or swift narrative. The captivity in Edinburgh Castle—that "medieval fortress, high placed and commanding extraordinary prospects, not only over sea, mountain, and champaign, but actually over the thoroughfares of a capital city, which we could see blackened by day with the moving crowd of the inhabitants, and at night shining with lamps"—the business with Miss Flora Gilchrist, the duel in the dark with the *Maréchal des logis*, obscene but staunch, and the night escape—all this is very good. But, from this point onwards the reader grows more and more uneasily conscious of a certain hollowness and a lack of continuity in the narrative, until St. Ives comes to Amersham Place, where his rich uncle lies a-dying, and where a frantic and perfectly egregious cousin makes his highly melodramatic appearance, when the pleasure of credence, of illusion, is possible no longer. By this time, the persons of the history are removed without the confines of the familiar and dear world of romance into a strange and distorted atmosphere; and hence-

forward, until the writer lets fall his pen, the story wavers and wanders like a troubled dream. The suicide buried at the cross-roads, in Chap. xi., might have been earthed at the Antipodes for all he has to do with the plot of *St. Ives*. The business of Mr. Buchhell Fenn, the covered cart, and the death of the Colonel, intrude upon the narrative like a separate story; and had none of it taken place, the fortunes of Mr. St. Ives would be never a penny the worse. The introduction of the unaccountable freethinker in Durham city is merely futile, as it stands, and the adventure of the runaway couple is worse than irrelevant—is thinly wrought of tinsel and fustian. And if we turn to the characterisation, we find the valiant and resourceful prisoner no sooner freeing himself, than he becomes the bewildered prey of circumstance, blown hither and thither by every wind of chance. To compare Mr. St. Ives, even at his best, with such a commanding figure as (let us say) D'Artagnan, is surely to play the wanton with the traditions of literature; but, at his worst, St. Ives is no better than a dancing-master gone astray. And Miss Flora Gilchrist, at first a creature so natural, lively, and charming that she lights up the page as we read, presently comes to behave like the finikin miss of vulgar fiction; while, as to her aunt, what single attribute, save her gold quizzing-glass, has the "terrible British old maid" of the Castle in common with the clever, kindly, shrewd old Scotchwoman of Swanston Cottage?

Now, as it is the critic's ungrateful task to indicate blemish and defect amid shining qualities of merit, so it is but common justice in him towards the memory of an artist who was above all things loyal to his art, to suggest a simple and sufficient explanation of the inequality and apparent declension of Stevenson's posthumous work. Stevenson, the romancer, built himself in his life-time a high place in literature—a place peculiar and apart; a delicate palace of crystal where he sleeps enshrined, careless of the menacing leaguer of Time. That he was able to do so, he owed largely to the fortunate conditions under which he worked, ever following his fancy according to her whim and pleasure. For, since he was never compelled to write directly for money, nor stressed for want of time, he could brood and delay and cast aside, resume and revise and revise again, at his leisure; and so, while the conditions demanded by his particular genius remained he was enabled to attain what measure of perfection was possible to him. Remove these special and fortunate conditions—prevent the evolutionary process—and Stevenson's work becomes, not only unconvincing but impossible. Had the opportunity of perfecting his work not been denied to him, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the irrelevant episodes of the suicide, the covered cart, and the rest, would not have been woven into the design, or bodily omitted. Recalling *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae* (to name but these only), we know that by process of time and travail St. Ives would maintain his reputation, Miss Flora her wit and charm; that we should no longer be distressed by the double image of the duenna, and that the monstrous cousin and the unnatural foot-boy would assume the speech and lineaments of humanity.

But in *Weir of Hermiston* and the latter part of *St. Ives*, the *brouillon* in clay, which should have been laboriously perfected in the privacy of the studio, is dragged into the common sunlight. I think it is a pity; I think it unfair, from an æsthetic point of view, to the dead artist. But there is the work for good or ill; and considering it, we may behold the maker absolved from reproach; and may fall to admiring, if we will, the excellence of the several parts, however superfluous they may prove to the whole. The transfixion of the poor old suicide makes an excellent page of gruesome description; the encounter with Burchill Fenn is a brilliant piece of invention set in a curious, dreamlike, haunting atmosphere. And the meeting with Sir Walter Scott, who rides into the story and out again in the most natural way, is tactfully and very pleasantly done. (One may remark in passing that Sir Walter refers to the "licentiate Lucius" [p. 69]. Who is the licentiate Lucius? Is it possible that Sir Walter meant *el licenciado Pedro Garcias*?) But, above all, let us remark the artist's reward for a life's austere devotion to the form of his art. For, whatever the matter about which Stevenson, the athlete in letters, is pleased to employ himself, the style of his performance never fails to compel admiration. There is always the style; the clean, vigorous, eloquent English, coloured like a picture, stirring like a piece of music; and whatever Stevenson said, or failed to say, literature is enriched in that he said it as he did.

And this reflection leads naturally to the consideration of the six topsy-turvy chapters with which Mr. Quiller-Couch has had the temerity to conclude *St. Ives*. Mr. Quiller-Couch is no beginner; he has written several stories; and by this time he should have recognised his proper limitations. Had he discreetly declined a task for which he is totally unfitted, it would have been better both for Stevenson and the British public, and infinitely better for Mr. Quiller-Couch. Beside the Stevensonian diction, Mr. Quiller-Couch's inept and exclamatory collocation of sentences cuts a deplorable spectacle; and to pass from music equable and gay to discords so dismal as these is to prostrate the intelligence. As for the story, it is merely impossible. Moreover, it is open to the gravest doubt (at least) if such expressions as "up to the knocker" (p. 242) and "guying the whole show" (p. 260) were extant in the year of grace 1814.

Indeed, to conclude *St. Ives* thus formally is wholly unnecessary; the end is foreshadowed from the beginning; and any termination is highly gratuitous. Rather than hearken to another, which of us would not retire into the solitary chamber of his imagination, there to finish the story for himself?

\* \* \* \* \*

*What Maisie Knew.* By Henry James.  
(Heinemann.)

I have read this book with amazement and delight: with amazement at its supreme delicacy; with delight that its author, in spite of such discouragement as may come from lack of popular acclaim, retains an unswerving allegiance, to a literary conscience that forbids him to leave a slipshod phrase, or a single word out of its appointed place. As admirers of Mr. James foresee—and Mr. James has a devoted band of admirers, who follow every line that he writes—the bare outline of the story is of the simplest. The plot concerns itself with Mr. and Mrs. Beale Farange, who, when the story opens, have just been divorced. Maisie, the small daughter, is to spend six months alternately with either parent, between whom, in point of conduct, there is scarcely a pin to choose. Soon Beale enters into relations with Maisie's governess, and ultimately marries her, while Mrs. Farange unites herself to Sir Claude. The fact of Maisie's existence is the link which connects the quartette, and finally Maisie "brings together"—so, in her simple way, she puts it—her two step-parents, who enter upon an informal connexion. Between the four Maisie is bandied about; her parents use her each to spite the other; her stepmother uses her "to save appearances"; and Sir Claude, in his vacillating way, really loves the child. But to state the plot of one of Mr. James's books is to state next to nothing. He deals not in events, but in events as they mirror themselves in the thoughts, the fleeting impulses, of his characters. By a rare psychological intuition, he lays bare the under side of his story. And in this book the whole sordid drama of petty jealousy, rancour, wantonness, and vacillation plays itself out for the amusement of Maisie. You follow the story through the mind of Maisie; you see and hear only what Maisie saw and heard; and yet, such is the combined humour and pathos of the presentment, you know so much more than Maisie could possibly know, though Maisie had her childish moral arithmetic, whereby she could put two and two together:

"It was in the nature of things to be none of a small child's business, even when a small child had from the first been deluded into a fear that she might be only too much initiated. Things there were in Maisie's experience so true to their nature that questions were almost improper; but she learned, on the other hand, soon to recognise that patient little silences and intelligent little looks could be rewarded from time to time by delightful little glimpses."

And so Maisie knew quite a number of things; she knew what it meant to "bolt," that people must not be "compromised," that affairs are in their nature "involved," and that things should be "regular"; and she had her own theories to account for the facts of her experience. Here is a short scene between Sir Claude and Maisie in a Boulogne *café*, a scene which has all the delicate charm of which Mr. James is master. Sir Claude has asked Maisie if she will throw over Mrs. Wix, her governess, one of the best characters in the book, and stay on with him and the lady who had forfeited her right to be Mrs. Beale. "May I think?" says Maisie.

"There was but one thing Maisie wished to do, and after an instant she expressed it: 'Have we got to go back to the hotel?'"

'Do you want to?'

'Oh, no.'

'There's not the least necessity for it.' He bent his eyes on his watch; his face was now very grave. 'We can do anything else in the world.' He looked at her again almost as if he were on the point of saying that they might, for instance, start off for Paris. But even while she wondered if that were not coming he had a sudden drop. 'We can take a walk.' She was all ready, but he sat there as if he had still something more to say. This, too, however, didn't come; so she herself spoke:

'I think I should like to see Mrs. Wix first.'

'Before you decide? All right—all right.' He had put on his hat, but he had still to light a cigarette. He smoked a minute with his head thrown back, looking at the ceiling; then he said: 'There's one thing to remember—I've a right to impress it on you: we stand absolutely in the place of your parents. It's their defection, their extraordinary baseness, that has made our responsibility. Never was a young person more directly committed and confided.' He appeared to say this over at the ceiling, through his smoke, a little for his own illumination. It carried him, after a pause, somewhat further. 'Though, I admit, it was to each of us separately.'

He gave her so, at that moment and in that attitude, the sense of wanting, as it were, to be on her side—on the side of what would be in every way most right and wise and charming for her—that she felt a sudden desire to show herself as not less delicate and magnanimous, not less solicitous for his own interests. What were these but that of the 'regularity' he had just before spoken of? 'It was to each of you separately,' she accordingly with much earnestness remarked. 'But, don't you remember, I brought you together?'

He jumped up with a delighted laugh. 'Remember? Rather! You brought us together; you brought us together. Come!'"

There are many living writers who can write dialogue that is amusing, convincing, real. But there is none who can reach Mr. James's astonishing skill in tracing dialogue from the first vague impulse in the mind to the definite spoken word. Certainly there is no living writer who has achieved the feat which Mr. James has here achieved, in analysing and purifying the baser passions of our nature by passing them through the pure mind of a little child.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Twilight Reef.* By Herbert C. MacIlwaine.  
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

This book consists of three stories of Australian life: "The Twilight Reef," a story of gold hunting, not inappropriate at this time; "The Poet of Dead Horse Flat," a satire on fashions in literature, recalling faintly *The Birthplace of Podgers*; and "The Decivilisation of Mr. Smyth," the spirited and entertaining account of a muscular Christian and his adventures. From a purely literary point of view the first story is, perhaps, the best, but the third is certainly the most interesting and agreeable. Fascination always attaches to the quiet scholarly man who on occasion can thrash a bully, and a good fight is ever to be desired. The fight between the Rev. Cyril Wells-Smyth and Ted Cullen, bullock puncher, is an excellent piece of work. It begins well, proceeds well, and ends well. It begins thus. Mr. Smyth had unconsciously scared and enraged a drove of bullocks with his umbrella. Cullen, after quieting them with blows and threats, turned to the parson:

"What brings the likes of you out here among men, frightenin' cattle with your blasted town glummary—hay?"

The parson was slight and trim. The sickening hollow blows on the bullocks' heads, and the language, had left him boiling. He looked up sternly from under his enormous pith helmet at the bullock puncher. 'It was quite unintentional, as you are very well aware; and your language is abominable,' he said.

Cullen lowered himself to a level with the parson, and with a hand on each knee minced ferociously 'Ow—aw! Look at that now. Quite unintentionable; he grinned and nodded furiously round the gathering audience. 'And you'd frighten hell out of a man's bullocks, would you? And you're that gordinously politeful that you're shocked when he rips an' cusses. Fancy that! You're a pretty little parlour tabby cat what's lost its hearthrug, that's what you are—and here's a collar for you.'

During the delivery of his peroration Cullen plucked away the offending umbrella, tore out the handle and the frame, and with his last words he drew the burst cover down over the head of the unresisting parson, and replaced the pith helmet at a raking angle."

The fight followed. The rest of the story is well told, though perhaps a little over violent. Mr. MacIlwaine has the true narrative gift.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THIS book season more than ever are we confronted by the English book printed in America. The cunning way in which the American Copyright Law compasses the destruction of English printers is worth more attention from our own law-makers than it has ever got. To be copyrighted in America a book must be printed there. No plates or sheets sent from England will be protected from the pirate. Such is the rule; and the working out of it is that English publishers, instead of producing an English and an American edition of a book, find it cheaper to print one in America only, and to import it, though they pay the American printer far better than they pay his English brother.

With the social results of this alienation of English trade we need not deal; but we may at least protest, in the name of book-lovers, against the very undistinguished appearance of many of the books that come to us from the printing presses of the United States. Take the case of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's *Reminiscences*, for instance, issued this week. The reader does not need to look for the American imprint—it is proclaimed to him by the flat and monotonous appearance of the printed page. And the disadvantage is the author's as well as the reader's; for the book is somehow made to look a dull one, and merely to handle it is to harbour an iniquitous prejudice against what it contains.

TALKING of English and Scottish printers (some of whom, on the contrary, make a dull book look brilliant at first sight by their clear and almost radiant type-work), a word needs to be said as to the increase

of trivial errors in the text. Messrs. Constable, for instance, whose compositors are the glory of their craft, appear to be in need of a strengthening of their readers' department. A few months ago attention was called to the defacement of the *édition de luxe* of a great novelist sent out by their firm with a number of trifling inaccuracies; and now it teases us in Stevenson's *St. Ives* to come on similar imperfections. The mere omission of quotation-marks at the end of a quotation, as at the foot of page 14, is annoying; and there was room, especially in the case of a book deprived of the author's own care of revising, for that friendly mark of interrogation opposite obvious slips of grammar which makes every author, as Browning frequently proclaimed, the debtor of the printer's-reader.

"WHAT a prolific fellow he is!" was an exclamation Tennyson once made on hearing Browning's name. There is in the Tennyson Memoir a note from Tennyson to Browning, showing that this idea was really almost the predominant one in the Laureate's attitude towards his great contemporary. When *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* came to him, he wrote:

"My dear R. B.,—My wife has just cut the leaves. I have yet again to thank you, and feel rather ashamed that I have nothing of my own to send you back, but your muse is prolific as Hecuba, and mine, by the side of her, an old barren cow.—Yours ever, "A. T."

Elsewhere the length of a poem of Browning's has a mark of exclamation, and the fear that he cannot be "popular" is uttered as a genuine apprehension by one to whom popularity meant so much.

BROWNING, when he wrote his lines about Fitzgerald, wrote as a husband; but he had a score to settle with Fitz on his own account. Throughout the Tennyson memoir Fitz is seen as a lover of Tennyson's poetry who loathed Browning's. Not all the dashes in the world can obscure the identity, for instance, of the man who is under remark in the following characteristic paragraph of a letter from Fitz to the Laureate: "I see — has another of his uncouth works out. I call him the Great Prophet of the Gargoyle School. In France they have a man equally disagreeable to me, Victor Hugo. I think it partly is because of the beautiful things that have been done from the time of the Greeks to A. T., and so those who can't do them better prove their originality by descanting on the ugly; and they have their day." They have.

CONTROVERSIES about the true inwardness of the "Rubāiyāt" of Omar Khayyām have been as many, and perhaps as futile, as those about the "Canticles" by King Solomon. Behind the praise of women and of wine, in each case, a mystical allegory is supposed to lurk. On that assumption only was the Song of Solomon included—and rather hesitatingly included—within the canonical books of the Bible; and a suspicion has lingered in many minds that the turn given by Fitzgerald, who does not rank

high among Persian scholars, and who took amazing liberties also with the Latin author he translated, is not really that intended by the Persian poet of centuries ago. Now that two new translations are in the press the plain English reader may be put nearer Omar's mind. Mr. Le Gallienne, if we may gather from the specimen verses already published, follows Fitzgerald in both the metre and the rendering. By Mr. Edward Heron-Allen, a Persian and Arabic scholar, we have promise of "a literal translation." Mysticism, however, is not easily caught in the toils of even "literal translations"; and it must be plain that Fitzgerald's noble numbers, far more than the Persian's philosophy of life, made the poem beloved by modern men, and put it into a circulation as popular as the rather high price of its editions permits it to be.

A SMALL snug affair, refreshing rather than refulgent, was the dinner given on Tuesday night by the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford to Dr. Murray, Mr. Henry Bradley, and others who are helping to produce the Historical English Dictionary. Dr. Murray gave a *résumé* of the undertaking, which dates from 1875. He is now in the middle of it, and hopes that 1910 will see this great work finished; or, with luck, 1908.

WE regret that by pure inadvertence we did not acknowledge the source of the figures we gave last week in our "Book Market" columns, showing the proportion between American and English books now being issued in America. These figures had been carefully and specially compiled for *The Author*, and to this paper our acknowledgments are now given.

AMONG the Clarendon Press books almost ready for publication may be mentioned *Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*, by the Abbé Dubois, translated from the author's later French MS. by Mr. H. K. Beauchamp; a new volume of "Sacred Books of the East"; and a critical volume on *The Odes of Keats*, with a Memoir, by Mr. A. C. Downer.

"G. R." writes: "Mr. Edward Maitland, whose death, at the age of seventy-three, has recently been announced, is known to the present generation chiefly as the friend and biographer of Anna Kingsford, M.D.; though half a century ago he was hailed as a writer of great promise, and his fame as the author of *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* was considerable. Born at Ipswich, and brought up in the strictest of evangelical sects (his father and one of his brothers were clergymen), he graduated at Cambridge with the intention of taking orders, but fortunately discovered in time that his theology was too pronounced in the direction of extreme Liberalism. Abandoning the idea, he wrote the autobiographical novel above mentioned, which Tinsley published, and took himself off to California. He became one of the band of 'forty-niners,' and remained abroad in the continents and isles of the Pacific, from America passing to Australia, until the intended year of his absence had grown

into nearly ten years, and he had experienced 'well-nigh every vicissitude and extreme which might serve to heighten the consciousness, toughen the fibre, and try the soul of man.' Returning to England in 1857, he devoted himself to literature, into which, however, nothing of the trade element was permitted to intrude. Everything he wrote must minister to and represent a step in his own 'unfoldment.' Of all his literary contemporaries, perhaps Maitland was most intimate with and best appreciated by Lord Houghton and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. He reviewed, and very well too, in the *Athenæum* from 1869 to 1873 or thereabouts. His book *By-and-Bye*, an historical romance of the future, issued in 1873, was the means of his meeting Mrs. Kingsford, who found herself so much in sympathy that she wrote proposing an interchange of ideas; and so began an association for the sake of a high and earnest work, an association which lasted, according to Maitland's belief, beyond the span of ordinary existence. . . . Since the death of his colleague in 1888, he lived only to accomplish the work of writing her *Life*, a truly prodigious undertaking. That work finished, he collapsed mentally and physically. His friend, Colonel Currie, then removed him from the studios in Thurloe-square, where he had lived alone (his only child being an army surgeon on foreign service), and for many months nursed him with tenderest care until the end, which came on Saturday, October 2, at Tonbridge, Kent, where his remains have been interred. Possessed of the physique of a giant, of great intellectual powers, of an excellent style and indefatigable industry, it is strange how little he has left of permanent value to English literature. His career may be compared, in many respects, with that of Laurence Oliphant. Immersed in what has been called the spiritual movement, he was eclectic to a fault, and abandoned 'theosophy' while claiming to be a reincarnation of the soul that was in John the Baptist; similarly, he dissociated himself from spiritualism so-called, though it is in evidence that he, by means of private mediums, evoked the shade of Mrs. Kingsford whenever, after her demise, he needed instructions about carrying on the work of social reform and hermetic philosophy to which they had jointly devoted their lives."

LOVERS of Scott and Stevenson—that is to say, a vast number of people—would have been grieved had the "Hawes Inn," at Queensferry, been destroyed in the fire that attacked it on Tuesday night. This fine old inn figures in Scott's *Antiquary* and in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*; in the one case receiving Monkbarons and in the other David Balfour under its roof. The fire broke out in one of the cellars, fortunately beneath a recently added portion of the building. Blue-jackets from *H.M.S. Caledonia* and ready volunteers from the neighbourhood were forthcoming, and the damage, though considerable, was confined to the non-historical portions of the inn.

A WRITER in the *American Bookman* de

scribes an interview he had with Dr. George Macdonald at Bordighera last winter. He found Dr. Macdonald very vigorous. "Most fine days see him on his tricycle on Bordighera roads. He talked of the new Scottish novelists. He considered Mr. Barrie to be the foremost of them all, and had been especially charmed with *The Little Minister* and *Margaret Ogilvy*. He also recognised 'Ian Maclaren's' 'humour and pathos,' and Mr. Crockett's 'verve and vigour.' Of himself Dr. Macdonald said: 'I shall be seventy-two before the year ends, and that's far on; it's about time to be going Home.'"

AN amusing tale comes from Lyons. A group of literary men in that city are about to try to elevate French literature by decidedly novel means. These gentlemen think that the mediocrity of contemporary literature arises from the happy-go-lucky way in which writers go to work, each choosing his own *genre*; the result being an infinite number of petty successes, but no progress. The idea is to offer encouragement to writers to achieve great things in particular directions. Committees will be formed, each committee devoting itself to the task of raising up a brilliant writer of a certain stamp.

For example. These Men of Lyons are of opinion that an Edgar Allan Poe is a "felt want" in French literature of to-day—and yet at this moment an Edgar Allan Poe may be eating his heart out, unrecognised, in the corner of a *brasserie*. Well, he must be found, patted on the back, aided, and published. This will be the task of the "Comité Edgar Allan Poe." The committee is not rich; the Poe discovery fund does but amount to about £12; but the committee is quite hopeful, and promises by the end of next year to bring the Poe of the future into the light of day.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* is proud of forty years' existence, completed this month. The editor recalls the circumstances under which the magazine was started. It was on April 29, 1857, that Longfellow wrote in his journal: "Lowell was here last evening to interest me in a new magazine, to be started in Boston by Phillips and Sampson. I told him I would write for it if I wrote for any magazine." A week later he made the following entry: "Dined in town at Parker's, with Emerson, Whittier, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher Phillips, to talk about the new magazine the last wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done; though I am not so eager about it as the rest."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was another member of the original staff, and in Pickard's biography of the poet we read: "At a dinner given by Mr. Phillips, the publisher, in the summer of 1857, there were present Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Edmund Quincy, and other writers of high reputation. The plans of the new magazine were discussed and arranged at this dinner. Mr. Underwood nominated Lowell as editor-in-chief,

and his name was received with enthusiasm. Holmes suggested the name *The Atlantic Monthly*. The success of the enterprise was assured from the start, and a new era in American literature was inaugurated." Of the fourteen writers of articles in the body of the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, only three, the editor tells us, are living.

## EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

### III.—THE "NIBELUNGEN LIED."

SAVE by a heaven-born poet, who should perform on the Teuton epic the miracle which Edward Fitzgerald performed on Omar Khayyám, the "Nibelungen Lied" could only be represented for Englishmen in prose—such Biblical prose as that into which Mr. Andrew Lang and his adjutor rendered Homer. The thing has been done for us at last. Mr. Dent is the publisher, and a woman, Miss Margaret Armour, is the translator. The book is admirably got up, with illustrations after the manner of old wood-engraving, by Mr. McDougall. Truth to say, these illustrations are weak as figure-drawing, though charming as decoration. But "the play, the play's the thing;" and I congratulate Miss Armour on her achievement. She has, say *cognoscenti* in German, taken serious and indefensible liberties of omission and commission with the difficult and sometimes diffuse text of the original. Moreover, she is apt to be too stiffly and crowdedly archaic—overdoing her admirable model, Mr. Lang. Yet, get only a little used to this, and her version will grow on you as a thing of spirit and picturesqueness. It is hardly gear for woman to meddle with, this hirsute old German epic; yet this woman has made of it better work than most men could do—an English narrative which holds you and strikes sparks along your blood. I, like thousands more, cannot read the crabbed Mediæval German; but in this translation I have exulted over genius, authentic genius, brought home to me in my mother tongue.

There is no space here to analyse the tale: an epic Homeric in primitive directness of narrative, but brooded over by the fierce spirit of the murky North. Homeric are the repetitions of set epithet; Homeric the simple pathos; more than Homeric the joy of battle; Homeric the overlaying of an earlier story with the manners of a later budding civilisation. But there is no Homeric imagery; the narrative is utterly direct, and, when the poet strikes an image, he iterates it with *naïf* pride in his discovery. "A fire-red wind blew from the swords"; "They struck hot-flowing streams from the helmets"—this image is made to do duty with child-like perseverance in many forms. With simple delight he dwells on details of attire, rich, yet primitive, costlily barbaric. The men's robes are of silk, gold-inwrought, and lined with—what think you?—fish-skins! Sable and ermine and silk adorn the damsels, bracelets are over their sleeves: but no pale aristocracy this of Burgundy. "Certes, they had been grieved if their red cheeks had not outshone their vesture." Very quiet and plain are

the poet's grieving pictures, a lesson to the modern novelist, with his luxury of woe. They make no figure as elegant extracts; but in its place every simple line tells. Kriemhild is borne from her slaughtered lover's coffin in a swoon, "as her fair body would have perished for sorrow." No more; and one asks no more. But it is in battle that this truly great Unknown finds himself, and sayeth "Ha! ha!" among the trumpets. Unique in all literature is the culmination of this epic of Death. Kriemhild, the loving woman turned to an Erinny by implacable wrong, has invited all her kindred of Burgundy to the court of her second husband, Etzel the Hun. With them comes dark Hagen, the murderer of her first husband, Siegfried the hero unforgotten. On him she has vowed revenge; and her trap draws round the doomed Burgundians. The squires of Gunther, the Burgundian King, she has lodged apart: with them abides Dankwart, the brother of Hagen. In the hall of Etzel's castle Gunther and his nobles sit in armour, feasting with the Hunnish King and Queen: the little son of Etzel and Kriemhild, Ortlieb, is summoned in, and wanders round among the stranger guests. Fatal sits Kriemhild, watching her netted prey, expecting the signal which shall turn the feast to death. It comes; in other manner, and to other issue than she dreams. Arms clang on the stairs: the door flies wide, a mailed and bloody figure clanks in terrible. It is Dankwart. The Huns have set upon King Gunther's squires and slain them to a man; he has fought his way through the hostile bands, alone. At those tidings, grim Hagen springs erect, and mocks with fierce irony:

"I marvel much what the Hunnish knights whisper in each other's ears. I ween they could well spare him that standeth at the door, and hath brought this court-news to the Burgundians. I have long heard Kriemhild say that she could not bear her heart's dole. Now drink we to Love, and taste the King's wine. The young prince of the Huns shall be the first."

To the overture of that dusky mockery the Burgundians rise. "With that, Hagen slew the child Ortlieb, that the blood gushed down on his hand from his sword, and the head flew up into the queen's lap." Up the hall and down the hall pace the terrible strangers, slaying as they go: Etzel and Kriemhild sit motionless, gazing on the horror. At last they fly: the doors are barred, and the Burgundians pass exterminating over all within. It is but the beginning. All the country round flocks to Etzel's summons. Troop after troop of Huns win into the dreadful hall; but from the dreadful hall no Hun comes back. "There was silence. Over all, the blood of the dead men trickled through the crannies into the gutters below." In the midst of a magnificently imagined *crescendo* of horror and heroism, death closes in adamant on the destined Burgundian band. I am almost tempted to say that it is the grandest situation in all epic. And of the dramatic force with which it is related there can be no question.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### II.—A WAITRESS.

SHE had cleared away the lunch, and the rattle of crockery had departed down the long passage of the country inn, and subsided into the kitchen at the end. The day was rainy; I was dull; and strolling out with my pipe into the passage I found her on the seat by the cupboard, where they kept the candles by which we lighted ourselves to bed. She was reading; or rather, she was turning the leaves of a book. I saw at a glance it was *The Spoils of Poynton*, which I had lent her. For she had waited upon me carefully and well, and had remarked that her hobby was reading.

"You don't like it, I'm afraid," I said.

She glanced up, and put the book down on the table by her side, when it rested upon another book which I had lent her—a work by Mrs. L. T. Meade.

"I can't make it out," she said; "it's all about furniture."

"That's true," I said. "But human emotions may have inanimate objects for their centre, mayn't they?"

I don't think she quite understood; for her eyes wandered to the book underneath *The Spoils of Poynton*, and she began fingering it.

"That's a lovely book," she said. "I'd like to read that over again, if you can spare it."

I picked it up—*The Way of a Woman*.

"Oh, yes, I can spare it," I said. "But, tell me, do you read much?"

"Well, there isn't much time in the summer and autumn, but when we're slack in the winter, I read—oh, lots! There's plenty of books in the lib'ry, and I'm over there—well, you might call it every day. They've got *East Lynne*. I've read *East Lynne* three times—no, four times. And there's one part where I always cry. Isn't it silly?"

"And what about Marie Corelli?" I asked. "Have they got her in the library?"

"I don't think I've seen it," she said.

"But *The Sorrows of Satan*?" I began.

"Oh, that's a lovely book," she said.

"I've read that. Don't you think it's nice?"

"Yes, awfully nice," I said. "And Edna Lyall?"

She looked doubtful.

"*We Two*, you know?"

"Yes, *We Two*. I love that."

"Well, that's Edna Lyall."

"I thought you said *We Two*," she said.

"But Edna Lyall wrote it."

"Oh," she said, drawing out the latest work of Mrs. L. T. Meade, and opening it tenderly at chapter one.

"Tell me," I said, "what sort of a novel you really like? because that's the sort of novel I want to write."

"Oh, all sorts; I don't know," she replied.

"There must be a heroine?"

She nodded decidedly.

"And a hero?"

She nodded again, and I thought I caught the ghost of a blush.

"And they must be parted, and then meet again, and marry; or perhaps one of

them should die, and the other never marry anyone else for ever?"

"That would be a nice story," she said.

"Well, but *The Spoils of Poynton*?" I began.

"Oh, that's all about a silly old house, and furniture," she said.

"But don't you like sketches like—well, *Tales of Mean Streets*—those realistic stories of low life in the East-end of London?"

"Oh, I don't care to read about low people."

"You like tales about people in your own rank of life, or even higher?"

She thought a moment, and, with her hand upon Mrs. Meade's work,

"Yes, I think that's it," she said.

She looks upon a story, I suppose, not from the outside, as a work of art, a presentment of another life than her own, but rather as a suggestion of what her own life might be with a little more money and the requisite hero. I did not put it to her in this way, for fear she should not understand me. But I think that is what it comes to.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### A MILLION COPIES A MONTH.

A PARAGRAPH or two went round the Press some months ago drawing attention to the large circulations enjoyed by certain unheard of magazines in America. The capital instance was a magazine called *Comfort*. In giving a list of these successful periodicals the *Chap-Book* said: "We have never seen a copy of *Comfort*, nor heard its name upon the lips of any human being." Since then a representative of the *Chap-Book* has interviewed the editor of *Comfort*. This gentleman admits that the success of the magazine is due to the fact that it appeals to the half-educated. *Comfort* was founded, and is still owned, by Mr. W. H. Gannett, who started without experience and with very small capital. In nine years he has raised the circulation to more than a million copies a month.

This achievement must excite the curiosity of editors the world over; and we quote the following particulars. Said Mr. Gannett to his interviewer:

"I saw that there were plenty of publications for thoroughly educated people. The *Atlantic Monthly*, *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, to say nothing of dozens of less pretentious ones, were filling this field well. But there was not one made for and adapted to the tastes and requirements of the 'mighty middle classes.' My aim was, and has always been, to make a publication for this immense constituency. I thought that my constituency would compare with that of the *Atlantic Monthly* about as the number of university graduates compares to the great mass of American readers, and the circulation of such a periodical as I had in mind ought to be correspondingly great."

The report continues:

"From the first number to the present time he has worked on these lines, and soon the paper, never seen in a great city, became a household word in the country home, the factory, the village store, and the mining camps of the West."

Circulation was pushed in every conceivable way except the ways that other publishers were following. Never having been a publisher, he did not know how to get into the beaten tracks if he had wanted to do so. When the circulation had reached a hundred thousand, it was so scattering that almost every county in the United States was represented. The genius of the business man rather than the experience of the publisher kept the circulation on the increase.

"One new scheme followed another, always with the idea of pleasing the new subscriber, and thereby making him a medium of getting another. All the time the paper was made to suit the people who lived outside of the great cities. Their tastes were studied and their wants gratified in the contents as far as possible.

As to the contents of this successful magazine, we read:

"The idea of adaptability and fitness predominates. A story, a sketch, or an editorial paragraph is considered in connexion with its adaptability to the requirements of 'our people.' A glance at the editorial page will best illustrate this point. The July issue discusses 'The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the Continent by John Cabot,' 'Ability to Become Interested in Many Things as a Source of Pleasure,' 'Summer as a Playtime,' 'Preserving the Beauty of our Highways,' 'Marring the Beauty of Nature by Advertisements on Rocks,' and 'The Deaths and Principles of Adams and Jefferson.' The August issue discusses 'August as the Former Month of College Commencements,' 'August Vacations,' 'Publication of the New Translation of Omer,' 'Making the New Tariff,' 'Names of Books,' 'Books about Spain and Russia,' and 'Probable Use of Electricity in the Kitchen.' Each one of these articles is written with the idea of being pleasing and entertaining to any one who can read and understand the English language. And while this is true, no one can be found too learned to enjoy every paragraph. There is not a French or Latin quotation, and no mystifying references. Then through it all runs a pronounced vein of patriotic Americanism."

These facts derive a certain special interest from the circumstance that a new popular journalistic enterprise is on foot in this country. *Stories* is to be the title of a new weekly paper, similar in outward appearance to *Answers*, which is about to be launched with, it is said, a capital of three-quarters of a million pounds behind it. According to the *British Weekly*, it will emanate from a syndicate which will publish a long series of weekly papers and monthly magazines. In explanation of this venture the *British Weekly* says: "It is an open secret that a short time ago Mr. Hooley offered a million and a half for Sir George Newnes' business, but meeting with a refusal, he has decided to start a number of publications similar to those which have been so successful in the hands of Sir George Newnes and others."

### THE BOOKS THAT ARE SELLING.

We publish lists of the books that are most in demand in London and various large towns. *The Memoir of Lord Tennyson* is named in every list except those of Brighton and Reading. (Our Reading correspondent sadly reports: "Very little

solid reading done in this town.") It is significant that Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* still figures in these reports; nor is the sale of Nansen's book so dead as some may think. The novels in demand are those we should expect. Of light books, not fiction, Mrs. C. W. Earle's *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* is in high favour. In Criticism there is a good demand for Prof. Dowden's *History of French Literature*.

A Strand correspondent writes: "A great improvement in trade during the last fortnight, principally owing to the colleges and schools. Lord Tennyson's *Life* is selling beyond our expectations. Du Maurier's *Martian*, although having a steady sale, cannot be compared with the demand for *Trilby*."

Dublin says: "A great demand for the *Memoir of Lord Tennyson*; it will be the book of the season."

Newcastle-on-Tyne: "Business up to average, in spite of Engineers' Lock-Out, which has caused slackness in trade generally in Newcastle."

### LONDON (STRAND).

#### FICTION.

*The Christian*. By Hall Caine.  
*St. Ives*. By R. L. Stevenson.  
*The Martian*. By George Du Maurier.  
*The Invisible Man*. By H. G. Wells.  
*Life of Lambeth*. By W. S. Maugham.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Memoir of Lord Tennyson*. By his Son.  
*History of the Horn Book*. By Andrew Tuer.  
*Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.  
*History of Our Own Times*. Vol. V. By Justin McCarthy.

*Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*. By M. A. S. Hume.

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, AND CRITICISM.

*Selected Poems*. By George Meredith.  
*Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.  
*The New Fiction, and Other Essays*. By H. D. Traill.  
*Studies in Two Literatures*. By Arthur Symonds.  
*Lilliput Lectures, and Easy Lessons and Essays on Conduct*. By W. B. Randa.  
*New Essays Toward a Critical Method*. By J. M. Robertson.

#### TRAVEL.

*Fire and Sword in the Soudan*. By Slatin Pasha.  
*The Massacre in Benin*. By Capt. Bolaragon.

#### THEOLOGY.

*Bennett's Primer of the Bible*.  
*The Gospel in the Epistles*. By Guinness Rogers.  
*St. Paul*. By Prof. W. M. Ramsay.

### LONDON (LEICESTER-SQUARE).

#### FICTION.

*St. Ives*. By R. L. Stevenson.  
*What Malsie Knew*. By Henry James.  
*The Invisible Man*. By H. G. Wells.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*A Memoir of Lord Tennyson*. By his Son.  
*St. Francis of Assisi*. By Canon Knox-Little.  
*Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*. By M. A. S. Hume.  
*Hannibal*. By W. O'Connor Morris.

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

*Selected Poems*. By George Meredith.

### LONDON (SLOANE-STREET).

#### FICTION.

*The Christian*. By Hall Caine.  
*The Skipper's Wooing*. By W. W. Jacobs.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Memoir of Lord Tennyson*. By his Son.  
*Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.

#### POETRY.

*Selected Poems*. By George Meredith.

#### TRAVEL.

*Farthest North*. By F. Nansen.

### NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Two Reports).

#### FICTION.

*The Christian*. By Hall Caine.  
*The Martian*. By George Du Maurier.  
*In Kedar's Tents*. By Seton Merriman.  
*St. Ives*. By R. L. Stevenson.  
*Lawrence Clavering*. By A. E. W. Mason.  
*On the Face of the Waters*. By Mrs. Steel.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Memoir of Lord Tennyson*. By his Son.  
*History of Our Own Times*. Vol. V. By Justin McCarthy.

*Life of Nelson*. By Capt. Mahan.  
*Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.  
*Johnson's History of Europe in the 16th Century*.

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

*Tennyson's Poems*.  
*Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.

*Selected Poems*. By George Meredith.

#### THEOLOGY.

Dean Farrar's Books.

### DUBLIN.

#### FICTION.

*The Martian*. By George Du Maurier.  
*The Christian*. By Hall Caine.  
*The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen.  
*St. Ives*. By R. L. Stevenson.  
*The Massacres*. By Ouida.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Memoir of Lord Tennyson*. By his Son.  
*Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.  
*St. Francis of Assisi*. By Canon Knox-Little.  
*Life of Nelson*. By Capt. Mahan.  
*Life of General Grant*. By W. Conant Church.

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

*The New Fiction, and Other Essays*. By H. D. Traill.  
*Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.  
*History of French Literature*. By Prof. Dowden.  
*English Literature and the French Revolution*. By Prof. Dowden.

#### TRAVEL.

*Fire and Sword in the Soudan*. By Slatin Pasha.

#### THEOLOGY.

*Ancient Hebrew Tradition*. By Prof. Hommel.  
*Westcott's Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament*.

### CAMBRIDGE.

#### FICTION.

*St. Ives*. By R. L. Stevenson.  
*The Martian*. By George Du Maurier.  
*The Christian*. By Hall Caine.  
*In Kedar's Tents*. By Seton Merriman.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Memoir of Lord Tennyson*. By his Son.  
*History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. Vol. II. By Prof. Gardiner.  
*History of French Literature*. By Prof. Dowden.

#### POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

*The Age of Tennyson*. By Hugh Walker.  
*Selected Poems*. By George Meredith.  
*Verses and Fly-Leaves*. By C. S. Calverley.  
*Modern Mythology*. By Andrew Lang.

#### TRAVEL.

*Farthest North*. By F. Nansen.

#### THEOLOGY.

*Vincent's Philipians and Philemon*.  
*Bennett's Primer of the Bible*.  
*Westcott's Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament*.  
*Ecclesiastics*. Translated by Cowley and Neubauer.

### BRIGHTON.

#### FICTION.

*In Kedar's Tents*. By Seton Merriman.  
*The Martian*. By George Du Maurier.  
*The Christian*. By Hall Caine.  
*The Old, Old Story*. By R. N. Carey.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Forty-one Years in India*. By Lord Roberts.  
*History of Our Own Times*. By Justin McCarthy.  
*History of the Church of England*. By H. O. Waddell.

## POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle.  
Temple Classics.

## BRISTOL.

## FICTION.

St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.  
In Kedar's Tent. By Seton Merriman.  
The Christian. By Hall Caine.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.  
History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate.  
Vol. II. By Prof. Gardiner.

## TRAVEL.

Bigelow's White Man's Africa.

## READING.

## FICTION.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen.  
What Maisie Knew. By Henry James.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By Prince Ranjitsinhji.  
History of the Church of England. By H. O. Wakeman.

## BIRMINGHAM.

## FICTION.

The Christian. By Hall Caine.  
Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs.  
In Kedar's Tent. By H. S. Merriman.  
The Chevalier D'Aurillac. By S. Levett-Yeats.  
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoir of Lord Tennyson. By his Son.  
St. Francis of Assisi. By Canon Knox-Little.  
History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate.  
Vol. II: 1649-1660. S. R. Gardiner.

## ESSAYS AND CRITICISM.

Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. Mrs. C. W. Earle.  
A History of French Literature. By Prof. Dowden.

## THE WEEK.

AN interesting week. It will be seen that History and Biography are strongly represented in our list. The most solid item under these heads is the two concluding volumes of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's *The French Revolution*. Less exacting is Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's *Historical Portraits*, a handsomely illustrated account of the chief paintings of this class scattered in public and private collections about the country. Then we have histories of China and South Africa; two or three chronologies; and biographical-historical works such as *The Life and Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter*, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Merry Monarch. In pure biography and autobiography may be noted *The Recollections of Aubrey de Vere*; *Verdi, Man and Musician* (with special reference to his English experiences); *The Autobiography of Madame Guyon* (the first full translation into English of this remarkable book); and Prof. Knight's definitive edition of *The Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*. Somewhat apart in History stands *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, by Mr. Walter Walsh. The cheap—that is to say the twenty-five-shilling—edition of Mr. Aymer Vallance's *Life of William Morris* is issued this week.

Under Essays and Criticism we have an essay on *Style* by Mr. Walter Raleigh, *An Attic in Bohemia* by Mr. E. W. Lacon

Watson (a collection of literary papers), and *Certain Personal Matters* by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Under Poetry we have, perhaps, the book of the week. This is Mr. Palgrave's second series of *English Lyrics* in the "Golden Treasury" series. Also *Minuscule* (Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love), by Francis W. Bourdillon.

Children's books begin to load our table. Mr. Andrew Lang's *Pink Fairy Book*, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's *Aaron of the Wild Woods*, and Mr. Edward A. Parry's *The First Book of Krab*: these promise peace and laughter to the nursery.

Two important works, under the heading Art, are Mr. Reginald Blomfield's *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800*, and Mr. Albert Hartshorne's *Old English Glasses*.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

AD LUCAM; OR, THE ASCENT OF MAN THROUGH CHRIST. By Rev. Algernon Barrington Simson. Gardner, Darton & Co. 6s.  
OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS. By Rev. T. H. Stokoe, D.D. Part III. The Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.  
THE EXPOSITOR'S GREEK TESTAMENT. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Vol. I. Hodder & Stoughton.  
THE PROVIDENTIAL ORDER OF THE WORLD. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.  
NATURAL CAUSES AND SPIRITUAL SERMONS. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. Kegan Paul. 12s.  
OUR CHURCHES, AND WHY WE BELONG TO THEM. By Eleven Writers. Service & Paton. 6s.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New edition. Vols. VII. and VIII. John C. Nimmo.  
THE CENTURIES: A CHRONOLOGICAL SYNOPSIS OF HISTORY ON THE "SPACE-FOR-TIME" Method. Second edition. West, Newman & Co.  
ROME, THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD. By Alice Gardner. Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.  
SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN. Harmsworth Bros., Ltd.  
LIFE AND LETTERS OF MR. ENDYMION PORTER. By Dorothea Townshend. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE. Edward Arnold.  
JOURNALS OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. Edited by William Knight. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. 10s.  
MASTERS OF MEDICINE: JOHN HUNTER, MAN OF SCIENCE AND SURGEON. By Stephen Paget. T. F. Unwin. 3s. 6d.  
VERDI: MAN AND MUSICIAN. By Frederick J. Crouse. John Milne. 7s. 6d.  
THE COLDESTREAR GUARDS IN THE CRIMEA. By Lt.-Col. Ross of Bladenburg. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.  
HISTORICAL PORTRAITS. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. George Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d.  
THE GLASGOW ATHENÆUM: A SKETCH OF FIFTY YEARS' WORK (1847-1897). By James Lander. St. Mungo Press (Glasgow).  
THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By Walter Walsh. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.  
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Vols. III. and IV. By Justin H. McCarthy. Chatto & Windus. 12s. each.  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GUYON. Translated in Full by Thomas Taylor Allen. 2 vols. Kegan Paul. 21s.  
HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA (1652-1795). By George M'Call Theal. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.  
A HISTORY OF CHINA. By Rev. J. Macgowan. Kegan Paul.  
LIFE IN NORTHERN IRELAND DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Walter Scott, Ltd.  
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN OPINION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Charles Downer Hazen, Ph.D. The John Hopkins Press (Baltimore).  
FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: KIRKCALDY OF GRANGE. By Louis A. Barbé. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.  
A HANDBOOK OF EUROPEAN HISTORY, 476-1871. Chronologically arranged. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF CHINA. By the late S. Wells Williams, LL.D. Sampson Low.  
WILLIAM MORRIS: HIS ART, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS PUBLIC LIFE. A Record by Aymer Vallance. George Bell & Sons. 35s.

## ESSAYS, POETRY, CRITICISM.

DANTE: A DEFENSE OF THE ANCIENT TEXT OF THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA." By Wickham Flower, F.S.A. Chapman & Hall.  
STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS. By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. John C. Nimmo. 7s. 6d.  
SUFFOLK TALES AND OTHER STORIES, FAIRY LEGENDS, POEMS, AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES. By the late Lady Camilla Gordon. Longmans, Green & Co.  
STYLE. By Walter Raleigh. Edward Arnold. 5s.  
IN THE CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A STORY OF HENRY PURCELL'S DAYS. By Emma Marshall. Seeley & Co.  
THE SPECTATOR. With an Introduction and Notes by George A. Aitken. In 8 vols. Vol. I. John C. Nimmo.  
CERTAIN PERSONAL MATTERS. By H. G. Wells. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.  
MINUSCULE: LYRICS OF NATURE, ART, AND LOVE. By Francis William Bourdillon. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd.  
RAMPOLI: GROWTHS FROM A LONG-PLANTED ROOT, BEING TRANSLATIONS, NEW AND OLD, CHIEFLY FROM THE GERMAN; ALONG WITH A YEAR'S DIARY OF AN OLD SOUL. Longmans, Green & Co.  
AN ATTIC IN BOHEMIA. By E. W. Lacon Watson. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.  
THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF ENGLISH LYRICS. Second Series. By Francis T. Palgrave. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.  
ADMIRALS ALL, AND OTHER VERSES. By Henry Newbolt. Elkin Mathews. 1s.

## ART.

A HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, 1500-1800. By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. Vol. I. George Bell & Sons.  
OLD ENGLISH GLASSES. By Albert Hartshorne. Edward Arnold.

## SCIENCE.

THE SCIENCE OF ETHICS, AS BASED ON THE SCIENCE OF KNOWLEDGE. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated by A. E. Kroeger. Kegan Paul.

## EDUCATIONAL.

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: THE AGE OF TENNYSON. By Hugh Walker, M.A. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.  
A JUNIOR LATIN SYNTAX. By J. A. Stevens, B.A. Blackie & Son. 8d.  
A COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH MANUAL. By Otto C. Näf, M.A. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.  
A COMPLETE COURSE OF FRENCH COMPOSITION AND IDIOMS. By Hector Bay. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.  
THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES: THE FIRST BOOK OF MACCABEES. Edited by W. Fairweather, M.A., and J. Sutherland Black, LL.D. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.  
RUSKIN REVISED, AND OTHER PAPERS ON EDUCATION. By R. J. Muir, M.A. Oliver & Boyd (Edinburgh).  
A PRIMER OF WORDSWORTH. With a Critical Essay. By Laurie Magnus, B.A. Methuen & Co.  
PANTOLIA: A SECOND BOOK OF GREEK TRANSLATION. By H. B. Hartley, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.  
NOTES ON GREEK AND LATIN SYNTAX. By G. Buckland Green, M.A. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.  
SAINT COLUMBA: FIFTY YEARS OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY. By Rev. T. D. Rasker, M.A. James Parker & Co.  
MACMILLAN'S ELEMENTARY LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. By Rev. G. H. Null, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.  
AN HISTORICAL GREEK GRAMMAR. By A. N. Jannaris, Ph.D. Macmillan & Co. 25s.  
FRENCH IDIOMS AND PROVERBS: A COMPANION TO DES HUMBERT'S "DICTIONARY OF DIFFICULTIES." By De V. Payen-Payne. Second edition. David Nutt. 2s. 6d.  
PITT PRESS SERIES: QUAND J'ÉTAIS PETIT. By Lucien Biart. Adapted for Schools. Cambridge University Press. 2s. KING LEAR. Edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. XENOPHON'S ANABASIS. Book III. Edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. THE OLYMPIAN SPEECHES OF DEMOSTHENES. Edited by T. R. Glover. M.A. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CELTIC DOCTRINE OF RE-BIRTH. By Alfred Nutt. David Nutt. Vol. II.  
THE WISDOM AND RELIGION OF A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER: BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF G. W. F. Hegel. Edited by Eliz. S. Haldane. Kegan Paul. 5s.



NATURE AND SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA. By H. A. Bryden. Chapman & Hall. 6s.  
 WITHIN SOUND OF GREAT TOM: STORIES OF MODERN OXFORD. B. H. Blackwell.  
 THE AGNOSTIC ANNUAL, 1898. Watts & Co. 6d.  
 NOTES OF THE MARGINS: BEING SUGGESTIONS OF THOUGHT AND ENQUIRY. Five Essays by Clifford Harrison. George Redway. 5s. net.  
 FACSIMILES OF ROYAL, HISTORICAL, LITERARY AND OTHER AUTOGRAPHS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS, BRITISH MUSEUM. Edited by George Warner, M.A. Third series. By Order of the Trustees.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.  
 THE GIANT CRAB, AND OTHER TALES FROM OLD INDIA. Retold by W. H. D. Rouse. Illustrated by W. Robinson. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.  
 BUSHY; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A GIRL. By Cynthia M. Westover. Chapman & Hall. 6s.  
 STORIES FOR CHILDREN IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Mrs. Molesworth. Gardner, Darton & Co. 3s. 6d.  
 THE FIRST BOOK OF KEAB: CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR YOUNG AND OLD. By His Honour Edward Abbott Parry. David Nutt. 3s. 6d.  
 AARON IN THE WILD WOODS. By Joel Chandler Harris. BEEB MORTAL. By Ben Marlas. T. Fisher Unwin.  
 VINCE THE REBEL; OR, THE SANCTUARY IN THE BOG. By G. Manville Fenn. W. & R. Chambers. 5s.  
 POPPY. By Mrs. Isla Sitwell. T. Nelson & Sons. 3s. 6d.  
 "SISTER": A CHRONICLE OF FAIR HAVEN. By E. Everett-Green. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.  
 AN EMPEROR'S DOOM; OR, THE PATRIOTS OF MEXICO. By Herbert Hayens. T. Nelson & Sons. 5s.

## NEW EDITIONS.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY. By J. M. Barrie. Forty-third Thousand. Cassell & Co. 6s.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE. Sixty-fourth Volume. THE HOME BLESSING. Vol. I. YOUNG ENGLAND. Vol. XVIII.

## CLASSICAL.

PHILETUS OF PLATO. Edited by Robert Gregg Bury, M.A. Cambridge University Press.  
 THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. Edited by James Adam, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

## BOUND MAGAZINES.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. May, 1897, to October, 1897. Vol. 54. The Century Co. 10s. 6d.  
 ST. NICHOLAS. May, 1897, to October, 1897. Vol. 24. The Century Co. 8s. 6d.

## DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH the smartest, the lightest, and probably, to a certain class, the most entertaining of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays, "The Liars" does not exhibit its author in a new light, or mark a new epoch in his work. It ranks with "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Physician," which were also written for Mr. Charles Wyndham and the Criterion company. Mr. Jones has discovered that a good deal of human nature revolves round the seventh commandment; also that the man of the world, having arrived on the table-land of life, sees love, licit and illicit, in a truer light, and recognises more clearly the obligations of the citizen towards society than when he was twenty-five. These views he would call the result of observation, and he has been busily engaged for a year or two past in submitting them to the public in dramatic form. No doubt the author of "The Middleman" and "The Crusaders" is fully alive to the advisability of letting the characters of a play tell their own story, and follow out their destinies in accordance with

the principles of dramatic art. Nevertheless, there is seldom absent from his work a certain preachiness which conveys the impression that, if he had not found his vocation on the stage, he would have sought it in some latitudinarian pulpit. "The Liars" bears the aspect of farce, but after the curtain has fallen the spectator perceives that he has been tricked into listening to a moral exhortation in four acts.

It is an unfortunate title that Mr. Jones has bestowed upon the latest heir of his invention. "The Liars" is a harsh term. It does not sound well at the dinner-table, where plays are now so much discussed. She would be a bold young lady who would ask a new acquaintance, at a venture, whether he had seen "The Liars." Nor has this title even the questionable merit of accuracy, since most of the *dramatis personæ* are engaged not so much in perverting the truth as in trifling with it, and that not for sordid ends of their own, but in order to cover up a young wife's "indiscretion" from the scrutiny of an inquisitive husband. "Fibbing" or "tarradiddling" would be nearer the truth than lying as applied to the proceedings of Lady Jessica Nepean and her Belgravian "set." As for the author's observation of life, I am afraid it can only be regarded as relatively true. He looks at the vices of society with his hand to his eyes, seeing only what it is good for the English dramatist to see. Moreover, Lady Jessica's much-talked-of "indiscretion" looks, vulgarly speaking, like a put-up job with all its circumstances exaggerated for the purposes of farce. Is it conceivable that an officer and a gentleman should be so lost to a sense of the social proprieties as openly to compromise a lady of his acquaintance, and when challenged on the point by his friends, to avow his intention of carrying her off from her husband if he can? It is true that Mr. Jones makes this fire-eater an African hero, fresh from the suppression of slavery on the Gold Coast. But still — Again, is it conceivable that such a couple would allow their most private affairs to become the common talk of a gossiping circle of friends without making the smallest attempt at concealment?

To inquire thus, however, in the case of farce is to inquire too curiously. Mr. Jones is too clever a craftsman to suppose that his moral exhortation is enough for the Criterion public, or, indeed, any public which pays its money at the doors in order to be amused, and which remembers that it can get its moral exhortation on Sunday for nothing. At the cost of plausibility, Lady Jessica's "indiscretion" must be made public property for the purpose of being wrapped up in a more or less transparent cloud of mendacity, which is intended to be the amusing feature of the case. In the production of this all the indiscreet heroine's friends participate — Lady Rosamund Tatton, "Dolly" Coke, "Freddie," Mrs. Crespin, and the rest, with the ubiquitous Sir Christopher Deering, Mr. Wyndham's character, towering morally above them as the middle-aged, calm, level-

headed, tolerant, patronising man of the world, the exponent of common-sense morality, and the composer of all the strifes and troubles of his little world. Yes; it is impossible to accept Mr. Jones's Belgravian microcosm as in any degree typical of society at large. It fits too closely the Criterion company. Its great merit is that it is entertaining.

THE lying sets in early in the first act, thence steadily proceeding *crescendo* till the middle of the third, and as it is Mr. Wyndham's peculiar function to save the liars from themselves, it will be understood that he has his hands pretty full all the time. If Mr. Jones's wit did not ensure the success of the play, Mr. Wyndham's acting would — for Sir Christopher is a magnificent part in the hands of this polished and versatile comedian. The dramatic theme is really of the slightest. In her husband's absence from town Lady Jessica has agreed to dine with her admirer *en partie fine*. The arrival upon the scene of a prying brother-in-law nips the affair in the bud, added to which Sir Christopher himself puts in an appearance in the interests of morality, and the problem then arises, how the wife's indiscretion is to be explained away to the jealous husband. Before an adequate string of falsehoods has been agreed upon, the dreaded explanations are called for, and the third act sees half-a-dozen of the *crème de la crème* of Belgravian society floundering from one tarradiddle into another, under the husband's cross-examination, until in the end a desperate recourse is had to truth by the guilty couple themselves. The cloud of mendacity being dispelled by a breath as soon as it has served its purpose, Mr. Jones steps forward with his moral, which is delivered by Mr. Wyndham, in the fourth act, in the form of a sermon of almost regulation length, which, unlike most sermons, succeeds in converting the sinners to whom it is addressed. "It won't work" is the prosaic, but not ineffective, line of argument adopted by Sir Christopher with the headstrong couple who, at this advanced period of the play, are still bent upon eloping, and it is then — too late, however, for his evening's amusement to be spoiled — that the spectator becomes aware that Mr. Jones has all the time been preaching.

It is a telling sermon enough, "The Liars," albeit in some minds it may leave an unpleasant souvenir. During a great part of its course the atmosphere is more than sulphurous. From the acting point of view, however, it is a showy piece, and not only Mr. Wyndham, but Miss Mary Moore, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Sarah Brooke, Miss Janet Steer, Mr. Vane-Tempest, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Thalberg, and others are charged with picturesque odds and ends of character. All through, the house is kept more or less in a ripple of merriment. Evidently Mr. Jones does not collect his good things in his note-book. They spring spontaneously from the situation and the character; which, after all, is the best sort of dramatic writing.

J. F. N.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

STEVENSON reviewed *St. Ives* on his own account. "*St. Ives*," he wrote a little more than four years ago, "will, to my mind, not be wholly bad. It is written in rather a funny style, a little stilted and left-handed—the style of *St. Ives*; also, to some extent, the style of R. L. S. dictating. *St. Ives* is unintellectual and, except as an adventure novel, dull. But the adventures seem to me sound and pretty probable; and it is a love-story."

"So far the author," says the *Times*:

"What can the critic add? To begin with, there is much virtue in Stevenson's 'except,' for there is not a dull page in the book. The historical novel has been much with us of late, but neither Stevenson himself nor any one else has given us a better example of a dashing story, full of life and colour and interest; stuffed with hairbreadth 'escapes and sudden, wild alarms; and seasoned with just enough historical detail to lend an added air of actuality to every scene."

The brightness and quick, picaresque movement of *St. Ives* are generally recognised. Mr. Edmund Gosse, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, says that as a book for boys *St. Ives* "is in every way calculated to charm them with its hairbreadth escapes, its prodigal effusion of blood and gold, its gaiety and its gallantry." Yet Mr. Gosse's review is one of the least favourable to the book. "As a serious production of one of the most sedulous and punctilious of modern writers"

"it must be confessed that it bears evidence of fatigue and even of relinquishment of effort. Had it not been for *Weir of Hermiston*, we must have decided that Stevenson's powers, worn out by infirmity and exile, were on the wane. But we know that this was not the case. How, then, is *St. Ives* to be explained? Only, I think, by the supposition that it marked a dividing of the ways, and that it was to be the latest expression of a mood which Stevenson had outgrown. It is often found that, just before a great writer is about to take entirely new ground and a fresh lease of genius, he writes in his earlier method with a languor that is quite unaccountable."

The *Chronicle* says: "It would be an ill compliment to call it one of the finest of his works, but for our part we find it one of the most fascinating." The *Standard* critic writes in the same critical tone: "The narrative is nowhere quite so concentrated, the effects are not so vivid, or heightened by quite so brilliantly fastidious and telling a choice of words, as in Stevenson's earlier works."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks the story

"will not, perhaps, add anything to its author's reputation, for it exhibits, in essentials, nothing which will be new to his readers; but it will add more than one portrait, and more than one striking fresco, to the gallery of fiction that will probably last. . . . Goguelat, from the moment he comes on the scene to his 'cheerful and blasphemous farewell,' is admirable. Dudgeon is another vivid sketch. The Major is well drawn, so are Chevenix, Romaine, so are Alsin and the scoundrel Burchell Fenn—'John Bull stripped, naked, his greed, his usuriousness, his hypocrisy, his perfidy of the backstairs all swelled to the superlative.'"

Mr. Quiller-Couch's completing chapters are, as a rule, favourably noticed. "It is due," says the *Pall Mall*, "to Mr. Quiller-Couch to say that he has done creditably what most people would have found it impossible to do at all." The *Chronicle* says: "As Mr. Stevenson has somewhere confessed that he 'could make nothing of the Cornish character,' we presume that the invention of the brig *Lady Nepean* and her crew must be entirely Mr. Couch's. It is undeniably effective."

THE critics, while taking strong exception to some of Mr. Murray's judgments, applaud his honesty. The *Times* thinks Mr. Murray's appreciations are "curiously unequal," but "generous and sincere." In the course of the review we read:

"So far his critical equipment is sound enough, albeit rather slender and negative, and it again serves him in good stead when it enables him to perceive that 'Mr. J. M. Barrie is a captain among workmen, and there is little fear that in the final judgment of the public and his peers he will be huddled up with Maclaren and Crockett, as he sometimes is to-day.' But what shall be said of the critic who brackets Mr. Meredith with Mr. Hall Caine among the 'living masters,' and who speaks of Dickens, his own avowed master, whom we all still admire and love, even though we may have ceased to worship him, as though he were almost akin to Shakespeare? This kind of thing comes rather ill from a crusader against puffery and hysteria, and makes it difficult to understand how a critic whose perspective is so liable to distortion can write so well as Mr. Christie Murray does of Mr. Thomas Hardy."

The *St. James's Gazette* accuses Mr. Murray of exaggerating the place of the novel in literature. With this and other reservations the *St. James's* critic has high praise for the book. "The tone of it could scarcely be amended; it is frank, kindly, honest," &c. The writer concludes with mingled praise and blame:

"On the whole, this is a book which can have none but a wholesome effect, and we should like to make a knowledge of it incumbent on all budding reviewers. Later on, when they had learned that it was foolish and wicked to compare Mr. Crockett and 'Ian Maclaren' with Sir Walter Scott, we should take them aside and whisper that this is not all the lesson they have to learn. We should point to the pages dedicated here to Mr. Henry James, and suggest that they offer the very ideal of what should not be said about a highly original and delicate talent urging its way against the tide of the time. We should invite them to read a little more French than Mr. Murray seems to have enjoyed, and to believe that there are other foreign novelists than the immense M. Zola, who bulks so big on the pages before us. But all this would not prevent us from thanking the author once more for a sane and entirely honest volume."

As regards the new Scottish writers, another critic, "O. O." of the *Sketch*, thinks that Mr. Murray has been needlessly severe on them. Mr. Murray alleges that they have been compared favourably with Sir Walter Scott, but "O. O." writes:

"I have never heard of any critic who put any of the writers named above Sir Walter Scott. I have never known of any who

ever compared them as equals. . . . The criticism of contemporary journalism is, indeed, often very poor; much of it is as poor as Mr. Christie Murray's own criticism. However, critics and editors retain a degree of sanity, and that has prevented them exalting any recent writer to the level of Sir Walter Scott."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## AN UNAUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

3, Rue Bars, Paris: Oct 12, 1897.

Will you kindly allow me to state that the translation by Henrietta Izo'd of the essay on *Talmud* by my husband, Arsène Darmesteter, is quite unauthorised? No communication has been made with regard to the matter, either to the publisher of the *Reliques Scientifiques*, the book in which the article appeared, or to myself.

One would hardly think that the American copyright law would be regarded by American subjects as altogether replacing the wider law of courtesy between a translator and the author, or his representative.

HELENA ARSÈNE DARMESTER.

## "LONDON SIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS."

45, Evelyn Gardens: Oct. 11, 1897.

While thanking your reviewer for his kindly criticism of my book on sculptured signs and inscriptions, I venture to point out that it was originally published in 1893, and that the present issue is not a second edition, but a reprint in cheaper form. To my regret, I therefore had no opportunity of revising it or of adding fresh material.

PHILIP NORMAN.

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# Literature

Edited by  
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

PRICE  
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"THE TIMES" OFFICE,  
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The addition of a new weekly journal to the number already in existence is, no doubt, a step which may fairly be thought to call for some explanation. Nor perhaps will it be sufficiently explained by the further statement that this new journal is to be specially dedicated to Literature. For most, if not all, of the general reviews, so called, deal more or less largely with literary subjects, while there are also weekly papers which, though reserving a certain portion of their space for a record of the progress of science, art, and drama, devote the greater part of it to the criticism of books. But from the weekly press there issues no periodical—or none at any rate of the critical order—which takes Literature, and Literature alone, as its theme, which gives its individual space and directs its undivided attention to Literature in all its aspects, and in its relation to all the matters and interests which are connected with its name.

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Although published from "The Times" Office, it will be in its criticisms and opinions entirely independent of "The Times"; its title has been selected with the special purpose of indicating the width of its scope, and is designed to denote the fact that its functions will not be exclusively critical. For, though "Literature" will consist mainly of reviews of books, it will invite correspondence on, and will itself deal with, any literary subject either of permanent or of current interest to the writing, publishing, or reading world.

The Republic of Letters should know no conflict either of nationalities or parties, and, if it is impossible to hope for absolute freedom from national prepossessions and political prejudices, yet an honest attempt will, at least, be made to deal with the best literature of every country on its literary merits alone. Arrangements will to this end be made for keeping the English public regularly advised of the current book production of the principal European countries and of the United States, and a place will be found—not in any special department of "Literature," but side by side with its criticisms of English works—for reviews of the more important volumes issuing from the Continental and American Press.

Every book received will be recorded among the publications of the week in the fullest possible manner—the title, the author, the publisher, and the size, number of pages, and price of each book being given in a classified index.

But books will be selected for review by the Editor solely according to his judgment of their literary value, and it is hoped—though it cannot, of course, be definitively promised—that the space allotted to them will enable every important work to be dealt with within three weeks of its publication.

The vast and ever-swelling flood of volumes issuing from the press has immensely enhanced the difficulty of the contemporary critic's task. On the one hand, it is his duty not only to render an account of all the works produced by authors of admitted merit, or even of what is not always the same thing—established reputation, but also to see that no work of promise by an unknown or obscure writer shall, so far as diligence and discernment can prevent it, pass without appreciative notice; and the due performance of these two functions in a day when "everybody writes," and many more than in former days write well enough to raise expectations as to their literary future, has already led, and will probably continue to lead, to a progressive multiplication of the number of reviews. On the other hand, it is strongly felt by the projectors of "Literature" that the practice of indiscriminately reviewing, or at any rate "noticing," every book which issues from the press is one which, by the stimulus which it affords to the production of worthless work, is tending seriously to the degradation of literary standards and to the confusion and disgust of readers. This result they desire, as far as possible, to avoid.

As regards the critical contents of "Literature," the rule of anonymity will be generally observed. That rule, however, may be occasionally suspended in cases in which special circumstances appear to suggest the expediency of so doing; and every endeavour will be made to find room for the proper expression of any views under the signature of any correspondent.

While the Editor will be always glad to receive, and give his best consideration to, any communication of a literary character which may be submitted to him, he cannot hold himself responsible for the return of MSS.; but he will use his best efforts to return all such as are found unsuitable for publication, provided they reach the office of "Literature" accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes.

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*Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.* Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, and Arranged, with Notes, by Francis T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Second Series. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE first series of *The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* has become an almost national possession. With a few surprising omissions, and a larger number of surprising inclusions, it, nevertheless, brought together a selection of English lyrical poetry which every household was happy in possessing. With the poetry of the past an anthologist has, to a certain degree, his work already done for him. The public has made judgment: it is for him to execute it. For this task Mr. Palgrave had aptitude; and he had, too, the advice of his friend, Lord Tennyson. We do not make Tennyson a party to the omission of Keats's "Grecian Urn" and the "Kubla Khan" of Coleridge from the First Edition of the former volume, for we know, from the recent Memoir, that he did not even support the omission of Byron's "Isles of Greece." Still, he "kindly supervised" the First Series, according to the dedication of the Second. This volume, then, though it comes from the same honoured editorial hand, comes to us with a difference. We wish we could renew, in its regard, the gratitude given over a long course of years to Mr. Palgrave for his first gift. But that is impossible. The present selection will only baffle and distress everybody who believed, as we did, in Mr. Palgrave's preparedness for his task. Its sins of omission and of commission alike are mortal and past blotting out.

Mr. Palgrave tells us that even in his earlier volume, which reached down to the lyrics of 1850, he wished to include "the later-risen of our stars." That plan proved impossible. Hence this volume, which is set forth as containing a selection of "the finest work of our greater Victorian poets,

so far as my choice may have been happy." Such is the programme at first; but it becomes modified, a little later in the Preface, by allusions to the difficulty of judging the work of "later singers whose course is not yet run"—a difficulty which, in our opinion, the critic lives to face.

"Many, indeed, and bright," says Mr. Palgrave, "are the blossoms springing up among us, though nightshade and yewberries be not absent. It were, however, presumption if we attempted with the microscope of criticism to classify these growths, or decide whether they belong to the children's 'Adonis Garden' of cut flowers, or the true immortal amaranth."

But this is precisely the "presumption" on which the very existence of the anthologist depends. He is there to make the choice; and his occupation is gone if high poetry has not its acknowledgment from him, be the poet living or dead. We could, however, understand if we did not approve the programme apparently indicated by Mr. Palgrave. Strange to say, however, it is not his programme after all. The sentence quoted appears to be but a sop thrown out in a preface, otherwise also slightly unintelligible, to the omitted poets. Mr. Palgrave has included, as a matter of fact, living men—a living Duke—among his immortals. The first name on his index is that of the present Duke of Argyll. A little lower down we come on Sir Lewis Morris. One specimen of Sir Lewis's muse suffices; but we are treated to two specimens in the case of a Mr. R. Wilton. The name being unknown to us, we turned, "impatient as the wind," to hear a new voice coming to us with the commendation of Mr. Palgrave. This is what it said:

## "ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Since through the open window of the eye  
The unconscious secret of the soul we trace,  
And character is written on the face,  
In this sun picture what do we decry?  
An artless innocence, and purpose high  
To tread the pleasant paths of truth and grace,  
To tend each flower of duty in its place,  
Smile with the gay and comfort those who sigh.  
Dear maiden, let a poet breathe a prayer  
That God may keep thee still in all thy ways,  
Spotless in heart as those [thou] in face art fair;  
And may the gentle current of thy days  
Make music even from the stones of care,  
And murmur with an undersong of praise."

Such a verse has no place in an anthology of "best poems in the English language" of any period, least of all of this. In so saying we express no mere preference, but a critical certitude. In such an anthology we must have only poems that we can recur to again and again, "heart-remembered song." Nobody will wish to read this luckless sonnet a second time. Mr. Palgrave himself has shirked the task, or he had not have printed it with the error we have marked.

Then, there is Mr. Aubrey de Vere, from whose voluminous writings Mr. Palgrave has rather cleverly succeeded in choosing some lines that are no more poetry than are his prose "Recollections." Yet Mr. Palgrave, in

this case at least, might have had a guide to replace that which impelled or restrained his hand in its earlier efforts. One lyric, for instance, by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, has elicited from Mr. Swinburne some memorable praise:

"I know of no lyric to be matched against that [one of Sir Henry Taylor's] for charm and sweetness, except that of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's, which is the one lyrical poem in our language not written by Shelley, yet possible or even likely to be taken for Shelley's by a perfect judge and faithful student of the supreme lyric poet of England."

There is a ring about that, whether you like it or not, better than poor talk about the "presumption" of judging contemporary poetry, which you then do go on to judge, and judge amiss. Of the representation of another living poet, Mr. Frederick Tennyson, by four poems, we should have no need to remark were not that insertion stamped by Mr. Palgrave's omissions as a mere exercise of personal love for the Tennysons. For think what those omissions are! There is room for "George Douglas Campbell, eighth Duke of Argyll," and none for Mr. Meredith, in this inn, that hangs the lyre for its sign. Inside its parlours you shall search in vain for others of high name too; for Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. T. E. Brown, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Frederick Myers, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Meynell—but the list is too long to be taken to its just limits.

Again, if we go backward with Mr. Palgrave, and take the case of

"Those great dead of the Victorian line,  
Who passed, who passed, but cannot pass away,  
For England feels them in her blood like wine,"

we are not any more at our ease in his company. There are the familiar melodies of Tennyson, of course; but with them, and as if they ranked beside them in the anthologist's mind, are a large proportion of those later poems all made up of the Laureate's manner, but lacking his magic. The number of the Tennyson poems is twenty-three. Coventry Patmore has a representation of ten; Browning, of fourteen; Mrs. Browning, of nine; Matthew Arnold, of thirteen; Rossetti, of twelve; his sister, of fifteen; William Barnes, of nine; Walter Savage Landor and Dobell (iniquitously), of only one; R. S. Hawker and Jean Ingelow (inadequately), of also only one; Lord Houghton, of six; and Arthur O'Shaughnessy, of seventeen! These, with the exception of the last name, are names of note. Their work could not by any possibility be omitted from the volume; and, as to the particular judgment used in the selections made from it, if we differ, as we usually do from Mr. Palgrave, we may agree to differ. The anthologist who could parley with Lord Houghton while he cuts Sydney Dobell off with a shilling, is not our anthologist; but he may, perhaps, be somebody's. But in his inclusion of Mr. O'Shaughnessy, we venture to say he is nobody's but his own. To have inserted one piece, say, the "Song" on p. 203, where he is at his best, had been adventurous

enough; it could pass in a book where six pieces of Lord Houghton's kept it company, though it could not be borne in a book where, too, Landor has only one poem, and "Rose Aylmer" not that. It is not merely that there are seventeen pieces, vague in sense and void even of sound, by this very minor singer—a greater number than we get of Rossetti's or Browning's—but that some of them are interminably long. One piece, for instance, "In Love's Eternity," has twelve mortal verses, of which this is a sample:

"Ah, yes! but your love was a fair magic toy  
That you gave to a child, who scarce deigned  
To glance at it—forsook it for some passing joy,  
Never guessing the charm it contain'd;  
But you gave it, and left it, and none could  
destroy  
The fair talisman where it remain'd."

If this piece had been cited in illustration of the most wretched versification and the most jostling syllables allied to vapid fancy in Victorian verse, we could have been at one with Mr. Palgrave. Instead, he gives it triumphantly to sign his belief that "Arthur O'Shaughnessy's metrical gift seems to me the finest, after Tennyson's, of any of our later poets." We leave the matter with no solution, for none offers itself. It cannot be a joke. We must, therefore, suppose it to be a whim.

Coming to the names of less-known poets among those who have passed away, we have from Mr. Palgrave a selection as remarkable of its kind as that earlier seen in the case of living poets. You would think it difficult to match the exclusion of Mr. Meredith and the inclusion of the Mr. Wilton already noted. But Mr. Palgrave is equal to the feat. He gives us verses by Mr. Thomas Ashe, Mr. John Clare, Mr. Alfred Domett, Mr. Johnson-Cory, Mr. Kendall, Prof. Romanes, Mr. Charles Whitehead—and none by Robert Louis Stevenson. There is no verse by these included men that we care to quote—they have not a single line of poetry to their unremembered names. We are led to presume, at times, that the verses have been selected, not with any view to their poetical quality, but because they set forth some moral truth or illustrate some amiable domesticity. But great poetry has done it greatly; and there was great poetry to be got from Victorians who are not here. There was poetry, too, which, if it was not great, was expert, delicately poised, clearly cut, and alive; but it is missing from these pages; and the reader of Mr. T. Ashe's "Old Jane," for instance, is left to wonder why, if that sort of sentiment is wanted, it is not given in the words of a real master-in-little, such as Mr. Locker-Lampson, another absentee, for example.

Let us not end, however, on the irritation that the book provokes by the double and dismal failure of its contents to fulfil the promise of its title-page. To get out of our ears the eighth-rate verses we here encounter, we recall some of those omitted poems to which allusion has been made, and pass them on to the reader. Here, for instance, is that lyric by Sir Henry Taylor (and he, too, has no place in the new *Golden Treasury*) which Mr. Swinburne mentions in company with Mr. De Vere's—

we give the two lyrics together. The first is the song that Elena sings at the opening of the Fifth Act of "Philip van Artevelde":

"Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife  
To heart of neither wife nor maid,  
'Lead we not here a jolly life  
Betwixt the shine and shade?'"

"Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife  
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,  
'Thou wagg'et, but I am worn with strife,  
And feel like flowers that fade.'"

And this is the lyric of Mr. Aubrey de Vere:

"When I was young, I said to sorrow,  
'Come, and I will play with thee.'  
He is near me now all day,  
And at night returns to say,  
'I will come again to-morrow,  
I will come and stay with thee.'"

"Through the woods we walk together,  
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me.  
To shield an unregarded head  
He hath built a winter shed;  
And all night in rainy weather  
I hear his gentle breathings by me."

To the lines of these two poets, shining in the praise of their brother poet, we add, of our own motion, two among the briefest poems which no Victorian anthology should endure to be without—golden poems against the dross of this misnamed "Golden Treasury." The first is "The Celestial Surgeon," by Robert Louis Stevenson:

"If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved amongst my race,  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,  
And stab my spirit broad awake;  
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,  
A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
And to my dead heart run them in!"

With the bare quotation of a second poem we bring to a head our protest against Mr. Palgrave's omissions. This might be "The Cradle" of Mr. Austin Dobson, or "The Bristol Figure" of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, or another, and yet another—they crowd into memory gay and fast—but it shall be these lovely lines of Mr. W. E. Henley:

"When you are old and I am passed away—  
Passed, and your face, your golden face, is  
gray—  
I think, whate'er the end, this dream of mine,  
Comforting you, a friendly star will shine  
Down the dim slope where still you stumble  
and stray."

"So may it be: and so dead Yesterday,  
No sad-eyed ghost, but generous and gay,  
May serve you memories like almighty wine,  
When you are old."

"Dear Heart, it shall be so, under the sway  
Of death the past's enormous disarray  
Lies hushed and dark. Yet though there  
come no sign,  
Live on well pleased: immortal and divine,  
Love shall still tend you, as God's angels  
may,  
When you are old."

## A GREAT SAINT.

*St. Francis of Assisi: his Times, Life, and Work.* By W. J. Knox Little, M.A. (Isbister & Co.)

CANON KNOX LITTLE has written an excellent book; and yet an Anglican divine can never be a thoroughly satisfying biographer of a Roman Catholic saint. The ideal biographer, from one point of view, is the humanist sceptic, such as Renan, who makes a clean sweep of the "miraculous" or "supernatural" as the inevitable delusion of certain minds and times, but who takes an enthusiastic delight in the beauty, the humanity, the greatness of the natural man and his story. A notable instance of such treatment is Mrs. Cunninghame Graham's *Life of Saint Teresa*. From another point of view, the ideal biographer is the wise and learned Roman Catholic, whose faith is identical with his hero's, but who writes with an historical sense and a sense of humour, as well as with an eye to edification. These, it may be urged, are extremes; surely the *via media*, the *aurea mediocritas*, of a prudent Anglicanism were preferable? Not so; for it implies an incessant bringing of questions to the test of an irrelevant standard, or at least of a standard frequently inadequate for the purpose. For example: Canon Knox Little writes with a firm faith in spiritual influences and manifestations, powers and attributes, operative in the material world. His theology and philosophy allow him—if, indeed, they do not compel him—to believe in the possibility of miracle and vision throughout the entire time and space of Christianity. He is critical, and can recognise here a pious legend, there an afterthought or late tradition, basing his judgment upon just such grounds as a Roman Catholic would use. But when it comes to a question of distinctive Roman dogma the case is altered: Anglicanism being for an Anglican writer *a priori* true, he is bound to reject miracles or visions which affirm Romanism. Yet the evidence may bear every mark of authenticity. Thus, St. Francis, having asked in a vision a great favour of Christ, received that favour, but was bidden by Christ to go to "My Vicar," the supreme earthly authority, for its earthly ratification. It is impossible for Canon Knox Little to believe that Christ should call the Pope His Vicar: he can only say, "There can be little doubt of the *bona fides* of St. Francis in his belief in this," and there leave the matter. But that is precisely what a Renan would say of any vision of St. Francis: it is what a sympathetic Nonconformist would say of any vision which testified to sacramental and sacerdotal doctrine. To accept no miraculous occurrence which is incompatible with the writer's own tenets, while accepting those which are reconcilable, is to introduce an element of private judgment, which induces historical and theological chaos. "To write the history of a religion, a man must have believed it once, but believe it no longer": that famed saying of Renan has its portion of distorted truth. We would rather say he must either believe entirely

or entirely disbelieve. But partial belief is full of peril to the historian of a church or the biographer of a saint. Canon Knox Little shows an admirable and most gracious delicacy of tone and touch, yet throughout his pages we are forced to remember, if we have awhile forgotten it, that he is not at one with St. Francis as Newman or Ozanam was at one. There is a rich sympathy, but not a full sympathy. He cannot sympathise with the Francis who held that from the pre-eminence of the Pope "flows the whole strength of the mystical body, and all power proceeds," and who bids his brethren "be ever faithful and submissive to the prelates and priests of the Holy Roman Church."

The three features of St. Francis upon which the writer most insists are his common sense, his statesmanship, and what, for want of a better phrase, we may call the beauty of his holiness—his joyousness, courtesy, delicacy, graciousness, those notes of the Franciscan spirit. Upon this last feature one could not dwell too long, especially in this our un-Franciscan day, when even "The Lady Poverty" is vulgarised and "pauperised."

"Oh, is this she

Whom Francis met, whose step was free,  
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,  
In Umbria walked with Chastity?"

He was enamoured of life in its pleasant looks and ways, as a thing to be treated with decencies of respect: Nature has her rights and claims upon our "courtesy," our reverence, and regard. The birds, the flowers, the rain and dew, light and air, are parts of the Divine Beauty made sensible to us; great wonders, delights, and standing miracles of the Divine Love; between them and us should be exchanges of recognition. About to be tortured by the ghastly surgery of the Middle Age, he appeals to the red-hot iron: "Brother fire, you are the most fair of creatures; be good to me; you know how I have loved you; be courteous, then, to-day!" For he would not see ugliness in anything but sin, and the beauty of the world was honourable in his eyes, a thing both adoring and adored. A gaiety and merry ardour of soul were to him the Christian disposition: innocence and gratitude making melody unto the Lord. His heart "dances with the daffodils" and carols with the lark; his bruised and bleeding body thrills with joy for the brightness of the sun, the freshness of the waters, and he becomes God's minstrel straightway. To this sincere and saintly Rousseau, this catholic and apostolic Wordsworth, a "return to nature" formed the very riches of his poverty: he was more radiantly one with Nature than Thoreau or Whitman. More simply and sweetly even than Blake, he saw "heaven in a wild flower." Well might Dante, celebrating "those lovers"—Francis and Poverty—sing of

"La lor concordia, e i lor lieti sembianti,  
L'amore a maraviglia, e'l dolce sguardo";

for Francis and his first fellows seem to us, upon their Umbrian hills, in all their ascetic self-discipline and self-denial, more goodly and blithe than the fair Greek horsemen of the Parthenon; more exhilarating and exultant in their infinite content, more per-

fect in their rapture. Yet each said daily, what Saint Teresa was to sing later, "que muero porque no muero": each felt, what Izaak Walton felt at the nightingale's song, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" and longed to fit himself for the perfection of which earth's excellence was the shadow. They solved the apparent antagonism between ascetic penance and natural joy: the Jesuits of the Middle Age, they made religion winning, while they kept it stern. They liberated the "little people," the poor ones of the world, from self-contempt, from the dismal squalor and tedium of sins, from sick despair and lassitude, "putting a new song" in their mouths, and setting before their eyes the new vision of the beauty of holiness. Wilful sadness, which "is named in surplised schools, *Tristitia*," or the kindred sin of *Acedia*, which Saint Bernard calls *animi quidam languor et torpor*, was banished by the simple Franciscan fervours and noble innocences: Francis was a "saviour of society," leavening it with love. "Upon his lips, as with a child's cry," says Leo XIII., "sweetly murmured the young speech of his own land": everything about him seems marvellously and deliciously fresh, new, young, radiant, like the first flashing waters of a mountain spring: "the dew of his birth is of the womb of the morning." Arthur Hallam was well warranted in asserting that

"... by the institution of the Mendicant Orders, a fresh impulse was given to the human heart, ever parched and dying of thirst when religion is made a mockery. St. Francis has a claim upon our literary gratitude, rather more substantial, though less precise in form, than his reputed invention of the *versi sciolti*. It seems clear that the spirit awakened in Italy, through his means and those of St. Dominic, prepared the Italian mind for that vigorous assertion of Christianity as the head and front of modern civilisation, the perpetually presiding genius of our poetry, our art, and our philosophy."

Upon the Saint's common sense and statesmanship, his practical abilities and originating or controlling aptitudes, Canon Knox Little has wise words to say. Few forms of condescension to a saint are so irritating as the patronage which pats him on the back for his " quaintness," his "picturesqueness," his æsthetic value generally; a saint, in this kind of appreciation, is a harmless lunatic who exists to set going pretty legends, a pious fool of charming imbecility. So we have St. Teresa constantly described as hectic and hysterical, a crazy ecstatic, swooning from vision into vision, hopelessly overstrained and unbalanced; whereas she was an Elizabeth, a Maria Theresa, a Catharine of Russia, in her practical energies and dominating supremacy of will, with a sense of humour that verges, to the modern mind, upon irreverence. And so with St. Francis. His consuming faith, filled with "the folly of the Cross," flung him upon ventures which would seem midsummer madness to the average vestryman or churchwarden; but, he succeeded. The story of his foundation is a record of his instinctive capacity for direction, management, decision. There is

no trace in him of the fanatic, ever in excesses and extremes. His very asceticism, so horrifying to Matthew Arnold, was always under the control of his discretion; his mortifications never passed into an Hindu luxury of self-torture, nor would he suffer it in others. Like most of the genial, smiling, caressing saints, all gentleness and mirth toward others, he was severe and pitiless to himself, to his own body, "Brother Ass"; but he was nothing of a groaning, insensate devotee, with Manichean instincts. *Gaudeamus* was his word, when his discipline was bloodiest. In all his dealings with others, from popes to peasants, he displayed tact and address of the kind which would have made him a worthy successor to his father's business; and such tact, like every other natural gift of his first youth, he consecrated to his work for souls and sinners. He was, indeed, "seraphic"; but that is not quite the same thing as fanatic, nor was the yearning of his face a straining after the moon.

Written independently of M. Sabatier's Life, Canon Knox Little's stands well by its side; less minute, but scarce less trust worthy, and written with an equal grace and restrained fervour of style. Divers points of controversy occur to us, but none of prime importance; for upon such debated matters as the *Stigmata* and the Portiuncula Indulgence we are in complete agreement with the Canon, who finds the weight of evidence in favour of the accepted traditions. It is interesting to note that M. Sabatier, who in his Life entirely discredited the evidence for the latter, has since, upon the production of fresh evidence, given in his complete adhesion. One point, not Christian but classical, may be worth a word. Canon Knox Little writes, that Propertius was born at Bevagna, the ancient Mevania. Nine towns have been assigned to him for his birthplace; but after studying the twenty pages upon the *patrie de Properce* in the *Etudes sur Properce* of M. Plessis, we feel that that scholar is right when he says: "De ces discussions je conclus pour ma part, avec presque tous nos contemporains, que Properce est né à Assise, ou tout auprès d'Assise." It is pleasant to associate Assisi with Propertius and St. Francis, as we associate Aquino with Juvenal and St. Thomas. The universal fame of Assisi began "ferre agoo in seynt Fraunceys tyme," as Piers Plowman says of charity among friars: but the charity of St. Francis would not grudge the wild, sad Pagan poet a place among the great *Assisienses*.

#### ELIZABETHAN MANNERS AND PASTIMES.

*The Diary of Master William Silence: a Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport.* By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden. (Longmans & Co.)

GREAT men of law have ere this day unbent the bow in Shakespearean criticism. Lord Campbell wrote a learned treatise on "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements," and



now comes Mr. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University and ex-Attorney-General of Ireland, with a goodly volume for the illustration of yet another side of that marvellous personality which has tasked the wits of three centuries in its imperfect appreciation. Truth to say, the discovery that Mr. Madden has cast his study of Elizabethan sport into a narrative form, and has professed to draw that narrative from the diary of a Shakespearean character, may well at the first sight inspire some alarm. This way has lain the ruin of many a promising reputation—Landor's, notably. But then Mr. Madden has done the thing so well, with such absolute discretion, with such a determination not to offend or to affront the impossible competition, and at the same time with such an admirable humour and such a double portion of the master's spirit, that fears are soon dismissed, and the surrender to the writer's fantasy is complete. The thread of story, indeed, is of the slightest, a little love intrigue, after the manner of the Fenton and Anne Page motive in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," just serving Mr. Madden as an excuse for the introduction of his delightful and vivid pictures of Elizabethan manners and Elizabethan pastimes.

In sober seriousness he sets himself to describe a number of typical incidents of Elizabethan sport, with horse, hawk, and hound, in each case carefully explaining the technicalities and terminology used, and supplying a wealth of illustration both from Shakespeare's plays and from contemporary writers, such as William Turberville and Gervase Markham. This task he performs with admirable precision, but without pedantry. His weight of learning sits upon him lightly, like a flower. The information he gives you is exact and exhaustive, but it is given in literary form, and not after the fashion of a dictionary or encyclopædia.

The number of critical and biographical points which Mr. Madden raises in connexion with Shakespeare and sport is very large. We can here only deal with a few of them. Of Shakespeare's intimate acquaintance with sport—with some sports, at any rate, since for horse-racing and for angling he does not seem to have cared—there can be no doubt. The language of sport is always on his lips, in season and out of season. It furnishes his similes, colours his metaphors, and gives point to his puns.

"His mind was at all times so possessed with images and recollections of English rural life, that he refrained not from attributing a like possession to men of all sorts and conditions, regardless of time, place, or circumstance. Prospero sets on his spirits in hunter's language, by names well known in Gloucestershire kennels. Ulysses compares Achilles sulking in his tent to a hart keeping thicket. The fallen Cæsar suggests to Antony a noble hart, whose forest was the world, bayed and slain by blood-stained hunters. Titus Andronicus proclaims a solemn hunting after the fashion of Gloucestershire. Egyptians, Athenians, and Romans are intimately acquainted with the coursing matches of Cotswold. Roderigo of Venice and Pandarus of Troy speak the language of English sportsmen. Theseus hunts the country round Athens with hounds as thoroughly English as was the horse of Adonis. The flowers of Warwickshire blossom in every clime, and we

encounter in the most unlikely places the familiar characters of rural life—under a pent-house at Messina, in the cottage of a Bohemian shepherd, and in the hall of an Italian noble."

Every Elizabethan playwright spoke to some extent the language of sport, but Mr. Madden thinks that we can discern in the nature of Shakespeare's sporting allusions a particular and intimate knowledge of kennel, mews, and stable quite beyond his fellows. Ben Jonson gets it all up from book; Shakespeare writes with the easy assurance of practical knowledge earned in boyhood beside wood or stream. Upon this fact Mr. Madden proceeds to base a criterion or test by which the genuine work of Shakespeare may be distinguished from that of other men in whom this particular cunning of woodcraft is not to be found. Among these, as fortune will have it, are the four men whose writing most needs disentangling from his: Marlowe, Greene, Kyd—though Ben Jonson did call him "Sporting Kyd"—and Fletcher. The test, we think, is a genuine and a useful one, and Mr. Madden applies it with ingenuity. In a highly interesting appendix he points out the manner in which, when re-writing old work, such as *The Taming of a Shrew* or *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, Shakespeare is constantly modifying the sporting imagery, correcting it, amplifying it, making it life-like. Here is an admirable example:

"In the First Part of the Contention the Queen has a hawk on her fist:

'*Queen.*—My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?

But as I cast her off the wind did rise,  
And 'twas ten to one, Old Ione had not gone out.

'*King.*—How wonderful the Lordes workes are on earth,

Even in those silly creatures of His hands!

Vncle Gloster, how his youre hawk did sore,  
And on a sodaine soute the Partridge downe!

'*Suffolk.*—No maruele, if it please your Maiestie,

My Lord Protector's Hawke done towre so well;

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft."

"This was not to Shakespeare's mind. Partridge-hawking might be good sport, but high-flying emulation is best illustrated by the 'mountey,' when a cast of haggard falcons are flown at the heron or mallard, and not by the downward swoop of the falcon on the partridge. And so he re-wrote the passage thus:

'*Queen.*—Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

'*King.*—But what a p int, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all His creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

'*Suffolk.*—No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch."

This is good criticism, acute and fruitful, and there is much of this kind in the book. But, after all, the best thing there is not the criticism. It is the breezy out-door temper of the thing, the contribution to the under-

standing of the out-door side of the most out-door poet the world has ever seen. This, more than the subtle criticism, more than the fulness of learning, more than the fine literary style, is what leads us to give Mr. Madden's book such a special welcome and to place it on the shelf among the choicer interpreters of the great dramatist.

## INDIA, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

*The North-Western Provinces of India: Their History, Ethnology, and Administration.* By W. Crooke. (Methuen & Co.)

SINCE his recent retirement from the Bengal Civil Service, Mr. Crooke has displayed an almost phenomenal literary activity in connexion with those parts of the Indian Empire with which he has been so long and so honourably associated. His monumental work, in four large volumes, on *The Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh* (Calcutta, 1896) was followed early in the present year by *The Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, a first and much smaller edition of which had appeared in Allahabad in 1894. And now we have to notice a most comprehensive and satisfactory treatise on one of the largest and most densely peopled political divisions of British India. It covers even more extensive ground than might be gathered from the title, as in the North-Western Provinces is now included the former kingdom of Oudh—at least, for all administrative purposes. Hence, the total area of the region under consideration exceeds 107,000 square miles, with a population rapidly approaching fifty millions. Moreover, many historical and social questions are discussed which have a direct bearing on other parts of the Peninsula. Such are, for instance, the Hindu and Muhammadan religions, the institution of caste, land tenure, fiscal matters, Aryan, Jât, and Rajpût migrations, none of which subjects could be treated with exclusive reference to any particular division of the country. The consequence is that Mr. Crooke has given us a book, which may without exaggeration be described as a thoroughly trustworthy essay on all the more important political and social questions directly or indirectly affecting the past and present administration of the whole of India. But it must be added that the work suffers somewhat from this all-embracing character. Notably the geographical and historical parts, which occupy the first two chapters, are, perhaps necessarily, dealt with in a summary way, and, in fact, have been introduced only for the purpose of explaining "the environment of the people." But viewed as a whole, we have nothing but praise for a work, the study of which leaves the impression that the Government of India would be immensely facilitated were some of the more intelligent members of the Civil Service to follow Mr. Crooke's example by embodying their experiences in similar volumes after retiring from their official career. Another excellent result of such a practice would be the gradual removal of the widespread ignorance, which



continues to prevail in England, regarding the social and economic conditions, as well as the political relations, of the Indian Empire. How few, for instance, are aware that the re-marriage of widows is the rule and not the exception, even where the Hindus are predominant, and consequently that the status of widows is not such a crying grievance as is commonly supposed.

"The prevailing belief that nearly all Hindu widows remain celibate for the rest of their days is utterly opposed to the facts. Recent inquiries show that out of a population of 40,000,000 of Hindus, 9,000,000, or 24 per cent., prohibit widow marriage, while 30,000,000, or 76 per cent., both permit and even encourage the practice. It need hardly be said that widow marriage is freely permitted by Muhammadans. As a matter of fact, among all but the very highest castes, every young widow finds another mate, and the levirate or custom by which the younger brother-in-law takes over the widow of his elder brother widely prevails. This rule of widow marriage is a most important factor in the development of the country. It would seem, for instance, that in very unhealthy tracts, such as Eastern Bengal, the offspring of virgin brides is barely sufficient to make up for the wastage by disease and maintain the population. In such parts of the country only those areas in which widow marriage prevails show a rapidly increasing population" (p. 228).

Take, again, the caste system, which is assumed to be based on racial or religious grounds, and to be as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But Mr. Crooke is able to show that, on the contrary, the basis of caste "was not ethnical, but occupational," that it has little to do with religion, but is mainly determined by the avocations of the people, while the castes themselves are in a constant state of flux and segmentation.

"Caste, in short, is in the main based on function, as was the case among the Egyptians and the Perso-Aryans. At the outset there were in all probability two main divisions of the people—the Vaisyas or "settlers," and the Sûdras, or helot serfs. It was not till a much later period that the privilege of connubium between these two classes was lost. Out of them two great functional groups—the Brâhman, or Levite, and the Râjput, or landholder—were evolved. . . . But though the basis of caste is probably, in the main, occupational, any grouping of the existing castes, according to occupation, is out of the question. Only quite a minority of Brâhman devote themselves exclusively to the study of the law and the scriptures, or to other religious duties. Many are agriculturists, domestics, or clerks, serve in the army or in the police, or engage in trade. The vast majority of the Râjputs are not landowners. There is no identity of occupation characteristic of the Vaisya or Sûdra groups" (pp. 202-4).

On the question of race Mr. Crooke agrees with many recent ethnologists, who hold that the Aryan element never was numerous in the Peninsula, and that the general spread of the Aryan (Sanskrit) language, religion and culture, was the result partly of conquest and partly of the superior intelligence, enterprise, and religious zeal of the Aryan intruders from the north-west. Anthropometric measurements, of which copious tables are given in his *Tribes and Castes*, show that there has been

a general fusion of all the racial elements—Aryan, Lohitic or Mongoloid, and "Negritic or Dravidian." Here the ethnologist will notice the omission of a Kolarian element, although a Kolarian stock language fundamentally distinct from all others is still spoken by the Santâls and many other aboriginal groups on the Vindhya uplands between the Ganges basin and the Deccan. Perhaps even more surprising is the extension of the term "Dravidian," and its identification with the negro race, which is supposed to have reached the Peninsula either from the Iranian plateau, or more probably from Africa, at a time when the two regions were still connected by continuous land across the Indian Ocean. But the ethnical problems raised by these views could not be profitably discussed in this place.

Of more immediate interest, taken in connexion with the recent troubles in Poona, are the author's sensible remarks on the dangers likely to arise from an unbridled native Press. It is argued by our fanatical Little Englanders that the papers printed in the vernaculars have only a local influence, and hence cannot be regarded as a serious threat to the established order. But we are here reminded by Mr. Crooke that these papers are conducted by

"a class of discontented, semi-educated men, who are a standing reproach and almost a menace to the administration. . . . It is easy to say that the circulation of these papers is small, and their influence slight among the illiterate masses; but it cannot tend to the well-being of the country that the acts of its rulers should be habitually misrepresented, and its officers constantly vilified with practical impunity" (p. 155).

Then follows a long quotation from a late official report, concluding with the remark that

"it is difficult to believe that the uninterrupted and increasing circulation of newspapers, habitually imputing to the Government of India the basest designs, and to its officers the most unscrupulous conduct, can fail in course of time among a very ignorant people, such as are the masses here, to create a strong feeling of hostility to a Government which is confidently, and as far as they can see, without contradiction, stated to be animated by such motives, and served by such subordinates."

The book is provided with an index, a rather too crowded map of the North-Western Provinces, and several illustrations of native types from photographs supplied by officials of the Rurki College.

#### BIRDS, FLOWERS AND TREES.

*Curiosities of Bird Life.* By Charles Dixon. (George Redway.)

*Glimpses into Plant Life.* By Mrs. Brightwen. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

*Familiar Wild Flowers.* By F. Edward Hulme. Series 2, 3, 4 and 5. (Cassell.)

*Epping Forest.* By E. N. Buxton, Verderer. Fourth Edition, revised. (Edward Stanford.)

Mr. Dixon's sub-title is as follows, "An Account of the Sexual Adornment, Wonder-

ful Displays, Strange Sounds, Sweet Songs, Curious Nests, Protective and Recognitory Colours, and Extraordinary Habits of Birds." It reads like a mediæval title-page, and had it been a full account the volume might have been swollen into a library. The author is an old hand—a pre-Jefferiesian open-airist, who has long ceased to do anything better or worse than we expect. Prolonged study has filled him with ornithological lore, which he sets forth in a tranquil pedestrian style that seldom becomes bad or swells into turgid prose poetry. Much of the present volume is after the manner of the once popular and familiar Rev. J. G. Wood, the author of *Homes without Hands*, and many other works that had a great vogue in their day, and do not go unread even now. Mr. Dixon, however, is less of a compiler, and has had opportunities of observing the birds of many lands. Thus his book is not likely to disappoint those who have a long acquaintance with his work. At all events, it provides a solid bulk of innocent and useful reading, with just enough of scientific thought to take away the reproach of babblement. It is very near being literature and very near being science—so near that one is reluctant to say decidedly how it falls short. On the question of migration Mr. Dixon writes with authority—and his other themes are invariably treated with knowledge and intelligence.

In her *Wild Nature won by Kindness*, Mrs. Brightwen proved herself an admirably sincere and pleasant writer on the simpler aspects of out-door life. By this time her tame doves, the half-tame squirrels in her park, the small pensioners fed in her garden, must be familiar to many a household. Her latest book is one of the clearest and easiest introductions to the science of botany that we have ever met. It deals with what is usually deemed the driest and most forbidding part of the subject at which the enthusiastic beginner grinds impatiently, longing to get over it and roam with a tin box in search of specimens. But here there is no grind. With the charm of unaffected simplicity Mrs. Brightwen unfolds the mysteries of roots, tree-stems, leaves, pollination, fertilisation, fruit, germination, and so on, contriving all the time to be lucid and attractive. To each chapter is affixed a list of specimens to be procured, and to a country girl with an intelligent curiosity and fields and woodlands to roam in the book should be very welcome. Those who master it will be in a very advantageous position for beginning more serious study. Nor does Mrs. Brightwen forget that she is writing for girls whose nature is to use their fingers in the fashioning of what is beautiful and ornamental. Her work abounds in hints for such occupations; witness the designs in feathers explained in a previous volume, and in this the instructions to skeletonise leaves and mount them on wire. The book deserves the highest praise.

Youngsters have long been in need of a really good and moderately cheap handbook to wild flowers. Large works, such as that of Sowerby, costing, as it does, something like twenty pounds, are too cum-

brous and expensive. The less pretentious volumes—of which Miss Jane Pratt's is an excellent example—are not sufficiently exhaustive for the collector, and the smallest urchin nowadays is on collection bent. Mr. Hulme, we fancy, has scarcely hit upon the right lines. He appears to think, not unnaturally, that the letterpress is the main thing, and has turned out his two pages and a half to each plant with religious uniformity. But it would require a very attractive writer indeed to succeed brilliantly in keeping up the interest, and he is more of a botanist than a writer. Indeed, he is reduced to sad straits occasionally to fill up space when, like Rosalind's lovers, he is "gravelled for lack of matter." Thus you turn up the Sallow and are informed that the real name of Melancthon was Schwarzerd, which signifies black earth; that Erasmus was originally yclept Gerard, but called himself Desiderius Erasmus; that Didoens became Didonæus and Lobel Lobelius; and much else of the same kind, good to know indubitably, but as much connected with broom or mushrooms or Cromwell's bones as with sallow. His flights of word-painting are more excusable. But the picture is the main thing, and the publishers may fairly be congratulated on their success in this particular. A large number of the coloured figures could be named at sight; it is not so in every case, but that is a misfortune common to all but the very best natural history books—books of birds and beasts, as well as flowers. Had the pictures been accompanied by only as clear and business-like a description of each as was likely to afford a cue to identification, the series would have gained in value. We shall quote a characteristic sentence from the article on furze, to show how much our author needs pruning and condensing:

"It is a common saying among country folk that when the furze is out of flower kissing is out of season, whence we are of course given to understand that as at almost all times some few blossoms at least may be met with, such a token of affection can rarely be ill-timed."

This might have been written by the esteemed Mr. Barlow himself!

There is not a more admirable book of its kind than Mr. Buxton's *Epping Forest*, and the fourth edition contains several important contributions not to be found in its predecessors. Mr. Buxton, in a chapter on forest management, answers the uproar raised two or three years ago by showing that the felling in Monk's Wood and elsewhere was practically confined to the removal of certain old pollards that were an eyesore to the landscape-lover and a hindrance to the growth of natural wood. He is as much averse as any of his newspaper critics to trimming and clearing the forest into the garden-like neatness of a town park. Mr. Cole, the curator of the new museum at Chingford, contributes a well-written and delightful paper on entomology, which replaces the list of moths and butterflies in the third edition. To his grief the surrounding gamekeepers are so severe on the birds of prey that the insect eaters, freed from their natural check, have increased so much as to menace the very existence of some species of insects. Dr. Cooke, the well-known

specialist on fungi, gives a list of the more important species; he also adds a welcome chapter on pond life. Other additions are by Mr. Holmes, on geology, and Dr. Woodward, on prehistoric man and the animals he hunted. It will thus be seen that a large portion of the book is new. And yet we could wish that more of it were recast. It still contains too much topography; one is sceptical as to the fact of any human being making the attempt to follow out the full score of elaborate itineraries, whose description occupies a third of the volume. In the matter of history it would have been interesting to note some of the literary associations of the Forest. To name but a few, here Keats listened to the nightingale—he was often at Epping; Dickens tramped the glades when he stayed at Chigwell; Tennyson found inspiration under its beeches; Jefferies came to study wild life. And then there was Dick Turpin and the Waltham Blacks and the friends of Lavengro—are visitors not as much interested in these as, say, the camps at Loughton and the Wake Arms?

#### THE ASCENDENCY OF THE NOVEL.

*Essays on the Novel as Illustrated by Scott and Miss Austen.* By Adolphus Alfred Jack. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. JACK'S study of Thackeray created an impression in his favour. It was felt that a discriminating and well-equipped critic had come among us. This promise his new book generously fulfils. The winds of criticism have, no doubt, swept through and through Scott; the chambers of his great literary house have been swept and garnished; for nearly three generations Miss Austen has been the wonder and admiration of the "literary classes," Scott himself among them; and it might be urged that little that is new remains to be said of the genius of either. There are, however, in literature standards of excellence too often lost sight of in these scrambling days of "booms" and big circulations, and to these Mr. Jack's book indirectly calls attention by appraising the novel from the heights reached by two great writers selected from the remotest poles of the literature of the imagination. In making his selection, therefore, he was obeying a wise instinct, although his book, judged from the standpoint of the careless reader who confuses literary criticism with biographical detail, may seem disappointing. In limiting his survey to Scott and Miss Austen, with whose works all educated people are familiar, Mr. Jack has thoughtfully afforded us leisure and opportunity for checking his statements.

"Nowadays," he observes, "everyone is a novelist. This is a heightened way of stating what criticism has of late years iterated, that all our present creative literary talent goes to the making of novels." Fiction, in fact, if it have not dethroned the drama, has driven it from the place it once held. As an active influence the stage is scarcely moving forward. It cannot keep

its eyes on objects of an abiding interest. Meanwhile, all the imagination, all the artistic intelligence of the nation is devoted to the production of the novel." There is no doubt some exaggeration in this statement, because Mr. Jack thinks that "poetry, lacking sustenance, has lost its vitality." If this be granted, it can hardly be denied that the novel has won all along the line. Its present ascendancy, at all events, is indisputable, nor is it easy to foresee any popular force likely to remove it from its pre-eminence, although "nine-tenths of the great imaginative work of the world has been done in other forms." In literature as in biology it is the fittest which survive. Fiction has conquered because it has proved itself the readiest and most convenient form of appealing to the emotions and interests of the modern world.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Jack investigates the processes influencing the imagination until it manifested itself in the novel:

"Some degree of civilisation, some touch of cultivation is necessary before the savage can rise to the conception of a lie; it is so much easier to tell the truth. . . . In an early society a narrative of no consequence will almost certainly be truthful. . . . The temptation to tamper with the truth will obtrude itself first upon those who deal with weighty affairs. The poet and the teller of sagas will be the first to feel it, since it is they who are the narrators of heroic actions. The poet who addresses himself to the task of narrating truthfully the heroic lives of the ancestors of his race or the myths, not myths to him, which detail the heroic deeds of early gods, will soon encounter the difficulty that some of the actions of which he has heard are not heroic at all, or at least not sufficiently heroic for consistency with the rest. His temptation will be to exaggerate the less notable incidents, to heighten them, to bring them in line with the others, and this device he or his successors will employ with increasing freedom till a large element of fiction has intruded itself within their work."

In fact, by the natural process of idealisation the clumsy legend grows into artistically elaborated fiction. The drama, with a similar legendary origin, has followed a similar course. But at last, when the stock of fabled tradition became exhausted, the storyteller was compelled to invent his own material. Almost all early English romances had a legendary basis. As Mr. Jack observes, "the 'Morte d'Arthur' is no more a fictitious tale than the 'Iliad' or the 'Æneid.'" The modern novel is the growth of a complex civilisation which demands a far more flexible form to satisfy it than the epic poem; or the drama with its obvious limitations. The novel may not be the noblest form of literary expression, but, from the popular point of view, it is the fittest; and it can claim an evolution which certainly does not detract from its dignity.

In his sympathetic review of Scott Mr. Jack does not pass over the numerous blemishes—the result of haste, carelessness, or inattention—which mar so many pages of the "Waverley Novels"; but few writers will dispute his opinion of that great writer's magnificent achievement.

"He is," he writes, "always to be compared

with the best; he could do as well as anybody whatever he attempted, and he has attempted and achieved far more than any other English novelist has either achieved or attempted."

Between the art of Scott and of Miss Austen there is a wide gulf. No novelist had a narrower range than the authoress of *Pride and Prejudice*; yet it has had scope enough to raise her among the immortals. Of the atmosphere in which the most delicate of literary miniaturists grew up Mr. Jack gives a masterly analysis. "To have," as she phrased it, "good principles, to accept the views of other people, to drink tea, and to talk a good deal of harmless gossip, this was the sum and end of human perfection." Such a gospel is not calculated to carry an author far, yet with all its "tabby" restrictions it has given Miss Austen a throne as sure as Scott's own.

### BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Exploits of Miles Standish.* By Henry Johnson. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.) THIS is rather a trivial bit of book-making. Miles Standish was born at Standish—which Mr. Johnson actually derives from Stand-anaught or Stand-at-nothing—in Lancashire, fought at Ostend, married, went to Leyden, fell in with Bradford and others, and accompanied them on the *Mayflower* expedition. This is in substance all that Mr. Johnson has to tell us of the first thirty-six years of his hero's life. "In dealing with this period," he tells us, he "has used the license of probability and inference to supply the deficiency of accredited facts." A most intolerable way of writing biography! Standish's later history is, of course, entirely merged in that of the colony; and here Mr. Johnson cooks up once more the familiar story of the planting of New England, as it is told in Governor Bradford's MS. and in the score or so of modern histories catalogued at the end of the book. We object also to the mildly facetious vein in which it pleases Mr. Johnson to write. His prose chapter after Longfellow, on the wooing of Priscilla Alden, is a monumental example of how not to do it.

*A Memoir of William Pengelley, of Torquay, F.R.S., Geologist.* Edited by Hester Pengelley. (John Murray.)

WILLIAM PENGELEY was one of the self-taught men whose laborious accumulation and sifting of geological facts have done much to build up the structure of the modern science. A brief memoir of so useful and honourable a career might have had its place beside that of Robert Dick of Thurso. The ponderous volume now before us is hardly, we think, justified. That Pengelley met Mr. P. H. Gosse and his son Edmund, "a nice boy," or that Prince Nicholas of Russia, who was one of his pupils, said when leaving, "I shall often think of Mr. Pengelley," is surely not worth recording for the benefit of the world at large. There are too many *personalia*, too many semi-humorous stories of a geologist's encounters with open-

mouthed natives, too many letters detailing discoveries which by this time have found their proper place in some treatise or other. The *débris* of scientific investigations is not material for biography, and the real merit of the man is dwarfed beneath his monumental cairn. The most interesting part of the book is the estimate of Pengelley's geological work contributed by Prof. Bonney.

*The Pink Fairy-Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS volume having been preceded by the Blue, the Red, the Green, and the Yellow Fairy-Books, it is not to be wondered at that its quality is inferior, although Mr. Lang has gone far afield, and offers us between these covers stories from Japan, from Sicily, from Denmark, and from Africa. Andersen has again been called upon to lend humour and grace to the heterogeneous mass, but having already given of his best to the colours aforementioned, he is not too well represented here. "The Goblin and the Grocer" is a morality possessed of very little attraction for any child; and although "The Fir Tree" is included, Mr. Lang imperils his readers' pleasure, and thereby exceeds his duty as an editor, by appending to it the comment: "Here our Danish author ends. This is what people call *sentiment*, and I hope you enjoy it!" "The Snow Queen," however, finds a place in a new and pleasant translation by Miss Alma Alleyne, and children who know "Big Claus and Little Claus" will be interested in "The Cunning Shoemaker," a Sicilian variant. Mr. Lang, by the way, is, we are glad to say, not above hinting at a moral of his own. "We cannot all be young, alas! and pretty and strong," he writes at the end of his preface; "but nothing prevents us from being kind, and no kind man, woman, or beast or bird ever comes to anything but good in these oldest fables of the world." Mr. H. J. Ford's illustrations are well chosen, his idea of a Tanuki being particularly satisfactory, while the sister who dropped toads as she talked is a jewel.

*Memories and Fancies.* By the late Lady Camilla Gurdon. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS is a collection of the occasional writings by a gifted lady. It is necessarily a piece of patchwork, but there are many pleasant, and a few really excellent, things therein. A bundle of Suffolk stories, most of which appeared in the *Speaker*, comes first. The influence of Miss Wilkins is plainly perceptible, but we cannot say more for them than that occasional odd scraps of character come to light. Nor have the miscellaneous stories, the verses, or the "Grown-up-fairy tales" any particular merit. But the half-dozen literary essays are admirable. Lady Gurdon was a charming essayist; her style was graceful, flexible, and well-bred, and she could be grave and light by turns; she possessed rare sweetness, and was stored with kindly philosophy. We should not regret it if her essays and a few of the "Fugitive Pieces" formed a tiny volume by themselves, to the exclusion of the rest of this book.

*Sketches from Old Virginia.* By A. G. Bradley. (Macmillan & Co.)

OLD VIRGINIA means for Mr. Bradley the Virginia of the fifteen years or so following the war, when slavery was dead, but a generation brought up among the traditions of slavery still survived. It was an age of transition: the old semi-feudal civilisation of the *ante-bellum* period had fallen into decay—indeed, it had begun to fall into decay, owing to bad farming and impoverished soil, long before the cataclysm—and the newer democratic modes of life had not yet succeeded in asserting themselves. Like all ages of transition, it was full of eccentric and picturesque elements; and it is by these landmarks, human and architectural, that Mr. Bradley's imagination and sympathies have been touched. He has lived for many years in Virginia, and he abounds in information upon its social, agricultural, and sporting aspects; unfortunately, he lacks the lightness of touch and the variety of material which alone could make such a book really entertaining. As a magazine article each of these papers, in *Macmillan* or *Blackwood*, was good padding; in bulk they weary with a somewhat tedious iteration. Mr. Bradley observes, but not very freshly or vividly; he has humour, but it is humour of a rather mild brand. His solid information on tobacco-growing or the negro question is interesting, but here, also, he repeats himself too often. It is curious, however, to learn that the term "nigger" is seldom used by well-bred Southern men, and never by ladies. The man who will get most enjoyment from Mr. Bradley is probably the sportsman.

*Greece in the Nineteenth Century.* By Lewis Sergeant. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS might have been a very valuable book, but, unfortunately, Mr. Sergeant does not write on Greece as a judge, but as a very strenuous advocate. The foundation of the work was published in volume form in 1878, when the Eastern Question was at its previous acute stage, but the book has been largely re-written and considerably added to. The introductory chapter deals with the European crisis of the present year, and is devoted to asserting that not only Turkey, but also all the Powers—Great Britain, as a matter of course—have been in the wrong all through, and Greece only in the right. Since the man in the asylum declared that all the rest of the world was mad and he alone sane, but that being in a minority of one he had been shut up, there has been no such wholesale indictment by an individual or a nation of the rest of the world. This determined bias does away with all authority in Mr. Sergeant's book, and the one-sidedness of his advocacy causes the reader to experience a feeling of revulsion against the Greeks and their cause. Curiously enough, Mr. Sergeant has a very just appreciation of the work done at Berlin in destroying the Treaty of San Stephano; but this is because he sees that Pan Slavism, the great enemy of Panhellenism, was most unjustly aggrandised by that instrument. The chapters dealing with the history of Greece at the beginning of the century are

letter, and in treating of the War of Independence Mr. Sergeant regrets the selfishness, cruelty, vanity, and incompetence of the men who should have led Greece to victory. It is just these defects, and, it might be added, the want of honesty, among her politicians, which have, greatly to the injury of the Western nations, made Greece so feeble a bulwark against the encroachments of the Slavs. The ideal Greece would be a strong centre of Hellenic and Western ideas in the Levant, but the country has unhappily refused to play the part. Mr. Sergeant has written an urgent plea for what we fear must be regarded as a lost cause, but if one takes account of his personal bias, *Greece in the Nineteenth Century* will throw many useful sidelights on the past and present in the East of Europe.

*England and India: a Record of Progress during a Hundred Years, 1785-1885.* By Romesh C. Dutt, C.I.E. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. R. C. DUTT is probably the most distinguished native member of the Indian Civil Service. Appointed after open competition in 1871, he has risen to the high posts of Commissioner of a Division and member of the Legislative Council of Bengal. He is also known as the author of *A History of Civilisation in Ancient India*, which shows wide research and scrupulous fairness of statement. No living man ought to be better qualified, from experience, learning, and sympathy, to write a record of the progress of India during the last hundred years. Unfortunately, he has not done so in the volume before us, which is at once too small and too big. On the one hand, it purports to give, in 160 pages, a comparative study of administrative reform in India and in England; while, on the other, it tells English readers practically nothing that they do not already know. There is some novelty, we admit, in the main idea: that liberal and humanitarian movements in this country have exercised their influence on the government of our great Eastern dependency. But, unfortunately, we are here told a great deal more about the movements in England than about their effect in India. Far more valuable is the concluding chapter, in which the author deals with the circumstances of the present day, criticising with candour, and suggesting amendments of the political machine. As one remedy for the poverty of the country, he proposes an extension of the permanent settlement, on the ground that Bengal has been proved to resist famine better than the other provinces. While not averse to his conclusion, we cannot concede his premise. During the recent drought the destroying angel has not been careful to avoid permanently settled tracts; while the temporarily settled province of Lower Burma has never known a failure of the crops. No one with a knowledge of Madras would suggest that the duration of a settlement had much to do with agricultural prosperity.

*Library Construction, Architecture, and Fittings.* By F. J. Burgoyne. (George Allen.) THE immense increase in the number of public libraries during the last few years,

both in England and America, has been accompanied by considerable controversy as to the methods of library administration, and by a vast ingenuity in the invention of labour-saving appliances. Mr. Burgoyne has thought it well to bring together, for the information of a wider public, some of the conclusions which the experience of experts in this matter has dictated. He has performed his task with minute care, with wide knowledge, and in a commendably practical spirit. In the first part of the book he discusses the principles on which the architecture of a library should rest, and explains the various types of bookshelves, indicators, ladders, and the like, which have proved of service in simplifying and quickening the distribution of books. In the second he describes the arrangement of the principal libraries of two continents. If anything, perhaps Mr. Burgoyne is a trifle too practical. We fully agree with him that the convenience of readers should be made the first consideration, and that the inevitable result of making a library into a show place is to interfere with that convenience. The Boston Public Library is adorned with beautiful frescoes by Puvis de Chavannes and others, and the crowd of sightseers is intolerable. But, still, we think that a little more attention to æsthetic effect in the designing of library fittings would have no such ill results. And, after all, your steel shelves and patent racks are detestably ugly. On the other hand, we should have been glad of some indication of the cost of the many and ingenious devices which Mr. Burgoyne describes and figures. A chapter on private libraries might also have been added with advantage. But what Mr. Burgoyne has not done is very little in comparison with what he has done. His book should be invaluable, not only to librarians, but also to those architects to whom the designing of libraries falls, and who often know very little about the actual working of the buildings they construct.

*Statutes of Lincoln Cathedral.* Arranged by the late Henry Bradshaw, and edited by Christopher Wordsworth. Part II. (Cambridge University Press.)

IT is several years since the publication of Part I. of this work, containing the text of the *Liber Niger* of Lincoln Cathedral, with an introduction by Henry Bradshaw. The present part, which extends to two goodly fasciculi, contains a vast number of Customs and other documents from Lincoln, together with sets of illustrative Statutes from Lichfield, Hereford, York, and other sources. Henry Bradshaw, alas! that burning light of English scholarship, is gone; but his mantle rests upon Canon Wordsworth, who fully maintains his colleague's reputation for precise and profound learning. The work is a storehouse of facts for pundits of ecclesiastical history, and many sections of it, notably the record of Bishop Alnwick's visitation of the cathedral in 1437, have their interest for the lighter student of manners also. Pathetically quoting Henry Bradshaw's remark about "the poison of an index," Canon Wordsworth gives us a magnificent and most valuable one.

*The Registers of John de Sandale and Rigaud de Asserio.* By Francis Joseph Baigent. (Hampshire Record Society.)

THE earliest episcopal registers at Winchester are those of John de Pontissara (1282-1304) and Henry Wodeloke (1305-1316). Mr. Baigent found it more convenient to deal first with the less bulky volumes which come third and fourth in the series. These he has printed *in extenso*, with careful biographical notices of the two bishops, and a liberal supplement of illustrative documents. The Registers extend from 1316-1323, and contain principally episcopal licenses and mandates, letters dimissory and records of ordinations and of institutions to benefices. We have nothing but praise for the care and industry with which the editor has performed his task. The Hampshire Record Society appears to be hardly up to time with its issues, as this is nominally the volume for 1893.

*Publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*

WE have received a large batch of these—fifteen volumes in all. *Heroes of the Chitral Siege* appeals to boy patriotism, and in no way shirks the encouragement of the military feeling. The deeds of Colonel Kelly, Sir George Robertson, Major Townshend, Captain Campbell, and Lieutenants Gurdon and Harley, are fully recounted. *The Machinery of the Universe* is a small book of 120 pages, in which Mr. A. E. Dolheur explains how all phenomena are caused by various forms of motion. Boys will enjoy trying the easy experiment of making smoke rings. They will revel, too, in the attempt to make their smoke rings do the fourteen queer things of which the author says they are capable. A little book on *The Papal Corclaves* is interesting and moderate in tone. Then we have more than half-a-dozen stories for children and young girls. *The Parting Ways*, a love-story with lights and shades and a happy ending, is from the pen of Mrs. Newman, a writer not unknown to young people. *Miss Carr's Young Ladies* is a story of mission work, told with considerable humour, and ending with a wedding on Easter Sunday. *By Surtal Sands*, a story of shipwreck and smuggling on the Isle of Man coast, by Edward N. Hoare, may be trusted to keep a boy out of mischief until he has finished it. Similarly, an unquiet little girl can be steadied by making her a present of *Wild Gown*, by Marie A. Tassell. This is a story of schoolgirl life.

*The Architectural Review.* Vol. I. (Effingham House, Strand, W.C.)

THIS handsome volume, completing the first half-year in its history, augurs well for the future of the *Architectural Review*. Type and illustrations are alike excellent, and the literary matter is such as to attract readers who have only a nodding acquaintance with architectural matters. The student of London, for instance, will do well to go to this volume and its successors for information.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE event of the week is the publication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new story. For the rest we will content ourselves with remarking that the output for the past seven days amounts to thirty works of fiction, in addition to a number of stories for boys and girls.

#### CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling's longest story, already familiar to the readers of *Pearson's Magazine*. It is mainly about the sea, particularly about the hardy and independent sailor-men who fish for cod on the grand banks of Newfoundland. The story is slight, telling of a millionaire boy who falls overboard from a liner, is picked up by the crew of the *We're Here*, and carried against his will to the fishing ground. It abounds in technicalities and vigorous character drawing, and is well illustrated. (Macmillan & Co. 243 pp. 6s.)

#### LOCHINVAR.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

The latest work of this high-spirited, productive writer, completing his first round dozen of books. Here are some of the chapter headings: "The Duel at the Inn of Brederode"; "Haxo, the Bull, Interferes"; "The Prince of Orange"; "The Street of the Butchery"; "The Breaking of the Prison"; "The Battle on the Dunes"; "The Good Ship *Sea Unicorn*"; "The Isle of Bliss"; "The Leaguer of Dunkeld"; "Within the King's Mercy." *Lochinvar* has illustrations by Mr. Frank Richards, and a map by the author. (Methuen & Co. 446 pp. 6s.)

#### WAYFARING MEN.

BY EDNA LYALL.

Edna Lyall's thousands of readers are trained to patience. She vouchsafes a new story only after an ample interval of time has lapsed since the last. *Wayfaring Men* is a novel of dramatic life, and is dedicated to the Profession, as actors call it. In *Donovan* it was shown that an atheist may be also a gentleman: here Edna Lyall would do the same service for the actor. The motto, from Emerson, runs:

"Every man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God, and cannot be spared, defends him."

(Longmans & Co. 452 pp. 6s.)

#### THE LAUGHTER OF JOVE.

BY HELMUTH SCHWARTZE.

"At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs"—this line from *Romeo and Juliet* is the origin of Mr. Schwartz's intensely modern story. The hero is one who takes life seriously. He sins and repents through 356 pages, and then enters a monastery. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

#### SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

Mr. Pett Ridge's public know what to expect. For gloom, neuroticism, psychology they go elsewhere. His new story opens in Paris, with a view of the departure of a youth visiting London for the first time. There he becomes secretary to a Member of Parliament, falls in love, and sees London life freshly. You are carried to the end easily, and left in a good temper. (Methuen. 308 pp. 6s.)

#### A PRINCE OF MISCHANCE.

BY TOM GALLON.

Mr. Gallon's first book was a tender little story in the Dickens tradition, called *Tatterley*. He now follows it with *A Prince of Mischance*, a more ambitious and intricate attempt. The prince is a Greek who is brought up in an English professor's family. The contrast between the young Greek's character and that of Arthur Paddison, an English boy, affords the writer many of his opportunities. (Hutchinson & Co. 361 pp. 6s.)

#### THE KING WITH TWO FACES.

BY M. E. COLERIDGE.

A breathless romance in the style of Dumas, by the author of *The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*. "Four horses, saddled and bridled, stood ready." This note of haste and emergency is well kept up. Pageants glow and pistol shots flash through these pages, and melodrama is exhausted. We gather, however, that the story is founded on facts in Mr. Nisbet Bain's *Gustav III. and his Contemporaries*. (Edward Arnold. 421 pp. 6s.)

#### CUPID'S GARDEN.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A book of pleasant, straightforward stories about conventional people. The first, "An Old Wife's Tale," has the merit of giving the reader a complete surprise in its last sentence, and in "Priscilla Hawthorne" the same ingenuity of plot has a like result. (Cassell & Co. 296 pp.)

#### A DAUGHTER OF STRIFE.

BY JANE HELEN FINDLATER.

This story opens in 1710. Anne Champion, a pretty straw-plaiter, has a lover—Surgeon Sebastian Shepley—at the wars in Flanders. Enter a friend of her lover's, who, struck with her beauty, suppresses the message he has brought from Surgeon Shepley. Instead of delivering it, he represents Shepley to have married a Dutch girl. He is believed, and thus the possibilities of the story are soon grasped. (Methuen & Co. 284 pp. 6s.)

#### THE WITCH WIFE.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

This story is laid in Scotland in the last decade, when the belief in witches lingered still in that country. It opens with the birth of a "lad-bairn" to Randal Drummond, the laird of Glenferroch, and the arrival of "Sonsie Sibbie"—a fine young woman of strange moods and uncommon abilities—to be his nurse. A witch-burning scene is one of the incidents of the story. (Chatto & Windus. 280 pp.)

#### KATHERINE CROMER.

BY HELEN CRAVEN.

Lady Kitty Cromer is pursued by an English lord and an Italian opera-singer, and she is clever enough and uncertain enough to make the chase very interesting to the reader. On her marriage her best friend can only exclaim, "I wonder how it will work?" The reader must form his own opinion on that point. (A. D. Innes & Co. 334 pp.)

#### THRO' LATTICE-WINDOWS.

BY W. J. DAWSON.

Mr. Dawson is a clergyman, and his *Idylls of London* and *Story of Hannah* may be remembered. Here he gives us a series of carefully drawn village episodes, welded into a continuous story. The wickedest man in Barford, one Dexter, is the first character introduced, and he plays a leading part in this drama of chapel and tea-meetings. (Hodder & Stoughton. 293 pp.)

#### THE IRON CROSS.

BY R. H. SHERARD.

Mr. Sherard confesses to such a feeling of embarrassment with regard to the title of this story that he asked Mr. Hall Caine to choose it for him. *The Iron Cross* is the result. The scene is laid in the Landes; the hero is a young Englishman, an author; and there are mysteries and adventures in plenty. (C. Arthur Pearson. 311 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### PRINCESS SARAH.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

The latest work of the author of *Bootle's Baby*. That old favourite is, indeed, to some extent provided with a sequel in the story called "Mignon;" and in "Halt!" we are again shown the sentimental soldier. The other stories have that briskness and spirit which is associated with John Strange Winter's writings. The book is illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Co. 296 pp.)



## CONCERNING CHARLES ROYDANT.

By PIERRE LE CLERCQ.

A wild story, dealing with occult matters, and having a theatrical element. (Digby & Long. 347 pp. 6s.)

## GEORGE MALCOLM.

By GABRIEL SETOUN.

A story of Scottish life, by the author of *Sunshine and Haar*. Pathos and humour of the kind to which we are accustomed in Kailyard fiction alternate. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 348 pp. 6s.)

## JAN: AN AFRIKANDER.

By ANNA HOWARTH.

The scene is laid in Africa, but not the Africa of raids and companies. The story moves placidly forward till Jan commits suicide, "and all that was left of Jan was that solitary grave in the veldt." Jan's friends were faithful, and they had vigilant minds, for "in summer suns and winter frosts, in the bright noonday of youth and the serene evening of old age," and also "in many an hour of silent thought, or of sweet communion, they kept his memory green." (Smith, Elder & Co. 319 pp. 6s.)

## THE SON OF A PEASANT.

By EDWARD McNULTY.

Mr. McNulty's first book was called *Misther O'Ryan*. In this, his second, he offers another story of Irish life, wherein comedy and tragedy, fun and seriousness, are closely mingled. (Edward Arnold. 342 pp. 6s.)

## A HANDFUL OF SILVER.

By L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade is well known by this time as a writer of equable fiction. Her books neither surprise nor disappoint. *A Handful of Silver* is a fair specimen. It is concerned with the ruffled progress of true love, and ends by bringing the two right young people together and marrying off the obstacle to another. There are mystery, too, and self-sacrifice, and many of the best ingredients. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 316 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## DOWN BY THE SUWANEE RIVER.

By AUBREY HOPWOOD.

This is a story of life in Florida. Florida is a comparatively new region to the novel-reader, but things seem to happen there very much as in other districts where the colonist-novelist lays his plot. In this story there are lawlessness, and riding, and love-making, and signs that the author admires Bret Harte and yet possesses vigour of his own. (Kegan Paul & Co. 282 pp. 6s.)

## NETHERDYKE.

By R. J. CHARLETON.

Another tale of the Forty-five! Mr. Charleton, whose previous novels include *The Picture of the King* and *The Honourable Jim*, follows convention in telling the story in the first person. Among the chapters are: "A Mysterious Stranger comes to Netherdyke"; "The Priests' Chamber"; "Bonnie Prince Charlie"; and "Dark Culloden's Fateful Day." (Edward Arnold. 306 pp. 6s.)

## THE SON OF THE CZAR.

By JAMES M. GRAHAM.

An historical romance of the days of Peter the Great and Alexis, his son. Four hundred and ninety-eight teeming pages of intrigue and Russian names. On the first page we meet with a Count Tolstoi, possibly an ancestor of the present one. If before the end the reader sighs for a taste of his descendant's quality, the wish is pardonable, and no slight to Mr. Graham. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

## BARBARA BLOMBERG.

By GEORGE EBERS.

George Ebers reminds us of some ancient star actor, who pays periodical visits to a capital to play new parts, but always in the old convention. Doubtless *Barbara Blomberg* finds admirers in Germany, but the palates of British readers are somewhat spoiled for the pedestrian archaeological romance. This time the author of *Cleopatra* and *Joshua* has chosen the period of the Emperor Charles. (Sampson Low & Co. 2 vols.)

## A CREEL OF IRISH STORIES.

By JANE BARLOW.

There are ten stories to this creel, one being considerably longer than the others. It is enough to say that these gentle, sympathetic Irish sketches are by the hand that wrote *Irish Idylls*. (Methuen & Co. 322 pp. 6s.)

## OUR PAYING GUESTS.

By MRS. CHARLES TERROT.

More short stories—fluent and trivial. (Digby, Long & Co. 235 pp. 6s.)

## THE DUKE AND THE DAMSEL.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Mr. Richard Marsh seems to produce a novel every week. Here he tells us how a worldly widow set to work to marry off her two daughters, just withdrawn from a convent, and how she fared in the attempt to dispose of them. Two disguised aristocrats, one a duke, play leading parts in the story. (C. Arthur Pearson. 248 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## THE ZONE OF FIRE.

By HEADON HILL.

Mr. Headon Hill is another industrious producer. This is a military love-story, laid in Egypt. The first chapter opens at the Empire Music Hall, during a ballet, shortly after the death of General Gordon. The story promises to be impossible and interesting. (C. Arthur Pearson. 425 pp. 6s.)

## BEACON FIRES.

By HEADON HILL.

Again Mr. Headon Hill, with these short stories appealing to the patriotism of Englishmen. The first is concerned mainly with Napoleon's attempt to invade England, but more directly with smaller matters, and, like the other tales in the book, is compact of the loves of English lads and lasses, the deeds of coastguards and smugglers, the hangings of spies, and the confusion of all Frenchmen. Gallant reading. (Ward, Lock & Co. 304 pp.)

## THE KING'S OAK.

By ROBERT CROMIE

"The King's Oak" is the first of five short stories. "Mr. Markham's Private Secretary" is less political than it sounds. The "Rev. Alexander M'Intosh" tells of the relations between that gentleman and a remote Ulster-Scots congregation. (George Newnes, Ltd. 130 pp. 1s.)

## A MODERN ATALANTA.

By MAUD J. VYSE.

A collection of childish short stories, with a silly preface. (Kegan Paul & Co. 240 pp.)

JOB HILDRED, ARTIST  
AND CARPENTER.

EDITED BY ELLEN F. PINSENT.

This story is of a Lincolnshire lad who is put to be a carpenter, and takes to painting, and is loved, and fails to make of Art a bread-winner. A sad story with a good deal of dialect. (Edward Arnold. 260 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker.* By S. Weir Mitchell.  
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Hitherto historical romance has found its ablest practitioners in this country, but one lays down *Hugh Wynne* with the conviction that our present artists in this genre must look to it if an American writer is not to step ahead even of them. Dr. Weir Mitchell's story may be pronounced excellent entertainment: it is a full-blooded narrative, rich in stirring incident, in shrewd delineation of character, and most pleasantly—and, considering its title, unexpectedly—rich in charm and mellowness. It has breeding and courtesy.

It may be said at once that the influence of Thackeray and of Stevenson is perceptible in the book. Again and again we come upon suggestions of *Esmond* and *The Virginians*—the period is that of the latter novel, and Washington is again prominent—and often there are turns and phrases that seem to proceed from familiarity with the author of *Catriona* and *Kidnapped*; but this is no more than to say that Dr. Weir Mitchell has studied in good schools. Stevenson himself played the "sedulous ape" to great personal advantage: Dr. Mitchell's equipment is too considerable for any stigma to rest upon him because he has not been equally successful in eliminating all direct traces of his exemplars. Dr. Mitchell's own qualities should be insisted upon.

The story is that of the War of Independence at the end of the last century, from the point of view of a young Philadelphia Quaker turned soldier. It begins with schooldays and ends in a glance backwards over happy married life, and so far is conventional, and commendable (as the Quakers say) to the public that has bought so many editions of *Lorna Doone*. On the way there are

good fighting, good duelling, and many perilous enterprises, and fine scenes in old Philadelphian mansions, and imprisonment, and fair women, and brave men. But there is more too. There is a genuine flavour of the past; the reader has glimpses of early Pennsylvanian Friends, and the ample, leisurely life they led, and there are excellent portraits to add to his gallery. Aunt Gainor, the strong-minded old Whig gambler, is a full-length of much merit. Aunt Gainor disliked Quakers and hated Tories. Hence she naturally took to her bed on hearing that a number of officers had been quartered in her mansion. Her nephew, Hugh, sought to condole with her:

"I assured my aunt that, fortunately, these were gentlemen, but she was inconsolable, declaring herself ill, and that Dr. Rush must come at once.

'But,' I said, 'he has gone with all the Congress to York.'

'Then I shall die,' moaned my aunt.

At last, knowing her well, I said, 'Is it not too sad?'

'What's that? What?'

'Mr. Howe has taken Mrs. Pemberton's carriage and the pair of sorrels for his own use.'

At this my Aunt Gainor's large face reappeared, not as melancholic as before, and I added, 'Friend Waln has six to care for, and Thomas Scattergood has the Hessian chaplain and a drunken major. The rest of the Friends are no better off.'

'Thank the Lord for all His mercies!' said Miss Wynne.

'And Mr. Cadwalader's house on Little Dock-street Sir William has.'

'A pity that, Hugh. The fine furniture will pay for it, I fear. I think, Hugh, I am better, or I shall be soon.'

'They talk of the meeting over the way for a barrack, Aunt Gainor.' Now this was idly rumoured, but how could one resist to feed an occasion so comic?

'I think I shall die contented,' said Miss Wynne."

The foregoing extract is proof enough to the experienced novel-reader that Aunt Gainor Wynne is a "find."

The heroine, Darthea Peniston, is more elusive; but she has continuous charm. Hugh was first drawn to her when, at their first school, Darthea cried at the brutality shown him by the school-master. In the following passage where, in after years, Hugh reminds her of this scene, we have an example of the author's skill in dialogue. Hugh is riding Lucy his mare, and Darthea sits behind him clinging to his waist, having just been rescued from an accident. Darthea speaks:

"'You were very silent just now, Mr. Wynne. A penny is what most folks' thoughts are bid for, but yours may be worth more. I would not stand at a shilling.'

'Then give it to me,' said I. 'I assure thee a guinea were too little.'

'What are they?'

'Oh, but the shilling.'

'I promise.'

'I seem to see a little, dark-faced child crying because of a boy in disgrace —'

'Pretty?' she asked demurely.

'No, rather plain.'

'You seem to have too good a memory, sir. Who was she?'

'She is not here to-day.'

'Yes, yes!' she cried. 'I have her—oh, somewhere! She comes out on occasions. You may never see her; you may see her to-morrow.'

'I was to see her often. My shilling,' I said.

'That was only a jest, Mr. Wynne. My other girl has stolen it for remembrance of a lad that was brave and —'

'He was a young fool! My shilling, please.'

'No, no!'

At this I touched the mare with my spur. She, not seeing the joke, pranced about, and Miss Darthea was forced to hold my waist for a minute.

'The mare is ill-broke,' she cried. 'Why does she not go along quietly?'

'She hates dishonesty,' I said.

For stronger meat, for descriptions of battle and the like, the reader must seek the book, where he will find plenty, done excellently well with spirit and right feeling. The foregoing quotations have been chosen principally to show that the fine graces are also within Dr. Mitchell's compass. A story of adventure and prowess, ringing with steel, is not a very difficult feat, especially at this moment; but the author who can bring to the task not only enthusiasm for stirring deeds, but also tenderness and delicacy, a feeling for character, and a well-bred style, should be taken very warmly by the hand. This Dr. Mitchell does.

*In Kedar's Tents.* By Henry Seton Merriman.  
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

I have read few novels of recent years that interested me so much as *With Edged Tools*, so that it is saying a good deal to say that *In Kedar's Tents* has not disappointed. Mr. Merriman shows the same faculty for presenting picturesque incident and picturesque character, and he has got rid of a certain staginess which disfigured many parts of his earlier work. But the plot remains conventional and arbitrary, and, though the book carries one along, at the end comes a revulsion of incredulity. Up to a certain point two main strands in the story are dexterously twisted together, but the book does not terminate when the first strand comes to an end, and the remaining one is unduly spun out.

Sir John Pleydell's son has been killed in a Chartist riot, and Sir John comes to Spain to get his revenge upon the slayer who has fled there. He addresses himself to General Vincente, the mainstay of Queen Christina and terror of the Carlists, but in Vincente's English *aide-de-camp*, Frederick Conyngham, he is amazed to discover the man he wanted. Now this Conyngham, a young Irish barrister, had taken another man's guilt upon him in the matter. With this Quixotic temper, it is not surprising that, directly he lands in Spain, he should consent to deliver secretly the letter which a mere stranger hands to him for Julia Barenna. Larralde, the stranger, is Julia's lover, but he is also a Carlist, and the letter is a political document of the utmost weight. So that when Conyngham is detected in the act of trying to hand it to Julia he has to swear that it was a love-letter, and thereby bitterly offends Estella Vincente, whom he loves. The rest of the book is the story of that letter. Conyngham loses it, and Larralde, who believes that he has played false, tries to assassinate him. Larralde wants the letter for the plot's sake and his own safety. Conyngham wants it to clear himself with Estella. Sir John Pleydell naturally leagues himself with Larralde. But—and here is the weakness—when the attempt to kidnap Conyngham has failed, and Sir John Pleydell is aware of the truth—that Conyngham is no sharer in his son's murder—strand the first comes to an end; and so logically does strand the second; for Estella Vincente has every reason to believe in Conyngham, whom she loves and trusts, yet she insists on sight of the letter and will not be content with his word. However, the story has to go on, that the letter may produce its crop of conspiracy, and General Vincente has to deal with the people of Toledo, who try to murder the Queen Regent. The General is, perhaps, the most striking figure in the book. Here he is:

"He pressed Conyngham's hand in both of his, which were small and white, looked up into his face, stepped back, and broke into a soft laugh. Indeed, his voice was admirably suited to a lady's drawing-room, and suggested naught of the camp or battle-field. From the handkerchief which he drew from his sleeve and passed across his white moustache a faint scent floated on the morning air."

Conyngham, in travelling up from Algeciras, had fallen in with some Carlists smuggling ammunition: the Guardias Civiles met the party. This is how the General treats the incident:

"'The guide, Antonio-something-or-other, died, as I understand.'

'Well, yes; if you choose to put it in that way,' admitted Conyngham.

The General raised his eyebrows in a gentle grimace expressive of deprecation, with, as it were, a small solution of sympathy, indicated by a moisture of the eye, for the family of Antonio-something-or-other in their bereavement.

'And the other man? Seemed a nice fellow enough,' inquired Conyngham.

The General raised one gloved hand as if to fend off some approaching calamity.

'He died this morning—at six o'clock.'

Conyngham looked down at this gentle soldier with a dawning light of comprehension. This might after all be the General Vincente whom he had been led to look upon as the fiercest of the Spanish Queen's adherents.

'Of the same complaint?'

'Of the same complaint,' answered the General softly."

Father Concha, the old priest, is excellent; so is Concepcion Vara, Conyngham's volunteer servant. Quite as good in quite another vein is the humorous sketch of Julia Barenna's mother—a stout, devout, and delightfully inconsequent old lady.

I wonder Mr. Merriman does not try his hand at the theatre. He has the dramatist's eye for telling episodes, and a finely

dramatic touch for dialogue. He has also the dramatist's view of motives. For what reasons, except those of stage exigency, should General Vincente, in the last scene but one, have refused to allow his soldiers to fire from behind cover, and gone in with the sword-point against an armed mob? Indeed, the whole episode of the Queen Regent's escape and the fight in Toledo is not elucidated.

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*The Tormentor.* By Benjamin Swift.  
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

We have most of us known some individual in whom the ordinary ardours of youth were replaced by a cold, intellectual curiosity, a prurient desire to spy into other people's souls. Suppose such an individual, possessing an electric quickness of penetration, reinforced by a ready imagination for all shameful possibilities in his neighbours—suppose him to have, besides this equipment for detective psychology, a mesmeric power of compelling people to tell him what common prudence, common decency, and the bare instinct of self-preservation would bid them keep secret; the result of his curiosity is power; he is placed in a position to conduct ethical experiments. For my own part I do not care about such fantastic suppositions; as for the whole history of Mr. Jacob Bristol, "*The Tormentor*," who morally vivisects his fellows, I say, with Horace, *Incredulus odi*. However, there is no doubt that Mr. Benjamin Swift is a clever man, he is known to be young, and we may hope for better. As it stands there is not a human being in the book who acts intelligibly except the boy Paul. The women are simply women in general, humanised, not individualised; Dr. Muster is agreeably sketched, but his surrender to Bristol is, as I said, inconceivable and incredible. Lord Sother and his sister are a pair of caricatures, as ridiculous as the absurd dialect which the uneducated people are made to talk. As for Mr. Bristol himself, he has so much human nature that he is forced to yield to the most imperious of passions. Well, if he had that much of the aboriginal in him, at least he would have found something more natural to utter as he went under the ice in the finish than "Death is so emphatic." I take it he would have gasped and fought like the most natural of us.

Altogether a most annoying book, yet with brains enough behind it to render it worth taking seriously. A quotation should justify me. After his plunge into mere intoxication with Jessie, Bristol, who had meant to live the life of pure intellect, was holding himself as well as herself in great disdain:

"But his repudiation of it all was not accompanied by theological scruples of any sort. It was only the recoil of an intellectual nature out of the mess of instinct. . . . His excavations about the very roots of life were carried on in another way. 'I see,' he said, in the midst of his own recoil, 'that what you call ethics may really have its beginnings in physical disgust. It is our injured æsthetic sense that starts moral progress. Have I done wrong? Obviously no, but civilisation says obviously yes, and civilisation is always quarrelling with nature. Civilisation has triumphed only in making it all very ugly and inconvenient. But a man doesn't require the world's help to discover the delusion of his feeling. I have discovered it already.'

Had he? Not yet fully, because, as he both knew and felt, an emotion half-satisfied is wilder than ever. 'Believe me,' he said, 'the sense of Beauty—I see I have some of it after all!—requires a repetition of instances. It is the tragedy of marriage. A sense of carnal loveliness, really alive, must pass from type to type. Nature is distinctly absurd. Desire passes to nausea, and nausea to desire. . . . I am passing back to . . . Fan.'

There you have, first of all, a paradox about the genesis of ethics: worthless, of course, if taken seriously, but quite amusing as a thing to play with; and, secondly, the familiar

"Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for his fuel."

of innumerable poets, put, as we must all put the old truths or half-truths, into touch with the language of the moment. But the measure of a novelist is not his ability to concoct epigrams, but his power to render human nature, and there is mighty little human nature in this book.

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*The Pomp of the Lavillettes.* By Gilbert Parker.  
(Methuen & Co.)

Mr. Gilbert Parker remains true to Canada; and this story is woven round the last abortive rising in French Canada. The hero

is one Tom Ferrol—the Honourable Tom Ferrol—the younger son of an Irish peer. His abilities

"lay in a splendid plausibility, a spontaneous 'blarney.' He could no more help being spendthrift of his affections and his morals than of his money, and many a time he had wished that his money was as inexhaustible as his emotions."

In short, Tom Ferrol is just a pleasant, irresponsible blackguard. He stays with the Lavillettes, who are bent on reviving the departed glories of the family, flirts with one daughter, who is married, and becomes secretly engaged to the other—Christine. Being penniless, and, as I said, a blackguard, he fills his purse by waylaying his prospective brother-in-law, who has five thousand dollars as sinews of war against the British. Thus does Tom Ferrol mediate:

"Well, it's stealing, or it's highway robbery, no matter how one looks at it," he said to himself. "I wonder what's the matter with me. I must have got started wrong somehow. Money to spend, playing at soldiering, made to believe I'd have a pot of money and an estate, and then told one fine day that a son and heir, with health in form and feature, was come, and Esau must go. No profession except soldiering, debt staring me in the face, and a nasty mess of it all round. I wonder why it is that I didn't pull myself together, be honest to a hair, and fight my way through? I suppose I hadn't it in me. I wasn't the right metal at the start. There's always been a black sheep in our family, a gentleman or a lady, born without morals, and I happen to be the gentleman this generation."

Well, Ferrol gets the dollars, marries Christine, and the rebellion breaks out. And, as Ferrol is in the last stage of consumption, he takes an opportunity of redeeming himself by his death, somewhat after the manner of Sydney Carton. The story is told in Mr. Gilbert Parker's slap-dash, straight-from-the-shoulder style; and there are some good sketches of the scenes in the toy rebellion. There is, moreover, a most exciting fight between Ferrol and a bear, with which a former lover of Christine's had shut him up in a barn, and here Mr. Parker is at his very best. But to most readers—and certainly to me—the novel is spoiled by the absence of any character on whom respect may fasten. Christine is merely a passionate little animal, and horribly vulgar as well, while Ferrol, besides being a blackguard, drinks enough whisky to kill half a dozen men, and has only one lung left. I do not think even Christine would have fallen violently in love with a man who spits blood at every tenth page.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Unkist, Unkind.* By Violet Hunt.  
(Chapman & Hall.)

*Unkist, Unkind* is written in a quiet vein. This book contains a good plot, well-defined and well-contrasted characters, and some happy bits of landscape on Northumberland moors, which give a pleasant atmosphere. The story is an old-fashioned one of the murder order, and is told by a companion. There is an eerie sense of coming tragedy from the moment when Lady Darcy visits the crystal gazer, and is warned against a woman with "stridden" eyes. Presently the "stridden" eyed woman turns up in the house of Sir Anthony Ercildon. She practises necromancy, and is otherwise uncanny:

"She sat opposite me, with her elbows propped on the table, and looked at me obliquely from under the shelter of her broad white eyelids, that she never completely raised. There was some peculiarity about the eyes they veiled, which I made up my mind to notice by daylight. Surely they differed slightly in colour? She had short, reddish hair that curled a little, but not much, and fell about her ears like that of a Cavalier page. Her skin was of the dazzling, and I think disagreeable, whiteness that sometimes goes with red hair. It reminded me of an unwholesome plant that shoots up tall and white in a cellar where no light is. But her arched eyebrows were several shades darker than her hair, and her thin red lips looked the redder for contrast with her paleness. It was a strange, enigmatical face, an almost animal face, and yet a sensitive and refined one: blunt, but subtle in an uncomfortable way. The low forehead, the long clever nose, the broad eyelids with their cruel droop, the hard chin, the large rather uncertainly curved mouth, made a countenance that I should not care to look on for long, but yet should unaccountably return to gaze at. I have seen that combination of passion and astuteness in some of the faces of the women in Italian Renaissance pictures, and I don't like it or trust it."

What drove Lady Darcy to Crawlaw Tower, and how the prophecy of evil worked itself out, I do not propose to reveal; but the reader may be assured that Miss Hunt will manage to give him a thrill or two.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first edition of Lord Tennyson's Life, consisting of five thousand copies, having been entirely exhausted, a reprint is in hand and will be ready in the course of a few days. Meanwhile the biography has galvanised both quarterlies into extraordinary activity. The biography is the text of a long and careful article in both the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*.

FOR no apparent reason, the new *Quarterly* passes seventeen minor poets under hurried review. The seventeen begin with Mr. Kipling, and end with Mr. Alfred Austin, and between them come Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Watson, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Lang, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Walter (!) Ernest Henley, Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. Ashby Sterry, Mr. G. R. Sims, and Mr. Clement Scott. Why some of these singers should be dragged into the light of day, only to be breathlessly despatched into retirement again, we cannot imagine.

MR. LANG, for example, is judged as a poet purely on his *Ballades in Blue China* (1888), while a little piece of verse by his friend Mr. Dobson, inserted in that volume, is cited as a specimen of Mr. Lang's own flawlessness of form. This is both careless and misleading. Since *Ballades in Blue China* appeared, Mr. Lang has written the verse in *Grass of Parnassus* and *Ban and Arrière Ban*. That is to say, he has written "Twilight on Tweed" and "In Memoriam, H.B.," and the sonnets on Burnaby and Homer, and other pieces that might be mentioned—all of which entitle him to more respect than the *Quarterly Review* tenders. With some of the critic's decisions we do not quarrel; but it is hard to see Mr. Gil-

bert ranked higher as a poet than Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Bridges, and Mr. Henley; and the *Quarterly* is the last place where, of old, one would have expected to find a parody of the methods of Mr. Ashby Sterry, Mr. Sims, and Mr. Clement Scott.

Is anything wrong with English printing? We are led to ask the question by casually noticing that a new novel of Messrs. Hutchinson's has been printed in Holland, and that Edna Lyall's new story, *Wayfaring Men*, which proceeds from the house of Longman, has been printed from wretched American plates. Most novels, it is true, are but for a day, but that is no reason why they should be badly prepared.

AT the time of the appearance of the one-volume edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's poems, containing all that he deems most valuable, it is not inappropriate to give figures denoting the popularity of this sweet but low-voiced poet. *Old World Idylls* has reached its eleventh thousand; *At the Sign of the Lyre*, its eighth; and the three illustrated volumes, *The Ballad of Beau Brocade*, *Proverbs in Porcelain*, and *The Story of Rosina* are respectively in their twelfth, seventh, and tenth thousand.

A LADY has set to music some of the poems from Mr. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, and Mr. Crockett has supplied an introduction to the book. Frankly, we do not like Mr. Crockett's introductions. At a romance of adventure we consider him an able hand, but an introduction demands a gift of self-effacement which he does not possess. He writes:

"In part payment of kindly debt, I write this foreword to one or two of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's loveliest child-songs, set to sweet and fitting music. Stevenson I am prepared to uphold at all times, and writing upon any subject. 'I mark,' he wrote of some review article supposed by him to be mine—'I mark your hand in the So-and-So, and am grieved with your monstrous ingratitude in the matter of the "*Foot-note to History*"—meaning, I suppose, that this book had been discriminated from the general meed of praise and objected to by the critic. But the reproach was not mine. The article was written by some clansman less loyal than I. For to this day I am as ready to stand an examination upon the relations of Malietoa and Matafaa and the misdeeds of the Germans upon Samoa as on Allan himself, or upon the connexion of the superfluous honesty of Jim Hawkins's mother with the Scotch school of philosophy."

Now, this surely is not the way to prepare the reader for a collection of Mr. Stevenson's child-verses.

THE book, which bears the title *Song Flowers* (Gardner, Darton & Co.), is, however, interesting, apart from the music, for its illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne. Mr. Charles Robinson's charming pictorial fancies, suggested by these poems, are well known. A comparison of the work of the older and more matter-of-fact artist is interesting. Mr. Stevenson once said, "I must write a book for Gordon Browne to illustrate; he always puts me in good-humour with my people."

EACH autumn seems now to produce its own naturalist. Last year brought forth Mr. Hilaire Belloc, with new and engaging facts about beasts for the delectation of bad children. This year Mr. Lang introduces us to Miss Sybil Corbet *et al* four, who offers facts concerning a region to which she alone has entrance. Her book is called *Animal Land* (J. M. Dent & Co.), and this is her own account of that locality: "Animal land where there are no People is quite near, only you can't see it. It is a kind of Garden Cage, with the North Pole and the sea always roughling and wavy. In the summer they like to be hotter and hotter, and in the winter colder and colder. They live by the North Pole and in the leafy places near. It is always light there, always day; they climb the Poles and always play. That is Animal Land."

FROM the foregoing description, dictated by Miss Corbet to her mother, one would suppose the book to be a kind of unofficial appendix to Dr. Nansen's great work. The pictures of the various creatures, drawn by Miss Corbet from hints supplied by the naturalist, suggests that the influence of Mr. Edward Lear has been felt in the Corbet nursery. We have the Kank, an animal that lives in the forest, eats hay, and comes every morning up to the front door; the Didd; the Wuss, an animal that turns its back and eats snakes; the Jumma, an animal that likes chocolate and rabbits, and is a little blingey; the Junn, an animal that makes friends very easily; the Pokiban; the Joox, an animal that growls, and eats cabbages and beans; and the Toop. A quaint and original company.

NEW editions of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* are announced by Messrs. Macmillan. Lewis Carroll has written new prefaces, and Sir John Tenniel's drawings are to be printed from new electrotypes. This issue will bring *Alice in Wonderland* to its eighty-sixth, and *Through the Looking-Glass* to its sixty-first, thousand.

IN that section of the *American Book Buyer* which is reserved for notes and queries, a poem has been attributed to one George Cooper. We do not know the poem, of which the first line runs:

"There came to port the other night,"

but it is interesting to read the humorous claim to the authorship thereof which is urged by Mr. George C. Cable, the writer of *Old Creole Days*. He says, in a note to the editor of the section:

"I have an impression that it was Coopered by quite another George. My impression is that it was written by myself twenty-seven years ago, on the occasion of the birth of my first child. If you can't take my word for it, I can show you the child. I am not a frequent versifier, and never should have prized this bit if it had not immediately, upon its first publication (in the New Orleans *Picayune*), begun a mad career of getting stolen—like 'Helen of Troy' and others. It is only three days since I wrote to a Chicago publishing house to say that it was not written by Mortimer M. Thompson, as accredited in a volume called *The Humbler Poets*. Let me tell you, even the humblest

poet 'will turn.' And I wish my conscious or unconscious trespassers would give this much-stolen trifle a respite. Zounds, man! have I done nothing else worth stealing? It's mortifying."

MR. ANSTEY'S *Tinted Venus* appeared so long ago in Mr. Arrowsmith's Bristol Library, and was presented in so transitory a guise, that to many persons it will be, in its new form, a new book. The story is among the best book-farces that exist—than *Vice Versé* less comic, but than *The Fallen Idol*, its other companion, more. To the new edition, which Messrs. Harper and Brothers issue, Mr. Bernard Partridge supplies pictures. Mr. Partridge has before illustrated Mr. Anstey more happily, but these will suffice, although Leander Tweddle, as the artist conceives him, differs from our own mental picture of that pitiable dresser of hair.

THERE seems to be some pleasant difference of opinion as to the original and correct text of the epigram, "This world's a city full of streets." It will be remembered that our reviewer advanced a version of it which he considered "undeniably superior" to that adopted by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, in his recently published *English Epigrams and Epitaphs*. The *Dundee Advertiser*, referring to the two versions, says:

"There is, perhaps, a better version than either. It is inscribed on a mural tablet in Elgin Cathedral burying-ground, and from its date, early in the seventeenth century, may be regarded as the original:

"This world is a citie full of streets,  
And death is the mercat that all men meets.  
If life were a thing that money could buy,  
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die."

A Dundee correspondent now tries to cap the *Dundee Advertiser's* version. In sending us the above cutting he writes:

"I have a large jug, one gallon capacity, with what may be a better version of 'This world's a city' than the supposed original in Elgin Churchyard; at least, as far as rhythm goes, and, perhaps, the sentiment. It was brought from Newcastle more than fifty years ago by my father, a shipmaster. Herewith is exact copy, and I notice that 'where' in the second line the *h* has been dropped, English-like, and 'were' substituted for 'where'! My version is this:

"The world's a city with many a crooked street,  
And death's a market-place were all men meet!  
If life was merchandise which men could buy,  
The rich would live, the poor alone would die."

A NEW feature of *The Lady's Realm*, a magazine whose scope is sufficiently explained in its title, will be a series of love-songs, translated by Sir Edwin Arnold from various languages, among them being the Japanese, in which tongue, as a recent event proves, he is a skilled wooer. The originals will be printed side by side with the English versions, in order, we suppose, that the ladies who read this periodical may satisfy themselves of the accuracy of the translation.

THAT quiet little quarterly review of all the arts, *The Dome*, ventures this month to traffic with colour. As an accompaniment to an appreciation of the Japanese artist Hiroshige by Mr. Charles Holme, two examples of his work are given in colour. They are, of course, much reduced, but are, none the less, very pleasing.

*Chapman's Magazine* will in future contain one or more articles by expert writers on subjects of immediate social, literary, or general interest. The first of these articles will be from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang, on "The Bookselling Question," and will deal, from the literary and public point of view, with the important scheme lately propounded in the interest of the Bookselling Trade, and now being considered officially by authors, publishers, and booksellers.

THE recently projected *Hampstead Annual* will be published in November. Among the contributors will be Sir Walter Besant, Canon Ainger, Dr. Horton, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. H. W. Nevinston, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore. The editor is Mr. Ernest Rhys.

*Poems of the Love and Pride of England*, the volume of patriotic verse which Mr. Frederick Wedmore and his daughter have been preparing for nearly two years, is now practically ready for publication, and will be issued by Messrs. Ward & Lock in very tasteful form, with a title-page of special beauty. It is believed that not a single living poet of any real importance who has written patriotic verse will be found absent from the volume, while the poets of earlier generations are to be represented by some of their least-known, as well as by their most familiar, efforts.

THE Fine Art Society, of 148, New Bond-street, London, will recommence their special exhibitions with a collection of autograph letters and literary MSS. In many cases not merely single letters will be shown, but volumes of letters, as, for instance, those of Tasso, Locke, Sterne, Pope, Johnson, and Shelley. Among the original MSS. will be Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia*, and works by Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Moore, Goldsmith, and Cowper. Autograph letters of a number of royal personages are also to be shown, together with those of authors, painters, warriors, statesmen, divines, musicians, and actors.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS has just ready for publication a work on which Mr. Grant Allen has been engaged intermittently ever since he left Oxford: *The Evolution of the Idea of God: an Enquiry into the Origins of Religions*. The greater part of this volume is new, but certain chapters have been already published in the form of review articles in the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary Reviews*.

THE special winter number of *The Studio*, to be ready early in November, will consist of an inquiry into Children's Books and their Illustrators, written by Mr. Gleeson White, and illustrated by a large number of examples by various artists.

## EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

### IV.—THE WITHHELD POEMS OF TENNYSON.

"THE artist is known by his self-limitation," said Tennyson; and he righteously condemned the publication of "chips from the workshop" of poets. Yet his son, in the recent biography of his father, has published a number of poems and lines which Tennyson withheld from the public. They prove, by Tennyson's own rule, that Tennyson was an artist. The only value of their publication is to show how little we lose, how much we gain, by such self-limitation; and to impress upon young poets the necessity of using like self-denial. The first thing needful to notice is the very early "Coach of Death." It has not a foreshadowing of the coming Tennyson in style, yet it contains the argument of "The Vision of Sin." The gaunt traveller, the thin-shanked host, are all there; but in style it is a youthfully wanton following of Burger and his German kin. His early University residence yields two fragments, both of which anticipate his maturer style: the one in description, the other in political utterance. But the earliest complete poem of importance is "Anacaona." His characteristic love of new and musical metrical combinations first shows itself in this. I referred but lately, in one of these essays, to the resemblance between Mangan and Edgar Poe in their treatment of the iterative refrain. Clearly, however, the thing was in the air, for here we find the same device in a minor degree.

"Bathing in the slumbrous coves,  
In the cocoa-shadowed coves  
Of sun-bright Xaraguay,"

quite hints the method of Edgar Poe; and not only Poe, but Mangan, excels Tennyson in this kind. "Anacaona" is as deficient in striking substance as Mangan; while its metre, for all its elaboration, falls short of the Irish poet's felicity. The rhymes did not satisfy Tennyson, we are told, which probably means the arrangement of rhymes—the metrical form. And he was right; it does not achieve its intention. The long "Hesperides," we are told, he was sorry for having omitted from his "Juvenilia." But we may thank his better and earlier judgment. In its form (and it depends on form rather than on substance) it is somewhere between the "Lotus Eaters" and such poems as "The Mer-man." Coleridge, who rightly blamed him because in his first volume he had adventured novel combinations before he was securely grounded in regular metre, would have found yet more fault with the "Hesperides." Its unfulfilled intention came (metrically) to golden fruit in the "Lotus-Eaters"; and we lose nothing by its absence from his poems. A following sonnet—"Lasting Sorrow"—has an excellent final couplet:

"I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright,  
When we two meet there's never perfect light."

A sonnet on Cambridge, also, written in 1830, is good in a minor kind. And, finally, a sonnet on the "Nightingale" has an

octave, charming in itself, and notable as the basis of a lovely passage in the "Lotus-Eaters":

"Check every outflash, every ruder sally  
Of thought and speech, speak low, and give  
up wholly  
Toy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy:  
This is the place. Thro' yonder poplar alley,  
Below, the blue green river windeth slowly,  
But in the middle of the sombre valley  
The crisped waters murmur musically,  
And all the haunted place is dark and holy."

But so much—by far the greater part—of these poems reads like Tennyson imitating himself. "The Statesman" and "Truth" are of this kind; "The Mother's Ghost" is not even Tennyson's ghost; it is nothing. And of the patriotic songs what shall be said? "Britons, guard your own," is painfully poor; "Hands all round," in spite of lines which have the dignified Tennysonian manner, is quite below the high poetic mark. "The Philosopher" is a perfect example of workmanship without inspiration. But why go on? Tennyson thought none of these things worthy a place in his published work; and their publication shows that he had admirable self-judgment. It is the same with the omitted stanzas from his various poems; they deserved omission, and not posthumous publication. The best of them are some of those excluded from the "Dream of Fair Women." This astronomical stanza, for instance:

"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like  
swarms,  
Of suns and starry streams."

This is fine and vivid: it and its companion stanzas were doubtless left out to gain compactness. He had intended (so we are told) to insert sculptures in that rich poem, but only finished two. The first, of Elijah, is good, but not magical like the pictures we possess:

"Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak wind-borne  
Behind, his forehead heavenly bright  
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,  
Lit as with inner light."

The second, of Olympias, I think better, and not unworthy of a place in the poem. The omitted prologue, on the other hand, to "The Gardener's Daughter" is all workmanship, workmanship, and decidedly is better away. Nevertheless, in that poem occurs the single omission which I find it possible to regret:

"Her beauty grew: till drawn in narrowing  
arcs,  
The southing Autumn touch'd with swallowed  
gleams  
The granges on the fallows."

That is magical, in Tennyson's finest style of pictorial suggestion. It is said to have been excised because Fitzgerald said it was taken from a landscape—background in a picture by Titian—surely the very strangest reason ever assigned for an omission! Let us thank and admire the great poet's judgment, that it is the sole ill-advised excision which his son's Memoir has been able to bring to light.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### III.—A NOVELIST.

It struck me first as I placed the candle by my bedside and looked round the room. I had ridden down on my bicycle to dine and sleep. We had dined pleasantly and talked long; my brain was awake and needed a soporific. For my host, besides being a story-teller whose words are quoted among publishers at many guineas per thousand, is a stimulative talker, and he had made me think. And thought is a bad nightcap. Looking round the room, I saw a bookcase over the mantelpiece—empty. Yet not absolutely empty, for lying flat in one corner was a book of hymns, adapted, if I remember rightly, to the use of Congregationalists. It struck me even more forcibly the next morning, when I wandered about in search of a newspaper, or, in default of a newspaper, a book. Nothing of the kind was visible but a two months old copy of the *Art Journal* and an illustrated paper which contained an interview with the novelist. Tobacco, food, drink, pictures, music, but no literature. I found him lighting his after-breakfast pipe upon the lawn.

"I say," I began, "I can't find anything to read."

He looked at me a little curiously.

"If you really want a book," he said, "ask my wife. There are lots in the house; only—to tell you the truth, I don't know where they are."

"But the last time I was here," I said, "the place was infested with new books. You were reviewing, you know."

"I've given up reviewing," he said. "I'm getting on with my new story."

"Well, but where are the books?" I asked.

"I expect," he said, cramming a finger into the bowl of his pipe, "they're sold."

"But don't you read yourself between whiles?" I inquired. "Just as a relaxation?"

He drew me by the arm to a seat and we sat down.

"Look here," he said, "you've put your finger on my vice. I don't read anything."

"Don't read anything?"

"Nothing. I'm in the position of the man who has to take the pledge to avoid becoming a habitual drunkard. I've got the—well, you might call it the *cacoëthes legendi*—in a virulent form. Every scrap of printed matter that comes under my eye has got to be read before I can settle down to work. It doesn't matter how footling it is. If it is only a price-list which a draper has sent to my wife it's got to be read, if once I get hold of it. As to the morning paper—why, I can't get through it before lunch."

"Then," I said, "you don't take in a morning paper?"

"Not when I'm working," he replied. "At least I never see it. My wife looks after that. Any new book or paper that comes into the house she seizes and hides, and I never come across it. If I did, I assure you I should have to read it from end to end. Then the whole day would be gone and no work done."

"But don't you want to read to—well—improve your style, or for pleasure?"

"As for style," he said, "I think style comes from the inside of a man, not from the outside. To a novelist, for instance, it would be as absurd to try to copy Stevenson's style as to copy his velvet coat. The effect you made wouldn't be worth making. As to pleasure—"

"Well, don't you find pleasure in reading good stuff? Would you as soon read a draper's price list or the advertisements in the *Times* as, say, *St. Ives*?"

"Oh, certainly not," he said. "The confirmed inebriate probably likes good liquor better than bad, though he'll drink the worst rather than none. I would rather read good stuff; for choice I think I would rather read the transactions of scientific societies and accounts of discoveries in chemistry, biology, and so forth. But anything that's printed is enough to compel me to put off my work until it's read."

"Then you don't care particularly about reading novels?"

"Well, I fancy the novelist approaches the novel from a special point of view. The general reader reads for the story. The novelist looks at the method of telling. He is like the builder whom you show over your new house. The builder doesn't bother about the paint and the paper; he has an eye to the foundations, and the thickness of the walls, and the stuff the walls are built of. Now when I read a novel I am always on the look-out to see how it was put together. It's the technique that interests me. Of course, as I said, anything that is printed interests me—but a good novel holds me more securely than a draper's catalogue, because it is better done."

"Then which is the novelist you most carefully avoid?"

He considered for a moment, then he replied: "Henry James. That is, when I want to write myself. As a matter of fact, I read every line he writes, and can't do a stroke of work for a week afterwards. You see, you can't imitate him, and you can't see how he does it. I imagine that most writers have the same feeling about Henry James. He is the novelist for novelists, because only a man who writes novels has the feeling for technique. The general public, I believe, don't care about him because there is nothing particularly exciting, or improper, or instructive, in his stories. But the way he writes them—Good Lord!" He sighed gently, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Well," he said, "if you go and find the wife, she will probably give you something to read. I've got to go and write."

## PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE sentence pronounced against sequels seems inevitable. Even the delicate and incomparable style of M. Anatole France is doomed to failure when he attempts to repeat a triumph in the same path. *L'Orme du Mail* was an enchantment. Not so its

successor, *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, which takes up the threads, and continues the tale of M. Bergeret's colourless miseries. The very title is an unjustifiable affectation. There is, of course, the same grace, the same mediæval elegance of phrase and irony. The same mocking and almost tender sympathy, the same exquisite clarity of thought and expression; above and beyond all, the same bland, unwavering charm. It is always a master who writes for our delectation, and in his pages the meanest life shows through a soft, luminous smile. Still the effort falls heavy. The first half of the book is charming. The latter half palls and is almost dull.

The author of so much wit and wisdom cannot fail to strew his pages with memorable phrases. Speaking of M. Bergeret's various disenchantments—the vulgarity of his wife, the indifference of his daughters, the insipidity of the combats of Turnus and Æneas—he says: “He was unhappy through his own fault. For all our real miseries are interior and caused by ourselves. We falsely believe that they come from without, but we form them within us from our own substance.” And addressing his favourite pupil in his military uniform as a hero, M. Bergeret adds: “The least one may do is to flatter a little those we send to death. We could not offer them the commission at a cheaper rate.” The pupil explains that he has expended all his mental faculties during four months in conciliating his corporal and serjeant-major by “measured gratuities.” It is the only branch of the military art he has succeeded in acquiring, but it is also the most important. The Romans, M. Bergeret says, were not essentially military, since they made profitable and durable conquests, whereas the true soldier takes everything and keeps nothing. Dilating fancifully on the innate love of destruction planted in every human breast, the fatuous young scholar says, “with a gun in my hand, I want to shoot everybody; it's in the blood.” He maintains that it suffices to give any man a bayonet for him to thrust it into the body of the first comer, and become thereby a hero. When M. Rouxe removes the master's dictionary from a chair to make room for the master's wife, M. Bergeret reflects:

“Mme. Bergeret swam in the infinite of the ages, formless, conscienceless, scattered in light rays of oxygen and carbon. The particles which should one day compose this Latin lexicon, at the same time, gravitated for ages in this same nebulous state, whence should spring monsters, insects, and a little thought. It needed an eternity to produce my wife and my dictionary, monuments of my painful existence, defective forms both, at times importunate. My dictionary is full of errors. Amélie bears an injurious soul in a heavy body. Hence there is scant reason to hope that a new eternity will finally create science and beauty. We live for a while, and we should gain nothing by living forever. It is not a lack of time or space that nature can complain of, and we see her work!”

M. Bergeret's erudite humour and punctilious prose in explaining the coarse insult of an illiterate sergeant are delightful. Admitting that he may possibly have lent

a meaning to the sergeant's commonplace obscenity, he says: “I grant there may have been some unconsciousness in the memorable discourse of Sergeant Lebrece. But that is genius. It bursts without a suspicion of its own force.” The wife pettishly protests that nobody knows whether her husband is chaffing or serious, and we may imagine, without indiscretion, that M. France himself is not without familiarity with such a domestic protest. It requires some subtlety to penetrate so imperturbable a placidity as his, and detect how much real pity lies under the irony, how human is the limpid flow of speech. What, for instance, could be more pitifully, delicately satirical than the description of the gross domestic interruptions in the lofty discourse between M. Bergeret and his learned disciples? It is the brutal facts of life viewed with a dainty serenity. We hear of a young officer, a modern St. George, who nourishes a mystic notion of the military career, mysterious devotions fulfilled in a state of grave and pious chastity. Only one thing wrecks his mild and exquisite calm: the National flag. The iniquitous violence of white, red, and blue breaks his heart. He yearns for pink or lilac, and dreams of a celestial banner. But he suffers with patience and courage. Meanwhile sounds of another kind of wreckage come from the kitchen where the young Euphemia is engaged upon the dinner, and acrid odours penetrate in whiffs to incommode M. Bergeret among the shadows of Æneas, Turnus and the timid Lavinia, and the professor, saddened by the inelegance of his narrow life,

“mused of some villa where, on a white terrace, on the border of a blue lake, he might discourse quietly to his friends in the perfume of myrtle, at the hour when the amorous moon rises to bathe in a sky pure like the glances of the kindly gods, mild like the breath of the goddesses.”

The climax of this erudite chapter is the appearance of the young Euphemia, scarlet and enraged, roaring “Give me my wages and let me go.”

There is an indescribable and suggestive eloquence in each adjective, as well as each line referring to this quaint figure of a colourless and unhappy professor in a slow provincial town. The air that blows about him is “malicious,” the face of the town is “hostile”; his own eye is the only one that meets his glance with benevolence. “He bestowed some pity and sympathy on himself. He was kindly to himself as to the unfortunate.” When his wife betrays him with his favourite pupil,

“it was not his happiness that was destroyed (he was never happy), it was his poor domestic life, his private existence, already so cold and so laborious, now broken and dishonoured, of which nothing more remained.”

Pity here is more profound than M. France's graceful irony would have us believe. To measure such dull and uninteresting sorrow is atonement for a pagan lack of morality, and an unreverent raillery.

H. L.

## SOME BOOKMEN OF YESTERDAY.

WE receive now and again from Mr. Quaritch, the bookseller, certain slim paper-covered booklets bearing the title: *Contributions towards a Dictionary of English Book-Collectors*. They represent Mr. Quaritch's progress with a work of great interest, difficulty, and magnitude, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its name. We are merely about to dip into its latest instalment. Not one of the articles in this part is written by Mr. Quaritch himself; all are from the pen of Mr. F. S. Ellis, who pleasantly dubs himself “an advanced sexagenarian bibliopole”; but Mr. Quaritch appends a characteristic note to the first article, in which is set forth the career of Bertram, the great fourth Earl of Ashburnham—the founder of the Ashburnham Library.

Mr. Quaritch—whose opinion may be said to be final—considers that the Earl was “a most accomplished and learned book-collector.” Mr. Quaritch knew him well. In his early bookselling days the noble Lord was his frequent customer, and he (the Earl) had many a good bargain. For instance, a small folio, *Aesopus*, that was made Lot 19 in the recent Ashburnham sale, was recognised by Mr. Quaritch as a volume which he had sold to the Earl fifty years previously for £3 3s. Mr. Quaritch was glad to acquire it again for £61. On one occasion, when the Earl thought he had been fortunate in his dealing with Mr. Quaritch, we read: “He was so pleased with his bargain that he made me a very acceptable present of game.” Alas! for the fourth Earl of Ashburnham, he weakened in the eternal struggle at Quaritch's. “Latterly Lord Ashburnham ceased to buy from me; he could not compete with more open-handed buyers like the Earl of Crawford, Mr. Henry Huth, and Mr. James Lenox, of New York.” Then came the catastrophe: “One day I showed him a splendid collection of MSS., including one of the Carolingian period. I told him my prices; he admitted the great attraction placed before him, and asked me, finally, whether I would allow him to make an offer for the lot. I curtly replied, ‘No, my lord, my prices are net.’ I think that was the last time Lord Ashburnham was in my shop.”

Such partings must be; but, while we read, we feel sorry for the fourth Earl of Ashburnham, for he was proud and stern, and he had run his race well. Once he commissioned Lilly, his agent, to buy a second folio Shakespeare, but without mentioning any price. Such folios then fetched about £15; this one was run up to £60, and then Lilly stopped in dismay, and the folio was lost. “What did you mean by letting it go at that price? Did I not tell you to buy it?” thundered the Earl, whose good judgment, by the way, has been proved by the prices the same book realised at later dates: £146 in 1864, and £540 in 1896. The day arrived (we have seen) when the Earl's acquisitions were controlled by sterner circumstances than the timidity of an agent.

A great bookman, of the same period, was George Daniel. Mr. Ellis says of himself



that he is one of "the few survivors among bibliophiles to whom the portly figure and florid, good-humoured countenance of Mr. George Daniel were familiar during the latter years of his life." He gives us a picture of Daniel. Though he "had lampooned the Prince Regent in his youth, he affected the style and manners of the Regency period in his later days, and there are touches in Dickens's creation of Mr. Turveydrop, senr., that strongly remind one of him. His manner was too supercilious, condescending, and pompous to inspire any very warm-hearted remembrances in those who knew him." Thus plainly do these bookmen write of their dead. The sale of Daniel's collection took place in 1864. In forty years' experience Mr. Ellis remembers no sale "that created equal excitement and interest"; and he recalls the heat and suffocation and tension of the auction room when Mr. Wilkinson took up his hammer to dispose of Daniel's Shakespearian treasures, notably a first folio, which he knocked down to the Baroness Burdett Coutts for 682 guineas. If golden lads must come to dust, it would seem that every collection on which gold and brains have been spent must some day be dusted. George Daniel, like the rest, had his day; "he was a cautious buyer, and a hard-mouthed bargainer," yet he could show emotion when it cost nothing. When he bought that first folio Shakespeare from Mr. Pickering for £100—a high price in those days—the bookseller was for wrapping the volume in paper. "No, no!" cried Daniel; "nothing less than silk! fetch me one of your best silk handkerchiefs." And in silk, and in a hackney-coach, the volume was conveyed to Islington.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE BOOK, AND THE VILLAGE.

A FEW days ago I was in a long, lofty office, overlooking the Victoria Embankment. Shelves of new, brightly bound books ran round the room, and the floor was almost covered with painted wooden boxes, made very square and tight, with clamps and good locks, as if for endurance. At the end of the room, opposite the window, was a table for secretarial work, and beyond, through the window, ran the glinting tides, with the red sails of barges showing above or between the trees. It was a pleasant room in itself; but knowing its work and purposes it seemed to me singularly pleasant. For from this room remote villages all over England are supplied with new books on a self-supporting library system. I was a visitor to the *Review of Reviews* Circulating Library; and Mr. W. Stead, jun., who manages the library, was there to talk to me about it; while Miss Atlee, on whom the secretarial work falls, was equally ready to meet with facts and documents any dulness of comprehension that declared itself in my questions.

"Will you tell me," I asked Mr. Stead, "how long you have been doing this work, and why you began it."

"It sprang," was the reply, "out of the *Review of Reviews*, three years ago. We had country people calling to ask all kinds of questions, and chiefly to ask what books they should read and what editions they should buy. It became clear to us that small towns and villages had been quite passed over by the Free Libraries Acts, and that something else, appropriate to their needs, ought to be done to help them in the race."

"And you found the solution in what I may call circulating Circulating Libraries?"

"Yes. Not that the idea was original. Hampshire and Yorkshire had already village libraries. The Sunday School Union was supplying books to villages. The Working Men's Club and Institute Union was issuing over a hundred boxes of books a year to local centres, and the National Liberal Club was acting as literary godfather to about thirty villages. Then in America the box-system had long been in operation. What my father did see was that the ground was most imperfectly covered; and that in the *Review of Reviews* he had a valuable aid in any attempt he should make to establish an extensive Village Library system of his own."

"And he felt encouraged to start?"

"Yes, and his encouragement came from the villagers themselves as represented by our constant stream of callers at the *Review of Reviews* office. Mr. Thomas Greenwood, who was entitled to speak with authority, assured my father that a box system of supplying small country towns and villages with books could never be self-supporting. We are proud to have proved Mr. Greenwood wrong. Then the parish councils to whom we first appealed were not at all effusive in their welcome of the project. Being then very new bodies, they were afraid of schemes that spelled increased rates. They would do nothing."

"Well, you did get support, and you have made the scheme pay. Now, Mr. Stead, will you tell me just what the scheme is when in full operation?"

"Certainly. It is very simple. At any given time we have several sets of twelve boxes in circulation. These sets are alike. But the twelve boxes composing a set are all differently made up. A village, therefore, can ask for any one of these twelve boxes, the contents of which are catalogued in the current prospectus; then it can exchange this box for another, and so gradually devour twelve little libraries."

"How many books are there in one box?"

"Forty."

"And how long is a village entitled to keep a box?"

"Three months."

"And the subscription?"

"The subscription is £6 a year; and it works out to this, that thirty people, paying each a halfpenny a week, can have the reading of some 150 books every year."

"And who takes charge of a village box, and who distributes the books?"

"That varies in different cases. A clergyman, a small stationer, the secretary of a club, a Sunday-school teacher, or a

private individual—all these receive boxes and are responsible for their safety."

"And are you supplied with any record of the use that is made of a given box of books?"

"Oh, yes; you shall see one." Here Miss Atlee placed before me a tabulated statement of the books received in last March from the *Review of Reviews* Library by the little village of H—.

The names and addresses of thirty subscribers were given, and opposite each were the numbers of the books which the subscriber had borrowed. They did not all borrow books from that box. Seven refrained. Two subscribers borrowed only one book each. Others had three, four, and five books from the box in the quarter, and Mr. C— borrowed fourteen volumes. I take leave to surmise that Mr. C— has a family of boys and girls, particularly boys. In any case, the C— family has very healthy tastes in reading. These are the books they carried home between March 26 and June 26 of this year: Mrs. Browning's *Poems*, Green's *Short History of the English People*, *Letters and Memoirs of Charles Kingsley*, *Poultry for Prizes and Profit*, and four bound volumes of magazines. Then I found that the C—'s taste in fiction is robust and varied. *Treasure Island*, *Toilers of the Sea*, *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, I do not doubt, were the boys' choice. Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *Aunt Anne*, *The Stickit Minister*, and Mrs. Charles's *The Draytons and Davenants*, would be the choice of their sisters; and *Marcella*, perhaps, pleased an older mind.

I found it interesting to analyse the table further. The most popular book in this box—sent to a Sussex village three months ago—was *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

Second in favour came Mrs. Charles's *The Draytons and Davenants*, and—for a surprise—*Sheridan's Plays*.

Next in popularity came *Marcella*, *Kenilworth*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Toilers of the Sea*.

After these: Mr. Lang's *Green Fairy Book*, *The Citizen and the State*, and *It's Never too Late to Mend*.

Lady Brassy's *Voyage in the Sunbeam* was borrowed three times; Mrs. Browning's *Poems* twice; Scott's *Poems* only once.

Green's *Short History of the English People* had only one reader in the village, but Dean Farrar's *Early Days of Christianity* had three.

There were two readers each for *The Life of Lord Lawrence*, Mr. Frederic Harrison's *Life of Cromwell*, and Lord Macaulay's *Essays*.

Not a single Sussex villager wanted to read *The Humour of Ireland*.

I thought this document, one of scores which Mr. Stead could have shown me, was most interesting and significant. Mr. Stead went on to tell me of bleak villages on the Tyne, and stone-built hamlets on the Cumberland fells, and Welsh hamlets as remote, between which and London there has been established this literary tie; and it seemed to me that a new and gracious wonder had been added to London.

W. W.



## THE WEEK.

A PRODUCTIVE week, in which works of History and Biography are again prominent. Thus the fourth and concluding volume of the *Life of Dr. E. B. Pusey, D.D.*, begun by Canon Liddon, is given to the world. Dr. Pusey had scarcely begun to work upon this portion of Dr. Pusey's life, but he had written an account of Dr. Pusey's last days, and of his death-bed, which, it is unnecessary to say, finds its place in this volume. In the latter part of his life, when the Tractarian storm had rocked itself to rest, or was heard only in its after-rumbles, Dr. Pusey devoted himself to broadening the foundations of the Christian faith as a whole. In this volume the reader will learn how,

"from the vantage-ground of the full faith of the Catholic Church, and with his wide knowledge and clear insight into the limits of any possible range of physical science, he was able not only to steady and reassure many troubled minds, but also to make timely contributions of permanent value to the cause of Christian apology."

The work has not even now been completed without vicissitudes. The names of four writers, including Pusey's, appear on the title-page of this volume, and two of these writers have gone to their rest.

A book of the week is the *Philosophical Lectures and Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship*. It is contained in two volumes, of which Mr. S. C. Bradley has edited the first, and Mr. G. R. Benson the second; and the labours of these gentlemen are founded to some extent on work done by Prof. C. E. Vaughan, of the University College of South Wales. The "Remains" include Miscellaneous Papers and Extracts from Letters, a series of Lectures on Logic, a series of chapters on "Plato's Conception of Goodness of the Good" (the only portion of these books written for publication), and Lectures on the Republic of Plato.

The tragically sudden death of Prof. Nettleship, which all our readers will remember, lends touching interest to the biographical sketch which Prof. Bradley has written for these "Remains." Referring to Prof. Nettleship's matured mind, Prof. Bradley has these striking sentences:

"In his last years he had given up some of his college work, and it is most likely that, before very long, he would have retired, and have devoted himself in London to philosophical writing. Nor is it probable that, even if his colleagues had wished him to become master, he could have been induced to accept a position which, in some respects, would have been very uncongenial to him, and for which he considered himself in those respects unfitted. He was thought by the friends who saw most of him in these last years to look decidedly older, and at the same time to have grown more peaceful, if not happier. He had, I think, mastered the restlessness of unsatisfied love; and, while his sympathies were only deepened and enlarged, he seemed to have attained to much of that indifference to the chances and changes of which religious writers speak. Alike in intellect and character, which in him seemed in a peculiar degree inseparable, he was standing when his death came higher than he had ever stood

before. The last of his letters to me was written the night before he started for Switzerland, never to return; it was meant to be read only if he chanced to be the first to die; and almost its final words were these: 'Don't bother about death; it doesn't count.' Not for him, doubtless, or for that which includes both him and all who loved him or feel his influence; but to them, and, as they believe, to others, his death counts only too much. He lives, indeed, in them so long as they are true to him; but they must feel how dim is the reflection that their memories, or even these 'Remains,' can render of a spirit so ardent, deep, and pure."

It may be asked, who wants a new complete edition of the works of George Berkeley? But the Bohn series is a monument of courageous publishing, and Messrs. Bell are, we dare say, not mistaken in their belief that Berkeley's works only need to be made more accessible to be more studied. The only other edition before the public is the exhaustive one issued by Prof. Campbell Fraser from Oxford in 1871. This is both too expensive and too learned for any but a narrow range of readers. The present edition will be less cumbered with notes, and its cost will be no barrier to its acquisition. A Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour is a welcome feature. This essay has been printed before, but it has been revised for its present purpose. Mr. Balfour says of Berkeley's writings:

"In reading his not very voluminous works we find ourselves not only in the thick of every great controversy— theological, mathematical, and philosophical—which raged in England during the first half of the eighteenth century, but we get glimpses of life in the most diverse conditions: in the seclusion of Trinity College, Dublin, in the best literary and fashionable society in London, among the prosperous colonists of Rhode Island, among the very far from prosperous peasants and squireens of Cork. And all this in the company of a man endowed with the subtlest of intellects, lit up with a humour the most delicate and urbane."

A portrait of Berkeley, executed in photograph from John Smibert's picture in the National Portrait Gallery, is the frontispiece to the first of the three volumes within which the edition will be complete.

The week's Poetry gives us Mr. Austin Dobson's final selections of his *Poems*, and Canon Ainger's selection from the poems of *Thomas Hood*.

A curious book of travel may be noted: *England Through Chinese Spectacles*, by Wo Chang. It should be interesting to compare Wo Chang's strictures on England with those of Goldsmith's "citizen of the world."

Students who can visit Rome, or who cannot, will probably find a useful book in Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani's *Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome*. Prof. Lanciani teaches ancient topography in the University of Rome, and is master of his subject. "Students wishing to attain a higher degree of efficiency in this branch of Roman archaeology will find copious references to the standard publications on

each subject or part of a subject; while the description of ruins and excavations will not be found too technical or one-sided for the ordinary reader."

About thirty new novels are catalogued and described elsewhere.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE RETURN TO THE CROSS. By Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. Isbister & Co.  
THE NEW TESTAMENT. Illustrated. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 2s. 6d.  
HOMILETIC: LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Theodor Christlieb, D.D. Edited by Th. Haarbeck. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 7s. 6d.  
GENESIS CRITICALLY AND EXEGETICALLY EXPOUNDED. By Dr. A. Willmann. Translated from the last edition by Wm. B. Stevenson, B.D. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh).  
ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRIST. By David Somerville, M.A. T. & T. Clark. 9s.  
IN A PLAIN PATH: ADDRESSES TO BOYS. By Rev. W. J. Foxwell, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.  
CHRISTIAN ASPECTS OF LIFE. (By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.)  
THE THREE RYLANDS: A HUNDRED YEARS OF VARIOUS CHRISTIAN SERVICE. By James Culross, D.D. Elliot Stock.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- LIFE OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY. By Henry Parry Liddon, and Other Writers. Longmans, Green & Co. 18s.  
PHILIP II. OF SPAIN. By Martin A. S. Hume. Macmillan & Co.  
CHRONICLES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. By B. B. Turner. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.  
THE CHILDREN'S STUDY: ROMAN. By Mary Ford. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.  
THE RUINS AND EXCAVATIONS OF ANCIENT ROME. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Macmillan & Co.  
THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D. Edited by George Sampson. With a Biographical Introduction by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. Vol. I. George Bell & Sons. 5s.  
THE STORY OF AUSTRALIA. By Flora L. Shaw. Horace Marshall & Son. 1s. 6d.  
THE WORKS OF XENOPHON. Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 5s.  
THE MAKERS OF MODERN ROME. By Mrs. Oliphant. Macmillan & Co. 10s. 6d.  
EAST ANGLES AND THE GREAT CIVIL WAR. By Alfred Kingston. Elliot Stock.  
THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS IN THE CRIMEA. By Lt.-Col. Ross of-Bladensburg. A. D. Innes & Co.  
THE CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO. By Herbert H. Sargent. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

## ESSAYS, POETRY, CRITICISM.

- THE ROYAL SHEPHERDESSES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Dudley Charles Bushby. Digby, Long & Co. 2s. 6d.  
POEMS. By George Cookson. A. D. Innes & Co. 4s. 6d.  
LAYS OF THE RED BRANCH. By Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s.  
THE ETHICS OF BROWNING'S POEMS. By Mrs. Percy Leake. Grant Richards.  
SONGS IN MANY MOODS. By Nina Frances Layard. THE WANDERING ALBATROSS. By Annie Corder. Longmans, Green & Co.  
THE PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM. By W. Basil Worsfold, M.A. George Allen.  
LAYS OF LOVE AND LIBERTY. By James A. Mackereth. Elliot Stock.  
MONTAIGNE AND SHAKESPEARE. By John M. Robertson. The University Press (London).  
COLLECTED POEMS. By Austin Dobson. Kegan Paul. 6s.  
THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS: THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESSES. By John Fletcher. Edited by F. W. Moorman, Ph.D. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s.  
LITERARY PAMPHLETS, CHIEFLY RELATING TO POETRY. From Sidney to Byron. Selected by Ernest Rhys. 2 vols. Kegan Paul.  
FIDELIS, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. M. Gemmer. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.  
POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited by Alfred Singer. 2 vols. 10s.

## SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL.

THE LOCAL DISTRIBUTION OF ELECTRIC POWER IN WORKSHOPS, &c. By Ernest Kilburn Scott. Biggs & Co. 2s.  
THE FOUNDERS OF GEOLOGY. By Sir Archibald Geikie. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF THE KLONDIKE. By John W. Leonard. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.  
ENGLAND THROUGH CHINESE SPECTACLES: LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF WO CHANG. The Cotton Press.  
CHRONICLES OF THE PARISH OF TAXWOOD. By J. R. Maodon, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.  
MOUNTAIN, STREAM, AND COVERT. By Alexander Innes Shand. Seeley & Co.

## PHILOSOPHY.

MODERN RATIONALISM. By Joseph McCabe. Watts & Co.  
THE FACTS OF THE MORAL LIFE. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated by Julia Gulliver and Edward B. Titchener. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.  
PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURES AND REMAINS OF RICHARD LEWIS NETTLESHIP. Edited by A. C. Bradley and G. R. Benson. Macmillan & Co. 17s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

A DIGEST OF DEDUCTIVE LOGIC. By B. Johnson Barker. B.A. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.  
A HISTORY OF ROME FOR BEGINNERS. By Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. Macmillan & Co.  
A JUNIOR LATIN-ENGLISH GRADUS OR VERSE-Dictionary. By Sidney C. Waterhouse, B.A. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 3s.  
APPLIED MECHANICS. By John Perry. Cassell & Co. 9s.  
THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; ITS HISTORY AND STRUCTURE. By W. H. Low, M.A. W. B. Oliver. 3s. 6d.  
MIDDLE FORM GREEK READING BOOKS: PYLOS AND SPARTANES. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. Livingtons.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

LITTLE GROWN-UPS. By Elizabeth S. Tucker and Maud Humphrey. SUNDAY READING FOR THE YOUNG, 1896. Gardner, Darton & Co. PHIL MAY'S A.B.C. The Leadenhall Press, Ltd. SONG FLOWERS FROM A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Set to Music by Robert Louis Stevenson. Gardner, Darton & Co. ANIMAL LAND. By Sybil & Katharine Corbet. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. J. M. Dent & Co. FOR THE FLAG. From the French of Jules Verne. By Mrs. Cassel Hoey. Sampson Low. CLOVIS DARTMENTOR. By Jules Verne. Sampson Low. RED APPLES AND SILVER BELLS: A BOOK OF VERSE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES. By Hamish Hendry. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. Blackie & Son, Ltd. FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF DUTY AND DARING FOR GIRLS. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Hutchinson & Co. FIFTY-TWO STORIES OF DUTY AND DARING FOR BOYS. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Hutchinson & Co. A DAUGHTER OF ERIN. By Violet P. Finny. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d. NELL'S SCHOOL-DAYS: A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY. By H. F. Gethen. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d. THE NAVAL CADET: A STORY OF ADVENTURE ON LAND AND SEA. By Gordon Stables, M.D. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d. WITH FREDERICK THE GREAT. By G. A. Henty. Blackie & Son. 6s. THE FLAMP, AND OTHER STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By E. V. Lucas. Grant Richards. FROGGY, OR MY LORD MAYOR; A STORY OF THE TRIALS OF OFFICE. By Charles James Scotter. The Leadenhall Press, Ltd. 3s. 6d. GUBBINS MINOR, AND SOME OTHER FELLOWS. By Fred. Whishaw. Griffith Farran. 3s. 6d. THE ADVENTURES OF A STOWAWAY. By Fred. Whishaw. Griffith Farran. 3s. 6d. SCARLET LEATHER. By Henry J. Barker. Griffith Farran. 2s. MISS BOBBIE. By Ethel Turner. Ward, Lock & Co. A LONELY LITTLE LADY. By Dolf Wyllarde. Hutchinson & Co. 5s. OLGA; OR, WRONG ON BOTH SIDES. By Vin Vincent. Griffith Farran. 3s. 6d. MISS MOUSE AND HER BOYS. By Mrs. Molesworth. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d. IDA FROM INDIA: A TALE FOR GIRLS. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. Griffith Farran. 3s. 6d. THE LUCK OF THE EARDLEYS. By Sheila E. Braine. Blackie & Son. 6s.

## FOREIGN.

NAPOLEON: A-T-IL ÉTÉ UN HOMME HEUREUX? Par Philibert Andebrand. LE RÊVE DE YANNIKI. Par Jean Paichari. LES AMANTS BYZANTINS. Par Hugues le Roux. Calmann Lévy (Paris).

## NEW EDITIONS.

THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. Thackeray. Service & Paton. 2s. 6d. THE LADY OF THE LAKE. By Sir Walter Scott. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang, and Illustrations by C. E. Brock. Service & Paton. 6s. THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Service & Paton. 3s. 6d. REMINISCENCES OF A HUNTSMAN. By the Hon. Granville F. Berkeley. New edition. Edward Arnold. 15s. THE TINTED VENUS: A FARCICAL ROMANCE. By F. Anstey. Harper & Bros.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN MANY LANDS. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A. Seeley & Co. BAROO JABBERJEE, B.A. By F. Anstey. J. M. Dent & Co. THE STRAY NOTES OF A WANDERER. By A. C. C. Roxburghe Press. HISTORY OF THE HORN-BOOK. By Andrew W. Tuer, F.S.A. The Leadenhall Press, Ltd. THE THREE CRUIKSHANKS: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE. W. T. Spencer. 8s. 6d. THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. Edited by Temple Scott. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d. THE NEW MAN: A CHRONICLE OF THE MODERN TIME. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtses. The Levytype Co. (Philadelphia). CHILDREN UNDER THE POOR LAW. By W. Chance, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d. THE REMINISCENCES OF BASHI-BAZOOK. By Edward Visetelly. J. W. Arrowsmith (Bristol). HUMANITARIAN ESSAYS. By Maurice Adams and Other Writers. William Reeves. 1s. SCENES FROM MILITARY LIFE. By Richard Penny. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## TENNYSON AND WORDSWORTH.

London: Oct. 22, 1897.

The reviewer of the Tennyson biography in your issue of October 9 quotes with a certain approval a story of Tennyson and Wordsworth contributed to the Biography by Mr. Aubrey de Vere. Tennyson had been to Hampstead to call on Wordsworth, and returning to town across the fields he complained to Mr. Aubrey de Vere of "the Old Poet's coldness." "He had endeavoured," says Mr. Aubrey de Vere, "to stimulate some latent ardours by telling Wordsworth of a tropical island where the trees, when they first come into leaf, were a vivid scarlet; 'every one of them, I told him, one flush all over the island, the colour of blood! It would not do. I could not influence his imagination in the least.'" Your reviewer adds—surely rather rashly—"Our own, we confess, is left cold." My imagination is warmed; but that is not the point. What I wish to draw attention to is the fact that more than forty years before this conversation between the young and the old poet took place, Wordsworth had written in his beautiful poem "Ruth" this stanza:

"He told of the Magnolia, spread  
High as a cloud, high over head!  
The cypress and her spire;  
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
To set the hills on fire."

The Old Poet may have considered that there was no need to glow twice. W. W.

## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Holne Chase, Devon: Oct. 20, 1897.

In the ACADEMY of October 2 your reviewer writes an article on Arthur Hugh Clough, which, as a life-long admirer and careful student of that poet, I should much like to supplement.

The writer states it as his opinion that the reputation of Clough has reached its vanishing point, and that "his kind of wit," as well as his "kind of verse," is out of date.

This may be so, perhaps, with regard to some of his poems, especially those to which the

writer confines himself. The "Bothie" is, undoubtedly, laborious reading, and the "Amours de Voyage" are as bad, if not worse. But it is not for the sake of these, or even "one or two lyrics in the Arnold manner," that I venture to think the name of Clough will be still long remembered.

One of our critics wrote some years ago: "Clough was the poet of devout scepticism, as Arnold was the poet of devout unbelief." Whether this judgment be true or not, it is pre-eminently as a religious poet that Clough takes his place among the earlier writers of the century. The author of "Dipsychus" and "Poems on Life and Duty" may surely claim an equal rank with Matthew Arnold. It must be allowed he had not the same happy turn for metre and rhythm as his friend, but he possessed what in Arnold is so often wanting—a keen sense of humour. It would be hard to name any poet—unless it be Heine—in which the pathetic and the ludicrous, the tragedy and comedy, are so inextricably mingled. Where shall we find, for instance, such a felicitous summary of the problems of life as in the utterance of the Spirit in "Dipsychus":

"This world is very odd, we see,  
We do not comprehend it;  
But in one fact we all agree,  
God won't, and we can't mend it."

The actual sum total of his philosophy—as deduced from his poems—may not amount to very much. As he says, his desire was rather

"Oh, let me love my love unto myself alone,  
And know my knowledge to the world unknown."

Yet in his negative teaching he is often very daring in his expression. If the author of "Obermann" considered it "a gratifying marvel" that the Archbishop should invite him once a year to dinner, what is to be said for the writer of "Easter Day," with its persistent refrain:

"Christ is not risen—No!  
He lies and moulders low?"

In all those minds on whom the problems of the day still press unsolved and apparently insoluble, A. H. Clough yet holds an honoured place. We may regret that he should ever have written the "Bothie"—which we agree with your reviewer in not being able to pronounce—but we can well forgive the error for the sake of the many fine poems he wrote—not in hexameters!

E. FORSTER.

## OMAR KHÄYYÄM.

Oct. 18, 1897.

There is one thing that has long puzzled me, and I do not mind incurring the sneers of Oriental *literati*, provided I can get from them an answer that shall restore tranquillity to my troubled mind.

Who is this Omar Khäyyäm, and why all this fuss about him when those of his craft are as thick as berries upon the Eastern Parnassus? I have long since made the acquaintance of all, or nearly all, of them in Hammer-Purgstall's and Friedrich Rückert's marvellous translations, and do not hesitate to say that the poetry of most of these worthies is as boneless, as featureless, as insipid as that of the Italian *trecentisti*, who still have devotees in this country, notwithstanding Leopardi's dictum concerning them: *quantunque si trovino rime non si trova poesia*.

But to return to Omar Khäyyäm. Is he, I wonder, equal in merit to Amrillkai's "Dichter und König" done into German by Rückert? I have here before me a couple of volumes of Persian and Arabic tales and legends by the

same translator: "Morgenländische Sagen und Geschichten" (Stuttgart, 1837). These volumes have been in my possession for years, and I cannot resist the suspicion that whatever fugitive amusement I may have derived from their perusal, it was all due to the brilliant infidelities of the adapter. If, as the ACADEMY seems to think, Omar Khäyyām's commonplace gazels have also been beautified in like manner, all honour, I say, to the "traduttore-traditore" for his literary skill; but, then, why all this fuss about the Persian rhymester, as if he were a second Marcus Aurelius? This is what puzzles me. I enclose my card, and have the honour to remain, &c.

J. D.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"What Maisie Knew."  
By Henry James.  
THE *Chronicle's* praise of this story is too breathless to be informing. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says with deliberation:

"This latest novel from Mr. James's pen seems, beyond doubt, to touch his highest point. It is a work very difficult to criticise, very perplexing to appraise. But beyond and above all the one fact of its astounding cleverness stands forth. It is quite impossible to ignore that, if the word have any significance, and is ever to be used at all, we are here dealing with genius. This is a work of genius, as much as Mr. Meredith's best work, though on quite other human lines, as the readers of both need not be reminded. And the next point which may occur to a reader, as he lays down the book, is that the author has generously, wilfully, almost wantonly handicapped himself."

The writer justifies his last remark as follows:

"Conceive that this medley, these intricacies of motive, this tangle and confusion of emotion, are all transmuted, reflected, determined through the mind of a little girl of eight years! The thing, one would say, was preposterous. What on earth, indeed, did Maisie know of all this terrible human imbroglio? She knew nothing—that is obviously the answer which Mr. James desires us to take from his story; and that very fact that she knew nothing, was really aware of nothing, stared on life through childish and innocent eyes, surveyed the dustheap and the dungheap with her incomplete and wondering vision—that fact composes the amazing difficulty of Mr. James's task. To render the action and the motives through Maisie's mind to the reader, and yet leave upon that virginal spirit the stain or shadow of no comprehension—such has been the author's work. His success is commensurate with the difficulty."

Now for a little fault-finding. Mr. T. C. Quiller-Couch, writing in the *Speaker*, comes to the conclusion that Mr. James's interest in his characters gradually changes into interest in the game he has set them to play. His characters, in their turn, "stand perilously near to merging themselves and their interests in the author's own cleverness and the interests of that cleverness."

"Indeed, the whole splendid possibilities of the original situation seem, under the baneful compulsion of this too ingenious plot, to be fined down into an academical discussion between Maisie and Mrs. Wix as to the amount of moral sense which Maisie possesses. In other words, the problem is set for human tragedy, and is worked out—in so far as it is worked

out—as a clever game. The result, then, in the judgment of one sincere admirer of Mr. James's work, is a great novel marred by sophistication in the treatment. But that it is in conception a great novel surely no competent judge will be found to deny; and its intricacy of motive—if this be a fault, as many, and perhaps most, will maintain—springs from the restless conscientiousness of a great artist."

As usual, Mr. James's obscurities and eccentricities of style are pointed out. The *Standard* says:

"His vision of the things he describes seems to be so full that he lacks words with which to express it; and instead of being content with giving us as much as plain language can legitimately convey, he is always striving after the impossible, and piles words upon words and image upon image in the vain attempt to make our dull eyes discern the infinite subtleties of human feeling and motive that are so plain to him."

And the *Standard* quotes one of Mr. James's sentences in justification. Here it is:

"... But if he had an idea at the back of his head, she had also one in a recess as deep, and for a time, while they sat together, there was an extraordinary mute passage between her vision of this vision of his, his vision of her vision, and her vision of his vision of her vision."

With a simpler style, the *Standard* thinks Mr. James "would be an admirable novelist."

"Selected Poems."  
By George Meredith.  
THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has a good review of these poems. It says:

"The art, the insight, the force, the minuteness, the largeness of the writer's mind, strike the reader on every page. And yet he would be a bold critic who would place Mr. George Meredith among the great English poets. The reason of this is somewhat obscure. Probably the art is not concealed enough; there is too much striving after effect, too much elaboration, too much determination not to be commonplace. The foot of the writer seems to be tapping on the threshold of the very inmost shrine of poetry, but it seldom crosses it. His hand beats patiently upon the door, but the door does not fly open."

The writer then briefly examines some half-dozen of the poems. He quotes the two former stanzas in "Love in the Valley" ("Lonely are the curves of the white owl sweeping," &c.), and says:

"The rhythm and metre of this poem are irresistible; it is full from end to end of a rippling melodious happiness, which fairly sweeps the reader away; and yet, with due respect, we would submit that the poem is far too long—over 200 lines—and loses its lyric quality thereby. Moreover, in stanzas written in such long lines, the ear simply demands the double rhyme, and is unsatisfied with scanty assonance. Similarly the 'Woods of Westernmain,' that closes the book, a cataract of leaping, tripping sound, is vitiated by its length; it is, as it were, a canvas a foot high and fifty feet long, not to be grasped. You pass along it, enchanted, amazed; but its long-drawn sweetness palls."

The *St. James's Gazette*, after quoting "Marian," says:

"There is not a spark of crabbed Meredithese in that. *O si sic omnia!* some will sigh. There, of course, a reservation must be

made. Mr. Meredith, like Browning, attempts in his poetry to traverse regions of the intellect where high thoughts can only be converted, with any power to recreate thought, into complicated, metaphorical, and profound expression, not to be grasped by a reader without some co-responding labour of brain. Still Mr. Meredith's keenest admirers will do well to confess that his mannerism has grown upon him in his poems even more than in his novels. And it is all the more refreshing for catholic-minded but not uncritical lovers of good poetry to re-discover by means of this volume what a body of truly minted stuff the poet, after all, has put forth."

The *Chronicle*, dealing with Meredith's subject-matter, says:

"What most appeals to us personally, in his poems, even more than the nervous force of his ballads or the splendid imagination of his myths, is the matchless intensity with which he sees and reproduces English nature, the life of woodland and common, down and dingle."

THE *Saturday Review* has been scolding Mr. Frederic Harrison—all on account of this book, which has been issued by the Clarendon Press as the definitive edition. But it does not seem to be definitive, and it has found in Mr. Frederic Harrison its only champion. On September 11 the *Tablet* reviewed the book and fell foul of Mr. Bridge's text, which it declared to be inferior and inexact, and full of "gross mistakes." On September 18 the *Saturday Review* followed suit, and said, "The text is worthless." On September 25 the *Athenæum* published a review, if possible, more searching and severe. The reviewer concluded: "One of the greatest opportunities a student of mediæval science could have had has thus been frittered away." But on October 1 the *Positivist Review* had a favourable review of the book. It was from the pen of Mr. Frederic Harrison, who extolled the edition for its completeness and accuracy, and described it as "truly monumental." The *Saturday Review* reviewer saw this notice, rubbed his eyes, took down the book again, and wrote another article in the *Saturday Review* of October 2. He concluded a scathing article, as follows:

"If Mr. Harrison's review is meant as irony, it is not difficult to conjecture why he should have made such an attack on the work. His bitterness is, perhaps, only the measure of his disappointment. It seems that Bacon has been placed in the *Religion of Humanity* on a pedestal near that of Comte, and great things were hoped from this edition. The Franciscans had published a scholarly and complete edition of the works of St. Bonaventure, Bacon's general: the Comtists wished to do the same for Bacon himself. How the Clarendon Press came to lend itself to the plan is another question. As things stand, we have no hesitation in joining with Mr. Frederic Harrison in his ironical congratulations to the College of Physicians and the University of Oxford on this 'truly monumental edition.'"

These critical exchanges are followed by others in the *Athenæum* of October 16. Mr. Harrison sends a long letter, to which the reviewer replies at almost equal length. Here we can do no more than draw attention to this bout of learning and wits.

# MESSRS. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS.

MESSRS. METHUEN BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY WILL PUBLISH SHORTLY:—

- TRAITS and CONFIDENCES**, by the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, crown 8vo, 6s.  
**A PASSIONATE PILGRIM**, by PERCY WHITE, crown 8vo, 6s.  
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Cheshire. Her father ends his first letter: "Thus longing soare to see thee faare well this xvii of May, 1598. Thy treuest friend Ed. fytton"; and two months later he begins another letter thus: "Nan Newdigate, I ame to think my selfe much beholdinge to you as a ffather can be to a daughter." Her mother ends a letter "To my good doughter Mrs. Anne Newdygat at Erbery" with the touching phrase, "God blesse you and yours and send us all meri to meett." Her uncle, Francis Fytton, addresses "To myne especial good neece, Mrs. Newdigate at hir house at Arbery in Warwyckshyre," and signs himself "Your owne uncle and affectionat frend to all my powere." These are no mere formal phrases. Their context sufficiently proves that the affections of a truly united family centred around Anne; while the loyalty with which she stood by her scapegrace sister through all her errors and troubles shows that there was no Pharisaism in her own unblemished virtue. Outside her immediate family, her chief correspondents were Sir William Knollys, of whom more anon, old Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Richard Leveson, and one Francis Beaumont—not, unfortunately, the Beaumont of *The Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster*. To Sir Fulke Greville, then over seventy, she accorded, in the fashion of the time, the title of "master," acknowledging herself his "servant," and the old gentleman thanked her for her favour in these courtly, yet evidently heartfelt, terms:

"Deere esteemed and best beloved servant All y<sup>e</sup> words in y<sup>e</sup> world cannot suffyciently expresse ye Joy and comfort I take in bearyng ye tittle and name off your Mr. Many men are diversely affected, some take pryde off fayre howses some off theare welth, some off fayre wyffs and others off theare chyldrene; I only glory y<sup>t</sup> I have a servant w<sup>ch</sup> conteynes all vertues and y<sup>e</sup> same draws to her y<sup>e</sup> trew love and affection off all good mynds and myne in good faythe sweete servant in such sort that thoughe I have y<sup>e</sup> honor to be called your Mr. you have y<sup>e</sup> powre to command me and any thinge I have. . . .

"From Beachampscourt this 20th off August 1599

by him y<sup>t</sup> loves and honors you

"Your Mr. off your own favor and courtesye,

"FFOWLKE GREVYLE."

The letters of her cousin, Sir Richard Leveson, are frank, sailorlike, and genuinely affectionate. It strikes us as odd to find him currently addressing her as "sweet wyff," while sending the most friendly messages to her husband, "my cozen Jake"; but it was the fashion of the time to express affection in imaginary relationships. Even the cousinship was, as a matter of fact, many times removed; yet he would be a frontless cynic indeed who, after reading these innocent and kindly letters, should hint a suspicion that, as Barham puts it, "they were a little less than kin and rather more than kind." So amiable is Leveson's unconscious self-portrayal that, like the present Lady Newdegate, we are loath to believe the assertion of an old family-tree that Mary Fytton, his friend's sister, was his mistress and had two children by him. It is clear enough that Mary's conduct was not irreproachable even in the interval between her

intrigue with the Earl of Pembroke and her marriage with William Polwhele. Shortly after Sir Edward Fytton's death, in 1606, we find Lady Fytton writing to her daughter Anne:

"I take no joye to heer of your sister nor of that boy. If it hade plesed God whan I did bear her that shee and I hade bine beried it hade saved mee ffrom a great delle of sorow and gryffe, and her ffrom sham and such shame as never hade Chesshyre woman, worse now than ever. Wrytt no mor to mee of her."

There can be but one interpretation of this passage; but it can scarcely refer to the birth of a child by Sir Richard Leveson, who died in August, 1605. Moreover, the phrase "worse now than ever" indicates that Mary's conduct had for some time been better, and that she had lately relapsed into evil ways; but if, as the family-tree would have us believe, she had two daughters by Sir Richard Leveson, they must have been born between 1601 and 1605, so that at no time could there have been any great appearance of reformation on her part. On the whole, then, we incline, with Lady Newdegate, to reject the evidence of the family-tree, so far as it concerns Sir Richard Leveson. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the family-tree was correct in recording her intrigue with Pembroke; that Sir Richard Leveson's will contains provision for the payment of an annuity of £100 to "a person or persons" privately designated by the testator to his executors; that a Captain Polwhele served under Sir Richard Leveson at sea; and that the manor of Perton, in Staffordshire, where William Polwhele and Mary Fytton lived after their marriage in 1607, was the property of Sir Richard. The matter is obscure and of no importance. The interesting part of Mary Fytton's career, to which we shall presently return, lies between 1595 and 1601.

Anne Newdigate lost her husband in 1610, and it was shortly before his death that she got into correspondence with her neighbour, Francis Beaumont of Bedworth. This gentleman's letters are, from a literary point of view, the most interesting in the book, for Master Beaumont possessed no despicable powers of expression, and was an accomplished, though belated, Euphuist. He is Anne's most ardent admirer, and, being himself well stricken in years, is urgent in promoting the suit of his "cosyn Sanders," who would fain have been her second husband. Anne, however, resolutely declined to be (as she herself phrased it in her petition to Lord Salisbury) "soe accursed a woeman to marrye againe." She seems, indeed, to have had little more than an amused tolerance for the ingenious phrases in which Master Beaumont pleaded his kinsman's cause. Yet they were not without a certain insinuating grace—witness the following really exquisite form of address: "My best ladie and of all ladies that ever I knew myne onlie best and most noble Ladie." Hamlet, you perceive, was in nowise out of the fashion in inscribing his billet, "To the celestial and my soul's idol the most beautified Ophelia"; but Beaumont's formula is at once simpler and subtler; Polonius could scarcely have found

it "a vile phrase." Whether sincerely or not, Beaumont professed a somewhat extravagant admiration for Anne's own literary gifts (which were quite unpretending), and begged earnestly for a copy of her before-mentioned letter and supplication o Lord Salisbury:

"Your owne they be and yours as much as your owne children be yours, in this onely different, that your children were borne of your bodie and these preatie inanimate creatures borne of your brayne: yet not still borne but borne stil to reproove poor mee. . . . You can not bestowe your favoures upon any the best freindes you have that shalbe more kindelie accepted then of mee, and your most loving freind my neece, who being a great collector of monuments wil, I knowe, in hir booke of recordes reserve a prime station for my Ladie Nudigate's letters."

We owe our best thanks to "Ladie Nudigate" for having preserved, and to Lady Newdegate for having published, these "monuments" of the epistolary style of our forefathers.

But we have kept the worshipful Sir William Knollys, Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household, waiting too long for his audience. Whatever be their bearing on the problem of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and even if it should one day appear that they have no bearing at all, Sir William's letters are certainly human documents of extraordinary interest. He was over fifty, and married to a rich wife who was older than himself, when the seventeen-year-old daughter of his friend, Sir Edward Fytton, made her first appearance at Court. After promising her father to "deffend the innocent lamb ffrom the wolvyse crueltye and fox-like subteltye of the tame bests off thys place," he promptly fell in love with her and determined to marry her as soon as his wife should be good enough to die. Meanwhile he doted upon her with all an old man's fondness, and made her sister Anne the confidant of a suit which seems to have been (if the word can be used under the peculiar circumstances) entirely "honourable." He is dejected, in one letter, because Mary has gone to bed without saying good night to him. In another, accepting the office of godfather to one of Anne Newdigate's children (a daughter), he writes:

"Imagyne what name I love best, and that doe I nominate but refer the choyse to your self, and yff I might be as happye to be a ffather as a godffather, I would think myself exceedyng rich, but that will never be untill one of your owne tribe be a partye player."

Passages of as plain or even plainer import abound in his letters. It is evident that the compact of marriage as soon as it should be legally possible was (outwardly, at least) accepted by Mary herself, and was understood and approved by her family. Gradually, as time goes on, Mary grows restive, and makes no attempt to conceal the fact from Sir William, who writes:

"Hyr greatest feare ys that while the grasse groweth the horse maye starve, and she thinketh a byrd in the bushe ys worth 2 in the hand [sic]. But both she and I must have patience & that will bring peace at the last."

At last, as we know, Mary's intrigue with

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, comes to light, she leaves the Court in disgrace, and though Sir William continues to write of her affectionately and respectfully, all thought of marriage is at an end. Now, to some of us, it appears that this strange and almost incredible relationship between the old Comptroller of the Household and the young Maid of Honour removes the main difficulty in the way of accepting Mary Fytton as the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, while it supplies a new and striking coincidence in her favour. The great stumbling-block to the Mary Fytton theory has hitherto been the phrase "In act thy bed-vow broke"; and here we find her engaged by what was in effect a "bed-vow" to Sir William Knollys. Further, it had been argued by more than one critic that the sonnet beginning:

"Whoever bath her wish, thou hast thy Will,  
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus,"

implied that she had not only two lovers, but three, of the name of William; and here we have the trefoil completed: William Shakespeare, William Herbert, William Knollys. We have no space to go into the question in detail. All we can say is that if Mary Fytton was *not* the Dark Lady, the chain of coincidence completed by these letters is one of the strangest on record.

#### LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

*Recollections of Aubrey de Vere.* (Edward Arnold.)

MR. AUBREY DE VERE'S *Recollections* go back for more than sixty years. They are concerned a little with travels, the record of which reminds us that there was a time when an Englishman's visit to Milan Cathedral was an event; they deal largely with politics, but narrowed to Irish politics, and narrowed again to strained relations between landlord and tenant, Mr. de Vere belonging to a family of landlords, and having no love for "the agitators" as his political opponents are nicknamed by him; they deal, too, with religion, for Mr. de Vere is one of the not very numerous Irishmen of his class who have joined the Roman Catholic Church; and he devotes himself for the rest to the world of Letters, in which, by his own achievements as well as by his close friendships with eminent writers, he has been a name since Victoria began to rule. These literary "Recollections" will be the most interesting of all for the general reader, who may, however regret their grave limitations. Mr. de Vere, for instance, was the friend of Tennyson for more than half a century. They met in the first forties in the rooms of James Spedding, or at some smoking party of the "apostles"; and they called each other by their Christian names from the first, a common habit with the Laureate's early friends, due perhaps to the convenience of distinguishing him from his brothers. After fifty years of friendship, the two Christian

names were put together in a playful verse by Tennyson:

"Little Aubrey in the West! Little Alfred in  
the East  
Accepts the songs you gave, and he sends you  
his salaam,"

and so on, with allusions to "little Homer, little Dante, little Shakespeare." The two names, moreover, are linked together in the christening—"Alfred Aubrey"—of one of the present Lord Tennyson's sons. Of the long intimacy, thus outwardly marked, the readers of Mr. de Vere's *Recollections* have no hints; for he has enriched the Laureate's *Memoir* with such contributions. Of Mr. de Vere's friendship with Sara Coleridge, the poet's daughter, the record is in her *Memoir*; it is not here. So, too, in the case of Landor, of Sir Henry Taylor, of Lord Houghton, Mr. de Vere has added chapters to other books, which gained thereby the interest now lost to his own.

It is so long since his career was at its beginning, that a new generation may well need the reminder they do not get of the friendships and praises that link his name with immortal memories. In him Walter Savage Landor hailed that Greek spirit which revives so strangely, at far intervals of time and space, in single intellects among alien nations. Landor placed the young poet on the heights, bidding him go forward—

"Where there are none to lead and few to follow,"

adding to his valediction:

"Make thy proud name still prouder for thy  
sons,  
Aubrey de Vere!"

To him, too, Sir Henry Taylor addressed the lines we miss from these *Recollections*:

"No lesser light  
Than what was lit in Sydney's spirit clear,  
Or given to saintly Herbert to diffuse,  
Now lives in thine, de Vere."

In a notice of these personal "Recollections" we may be allowed to add that Landor's injunction has never been fulfilled; that Mr. de Vere has never married; and that with him and his elder brother, Sir Stephen de Vere, the "proud name" will pass away from this branch of the family that bears it. All these maimings and omissions mean that the present "Recollections" are somewhat random, if so haphazard a phrase may be used where all that does appear is so dignified, so circumspect, and so sedate.

Mr. de Vere was about eighteen when he began to write verses in 1832, one of his themes being the Reform Bill. A year earlier he had passed through his Byron period. After a month of it, an inmate of the house said: "What has flung that cloud over your face?" Probably no reply was given then, but Mr. de Vere now confesses: "It was the Byronic sulk." He did find some expression for his thoughts, however, for he said to his father: "I suppose every one knows that Byron is the greatest modern poet." Sir Aubrey answered very quietly, "I do not know it." "Then who is?" persisted the boy; and he got back the name of Wordsworth. A year later he was able to say that the Byron sulk had been

exorcised by his reading of the other poet. When, in 1841, Mr. de Vere visited England, he went to the Lakes, and, as a guest of Miss Fenwick, met her illustrious neighbour, and afterwards made a stay of several days under his roof, "which I regard as the greatest honour of my life." Even the yearly visits to Cardinal Newman at Edgbaston, or to Sir Henry Taylor at Bournemouth, or to Tennyson at Aldworth, must give way to that experience at Rydal Mount; but we have to remember these other intercourses, and the value attached to them by Mr. de Vere, if we would give full weight to his superlative words. A letter written by Wordsworth to his visitor soon after his departure incidentally discloses that Aubrey de Vere's filial attitude towards the poetry of his father existed even then, and that he himself had begun his career as a reviewer in various quarterlies:

"First let me express," Wordsworth writes, "my pleasure in learning that I had been misinformed concerning the article in *The Quarterly*. The thing I have not read, nor probably ever shall read; but it grieved me to think, from what I heard of it, that it should be written by any friend of mine whom I esteem so highly as yourself. And I was the more concerned because the only disparaging notices which I have ever cared the least for unfortunately have ever come from persons with whom I have lived in close intimacy. And this occurred in several remarkable instances. Now, though I am far from supposing that every one who likes me shall think well of my poetry, yet I do think that openness of dealing is necessary before a friend undertakes to decry one's writings to the world at large."

After this human passage, Wordsworth proceeds to another theme common to the epistles of poets—the acknowledgment of volumes of verse; and when you are dealing with Mr. de Vere, you may be sure he has sent not his own poems only, but his father's and his friend's. After acknowledging Mr. de Vere's volume, which "Miss Fenwick has read with much pleasure, especially the Hymns," and which she "lent to Mr. Faber," the future founder of the London Oratory, Wordsworth continues:

"Alas, the state of my eyes curtails my reading hours very much in these short days. Your father's *Sonnets* and Mr. Taylor's *Tragedy* are the only verse I have read for many months. If the expression, especially in point of truthfulness, were equal in your father's poems to the sanctity and weight of the thoughts, they would be all that one could desire in that style of writing. But in respect to your father's poems, your own, and all other new productions in verse, whether of my friends or of strangers, I ought frankly to avow that the time is past with me for bestowing that sympathy to which they are entitled. For many reasons connected with advanced life I read but little of new works either in prose or verse. Rogers says of me, partly in joke and partly in earnest, as he says of himself and others as frankly, 'I read no poetry now but my own.' In respect to myself, my good old friend ought to have added that if I do read my own, it is mainly, if not entirely, to make it better. But certain it is that old men's literary pleasures lie chiefly among the books they were familiar with in their youth; and this is still more pointedly true of men who have practised composition themselves. You must be perfectly aware of all that I have said as characteristic of human nature to a degree which scarcely allows ex-

ceptions, though rigidity or obtuseness will prevail more in some minds than in others."

This is frank, at any rate, and only the hastily-judging will say that it is also egotistic. It explains, or at least admits, the existence of that otherwise baffling slowness of old poets to admit the claims of new ones. But we miss from this volume what has been told elsewhere, and is certainly required here to round the story, the record of Mr. de Vere's own wrestling from Wordsworth his first praise of Tennyson, whose "Of old sat freedom" and "You ask me why, though ill at ease," he judiciously chose for recitation at Rydal Mount. Mr. de Vere had then the talisman of youth, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson from the moment Monckton Milnes brought the 1842 volume to Curragh Chace. Mr. de Vere is among the elders of those who had the exquisite pleasure of discovering the then little recognised glories of Keats and Shelley, whom he read as he drove his sister about the woods—"the pony soon found us out and we had hairbreadth escapes"—or repeated aloud all night floating in a boat on the lake till a splendid sunrise surprised him—"it was all Shelley's fault."

With Coleridge's work, too, he made acquaintance at the same time; and the union of "poet and saint" which Cowley thought so rare in Crashaw, but which recent poetry has made familiar by allusions to "the holy poets" and to "saint or singer" as alternatives, seems to have had a place in his reverent mind:

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear friend" [he writes to Sara Coleridge], "for that lock of your father's hair. I could hardly have valued more a tress from a saint's head than I value one which may once have touched 'that god-like forehead,' seen so often in my youthful fancies, but never, alas! in the light of day. I shall never again feel that veneration for any other man which my sister and I used to feel for your father when we read him together and thought, on laying down the book, that we could gather amaranths from every meadow. I am not now quite so much a believer in heroes as once ere that wicked and unfeeling thing, Experience, had bullied me into believing that every man has his infirmities. This new philosophy does not yet, however, wholly tyrannise over my old habits. There remains one unsubverted throne occupied by an aged man with dreamy eyes, and lips once brightened by Parnassian springs, and still breathing Elysian airs."

Wordsworth's saying that "we live by admiration" comes to mind as we read Mr. de Vere's account of his relations with these great poets and their works. Yet for him, too, possibly the hour struck when the list of his heroes had its end; and when the unreceptiveness, confessed to by Wordsworth, became his in turn. Certain it is that in these *Recollections* we have no hint of the new and morning spirit that has moved through English prose and verse in later years. Mr. de Vere writes and feels as a contemporary at latest of Coventry Patmore and Trench; not of Mr. George Meredith, not of Mr. Stevenson, and still less of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The reminiscences of Cardinals Manning and Newman appearing in the volume are

already familiar to readers of magazines. The chapter on the Great Irish Famine is vitiated by the feeling born of modern political landlord-and-tenant warfare that is suggested in it; and it is made all but vain by the modesty which has withheld the record of the writer's own personal devotion to the dying. More to the point than stale anecdotes of that "year of sorrow" would be a quotation in this volume from the still vital verses composed by Mr. de Vere himself at that time:

"Fall snow, and cease not! Flake by flake  
The decent winding-sheet compose;  
Thy task is just and pious; make  
An end of blasphemies and woes.

"Fall, snow, in stillness fall, like dew,  
On church's roof and cedar's fan;  
And mould thyself on pine and yew,  
And on the awful face of man.

"On quaking moor and mountain moss,  
With eyes upstaring at the sky,  
And arms extended like a cross,  
The long expectant sufferers lie.

"Bend o'er them, white-robed acolyte,  
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist;  
And minister the last sad rite,  
Where altar there is none nor priest."

That Mr. de Vere has written poetry as fine as this, may be news to many readers of his *Recollections*; nor will they have any hint of it there, although his final chapter is entitled in the table of contents "Some of my Poems, their Aims and Objects," a title which loses half its dulness in the book itself, where the chapter is called only "Some of my Poems." The book is issued without an index, an omission which will decide many persons to refuse it a place on their shelves among books of reference. Another addition needed for future issues is that of a table of errata, in which, for instance, the name of Lord Blachford should correct the "Blackford" that now appears, and a very bad misprint be amended in Mr. de Vere's own verses of "Farewell to Naples."

## THE PROSE OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Water of the Wondrous Isles.* By William Morris. (Longmans.)

We have many faults to find with this book—its style, diction, plot, and conception; but they are faults only to be discovered by applying the highest tests. Perhaps it may sound like cold praise to those who have hacked the words "genius," "masterpiece," "artist" out of all meaning to say that it comes very near being literature. It is a book to carry the imagination away from the dust and roar of common life, a tale of chequered woodland paths and green turf and beautiful flowers, a story of witches and magic, of fair ladies and brave knights, of love and adventure. And at first the quaint archaic style seems to fit in with the character of the narrative. Of spells and wood nymphs, of magic rings, of a boat that acts as a wishing-carpet and brings its burden to islands where old remains old and the young are young for ever, where little children are



always little children playing with rabbits and flowers—how could these be read in the matter-of-fact style of the morning paper?

But the unfortunate fact is that Mr. Morris could not keep it up. He lived in the nineteenth century, and was chokeful of his time. The hours he spent with Homer suggested to him many fine incidents, such as that where the adventurers are half-maddened by phantoms of their mistresses sailing past in black and green and gold; in the "Morte d'Arthur" he has found an atmosphere where acts of gramarye and feats of derring-do are implicitly believed by a simple, credulous, child-like folk; the dialect he has adopted (so far as it is a dialect and not a jumble of new and old) is the language of Malory; and what poet whose mind ran on such themes could avoid drinking deep at the vessel held to him by Edmund Spenser? Mr. Morris has yielded himself fully to the influence of these writers. They were kin to him, for there is no mistaking his deep, sweet, full poetic note, and yet, we repeat, he could not get away from his modern environment. This story of his is not really a fairy tale at all; it is a three-decker, a novel such as was popular the day before yesterday, conceived in Victorian London, and only dressed in ancient or imitation antique wrappings.

An easy transposition will make our meaning clear. Suppose Evilshaw (the great wood near which the heroine was born) to be the New Forest, or the Forest of Dean, or Epping Forest, and the witch of the story the ordinary kidnapping gipsy of fiction. That surely is trodden ground to the novel-reader: a stolen child grows to be a woodland beauty, and escapes, meets the hero, passes through a series of complications, and eventually marries him and is happy ever after. We think at once of Cinderella, of Perdita, of the beggar's daughter, of Beauty, and the heroines of Perrault. Stated thus, the theme is that of innumerable fairy tales. But—and here is the flaw—the fairy tale, move through what adventures it may, should be simple, direct, elemental, as being written for children or primitives. Our author's hero, the Black Squire, before meeting Birdalone, was already in love with a woman who is wisdom and goodness incarnate—"a tall, slim woman with the grace of the willow-bough in the wind; with dark plenteous hair and grey hawk-eyes; her skin privet-white, with but little red in her cheeks." Now, you cannot play fast and loose with the well-established conventions of childhood. By the rules of the game Atræ should have been a false witch, wrinkled and ugly and vicious; and the Black Squire ought to have been under a stern father's compulsion to marry her. Not by any means that we assert Arthur's change to have been impossible; but to bring it about, the author must be modern and psychological. Mr. Morris did not think himself the one and could not be the other, and hence this abortion—a three-volume novel in the environment of a fairy tale. We cannot think he would have failed so if he had been content to draw on his youthful memories of Walthamstow and

Epping Forest, and, without trying to imitate old legend and fable, had pictured nature and life as he knew them.

Moreover, what we say of the essence of the story applies equally well to the language. It is our firm belief that his love of archaisms was, consciously or not, a mere affectation. He is not at home in the language, and probably could not have spoken it with the ease, for instance, with which Lord Tennyson spoke the dialect of "The Northern Farmer." The proof is that Mr. Morris is never at his very best except when he forgets all about the jargon. Take, for example, the following brief description of the phantom ship sent forth by the witches; it is the high-water mark of the prose in which he most excelled:

"So we sat us down, but huge shrieking laughter rose up unblended from the keel of the evil thing, and then they let her go down the wind, and she went her way with flashing of arms, and streaming of banners and pennons, and blowing of horns, and the sun was setting over the wide water."

Not one obsolete word, and yet how strong and vivid the picture! We shall instance a passage of another kind, if only for the pleasure of transcribing the exquisite couplet with which it ends:

"I have seen once and again, on the wall of the Minorites' Church at Greenford, a fair picture of the Blessed, and they walking in the meads of Paradise, clad in like raiment men and women; their heads flower-crowned, their feet naked in the harmless blossomed grass; hand in hand they walk, with all wrath passed for ever, all desire changed into loving-kindness, all the anguish of forgiveness forgotten. And underneath the picture it is writ:

"Bitter winter, burning summer, never more shall waste and wear;  
Blossom of the rose undying brings undying springtide there."

It is a bitter reflection that he who could write such English devoted himself to producing a harsh, ugly jargon, with archaisms lying in it like paving-stones flung by some mischievous boy into a field of clover. We cannot help adding to these extracts a third, the charm of the Sending Boat. It is but a simple verse in simple words, and yet only a true poet could have given it the pleasant unanalysable spell-like beauty, the like of which is scarce to be found save it be in Scott's "Thrice to the Holly Brake," or the more exquisite line in Vivian and Merlin:

"the charm  
Of woven paces and of waving hands."

This is the spell that moves the Sending Boat:

"The red raven-wine now  
Hast thou drunk, stern and bow;  
Then wake and awake,  
And the wonted way take!  
The way of the Wender forth over the flood,  
For the will of the Sender is blent with the blood."

These purple patches, alas! are too infrequent. When Mr. Morris began this story, the flush of inception appears to have carried him over the difficulties. He gets an old-world charm into the narrative. It seems to transport the reader away to some

quiet garden of the early centuries, where hushed is every sound but the bee's hum, the ripple of water, the breathing of a gentle wind, the song of wild birds. The first few chapters are like the opening of a poet's dream, and the unfamiliar words are so appropriately used, we notice them only to regret that they have fallen into disuse. But soon the enthusiasm wanes. He begins to choose his vocables no longer for their beauty and expressiveness, but only for their age. The style passes into mannerism, and the more his ardour pales the more freely does he sprinkle his "belikes" and "herseemeds," his "wottest," and "hight" and "dight," as the old historical romancer used his "zounds" and "Gramercy for thy kindness, gentle squire," and "By'r Lady, noble host"; and the most sympathetic reader sees it is no true revival of the old, but only a stucco imitation. He is amused, not angry, when the fagged writer slips in a commonplace locution of the day, such as that Birdalone was a "Past master of the bow," or that the witch who ruled the isle of Increase Unsought was "a proud, stupid lump of flesh." Such phrases are plentiful, and are appropriate language for the three-decker, which in essence this is. But fancy their effect in the prose of Malory!

And if the whole truth must be told, Mr. William Morris is not here, and never was, a supreme artist, else the faults we have dwelt upon had been impossible. He had many artistic impulses, instincts, and gifts, so that he is able to produce passages, whole chapters indeed, of captivating and exquisite beauty. But this does not in itself constitute greatness. A work of art must be not only beautiful in its several parts, but these must join and fit in so as to make a beautiful and harmonious whole. To gather stones and wood and mortar together, to carve little images, and stain glass with pictures is not to build a cathedral, and it is the builder's power that most is lacking here. The reader is forced to conclude either that the author did not take sufficient trouble with his work or that his brain was lacking in architectural power; that he could not, as a great artist must, form his scheme or design and resolutely carry it out. There is a certain austerity, an almost frigid orderliness in work of the highest stamp. Mr. Morris had none of it. We learn from internal evidence that he began with some vague allegorical intention, but it seems to have evaporated as he proceeded; had this result been due to a triumph of narrative instinct it would have been gladly forgiven. Unfortunately the story is very weak, almost slovenly in construction. If Mr. Morris did not primarily intend the witch's motive in stealing Birdalone to assist in the development, then a great deal of elaborate hinting and finger-pointing is worse than wasted. The witch, like a great deal else, passes out of his control, and is got rid of by the novelist's most hackneyed artifice. She is found dead. Of the bits that are exquisitely carved, but not fitted in, we may instance the Isle of Queens, where a feasting company were, so to speak, frozen to death at table:

"For the boards endlong and athwart were set, and thereat were sitting a many folk, and



their hands were reached out to knife and to dish and to platter and cup; but such a hush there was within that the song of the garden birds without sounded to her as loud as they were the voices of the children of Adam."

The striking and impressive idea is worked out at great length, and is so beautiful in itself that a greater artist would not have been content till he had found for it a natural place in his structure. Mr. Morris has not done this. Here, as elsewhere, his imagination suggested a fine picture, and he let his imagination run riot without taking the trouble to blend and harmonise. In addition, his taste is by no means impeccable; were it so, he could not endure the sham-antique of his own style, or his lapses into the colloquial. It follows that his choice of incident suffers from the same cause, but sham-classical would better describe it than sham-antique.

Thus the *Water of the Wondrous Isles*, though containing much that is good to read, much that tastes cool and refreshing in these hurried days, lacks the perfection of taste, the completeness of design, the artistic austerity needed for work of the highest rank.

### THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

*Sleep: Its Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene, and Psychology.* From the Russian of Marie de Manacéine. (Walter Scott.)

In adding this volume to their "Contemporary Science Series," the publishers would have done well to preface it with a few words of explanation as to the personality of the author, and the date and other circumstances of the publication of the original work of which this is a translation. One is never quite at one's ease in discussing matters with an entire stranger, and such, to the great majority of English readers, Marie de Manacéine must be. The absence of the author's credentials is, however, the less important in this instance that the work is mainly concerned with the labours of many contemporary investigators—European and American—in the field of physiology, and even a mixed collection of facts and speculations brought up to date has its value. Perhaps the most surprising fact in connexion with sleep is that despite the amount of scientific attention given to it, there is still no certainty as to its causes or the extent to which it invades the brain and nervous system. There is nothing more puzzling than that faculty possessed by many people (from 50 to 60 per cent. apparently) of being able to wake at a specified hour provided they have, so to speak, made a bargain with themselves to do so. It is over this unquestionable fact that the purely mechanical theories of sleep come to grief, since it seems to denote the existence within ourselves of some intelligent monitor who is not necessarily overcome by fatigue or disabled by an accumulation of poisonous ingredients in the blood. The degree of intensity to which our attention may be maintained during sleep is shown by the following case:

"On going to bed a man recalled that he

must rise the next day at eight, at the same time forgetting that his clock was half an hour fast. In the middle of the night he awoke, and, on looking at his clock, remembered that it was half an hour fast, and that consequently he must wake not when the clock struck eight, but half an hour later. He then fell into a sound slumber until he felt himself disturbed by some unknown cause. He started up with the dread that he had awakened too late, but, looking at his clock, he saw that it pointed exactly to half-past eight. Thus, in spite of deep sleep, the sleeper's attention not only followed the course of time, but even corrected the error of the clock, the man sleeping loudly while the clock struck eight and awaking when the hand silently pointed to the half hour."

Apparently it is not by watching the clock that our internal monitor judges of the hour of night. If we might hazard a guess on the subject, it would be that the consumption of tissue in the body apprises the watchful part of the brain of the lapse of time, as the waking man is apprised of it by the falling sand in an hour glass. The striking of a clock would, therefore, have nothing to do with the subject's awakening.

Good reason exists for believing that, however stimulated, the mechanism of sleep consists in the withdrawal of blood from the brain. The more complete this withdrawal, the sounder the sleep; while dreaming appears to be due to a partial circulation of the blood through the various brain centres. Even in the soundest sleep, however, a person is within reach of the sensations of hearing, touch, smell, and even sight, although he may not be fully conscious of them, and may not awake when they are applied; but his brain in such cases, pale before, flushes and swells with the increased flow of blood, as has been observed in cases where accident has removed a portion of the skull. It has also been found that during dreams the brain will sometimes rise above the edges of the wound to an even greater extent than during the waking state. Many apparently intelligent acts can be performed in the sleeping state:

"A sleeping person changes his position whenever it becomes uncomfortable, and without waking takes an easier position. . . . Soldiers have been known to sleep on horseback during a night march. Infantry often fall asleep during forced marches, walking at a regulated pace and holding their guns without waking. The frequency of talking during sleep is a familiar fact, and various observers have pointed out that some persons will answer questions and obey commands during sleep."

In view of these and similar facts, the author concludes that "not only are the sensory nerves awake and active during sleep, but also the brain centres corresponding to those nerves." This seems a little hasty. Common experience tells us that the senses are certainly not as active in the sleeping as in the waking state; they are more or less deadened, and more or less slow in responding to a stimulus. The safest definition to give of sleep is that it is "an arrest of consciousness." Many complicated physical and mental processes, as the author shows, can be carried on in sleep. We do not awake until they come within the

sphere of consciousness. What, then, is "consciousness"? This is the great problem of psychology, upon which this volume throws no light. The most luminous remark on the subject has been made by Taine, who compares the human mind to a darkened stage, with consciousness as a focus of light thrown upon the centre of it; much goes on in the dark, but only of such action as comes within the circle of light are we conscious. It seems probable that consciousness is a function of the frontal lobes of the brain, where the co-ordination of sensory and motor impressions is believed to be carried on. So essential is sleep to the working of both mind and body that to be deprived of it is even more quickly fatal than to be deprived of food. In China deprivation of sleep is not only a form of torture, but a method of capital punishment. In some experiments as to the effects of sleeplessness, here recorded, it was found that there was danger to life at the end of ninety hours, though, of course, the power of endurance differs greatly in individuals. On the other hand, the author asserts that excess of sleep is also injurious, tending to a weakening of consciousness and of "character." The tendency to "half-awakening," instead of being thoroughly aroused to consciousness at once, is likewise pronounced to be bad. It denotes some sluggishness of the brain and ought to be combated.

In certain of her views the author flies in the face of conventional beliefs. No idea is more prevalent among parents than that it is well for children to accustom themselves to fixed hours for going to bed and rising:

"My observations of children," she writes, "have shown me that those who through childhood are made to observe strictly regular hours in going to sleep and in getting up are more prone to fall into the half-awakening state on being roused at an unusual hour than others not accustomed to such absolute regularity. In my dealings with the young I have found it useful to change the hour of their going to sleep and getting up at different seasons of the year, making them get up much earlier in spring and summer than in autumn and winter."

People who object to early rising will be grateful to Marie de Manacéine for what she has to say on the subject: "Those persons who get up very early in the autumn and winter never look fresh and cheerful, but, on the contrary, sour and fatigued." The rule she lays down is, that it is best to get up as soon as the morning is bright, but not before, light having an important effect upon the mental condition in which we begin the day.

Dreaming naturally receives a considerable share of the author's attention, and the general purport of the numerous facts and observations collected under this head is to confirm the existing theory that dreams result from a partial stimulation of the various brain centres, both sensory and motor. The stimulation may come either from outside, through one of the channels of sense, or from some internal and automatic action of the brain. Dreams, in short, are the product of the same processes which produce hallucinations and

even insanity, the difference in the latter case being that the co-ordinating faculty which enables the patient to control his present sensations by past experiences is weakened or non-existent. It is this faculty which enables us to reassure ourselves that what we have seen or felt in sleeping is "only a dream." The madman, on the other hand, lives in a world of his own. To him all his morbid sensations are real; he has no power of discriminating between the actual and the imaginary. Dreams have their chief origin in those regions of the brain which are not active during the waking state. In the human subject, therefore, they are mainly visual and auditory, with associated sensations of touch—dreams depending upon smell and taste being comparatively rare. It is probable, however, that in a dog, whose olfactory nerves are more highly developed and more active than ours, dreams are largely concerned with the sense of smell. The dreams of musicians are mostly auditory. Into the dreams of persons born blind and deaf, sight and hearing do not enter, but those faculties, if lost only in youth, are capable of being revived in dreaming, as the man who has lost a leg sometimes suffers from cramps in the missing toes.

Some of the facts here recorded—and the book is, at least, a valuable collection of facts—have an important bearing upon the psychological problem of memory. A recent writer has attempted to show that there is a special centre for memory in the brain. But a great deal of evidence goes to show that the older idea is the truer one, namely, that memory is a faint stimulation of the same group of nerve-cells as those originally concerned in a real sensation. For instance, it is enough to think of a movement in order to induce a twitching in the corresponding muscular group; and cold water strikes colder if we have just immediately previous been thinking of heat, and less cold if beforehand we have revived in the mind impressions of cold.

#### A CAROLINE COURTIER.

*Life and Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter.* By Dorothea Townshend. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

ENDYMION PORTER is probably best known by the memorials of him in Herrick's verse, and by the magnificent Vandyke preserved at Madrid. A poet and the friend of poets, an enthusiastic devotee of art, he stands out even more conspicuously among the mob of Caroline courtiers by the dignities and decencies of his life. The deeper problems of the day, perhaps, stirred him little. Rightly or wrongly, he was content, without much questioning, to take the side of his king, and like Falkland, and like Godolphin, to illustrate a mistaken cause. Mrs. Townshend's memoir, now before us, is throughout a careful and a pleasant bit of work; but she has enriched it with a real treasure-trove by printing for the first time a number of letters from Porter to his wife Olivia. Mistress Olivia Porter was daughter of Sir

John Boteler, and niece of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The marriage took place about 1620, and, as Porter was attached to Buckingham's suite, he was obliged to leave his young wife much alone, while he followed the perpetual progresses of James, or accompanied his patron and Prince Charles in their would-be romantic expedition to Spain. It is to this period that the majority of the letters discovered by Mrs. Townshend belong. They are the letters of an ardent lover, genuinely grieved in absence, genuinely chafing at the hard fate which held him from home and mistress. "Dear Heart," he writes—

"Dear Heart" . . . whenever I go to sleep I send my soul to watch with thee, and whatsoever waking I can see with mine eyes, I look on it through thee; for if it be a beauty it is none to me, my thoughts do so prefer thine, that I see nothing but thy goodness and love, which makes me happier in thee than the world can with all the rest of the pleasures it can afford."

And again:

"Know that I live like a dying man, and as one that cannot live long without you. My eyes grow weary in looking upon anything, as wanting that rest they take in the company and sight of thine; nor can I take pleasure in sports, for there is none that seems not a monster to my understanding where my Olive is wanting."

There is the lover's exaggeration in this and the poet's, but the sentiment rings true, nevertheless. That Endymion's "sweet Olive" returned his affection we may suppose: one of D'Avenant's prettiest love-poems is cast in the form of a lyric dialogue between the pair. But she was a young wife, alone in a country house, and her husband followed a court of ill-repute. Moreover, she had a quick, proud temper, as her portrait, with its firm chin and the suspicion of a scowl, may show. One need not, then, be surprised that her love was soon ready to feel itself slighted. Even during the courtship she had tried her wooer's patience. "I make no doubt," he wrote—

"I make no doubt that your careless disposition will not let you perish with any want of my lines, for I think that my presence affords you no more joy than my love obliges you to, nor my absence no more sorrow than you not caring whether you ever see me again, however you profess otherwise; and this I gather by the salutation I had in the Park from you when I was last there."

And now he is soon on his defence:

"Thy care in sending to me shows me how truly thou lovest me, and thy fear of my inconstancy argues no want of affection, but of faith, which, if any good works of mine may strengthen, I will come on my knees to see thee, and put out my eyes, rather than look with an unchaste desire upon any creature whilst I breathe."

Particularly obnoxious to Olivia are the three pretty Miss Crofts of Saxham, and to Saxham Endymion must promise not to go. Then some traveller brings back a silly bit of gossip from Spain.

"Since my coming to Spain, I have received four letters from you, and the two first with so much kindness in them, as I thought my love

rewarded; but the two last are so full of mistrusts and falsehoods, that I rather fear you have changed your affection than that you have any sure grounds for what you accuse me of in them, for as I hope for mercy at God's hands I neither kist nor touched any woman since I left you; and for the innkeeper's daughter at Boulogne, I was so far from kissing her, that as I hope to be saved I cannot remember that I saw any such woman."

Endymion is a gentle lover, and, let us trust, conscious of innocence; but his temper is not proof against constant railing. He tries chaff: "For your suspicion of my having any other creature here, I know you writ that bit to make up the letter"; but it is useless. Moreover, he has to caution his wife about some indiscreet behaviour of her own, and bid her "remember what it is to be good." So presently his letters show symptoms of growing irritation, and at last he breaks out:

"I did not think to have received such a swaggering letter from you, but I see you can do anything now, for time hath worn out the kindest part of your love, which I did hope would have lasted longer."

How did the little drama work itself out? We cannot say, for here, unfortunately, the letters cease. But probably the troubles blew over, for in the reign of Charles progresses went out of fashion, and Endymion was able to spend more time at home with wife and children. For some years he led a pleasant life, much in the company of poets and painters. Herrick celebrates his hospitable dwelling.

"When to thy porch I come and ravished see  
The state of poets there attending thee,  
Those bards and I all in a chorus sing  
We are thy prophets, Porter, thou our King."

But with the Civil War sterner days began. Porter's second son, Charles, a lad of promise, fell at Newburn in the first engagement with the Scots. An even more tragic fate awaited his daughter Marie. She was with the Queen at Burlington in 1643 when the Parliament ships bombarded the house where the royal party lay. Here is a contemporary narrative:

"Aluises scho gettis up out of her naiked bed, in her night walycot, bair feet and bair leg, with her maids of honour (whair of one throu plain fier went strait mad, being ane nobleman's dochter) she gettis saiffie out of the hous while the schipps bring down the roof of her lodging."

It seems likely that this maid of honour who went distraught—not really a nobleman's daughter—was poor Marie Porter, for her burial in York Minster is recorded a few days later. Endymion's eldest son, George Porter, would be little credit to any man. He passed for "the best company and worst officer that ever served the King"; and at the rout of Lamport Goring met him flying from the field. He tickled the humour, however, of Charles II., and waxed fat at the court of that merry monarch.

## TRAVEL BOOKS.\*

In a survey of recent works of travel, let us start, as near home as possible, and accompany Dr. Hans Gadow and his wife on their tour in Northern Spain. Mr. Gadow has all the equipment of a really desirable travelling companion. As befits a Fellow of the Royal Society, he is a trained and accurate observer. He is a botanist and a naturalist, a philologist and an archaeologist, with a taste for ethnology, and is a well-read man to boot. Moreover, he has thoroughly explored the North-western Provinces of Spain, from Bilbao, say, to Corunna, with the result that he gives his reader good brass-headed facts, and not the somewhat callow impressions of the hasty tourist to which we are frequently treated. For, though the district of which he treats lies at our doors, it is to most English travellers an unknown territory off its beaten path. The discomforts of travelling in Spain probably account for this. The Spanish inns are notoriously unsophisticated, to put it mildly, and the means of locomotion is more primitive than luxurious. However, Mr. Gadow was intent on leaving the beaten path and was prepared to rough it. His wife seems to be a lady of an equally enterprising disposition. Hence they disencumbered themselves of all superfluous impedimenta and traversed the heart of the interior, which seems to be in much the same stage of civilisation and culture to-day as it was when that ingenious gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha set out upon his travels. But if romantic and beautiful scenery, the intimate acquaintance with a sturdy and simple peasantry, and the discovery of architectural and antiquarian prizes can compensate for the discomforts of the Middle Ages, they certainly had their reward. It was very rarely that Mr. Gadow explored any remote little hill village without lighting on some relics which recalled some episode or some phase in the past history of Spain. It is to be regretted that the author did not spare a little more space to the history and ethnology of the Basque provinces, as the scattered references he makes to the unique nationality of their inhabitants are most interesting. The chapters on the flora and fauna of Northern Spain are more of scientific than of general interest, and that on the history of Spain is just a little bald; but they give the proper finish to a most comprehensive and practical volume.

The antithesis of Mr. Gadow's work is a little volume which to a large extent deals with the same subject—*Idylls of Spain: Varnished Pictures of Travel in the Peninsula* (Elkin Mathews), by Mr.

\*In *Northern Spain*. By Dr. Hans Gadow. (A. & C. Black.)

*Idylls of Spain*. By R. Thirlmere. (Elkin Mathews.)

*In Joyful Russia*. By John A. Logan, Jr. (C. A. Pearson & Co.)

*Three Years in Western China*. By J. Hosie, F.R.G.S. (Philip & Son.)

*The Gist of Japan*. By W. Peery. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

*Journal of a Tour through the United States*. By Lady Howard of Glossop. (Sampson Low & Co.)

Thirlmere. An oil-painting is varnished and so, for all we know, is a chromo-lithograph. We can therefore leave Mr. Thirlmere's varnish—which seems, by the way, to be first cousin to veneer—out of the question, and come to the pictures. They strike the unprejudiced observer as rather sloppy samples of the art of decorating and colouring in words. In one or two instances the author is moderately happy in his descriptions of scenery, but for the main there is too little of the picture and too much of Mr. Thirlmere in the book. We are always being told of his gastronomic sufferings, of what he thought as he lay basking on his back in the sun; and precious poor stuff it was too.

From Spain to Russia is a far cry; but Mr. John A. Logan, junior, invites us to accompany him thither. As the realm of the Tsar has usually been painted in the most sombre of colours, it is rather refreshing to find an author who gives us a brighter picture. And if they be not gaudy, Mr. Logan's sketches are certainly bright. Our author went to Moscow to attend the coronation of the Tsar, was civilly entreated by every one he met, interviewed the inevitable Li Hung Chang, and altogether enjoyed a very festive time. He saw Russia in holiday garb, and it is only to be expected that his impressions should be rose-coloured. Indeed, he betrays an overwhelming inclination to gush, notably when talking of the Imperial family. His tour to Finland furnishes pleasant reading, though it is difficult not to be haunted with an idea that his fulsome descriptions of a happy and contented peasantry, under the best of all possible governments, are the outcome of superficial observation and hasty generalisation. On the whole, however, the author's account of his tour is pleasant reading, for his style is light and his intentions are amiable.

Having once got into our stride, we shall have no difficulty in skipping across from St. Petersburg to Western China—there is the new Trans-Siberian railway to help us on—where Mr. Hosie, F.R.G.S., of the Consular Service, is waiting to conduct us over the scene of his labours. It is difficult to speak too highly of the value of his work on *Three Years in Western China* (Philip & Son). It is one of those books which help to open up fresh fields for British commerce and British enterprise. Mr. Hosie, in his official capacity as Her Majesty's consul at Chung-king, has had exceptional facilities for obtaining information, and has made three expeditions to the inland provinces of Western China to test its trustworthiness. And wherever he has gone, whatever he has seen, one main idea, the furtherance of our commercial interests, has always been in his mind. When his junk is swept down some dangerous rapid of the upper Yang-tze, the thought of the navigability of the river to a new centre at I-chang is, one feels, uppermost in his thoughts. He has a keen appreciation for beautiful scenery, but he conscientiously endeavours to concentrate all his powers of observation on the local conditions of sericulture. He admires the glowing colours of the poppy-fields, but his thoughts are

with the opium trade. It is the strenuous work and stern sense of duty of such men as Mr. Hosie which have given to our country her commercial supremacy. He was therefore certainly well-advised to rescue his work from dusty files of Blue-books, and to publish it in a pleasantly written narrative form. The second edition of this work has been enlarged and brought up to date. Several new chapters have been added. Of these, the few pages he devotes to the "insect white wax" give a fascinating account of quaint industry, which reads more like a fairy story than anything else; while his chapter on the non-Chinese races of Western China—peoples which, it appears, are hastening towards extinction—together with his excursus on, and glossary of, the Phö language, is probably a mine of unique value to the ethnologist and philologist. But for all its scientific interest, the book is written in a bright and cheery style, and contains purple patches of descriptive writing and of personal adventure which help the general reader over the more arid regions of purely commercial or scientific interest.

Being in China, it is only in the eternal fitness of things that our glance should turn towards the Celestial's younger rival, the gentle Japanese. In *The Gist of Japan*, Mr. Peery, of the American Mission, is only too anxious to act as our cicerone. Mr. Peery, of course, gives us his "gist" from one point of view only—that of the American missionary. This is not the place to discuss the ethics of proselytising missionary work among a cultured and civilised people; it is sufficient to say that the reverend gentleman's sneer at the Japanese mythology seems, all things considered, to be distinctly out of place. The American mission is, it appears, not making any very great headway, and Mr. Peery's views on a people, which, after a few decades of Western influence, has won its way into the front rank of civilised nations, may be coloured by that fact. Apart from the odium *theologicum* which seems to pervade this work, it is a comprehensive and lucid account of the chief natural features and national characteristics of Japan.

After a short stay with Mr. Peery, it is refreshing to meet with such a bright, enthusiastic, and lively travelling companion as Lady Howard of Glossop is in her *Journal of a Tour through the United States, Canada, and Mexico* (Sampson Low). Lady Howard travelled through some of the sublimest scenery the world has to show, and she enjoyed it thoroughly. She falls into raptures over the stupendous scenery of Niagara, becomes positively ecstatic over the beauties of the Yo Semite Valley, and can hardly find words to express her admiration for Florida. Indeed, it would be interesting to reckon on how many occasions during her tour Lady Howard chanced upon the most beautiful scenery she "ever saw." But her enthusiasm and her genuine delight in the beauties of nature is never allowed to run to seed in gush; her descriptions are so picturesque and convincing that you are constrained to agree with her. A word of commendation, too, must be given to the book's numerous illustrations.

## BOYS' BOOKS.\*

HOW THEY STRIKE A CONTEMPORARY.

Cicero House: Oct. 25, 1897.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

It was ripping of you to send me all those books, and I cut football practice to read them, and said I had a sore heel so as not to be run in for Tuesday's run. I had not time to read them all in the time, but I had *Hunted through Fiji* underneath the desk at prep. the first evening I got them. It's jolly. It begins with convicts in the Antipodes that are flogging a black boy, and Hawkins comes out and stops them. "'Liar!' he foamed, 'I saw you,' and he drove his fist full into the convict's face." The convicts run away on ship and collar Hawkins, Jerry, and some more chaps. Adams swore a broad oath. I didn't get any further, but I looked ahead. They went to Fiji and there were cannibals, and they got through a passage under the river.

*The Rover's Quest* is all right, and Sam Port is a good sort, but he does not know the difference between "diseased" and "deceased." Noel went out fishing in a boat and was caught in a storm, and he was taken on board a ship that was bound for Melbourne. The mate was a cruel chap, and roared always, and said "blue blazes."

*\*Lords of the World.* By the Rev. Alfred Church. (Blackie & Son.)

*With Moore at Corunna.* By G. A. Henty. (Blackie & Son.)

*A March on London.* By G. A. Henty. (Blackie & Son.)

*King Olaf's Kinsman.* By C. W. Whistler. (Blackie & Son.)

*A Stout English Bowman.* By Edgar Pickering. (Blackie & Son.)

*Paris at Bay.* By Herbert Hayens. (Blackie & Son.)

*Just Forty Winks.* By Hamish Hendry. (Blackie & Son.)

*Adventures in Toyland.* By Edith King Hall. (Blackie & Son.)

*Hunted through Fiji.* By Reginald Horsley. (W. & R. Chambers.)

*The Rover's Quest.* By Hugh St. Leger. (W. & R. Chambers.)

*The Boys of Huntingley.* By K. M. Eady and R. Eady. (Andrew Melrose.)

*In the Swing of the Sea.* By J. Macdonald Oxley. (J. Nisbet & Co.)

*Half-Text History.* By Ascott R. Hope. (A. & C. Black.)

*Bushy.* By Cynthia M. Westover. (Chapman & Hall.)

*Afloat with Nelson.* By Charles H. Eden. (Macqueen.)

*In Lincoln Green.* By E. Gilliat. (Seeley & Co.)

*The Camp of Refuge.* By G. Laurence Gomme. (A. Constable & Co.)

*Stories for Children.* By Mrs. Molesworth. (Garne, Darton & Co.)

There was a mutiny, and the ship was wrecked, and the survivors got on a desert island, and were taken off by the brig *Rover*, that was looking for some captive ladies. It gets fine after that, only there is some kissing at the end which is rot. *Afloat with Nelson* is about two boys who go and fight under Nelson. They are midshipmen. The battle of Trafalgar is splendid. There is a beastly traitor called Croucher, who is their enemy, and he gets shot in the cross-trees when he was shooting at Nelson. You will not mind me saying beastly, because you said I was to write what I thought. I think stories about schools are generally rather rot. Fenwick, in *The Boys of Huntingley*, is a sap, and thinks it is bad form to use a crib—isn't that rot? Chisholm isn't half a bad sort, but he bets on horses. Fenwick goes to look for a ghost and falls into the river, and Chisholm saves him, and they are friends again because they had quarrelled. There is a story about Robin Hood that is called *Lincoln Green*. There is a jolly fight with quarterstaff at the beginning, and Robin Hood comes to see the bishop, and then he says "*Pax Vobiscum*" and rescues some women. There is Little John and Maid Marian and lots more, but I cannot tell you any more because I had to go and fag. I have not read much of *Lords of the World*, but it looks all about the ancient Greeks and Romans, and how the Romans destroyed Carthage and Corinth; and there are notes that tell you how much a talent was in English money, just like the Latin Primer.

I wish chaps could get into the army now like Terence got into the army in *With Moore at Corunna*, instead of having to pass a beastly exam. Terence got a colonel and a doctor to sign their names, and then he went off to the Peninsula, and did a lot of fighting with Sir John Moore, who was killed, and not a drum was heard, not a funeral note. This looks like a good book, and there are no girls in it for what I can see. I was not very keen on *Half-Text History*, from the look of it, because the first few sentences are just what my form master would say. But I daresay some people would like it. I don't like masters when they try to get at you. If I was a master I could get at the fellows so easy. I have not read much of *The Camp of Refuge* yet, but I lent it to Jimmy Almond, who is an awful young sap, and he says it is all about Hereward the Wake, and there is an introduction that tells you all about who Hereward was and dates and things. My house tutor saw it, and said he would like to see it. I shall let him, because he is not a bad sort, except about verses.

*A March on London* is about Wat Tyler and how he got up a rebellion. Tyler is stabbed by the Lord Mayor, and the king says: "Wat the Tyler was a traitor. I am your king, and I will be your captain and guide." Really the king said, "I will be your leader." There's a lot of jolly fighting after that in Flanders. *Paris at Bay* is a good story. It begins with a lot of fighting between the French and Prussians, and Geoffrey Townsend has to go back to Paris and tell Marie Devine that her brother is killed. Then there is a lot more fighting in

Paris. There are some good pictures too. *King Olaf's Kinsman* tells you all about the invasion of the Danes into England. King Olaf moored his ships to London Bridge, and the men began rowing and pulled the bridge down with all the Danes on it and killed them. *A Stout English Bowman* is written by the last of the Godwiths; he gets taken prisoner by Lord Farnham, and he and Sir Bevis le Blonde are tied on horses, but they leap a wide stream and escape. That is as far as I got, but there are robbers and a tournament, and they go to France and have a fight with wolves. *In the Swing of the Sea* is about whalers and missionaries. Ralph goes to sea, and he nearly falls down when he climbs to the maintop, and has to go up through the lubber's hole; but he sticks to it, and does it properly next time. He meets a lot of heathens, and when he comes back he means to be a missionary and convert them. Some of the books you sent me are for girls, and I have not read much of them. *Bushy* is about a little girl who lived in America and had adventures with snakes and Indians. *Stories for Children* is for kids; they are about the Lord's Prayer. So is *Adventures in Toyland*, and it has some nice coloured pictures. I hope I have said what you want to know about the books.—

Yours truly,

SKIPPER MINOR.

## WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

*Private Papers of William Wilberforce.* Collected and Edited, with a Preface, by A. M. Wilberforce. With Portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS is a somewhat miscellaneous collection of letters from and to a very remarkable man. On the main achievement of Wilberforce's life, the suppression of European slave-trading, they throw no fresh light—though it is notable to find that the last letter in the book, written in 1832, the year of his death, is concerned with this life-long interest. A large part of the book, and perhaps the most characteristic part, consists of "Home Letters," chiefly addressed to his son Samuel, afterwards the Bishop. They are full of that sincere yet almost demonstrative piety which existed in Wilberforce along with qualities more generally popular; and the union explains how one who carried Puritanism to the point of disapproving of ordinary theatre-going and dances was, nevertheless, the close friend of Pitt and Dundas—neither of them precisians. Saints are not, as a rule, good company, and that Wilberforce would seem to have been. Perhaps the best of these letters is one in which he urges his son at Oxford to keep down his standard of living for the sake of the many sons of poor clergy who may easily be tempted or almost forced into extravagance. "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these are the perfect virtues—these come before all morality," says Stevenson in one of his essays; and Wilberforce's morality, uncompromising as it was, was always gentle, cheerful, and considerate.

The most interesting part, however, of the book are the letters from his contemporaries. There is a long series from Pitt, which ought, in our opinion, to have



been interspersed with brief elucidating notes referring concisely to the events of which Pitt happened to write. There is also a lengthy sketch by Wilberforce of his friend's character; perhaps the most significant thing in it is the remark that whereas at Eton and Oxford Fox "happened to have become connected with a circle of men eminent for talents and classical proficiency"—or, as we should rather say, drew them naturally to himself—"Pitt's associates were by no means men of the same degree of brilliancy as the former set, nor did they in the same degree live in the circle of fashion and there diffuse their own opinions." But Pitt's curious and unattractive character does not seem to be sketched here in any unmistakable lineaments. The truth about him would seem to be that he was a man of iron will who succeeded in imposing on the world a fancy picture of himself. Sir William Napier tells a story of how he and the two young Stanhopes were one day staying in Pitt's house and, if you please, bearing-fighting with the great man. The young subalterns—boys of seventeen or thereabouts—were trying to put the statesman on his back and black his face with a burnt cork. In the middle of the diversion a message came up that two of the Cabinet were waiting. Pitt continued the struggle for ten minutes or so till the blacking became imminent, then ordered the boys into their chairs and allowed the ministers to be shown-up, meanwhile stiffening himself into an attitude of perfect rigidity. Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh were shown in, and, to young Napier's great amazement, they literally cringed like dogs, while Pitt, with his nose in the air and his eyes on the ceiling, scarcely returned their salutation. Some faint suggestion of this double nature one finds in Wilberforce, but only the faintest.

Very funny is Lord Calthorpe's letter to Wilberforce, who had warned him against the rash experiment of spending a Sunday with the too fascinating Duchess of Gordon.

"O how subtle are the devices of the enemy of our peace and how weak our natural means of defence," writes this young gentleman, who had been beguiled into staying over a second Sunday; "the shadow of delusion that for a moment imposed upon me was the idea of having some serious conversation with the Duchess when we were likely to be almost alone, and which company has hitherto given me but little occasion for. . . . I am just awakened to see the extent of my folly, conceit, and wilful depravity by finding that we are to have no chance of having my imagination gratified, as Sir Wm. Scott has written word that he is coming to-morrow; and the delight with which the Duchess welcomed the intelligence has opened my eyes to my sottishness in thinking her sincere in a wish that I might pass a Sunday with her. . . . She fell asleep on Sunday while I was reading to her part of Leighton's commentary, and awoke with lively expressions of admiration at what she had not heard."

Sweet youth; let us hope Sir William Scott made better use of his opportunities.

The turn-out of the book deserves a word of praise: print, paper, and binding are excellent, and the pictures well reproduced.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*If I Were God.* By Richard Le Gallienne. (James Bowden.)

THIS work with the unfortunate title is a very harmless production. It will offend nobody, and may please some gentle souls who are conscious of timid questionings on religious matters. It is a very small book, and the interest is of the slightest. A man and a girl are sitting upon "a summit of the Alps" (the expression is as vague and non-committal as the book itself), and there they indulge in a mild conversation. She has the "early Christian look," and he is a terrible fellow, with doubts about the beneficence of God and the use of suffering. But like other terrible fellows, a belief in the goodness of the Creator seems much more possible when His advocate is a pretty girl with red lips and the "early Christian look." The effect upon the man of this colloquy on "a summit of the Alps" is that "his own people, the lovers of Beauty, were no longer quite the same for him." And "sometimes he—almost—prayed." So he was not such a very terrible fellow after all.

*Baboo Jabberjee, B.A.* By F. Anstey. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

TO readers of *Punch* this book will be familiar as the collected "Jottings and Tittlings" of Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, a whilom contributor to that paper. At the time the Jottings were appearing it was an open secret that Mr. Anstey was the author: certainly, when the moment came for turning the baboo to humorous account, he was the man to do it. Mr. Jabberjee is a delight. His simplicity, masquerading as knowledge of the world, as "doggiishness," is managed as only Mr. Anstey could manage it, while his derangement of epithets is sometimes so comic as almost to imperil the pre-eminence of Mrs. Malaprop herself. The book is to be read gently, we ought to say, a little at a time. Here is a short extract bearing upon the eternal bicycle question. It is funny as it stands, but the humour of the work permeates each page—that is to say, the whole is funnier than the part. Mr. Jabberjee has hired a bicycle for his first ride:

"But, on receiving the bicycle from his hands, I at once perceived myself under a total impossibility of achieving its ascent—for no sooner had I protruded one leg over the saddle than the foremost wheel averted itself, and the entire machine bit the dust, which afforded lively and infinite entertainment to my feminine companions.

"I, however, reproached the *bunniah* for furnishing a worn-out, effete affair that was not in working order or a going concern, but he, by assuring me that it was all right, cajoled me into trying it once more.

"So, divesting myself of my fur-lined overcoat, which I commanded a hobbardhyoy of the sweeper class to hold, I again mounted upon the saddle, while the proprietor of the machine sustained it in a position of rectitude, and then, supporting me by the superfluity of my pantaloons, he propelled me from the rear, counselling me to press my feet vigorously upon the paddles. But it all proved as the labour of Sisyphus, for the seat was of sadly

insufficient dimensions and adamantine hardness, and whenever the bicycle-man released his hold, I instantaneously endured the total upset."

Mr. Partridge's illustrations are among the best that we have seen from his pencil.

*Admirals All.* By Henry Newbolt. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE ranks of Mr. Mathew's shilling poets are very sensibly strengthened by the addition of Mr. Newbolt. New poets are not often so vigorous and straightforward as he is. Mr. Newbolt's subject is, like Mr. Kipling's, the sea; but the two writers are quite distinct. Mr. Newbolt is concerned solely with the battles the waves have seen and the great warriors of those battles; with Drake and Nelson, with Hawke and Rodney, with Duncan and Blake. He brings to his task a fine enthusiasm for heroism, a gift of swinging metre, some power of using words, and the true English point of view. Thus, from the title-poem:

"Splinters were flying above, below,  
When Nelson sailed the Sound:  
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'  
Said he, 'for a thousand pound!'  
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,  
But he wickedly wagged his head:  
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,  
And 'I'm damned if I see it!' he said."

And here is the last stanza of what is, we think, the best poem—"Drake's Drum":

"Drake lies in his hammock till the great  
Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the  
drum,  
Au' dreamin' all the time o' Plymouth Hoe?  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the  
Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
Where the old trader's plyin' an' the old flag  
flyin',  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they  
found him long ago!"

We give Mr. Newbolt welcome.

*Cuba in War Time.* By Richard Harding Davis. (Heinemann.)

THE sufferings of the Cubans in their effort to lift the yoke of Spain have hardly met with the attention in this country that might have been expected. Probably ignorance has been the cause of this, and ignorance may readily be dispelled by Mr. Harding Davis's vividly descriptive pages. Mr. Harding Davis was a correspondent for the *New York Journal* in Cuba, and one of the few independent observers who were able to see for themselves what the situation really was. He has his firm convictions as to the duty of his own country in the crisis, but he seems to have kept a clear head and to have observed with impartiality. With the social and political bearings of the book we cannot occupy ourselves at length here. If Mr. Harding Davis's story is accurate, and we have no reason to doubt it, then between degenerate Spanish Christian in the West and degenerate Ottoman Infidel in the East there is not much to choose. As for the manner of presentment, Mr. Harding Davis writes journalism, but it is journalism of the very best—clear, terse, informing, always effective, never blatant. His descrip-



tion, reticent and sympathetic, of the martyrdom of Rodriguez—one of those things that make the blood boil—is surely a masterpiece in this little art.

*France under Louis XV.* By James Breck Perkins. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

HONOUR among historians is due to the man who is willing to devote himself to the patient investigation of an unattractive period. Such, we fear, must be accounted the reign of Louis Quinze. Midway between the splendours of Louis Quatorze and the sombre tragedies of the Revolution, it is a weary space, the witness of an empire crumbling in defeat abroad and decay at home, with a Pompadour and a Du Barry frisking on the ruins. The earlier years of Louis Quinze Mr. Perkins has already dealt with in his *France Under the Regency*: the present volumes carry the story from the death of Orleans, in 1723, to the sordid end, in 1774. It is not an epoch-making work, but a useful, straightforward chronicle none the less. Mr. Perkins does not aim at brilliancy of literary style, but he writes crisply, with an occasional venture of epigram that lightens a somewhat tedious road. The value of the book would have been increased by a preliminary chapter setting forth and criticising the authorities made use of, and indicating the new information contributed and the new points of view taken in the book itself.

*Roddy Owen: a Memoir.* By Mrs. Bovill and G. R. Askwith. (John Murray.)

THIS little account of the life of a daring rider and gallant soldier is interesting to those who knew him rather than to the public at large. At the time of his death, the late Major Owen was just beginning to prove himself a capable and wise officer. He was then forty. The bulk of his career up to that point had not been serious. Mrs. Bovill and Mr. Askwith have small skill as biographers. In leaving Major Owen's own despatches and diaries to tell the story of his life, they have not done his memory so great a service as was within the power of writers with more grasp of character and more faculty for presenting it. The portraits and maps add to the interest of a volume which we cannot consider to have been wanted.

*Magic.* Edited by Albert A. Hopkins. (Sampson Low.)

FOR a wet day in a country house we can recommend the huge work entitled *Magic*, which lies before us. It consists of 556 copious pages, most of which are illustrated, their object being to describe and elucidate most of the tricks and illusions with which conjurors bewilder their audiences. What the conjurors will say to the book we dare not conjecture. For example, here is a series of diagrams laying bare the stages of the vanishing lady trick, which took all London to the Egyptian Hall a few years ago. The veil is not, however, lifted from Messrs. Maskelyne & Cook's cabinet mystery in *Wil, the Witch and the Watchman*—that annual problem.

*The Gold Fields of Klondike.* By John W. Leonard. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

AN Englishman intending to journey to Klondike next spring cannot do better than digest Mr. Leonard's work during the winter. So shall he learn the story of the first Klondike strike, the best means of reaching the fields, the proper equipment, and how he must proceed. If he intends to take his wife he will find some useful information bearing on that point. A book like this need not be a miracle of grace; still we do not know why Mr. Leonard's work is printed on papers of two shades of white. This rests with the American publishers, from whom the volume has been supplied to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, its English agent.

*Brer Mortal.* By Ben Marlas. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

WE have read this book with the utmost alertness, hoping ever for our reward; but it never came, except possibly with the relaxation of tension when the last page was turned. *Brer Mortal* is a satirical allegory of the progress of man, told somewhat in the manner of Uncle Remus. That it is witty we do not doubt, but truly it is not intelligible; and it is far too long. The best idea we can give of the book is to say that it is *The Pilgrim's Progress* translated into new language by a student of Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, Comte, and American humour. The illustrations, by Mr. Mark Zangwill, are hideous.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

*Makers of Modern Rome.* By Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan & Co.)

IT will be long before Mrs. Oliphant's name ceases to figure in lists of new editions. Such a work as this is for the lover of picturesque history, not for the scholar; but even the scholar will not waste his time if he sometimes looks at history through the medium of a mind like Mrs. Oliphant's. Mr. Henry P. Riviere's and Mr. Joseph Pennell's illustrations are satisfactory, but the contrast of wood-engravings and pen-drawings is not an elegance. The book first appeared in 1895.

*The Divine Comedy of Dante.* Carey's Translation. (New York: Crowell & Co.)

AS an influence to lead readers once again to neglected poets the camera will soon be supreme. From America comes a reprint of Carey's translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, with many photographs—the Tombs of the Scaligers, Fiesole, Mantua, Dante's Tomb, and such scenes. A popular introduction by Prof. Oscar Kuhns is prefixed.

*The Newcomes.* By W. M. Thackeray. (Service & Paton.)

MESSRS. SERVICE & PATON are not—as Mr. Punch might remark—doing a very patent service to literature by issuing a novel like *The Newcomes* in the style in which it comes to hand in their half-crown

“Illustrated English Library.” The paper is thin, and the type is thick and trying. The illustrations, too, by Miss Chris Hammond, are not worthy of that clever artist. They are not Thackerayan; they capture none of the atmosphere of the story; and in the picture facing p. 48 Colonel Newcome is made to look like Jingle.

*The Bride of Lammermoor.* By Sir Walter Scott. (Service & Paton.)

THIS is issued in the same library. Here a better result is obtained, simply because the length of the book permits of shorter lines and leaded type. Mr. Fred. Pegram contributes sixteen illustrations. They are clever enough; but the thin effect of a pen drawing on very white paper ill suits a Waverley romance.

*The Lady of the Lake.* Edited by Andrew Lang. (Service & Paton.)

MR. ANDREW LANG supplies one of his clear, succinct, and very readable prefaces, and Mr. C. E. Brock, an illustrator whose previous work, we believe, has been in the main humorous, contributes drawings which have both spirit and intelligence. Scott's own introduction and notes complete the volume.

*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.* By George Meredith. (A. Constable & Co.)

THIS is the first volume of the new popular edition of Mr. Meredith's novels. The text is that of the *édition de luxe* which has been appearing at intervals during the past year, with certain alterations by the author. The present popular edition is well printed on good paper, bound in red cloth, and it includes a picture of “The Old Weir.”

*Undine.* By De la Motte Fouqué. Illustrated by Rosie M. M. Pitman. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE illustrations to De la Motte Fouqué's story, *Undine*, which accompany this translation just issued by Messrs. Macmillan are strangely unequal. Sometimes the artist displays a very promising combination of imagination and force, as in the drawings on pp. 179 and 189, but in other places she has failed completely. To make pictures is not necessarily to illustrate a book.

*Reminiscences of a Huntsman.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Edward Arnold.)

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL prefixes a brief mention of the late Grantley Berkeley to this reprint of that sportsman's *Reminiscences of a Huntsman*. New drawings by the *Punch* artist, Mr. G. H. Jalland, are also added to the original coloured plates by Leech. Forty-three years have passed since the book appeared.

*Guide to Bath and Bristol.* (Black.)

IN former editions Bath was linked with Cheltenham, but Messrs. Black now include it in the Bristol and Clifton volume, thus making the area covered by the book more compact and geographically appropriate.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

EIGHTEEN volumes of fiction only have been published during the past week—quite a fall. Mrs. F. A. Steel has given us another collection of her Indian tales, but there is not much else of particular moment to chronicle. Short stories and sketches in the guise of novels, and historical romances that derive from Dumas, are still abundant.

#### IN THE PERMANENT WAY.

BY MRS. F. A. STEEL.

Eighteen short stories about India, in the style that Mrs. Steel and Another have made familiar. The title-story comes second in the collection. It tells of a Holy Man who chose the railway track as the scene of his meditations, and of the result of his persistence. (W. Heinemann. 306 pp. 6s.)

#### THE LAUGHTER OF PETERKIN.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

A retelling of four old tales of the Celtic wonderland. Fiona Macleod is the apostle of what is known as the "Celtic Glamour." To this volume she is good enough to append some pages of notes, by the help of which Cockneys and country gentlemen will stumble less often as they read. (Constable & Co. 288 pp. 6s.)

#### THE TREE OF LIFE.

BY NETTA SYRETT.

A novel of Revolt, very feminine, bright and pointed. It is the story of a girl, whose young life was grey and suppressed. She breaks her chains, and almost finishes her husband. (John Lane. 387 pp. 6s.)

#### OVER THE HILLS.

BY MARY FINDLATER.

Here we have a woman's penetration, a style neat and sure, and for material the daily life of people whose existence seems probable. The heroine is forty when we meet her, and marries an unpromising Scottish minister—a widower to boot—in the second chapter. "Fate," we read, "had long ago written against her the sentence of unimportance":

"None shall ask thee what thou doest,  
Or care a rush for what thou knowest,  
Or listen when thou repliest,  
Or remember where thou liest,  
Or how thy supper is sodden."

With this quotation Miss Findlater proceeds to make Jane Anne Jerminham interesting, and we will stake much on her success. It is fair to add that the reader will not want for younger society as he proceeds. Miss Findlater is a sister of J. H. Findlater, the author of *The Green Graves of Balgownie*. (Methuen & Co. 297 pp. 6s.)

#### PEPITA OF THE PAGODA.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins here returns to the light and airy manner of *Lady Bonnie's Experiment*. The new story is an agreeable mixture of comedy and farce, with a touch of mystery added. Among the characters are the beautiful Pepita herself, Toby, a precocious infant, and a fruity and full-flavoured Irishman. "Jolly" is the word that best describes the little book. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 208 pp. 1s.)

#### THE HAPPY EXILE.

BY H. D. LOWRY.

Twenty-one sketches—slight, graceful, sad and civil—the fugitive humour of a man who lives in London, but whose heart is in the West-country. Many have appeared in various publications.

Mr. Lowry's bibliography grows apace: *Wreckers and Methodists*, *Women's Tragedies*, *A Man of Moods*, *Make-Believe* are already to his account. (John Lane. 200 pp. 6s.)

#### THE FATE OF WOMAN.

BY FRANCIS SHORT.

The story of a woman married to a man who appeals to only a part of her nature. How Mrs. Paul Browne fares is the story. The author has cleverness, but such an expression as "the rather scraggy charms of the rector's youngest daughter," which occurs early in the book, warns the reader of vulgarities ahead. (John Macqueen. 275 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### NICCOLINA NICCOLINI. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADEMOISELLE MORI."

Married women and widows seem to be the favourite heroines this week. Here we have a young Englishwoman in her first widowhood. She is in Italy, whither she had gone with her young Italian husband. The author knows Italy well, and we have old Italian towns described as a painter would see them; while the growing up of little Lina, and her betrothal, supply the thread of a pretty and placid story. (Gardner, Darton & Co. 310 pp. 6s.)

#### VALENTINE.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

Valentine is seven years old in the first chapter, and her story is told almost year by year—her romps, her pets, and her loves. Her nurse, Hannah, supplies a kind of Greek chorus. "Well, well, well, it's way we all must go, sooner or later," she exclaims when Valentine tells her of her engagement; "and I'm thankful, at least, that it's not that rhyming gentleman." (Jarrold & Sons. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

When we find Donald Orde running away from school, and generally misbehaving, we know that Mrs. Annie Swan means to do well by the youth. He will be good and noble later on. And he is, and he has a house at Prince's Gate, and his movements are recorded in the Society papers, and he is "blessed above the common." (Hutchinson & Co. 347 pp.)

#### FOR THE LIFE OF OTHERS.

BY G. CARDELLA.

Obviously a novel with a purpose. The struggle for life, we read in a quotation which is made the motto of this story, is "an instrument of perfection." We are inclined to think that the struggle to read these four hundred closely printed pages may be an instrument of perfection, but we fear we should decline the discipline. Yet the scene is Devonshire, and the fortunes of the Garnsworthies and the Hannafords—farmers these—will allure some. (Swan Sonnenschein. 409 pp. 6s.)

#### HERNANI THE JEW.

BY A. N. HOMER.

The author's name might lead us to expect an epic; but this is a romance. A story of the Polish struggle for freedom, with love and politics interwoven. (Sampson Low. 339 pp. 6s.)

#### AT MIDNIGHT.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Six quiet stories, gently sentimental. (Ward, Lock & Co. 305 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### JOHN MARMADUKE.

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH.

Sub-title: "A Romance of the English Invasion of Ireland in 1649." Extract from preface: "After the publication of the book *Oliver Cromwell: a History*, some three years ago, it occurred to me that a further elucidation of that matter might be effected by means of an historical romance." The first person singular is employed. There are a few excellent pictures. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 328 pp. 6s.)

## THE PROFESSOR'S DILEMMA.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

This is the mixture of love, small talk, and travel which Americans do so well—Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin, for example, in *A Cathedral Courtship*. There is plenty of minor humour, such as this epitaph on a dog:

"Though duly from my hand he took  
His pittance every night,  
He did it with a jealous look,  
And, when he could, would bite."

The guide-book part refers to Egypt. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 316 pp.)

## THE WROTHAMS OF WROTHAM COURT.

BY F. H. FRESHFIELD.

A love-story of the seventeenth century, with a solitary horseman entering London. This is Rupert Wrotham, and it is pleasant to find that his first care on arriving in town is to seek out Mr. Dryden. The pictures of London which form the background of the story have been carefully done, and there is a strong Quaker element in the story. (Cassell & Co. 376 pp.)

## THE CLASH OF ARMS.

BY J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

Many books written just now might bear this title. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is the author of *The Hispaniola Plate*, and other good stories of adventure, and here he is again on his own ground. The scene is Old France, at the time when that country resembled a vast fencing-school. It is a tale of intrigue and plot, check and counter-check, long rides, fair women, and brave men. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, who just laughed at double-barrelled names, would enjoy the dedication; for Mr. Bloundelle-Burton offers his book to Mr. Penderel-Brothurst. (Methuen & Co. 318 pp. 6s.)

## FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE.

BY L. M. P. BLACK.

There is a sub-title of some length, too—"Or, Escalade: A British Prince at the Court of Trajan." Also, there are views of Ancient Rome, and a few pictures by Miss Dorothea Drew; but it is not Mr. Gladstone's grand-child. The author says, on page 158, "We will not attempt the oft-told tale of a Roman banquet"; but many other and less interesting phases of Roman life are attempted, and Christianity is upheld in a manner which will not be unfamiliar to the frequenters of Mr. Wilson Barrett's theatre. (Horace Cox. 332 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

## THE NEW KIPLING.

*Captains Courageous*. By Rudyard Kipling.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Kipling is flashing a new facet upon us. He has become the archimandrite of technicalities—the inspired journalist who must see things from the inside. It is now his passion to grasp details, to understand the work of men's hands, what they think, and how they act, in the making of things. In the guise of stories he writes Blue-books upon locomotives and upon ships, giving life to the inanimate parts, and firm characterisation to the workmen that control them.

Those, and they number many, who are following his career closely, read these technical stories diligently, with astonishment at his grasp of detail, and admiration of his power of marshalling and vivifying commonplace incidents. But to say that they are generally attractive is to say the thing that is not. These technical stories need more attention than the ordinary reader of fiction cares to give. There are parts of *Captains Courageous* where the mind wearies, and the interest flags: nevertheless it is well to persevere, and those who do so will be rewarded. For the workmanship is fine—very fine—if somewhat overlaid.

Mr. Kipling may have had either of two motives in his mind when he set himself to write this story. Let there be a boy, he may have said to himself, the son of an American multi-millionaire, a spoilt boy, a nuisance and a cub, but with the right stuff under the crust of his caddishness. I will plump him down among men, honest sailor-men, God-fearing, white all through, who cure whims with hard work, and affectation with a rope-end. Through this ordeal

he shall pass. And he shall come out a man. Or Mr. Kipling may have mused: I'll tell of polyglot folk—hairy Newfoundlanders, howling Portuguese, reckless Galway men—who fish in the deep sea on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, even to the hoarse-roaring Virgin. I'll give a six months' intinerary of their buxom schooners, dancing dories, and the hardy crews that wrest a living from the seas—for I know. I know it all—the dories that are sunk by the swift liners, and the auction held over the drowned sailor's kit. And to make the yarn palatable I'll drift into it the story of a boy, and the sea shall be his master, and water and men together shall buffet and lick the cub into something good. But the real yarn shall be the story of the men who go down to the deep sea to catch cod.

If the evolution of Harvey Cheyne, the multi-millionaire's boy, was the motive of the story it might have been told in a quarter the length. *Captains Courageous* need have been no longer than *Love-o'-Women*. Again and again Mr. Kipling delays the march of the story to rollick with extraneous incidents—pages of them—profoundly well done, but not vital. More than two-thirds of the book are allocated to cod, to the voyaging of the *We're Here* of Gloucester, Mass., and the doings of her crew. Cod-fishing may not be your hobby, but you must grip the paragraphs line by line if you would learn what technical-romantic writing is at its best. Even then some passages are ill to digest. This, for instance:

"Hi!" shouted Manuel, stooping to the fish, and bringing one up, with a finger under its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it on the edge of the pen, the knife-blade glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on either side of the neck, dropped at Long Jack's feet. . . . The cod's liver dropped in the basket. Another wrench and scoop sent the head and offal flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulwarks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and open, splashed in the tub."

A landsman is quite at sea with a description like the following, except, perhaps, the last two lines:

"She was running before the wind, yawing frightfully, her staysail let down to act as a sort of extra foresail—'scandalised,' they call it—and her foreboom geyed out over the side. Her bowsprit cocked up like an old-fashioned frigate's; her jib-boom had been fished and spliced and nailed and clamped beyond further repair; and as she hove herself forward, and sat down on her broad tail, she looked for all the world like a blouzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl."

But an illuminative picture like this is not easily forgotten:

"At the first glance a silvery-white ghost rose bolt upright from the oily water and sighed a weird, whistling sigh. Harvey started back with a shout; but Dan only laughed. 'Grampus,' said he. 'Beggin' fer fish-heads. They up-eeend that way when they're hungry. Breath on him like the doleful toms, hain't he?' A horrible stench of decayed fish filled the air, as the pillar of oil sank, and the water boiled oily."

Mr. Kipling glosses nothing in his descriptions. He has a genius for fixing the dramatic moment in a scene. How convincing, how photographic is this whale!—

"The deep fizzed like freshly opened soda-water, and cod, men, and whales together flung in upon the luckless bait. Harvey was nearly knocked overboard by the handle of Dan's net. But in all the wild tumult he noticed, and never forgot, the wicked, set little eye—something like a circus elephant's eye—of a whale that drove along almost level with the water, and, so he said, winked at him."

As the reader ploughs his way through the book, it becomes plainer that Mr. Kipling is more interested in the *We're Here* and the fortunes of her crew than in the growth of the millionaire's boy. So great is the author's delight to find himself aboard the schooner, so avid is he to spread himself over technicalities, that he has somewhat neglected to express the *nuances* that must have gone to produce the change in Harvey Cheyne. The miracle works all too quickly. Some plain speaking, a blow on the nose, the wave of a knotted rope—and he is a man.

Finally the *We're Here* returns to Gloucester, Mass., and Harvey telegraphs his safety to his parents who are away out at "their raw new palace" in San Diego. Old Cheyne bids him meet them in Boston; and the next step in the story, both for the reader and in the hoary convention of fiction, is that meeting between parents and an only son, who was lost and is found. But Mr. Kipling delays the meeting for several pages to describe the millionaire's race against time across America. It's amazingly well done, but is it

art—the art of fiction? Still, we would not have missed that journey for a world of pedestrian novels properly constructed on the best French model. Thus does genius override law by making another law, convincing us of the legality of the act, and demonstrating its fitness with a triumphant example. Mr. Kipling finds naught common on the earth. He takes the common things by choice, and they become distinguished—even cod.

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*Jerome.* By Mary E. Wilkins.  
(Harper & Brothers.)

At first Miss Wilkins was content to set her talents at short stories. Most readers know these minute comedies and tragedies of New England rural life: quaint character sketches; studies in the conflict between pride and poverty. If New Englanders were not often poor and proud Miss Wilkins's occupation would have ceased to be. With perfect understanding and sympathy her indomitable spinsters and heroic matrons, her contriving old men and wistful invalids, are set forth in tiny tales—in "An Unwilling Guest" and "Gentian," in "Life Everlasting" and "A Taste of Honey," to mention not necessarily the best, but those that come most readily to mind; with perfect understanding and sympathy, and also with tender perceptive humour, lying very nigh to tears, and a power of selection to which too much praise could hardly be given. To do, in her contracted space, what Miss Wilkins has occasionally done, borders on the miraculous. In a matter of some ten pages she can pack (yet with no sense of packing) all the essentials and the decorative graces too, not only the fable but also atmosphere—the sweet New England air, the old-world flowers, the manner of habitation, and a score of intimate things about the actors in the little drama which a lesser artist would have left out.

After these stories came a detective tale—"The Long Arm"—which, though of small merit in itself, was probably of great value to its author as a lesson in construction; and then longer stories—*Jane Field*, *Madelon*, *Pembroke*,—which dealt on a larger plane with a more intricate play of emotions, and carried Miss Wilkins's strength steadily forward. And now in *Jerome*, just published, we have a still longer story, containing signs of a still riper power. One would not say that Miss Wilkins is yet at her best, but beyond question *Jerome* is a masterly achievement.

*Jerome* is a study of a proud New England boy upon whom, suddenly, at the age of twelve, the responsibility falls of becoming the head of the family. His father, at best a weak but kindly peasant, disappears, presumably having committed suicide in a fit of hopelessness; his mother is a cripple; his sister Elmira is younger than himself. In a moment Jerome, always a thoughtful, solitary boy, finds that the whole burden of maintaining the house intact and defying charity rests upon himself. He braces himself to the fight—and wins. The story of the long battle is the story of the book.

Herein is matter ready to Miss Wilkins's hand. A struggle to pay off a mortgage is to her what intrigue and the clash of steel were to Dumas. On the unfolding and development of Jerome's character, on his pride and scorn, on his invincible honesty and simplicity, she has lavished the resources of her knowledge and art. Here is a fine passage, descriptive of the boy's spirit. He has been refused more work at closing shoes by the mean-spirited storekeeper of the valley, and returns homeward at his wits' end:

"Now and then he stood still and looked up at the sky, where the great white moon rode through the hosts of the stars. Without analysing his thoughts, the boy felt the utter irresponsiveness of all glory and all heights. Searching shafts of moonlight and starlight and frostlight seemed glancing off this one little soul in the freezing solitude of creation, wherein each is largely to himself alone. What was it to the moon and all those shining swarms of stars, and that far star-dust in the milky way, whether he, Jerome Edwards, had shoes to close or not? Whether he and his mother starved or not, they would shine just the same. The triviality, even ludicrousness, of the sorrow of man, as compared with eternal things, was over the boy. He was maddened at the sting, and, despite of his own littleness in the face of that greatness, suddenly a wild impulse of rebellion that was almost blasphemy seized him. He clinched a puny fist at a great star. 'Wish I could make you stop shinin',' he cried out in a loud, fierce voice. 'Wish I could do somethin'!'"

The story of what he does do is deeply interesting, and must be found so even by those who are not attracted by the kind of people of whom Miss Wilkins writes; for the book has a substantial groundwork of plot, although its strength lies in characterisation. Miss Wilkins has the admirable practice of accounting for everyone as she goes along. To each new character, however small a part they play, her readers are with perfect courtesy introduced. We are on intimate terms at once; we know them, and the story is in consequence so much the more interesting and more vital. Squire Merritt's sister, Miss Camilla, is of all the subsidiary characters the most charming. Miss Wilkins paints her in elaborate full-length. Here is an exquisite passage:

"The East Room door had been left ajar. Presently a soft whisper of silk could be heard afar off; but before that even, a delicate breath of lavender came floating into the room. Many sweet and subtly individual odours seemed to dwell in this old house, preceding the mortal inhabitants through the doors, and lingering behind them in rooms where they had stayed."

After the lavender sweetness came the whisper of silk flounces, growing louder and louder; but there was no sound of footsteps, for Aunt Camilla moved only with the odour and rustle of a flower."

Camilla Merritt was far from young, being much older than her brother, Lucina's father; but she was old as a poem or an angel might be, with the lovely meaning of her still uppermost and most evident. Camilla in her youth had been of a rare and delicate beauty, which had given her fame throughout the countryside, and she held the best of it still, as one holds jewels in a worn sashet, and as a poem written in obsolete language contains still its first grace of thought. Camilla's soft and slender body had none of those stiff, distorted lines which come from resistance to the forced attitudes of life. Her body and her soul had been amenable to all discipline. She had leaned sweetly against her crosses, instead of straining away from them with fierce cramps and agonies of resistance. In every motion she had the freedom of utter yielding which surpasses the freedom of action."

Finally, we would say that it seems to us that Americans should be very proud of Miss Wilkins. Her modesty and retiring nature, coupled with the humble characters of whom she writes, may have withheld from her countrymen a full appreciation of her great and singular merits; but it seems to us that in this quiet New England lady America possesses a novelist of lowly life whose subtle comprehension of the elemental passions is not surpassed by any living writer, and one who serves her art with a loving and patient fidelity not to be overpraised.

\* \* \* \*

*The Beetle: a Mystery.* By Richard Marsh.  
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"The surprising narration of Richard Holt," as it is called in this story, and the various developments which follow from his experiences, make up a very ingenious book of horrors, on which Mr. Richard Marsh is to be congratulated. Mr. Marsh has a lurid imagination, and has put together a narrative which should make the flesh of even the least susceptible reader creep. The Beetle, the *scarabæus sacer*, is the badge or emblem of the worshippers of Isis, whose priestesses, apparently, are able to transform themselves, in moments of danger, into *scarabæi* when they wish to hide themselves from their enemies or to make their way into places which they would be unable to enter in human form. The particular priestess of Isis whose misdeeds are the subject of this story is a sufficiently repulsive person. Here is Richard Holt's description of her:

"I could not at once decide if it was a man or a woman. Indeed, at first I doubted if it was anything human. . . . There was not a hair upon his face or head, but, to make up for it, the skin, which was a saffron yellow, was an amazing mass of wrinkles. The cranium—and, indeed, the whole skull—was so small as to be disagreeably suggestive of something animal. The nose, on the other hand, was abnormally large; so extravagant were its dimensions and so peculiar its shape, it resembled the beak of some bird of prey. A characteristic of the face—and an uncomfortable one!—was that, practically, it stopped short at the mouth. The mouth, with its blubber lips, came immediately underneath the nose; and chin, to all intents and purposes, there was none. This deformity—for the absence of chin amounted to that—it was which gave to the face the appearance of something not human—that, and the eyes. For so marked a feature of the man were his eyes that, ere long, it seemed to me that he was nothing but eyes."

Mr. Marsh succeeds in producing that sensation of horror in his readers which is a prime necessity in a story of this kind.

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By the death of the Duchess of Teck England has lost one of the noblest and most brilliant in that small circle of really great ladies who were the pride of a former, and are the saving grace of the present, generation of English women. She was, by birth, a Princess of the Royal House, but she owned in her own nature those qualities of soul and mind which must have made her, in any station of life, distinguished, graceful, and enchanting. Whether working—as she never ceased to do—for the cause and happiness of the poor, whether fulfilling, with unstudied ease, the important duties of her high position in society, whether visiting the sick and unknown, whether laughing with her friends, whether conversing on subjects political, literary, artistic, or domestic, whether devoting herself to her family, whether labouring for the “strangers and pilgrims,” she was ever lovely for her religious character, her good sense, her wit, her generosity, and her ineffable sweetness of heart. She possessed personal beauty and dignity in a high degree, a charm of manner which no words could convey, and a dislike of affectation which was, in itself, an evidence of her own singularly pure and candid spirit. The disappearance of such an influence from the fearful drama of modern life—for the Princess Mary was the light not of a set only, but of the whole nation—is something to give rise to many emotions besides grief, and many speculations beyond this dying century.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

DID Mr. Gladstone seriously hesitate to offer a coronet to Tennyson because the poet wore a wide-awake instead of a tall hat? That he did so hesitate is the gravely made statement of Tennyson's biographer, who prints the journal he kept on the *Pembroke Castle*, where the offer was made: “The only difficulty in Gladstone's mind was that my father might insist on wearing a wide-awake in the House of Lords.” A correspondent who called Mr. Gladstone's attention to this statement has received the following judicious reply, which we are permitted to print, in settlement of the curious point of social etiquette. “The ‘wide-awake,’” Mr. Gladstone writes, “is, I think, made to play a part more grave than history warrants. But I do not doubt there may have been some half-jesting reference to it. Costume,” Mr. Gladstone adds, “is a matter not without importance, and has given trouble to Speakers of the House of Commons.”

MR. HERBERT MORRAH, in a letter too long to print, makes a gallant attempt to persuade us that in the review of the second series of *The Golden Treasury* last week, our critic was hasty in his protest against the insertion of verses by Canon Walton in an anthology from which Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, is omitted. We would willingly be persuaded; but the specimens of the Canon's verse sent to us by our correspondent do not seem to rise above the level of that which we quoted last week. Indeed, they hardly seem to reach it.

THE errors in the *Quarterly Review* article upon minor poets, to which reference was made last week, have impelled a correspondent to make a further protest. “You have,” he writes, “mentioned one or two mistakes: with regard, for example, to Mr. ‘Walter’ Henley and to Mr. Andrew Lang, to whom the reviewer attributed lines that were really Mr. Austin Dobson's. It is easy to add another that directly concerns Mr. Austin Dobson himself. ‘He is one of four only among those now under review,’ we are told, ‘who has never employed any medium but verse; no wonder that it is so perfectly sympathetic and malleable.’ There is no need to give a list of Mr. Dobson's prose works; they are many and familiar; and to these signed volumes of his there must be added a large bulk of anonymous prose work in the shape of unsigned criticisms.”

“MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON, again,” our correspondent continues, “ought to be a poet with a grievance if he pays heed to anything so earthly as a *Quarterly* reviewer. Among all praises of women, sung by him or by anyone, stand out his memorable lines:

‘O, envious coveter  
Of others’ grieving.’

The *Quarterly* reviewer remarks the novelty and the beauty of the attribute; but he wrote it down carelessly, or he did not cor-

rect a sad misprinting of what he did write, for this is what the *Quarterly* says: ‘His description of a high-souled woman as one “envious of other's good” is a fine phrase’—which it certainly is not. That sort of misquotation almost amounts to a major error; but one need say no more, for the man who will feel it most acutely will be the able *Quarterly* reviewer himself.” At the same time, it ought to be said of the article that it abounds in much shrewd and vivacious criticism. And vivacity is very scarce.

MR. SIDNEY LOW has resigned the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*. He is succeeded by Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who has been assistant editor for some years. Mr. Low, we understand, is about to make a lengthy tour in India.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, during his sojourn in Paris, has fallen into the hands of the interviewer, and the result is a budget of opinions on American literature. Mr. Howells views his country's fiction with spacious complacency. The Transatlantic realistic school satisfies him entirely. Messrs. Brander Matthews and Hamlin Garland, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, seem to him to be doing excellent realism of the “Jane Austen sort.” Miss Wilkins we know and admire; but to group the other writers with her is to vitiate the criticism, and Miss Austen's name should have been omitted. American writers, Mr. Howells added, are getting to be more distinctively American—“the flowering of our modern literature is to come.”

FOR modern American poetry Mr. Howells cannot, even with all his national enthusiasm and leniency, say very much. These are bad days, he admits. At most Americans can boast some “captivating songsters.” All things considered, he continued, it is not possible for America to claim Mr. Kipling. No, it is not. Still, as some consolation for this inability, Mr. Howells added that neither could England claim him. Mr. Kipling, he explained, is a colonial product. None the less England does claim him.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has written a series of tales for children, to appear in *St. Nicholas*, which is the magazine that first printed the Jungle stories, during the forthcoming year. They are to be called “The Just-So Stories,” and will deal whimsically with animals. The first is due in the November number.

ALTHOUGH the fund for erecting a monument to Guy de Maupassant in the Parc Monceau was not too readily subscribed, the function of last Sunday went off with as much *éclat* as if the cost of the monument had been a slight matter. Nothing was wanting to the occasion, and the park provided a beautiful frame to the human picture. Mr. Benjamin-Constant was there, and M. Aurélien Scholl and M. Joseph Reinach, and M. Georges Ohnet and M. Zola, and M. Jules Claretie, who had paid his tribute to Maupassant in Saturday's *Figaro*. All the reports dwell on M. Zola's

speech, and with reason, for it seems to have been pointed and yet impassioned.

"It was near this spot," he exclaimed, "that I first met Maupassant, more than a quarter of a century ago, at the house of our great and good Flaubert, in that little room in the *rue Murillo*, whose windows open on the greenery of this park. . . . How strange that, after more than twenty-five years, this young man, then unknown, is found here again in marble, and that I have the joy of paying homage to his immortality."

The design of the memorial is happy. Maupassant was an analyst of feminine nature, and there, beneath his bust, a Parisienne reclines at her ease, intent on one of his novels. How appropriate, and in London how impossible!

M. ZOLA's *Paris* is now appearing in *Le Journal*. Its commencement has been heralded by an *affiche* by Steinlen, which we can only call horrible. If this picture fairly represents Zola's delineations in his book, readers of *Paris* had best have strong nerves. We need not describe Steinlen's work in detail; but it represents a Montmartre tragedy, with a Montmartre mob in the background, and it suggests immeasurable villany. If the picture is an unfair gloss on the book, it is a pity it was published, or at least sent across the Channel. The story opens with a description of Paris, of which we append a hasty translation:

"One morning, towards the end of January, the Abbé Pierre Froment, who had to say mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, found himself standing at eight o'clock on the high ground in front of the church. And, before entering, he had eyes for the immense Paris that rolled away at his feet. There had been two months of terrible cold snow and ice, and Paris was immersed in a dull and chilly thaw. From the vast leaden sky fell a thick and weeping fog. The whole east of the city, where lie the quarters of work and misery, seemed submerged in reddish vapours, through which one divined the panting saw-mills and factories; while towards the west, towards the haunts of wealth and enjoyment, the breaking fog was lighting up, and was no more than a thin, still veil of mist. The round line of the horizon was scarcely to be made out; the boundless field of houses and buildings appeared as a chaos of ruins, of stagnant seas that filled up the hollows with a pale steam, above which the crests of high streets detached themselves, black as soot. A Paris of mystery, veiled in clouds, as if buried under the ashes of some catastrophe, half swallowed already in that welter of shame and suffering that its immensity was hiding."

THE new novel of the American War of Independence—*Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*—which received a welcome from the hands of a reviewer last week, is not the only fiction of its author. Dr. Weir Mitchell, in the intervals of his labours as a physician of high repute, and a writer of a number of works on hygiene, has found time to serve literature to some purpose. He has written both stories and poetry. His other non-medical books are *Hephzibah Guinness*, *Roland Blake*, *In War Time*, *Characteristics*, and *Far in the Forest*. *Hugh Wynne*, which ran as a serial in the *Century*

last year, is the most interesting and the strongest. Dr. Mitchell has earned his right to be enrolled with the honourable little company of literary doctors, in which Arbutnot, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, and Oliver Wendell Holmes hold places of honour.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* points out a pretty error in a work entitled *A Roving Commission*. The *Times* had reviewed the book and had quoted a passage describing Nelson's demeanour "in his cabin when, being at the time in pursuit of *Villeneuve*, it had been reported to him that the signal 'Enemy in sight' had been made from one of his own frigates, 'The flag-lieutenant endeavoured to explain the mistake, just as the admiral was rubbing his hands with intense satisfaction,' &c." "It does not appear to have occurred," says gently the vigilant correspondent of the *Times*, "either to the author of an agreeable book, or to your critic, that the fortune of war had left the great admiral with only one hand to rub!"

WE still have correspondence about the epitaph—"The world's a city full of streets." The most interesting communication is from a reader who has discovered that the first two of the four lines occur in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. It appears probable, therefore, that the mural tablet in Elgin Cathedral, referred to by the *Dundee Advertiser* bears a very early copy of the epitaph, but not the original draft. The date on the tablet is not known to us, but the first folio of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is dated 1634. The fifth scene of act i. concludes as follows:

"*Third Queen*.—This funeral path brings to your household's grave;  
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

*Second Queen*.—And this to yours.

*First Queen*.—Yours this way. Heaven lend A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

*Third Queen*.—This world's a city full of straying streets,  
And death's the market-place, where each one meets."

The *Third Queen's* last speech would appear to be the original of the first half of the epitaph. We wonder whether the second couplet—

"If life were a thing that money could buy,  
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die"—

was added by an original poet, or was found elsewhere and merely joined to the first couplet; and if elsewhere, where?

MR. W. S. MAUGHAM's outspoken story of a girl's life in a small London street—*Liza of Lambeth*—has been so unsparingly condemned as an immoral work by certain reviewers that the publisher has submitted it to the consideration of a number of prominent preachers and religious propagandists. The opinions of Canon Barnett, Canon Scott Holland, Canon Wilberforce, Dr. Parker, Dr. Horton, Dr. Marcus Dods, and others lie before us. In the main these gentlemen are not pleased with *Liza*; and

some deplore the book's vogue. Canon Scott Holland's criticism is worth reproducing:

"As to *Liza of Lambeth*, it is obviously written with vivid dramatic skill, but I own that a book of this type seems to me to convey as false an impression to those who will read it as *Dodo* would if it were read in the alums, and taken to represent the life of the upper classes. All the actual facts of *Liza* could be found in Lambeth, and so could those of *Dodo* in the West End, but in either case they would be taken out of all perspective, and would convey an utterly wrong impression to outsiders who cannot give them their proportion and place. Any slum in Lambeth is full of human kindness that surprises those who move about in it, and the better you know the slum the more you feel this. Those who read *Liza*, outsiders to her life, will only be confirmed in their despair at the brutality of the classes which it represents. They will not go behind and see the heart of goodness in the broken poor which is waiting there to be brought forward. Realism of this kind, which is, in reality, the idealisation of the worst elements in life, acts, it seems to me, as a knock-down blow to those who need to be taught not to despair, but to hope."

SEVERAL poets have found inspiration in the accounts of the charge of the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai, the most illustrious being Sir Edwin Arnold. In thirteen six-line stanzas the heroic feat was set forth in the *Daily Telegraph*; but Sir Edwin seems to us to have been unfortunate in his choice of metre. For descriptive purposes his chosen measure was useful, as thus:

"Then from grey hollows where they crouch  
The sons of Scotland silent gather—  
Wild indigo and tamarisk brush  
The limbs bred in the purple heather—  
The Gordon Highlanders fall in—  
Pipers and all—Hell's Bridge to win."

Prose could not be more straightforward than this. In the next stanza we are entitled to a brisker movement:

"Men of the Gordon Highlanders!  
Colonel Mathias loudly cries,  
'The General's orders are to take,  
At any needful sacrifice,  
Yonder position! His we'll make it,  
The Gordon Highlanders will take it!'"

This is too laboured and deliberate for the situation. In such pieces the right metre is half the battle.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days the first volume of *A Short History of the Royal Navy*, from early times to 1660. The author, Mr. David Hannay, aims at giving an account not only of the fighting we have done at sea, but of the growth of the service, of the part the Navy has played in the development of the Empire, and of its inner life.

A NEW edition—the fifth—of Prof. Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature* is nearly ready for publication at the Clarendon Press. The book has been thoroughly revised throughout, and the section on the nineteenth century has been practically rewritten and very much enlarged.

## FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

At the age of seventy-three, Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave passed away at his house in London last Sunday morning, after a paralytic seizure of a few days' duration. A long, busy, and happy life had been his. Mr. Palgrave enjoyed his successes, and they were many; and we do not think that the contests on which he light-heartedly entered now and again in his career left him a sadder or, for that matter, a wiser man. He had strong prejudices, for some of which his old position as art-critic of the *Saturday Review* gave him an opportunity of expression he never lost; and he had prepossessions, of the strength of which his latest fulfilled task, the second series of *The Golden Treasury*, remains as a monument.

The eldest son of Sir Francis Palgrave, who adopted the name in lieu of that of Cohen, Francis Turner was sent to Charterhouse, and passed thence to Oxford, where he was scholar of Balliol, and then Fellow of Exeter. He took a First Class in *Literæ Humaniores* in 1847, when already he was one of Mr. Gladstone's assistant private secretaries. For five years, starting from 1850, he was Vice-Principal of the Training School at Kneller Hall, and then entered the Education Department, under Lord Granville's auspices, as examiner and assistant secretary, a post which he held for thirty years, and which left him a fair amount of leisure for his literary activities in poetry and prose. In 1854 appeared his *Idylls and Songs*; in 1861 came the compilation by which he has made his name a household word wherever English poetry is loved, *The Golden Treasury of English poems*; in 1862, the Art Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1862, a somewhat controversial pamphlet; in 1866, *Essays on Art*, in which readers of the *Saturday Review* recognised old friends or enemies as the case might be; in 1867, the Life of Sir Walter Scott, prefixed to the Globe edition of his poems. (Mr. Palgrave, by the way, was too much a Scottist to be willing or able to accept Stevenson as novelist or poet either!) In 1867, too, came a volume of "Hymns," which had a popularity that invited a second edition in the year following. In 1868 he issued *The Five Days' Entertainments at Wentworth Grange*, a book for children; and his later publications included: *Landscape in Poetry from Homer to Tennyson*; *Amenophis*, another volume of his poems; and, in the same form, *Visions of England*, a series of lyrics about episodes in English history. In 1887 he took his share in the poetical celebration of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign. As an editor, his name is connected as well with *The Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry*, and with editions of the poems of Herrick, Keats, and Tennyson.

Edinburgh rewarded this busy man of letters with an honorary degree of LL.D., and Oxford made him her Professor of Poetry in 1885, in succession to Shairp, in anticipation of Courthope. His contribution to the Tennyson memoir was, perhaps, of all his labours of love that which pleased and moved him most. His memory for that old friend had no failure in details when

already it had ceased to be authoritative on much beside. Stronger than this memory was his desire to please and to serve. A few weeks ago he began a story to a friend—he had fame as a charming talker—"I will tell you a capital story," and he broke into a happy laugh of anticipation. "Ah, it has gone from my mind," he said, and the smile passed. The story was still untold; but, whatever it was, it was a kindly one, or it would not have been Mr. Palgrave's. Old friends peopled his mind, although he was geniality itself to new ones down to the last months of his life. Less receptive in his mental impressions no doubt he was—a reservation written broad across the pages of his second series of *The Golden Treasury*, as alas! our own and other critics had to declare only last Saturday.

Mr. Palgrave was one of the generation of talkers. Obviously, there are some younger men who practise the first and most merely human of the arts, even in England; but these few are—though we need not point the remark too insistently by the mention of the names of the living—in few cases entirely Englishmen in the racial sense of the title. There are a certain number of younger talkers, but the mastery of conversation was with men born in the first quarter of the century. Elders, in all generations, have held the table, by reason of the deference that is paid to them, but the several generations are now, for some reasons besides this, respectively the speakers and the silent. Mr. Palgrave was at one time noted for the peculiar tact with which he suggested his own knowledge of a subject within the mind of the person he addressed, and this without any strain of courtesy. Of late years this kindly refinement was less practicable on account of a partial deafness which caused Mr. Palgrave's conversation to be more independent of his interlocutors. There was less exchange, and they became his mere audience, and a less variable audience, and less stimulative to variety in himself. But this slight disability never condemned him to the dulness of silence. He had a most interesting past to draw from whenever he momentarily lost touch with the present, and of that past Alfred Tennyson was perhaps the central figure. He was just such a friend to the Laureate's memory as though Tennyson had not been dead but living, and not only living but a young man, and Mr. Palgrave a much younger man admiring him. The later poems, the latest of that great muse—*Silent Voices*, even—were to his mind reverend work. He deliberately judged them to be equal to the lyrics of 1842 and 1854; nay, he believed Tennyson to have increased in the power of poetry up to the day of his death. Of the past Mr. Palgrave had no stories to tell that touched on a weakness; the usual anecdotes—not unkindly but slightly ironical—that were told, not printed, of the conspicuous recluse of Faringford and Aldworth were not told by him. He had no recollections that did not minister to the dignity of his hero and friend. But this unalterable kindness was his principal characteristic; and to those who made his acquaintance late it was the most manifest of all his qualities.

## THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

## II.—THE "SPECTATOR'S" LONDON.

THE sturdy survival of Addison and Steele's *Spectator* in its complete form must be held to rest more and more upon those innumerable touches in the essays which restore to us the London of Queen Anne. For although the Coverley essays, and others, live by their beauty, something is needed to explain the fact that two publishing houses are now issuing the entire six hundred and thirty-five essays to a generation which rather despises the essay as a literary form.

Now of all flavours in the *Spectator*, the flavour of London is the most pervading. The mere name of a street lends charm to many a page, as when Steele begins a discourse on the duties of wives: "I was the other day driving in a Hack through Gerard-street." As often it is some curious detail that quickens the attention, as when Addison, in an essay on Tragedy, remarks that the stage battles at the Haymarket Theatre could be heard, sometimes, at Charing Cross. A loving superfluity of place-names has become the salt of many of those moral "lucubrations," whose appearance now, with the coffee and rolls, would be far removed from our literary tastes. Our interest in Robin Bridegroom's complaint, that he and his newly made bride were awakened on the morning after their wedding by "the Thund' of a Set of Drums," is all enhanced by the punctilious dating of his letter from Birchan-lane. Sometimes the humour of a passage depends on a nice signification of locality, as in the case of the advertisement which runs: "This is to give Notice That the three Criticks who last Sunday settled the Character of my Lord Rochester and Boileau in the yard of a Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the same Time and Place to finish the Merits of several Dramatick Writers: And will also make an End of the Nature of the Sublime." How important the yard in Fuller's Rents! And Jack Toper's scrupulous testimony to the character of his servant—whose steadiness was more than such a master desired—gains in the same kind when he writes: "We were coming down Essex-street one Night a little frustrated, and I was giving him the word to alarm the Watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the Law." Again, when Dick Steele pursues in a hackney coach the young lady, similarly conveyed, whose glances he encountered in Covent Garden, you may follow the chase through Long Acre, King-street, Newport-street, and St. Martin's-lane with all a Londoner's recognition of the route.

Hardly a characteristic of London in Addison's day is unmentioned in these intricately interesting essays. The extent of London, for instance, is indicated when the "Widow Gentlewoman," who advertises her willingness to instruct parrots and starlings in human speech, tries to recommend her house by stating that it stands in Bloomsbury-square, "commodiously situated next the Fields in a good Air." At once we have the limits of London in that quarter. Again, the whole humour of the "Projector's"

letter, printed in No. 452 of the *Spectator*, depends on certain topographical facts. The writer proposes to regale Londoners with country news. He will collect intelligence from places so remote as ten miles from town, "or in other Words, within the Verge of the Penny-Post"; and worthy citizens "who cannot sleep with any Satisfaction, at present, for want of being informed how the world goes" shall now have tidings such as these: "Letters from *Brompton* advise that the Widow *Bligh* had received several Visits from *John Mildev*, which affords great matter of Speculation in those Parts. . . . By my last Advices from *Knights-bridge* I hear that a Horse was clapped into the Pound on the third Instant, and that he was not released when the Letters came away. . . . By a Fisherman which lately touched at *Hammersmith*, there is Advice from *Putney*, that a certain Person well-known in that Place is like to lose his Election for Church-warden; but this being Boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it."

These pleasantries remind one that the London of the *Spectator* was a snug little London; a London that a man might really know, and that he could embrace, so to speak, in his affection. The careful student of the *Spectator* will often read its essays with a map of that London before him. Without it, he will miss so much. When Addison tells us that Sir Roger de Coverley's town lodgings were in Soho-square we know little about the matter until we see that Soho-square was on the very edge of London. Oxford-street (then the Tyburn-road) had only a south side, and this extended only as far as Bond-street. North of the road the fields stretched away to Paddington. The Tottenham-court-road ran northwards through open fields, and was called the Road to Hampstead. Bloomsbury scarcely existed; nevertheless, Red Lion-street ran up as far as Great Ormond-street. Bedford-row was being built when the *Spectator* was flourishing. To this day you may read the date, 1714, on some of its leaden water-spouts. Even when built, the northern end of Bedford-row long received the breezes straight from Highgate. Islington was connected with London by a country road. The City-road had not been thought of, and there were no streets north of Old-street. Shoreditch had no sooner passed St. Leonard's Church than it became the "Road to Ware," and the Whitechapel-road is mapped as the "Road to Harwich" before it has reached the site of London Hospital. Along the river the town stretched no farther than Wapping, which is twice mentioned in the *Spectator*. South London was a conglomeration of streets spreading fan-wise from the south end of London Bridge. Lambeth and Bayswater were dreary marshes. St. James's Park adjoined Nature; Piccadilly did not stretch its houses as far as Hyde Park Corner, at which point it became the Exeter Road. London, one is inclined to say, was just large enough and just small enough for loving literary treatment. To-day it can only be written about piecemeal; and, therefore, even M. Zola has abandoned it as a subject.

But the *Spectator's* pictures of London, as often as not, are deliberate. "I have sometimes employed myself," says Addison, "from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me." If short proof were needed that Addison was an acute observer of London life it would be found in his essays on the London Cries and the London Signs. Or the reader may turn to his description of the various quarters of the town in the *Spectator*, No. 403. Addison's visit to the Royal Exchange is classical. To Steele we owe the most complete picture of a London day in the whole *Spectator*. In No. 454 he undertook to give an account of the twenty-four metropolitan hours. He had been sleeping at Richmond, but rose at four, and took boat down to London. At once we have this river piece:

"When we first put off from Shore, we soon fall in with a Fleet of Gardeners bound for the several Market-Ports of London; and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Carefulness with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on Earth; but the *Thames* itself, loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landskip. It was very easie to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins, who were Super-cargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly Sobriety of those bound for *Stocks Market*."

Presently our early-risen essayist lands "with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elms* and taken in Melons consigned by Mr. *Cuffe* of that Place to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their stall in *Covent-Garden*." This chatter must have gone excellently with the coffee and rolls. Later in the day, Dick makes his way Cityward, and it is noteworthy that, although fatigued already by details and adventures, he can feel the modern exultation in the size of London, and in its traffic, accumulating as the day nears its meridian.

"This Satisfaction increased as I moved towards the City; and gay Signs, well disposed Streets, magnificent publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorned with contented Faces, made the joy still rising, till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange of London*."

On this note, this exclamation on the magnificence of London, and the joy of living in it, we may fitly close a survey of the London element in the *Spectator*. It has been said that he who would form a good style should give his days and his nights to Addison; with as much truth, perhaps with more safety, it may be said that he would know Queen Anne's London would mingle with its crowds, thread its streets, hear the cries of its hawkers and water-men, enter its coffee-houses and clubs, watch its processions, and repair on Sunday to its churches, and who would do all this in the company of keen, yet genial, observers—should fasten upon the *Spectator*.

## EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

### V.—SOME PAMPHLETS.

WORTHY and commendable is the object of the Pamphlet Library, of which the first two volumes have just been issued, under the title *Literary Pamphlets*, and edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The pamphlet among our forefathers fulfilled some of the functions of the newspaper. On one hand it held kinship with the "leader"; on the other hand, with the article in the monthly review. Perhaps in the latter aspect it compares yet better with the old quarterly essay. Read the first of these two volumes and you will see that *Campion's Art of English Poesie* or *Daniel's Defence of Ryme* are Elizabethan quarterly articles, which—lacking an *Edinburgh* under whose flag they might sail—were forced to adventure in the freebooting guise of the pamphlet. Similarly, political warfare was not regularly organised under the banners of great newspapers; and so it burst forth in an irregular swarm of pamphlets. Statesmen like *Harley* and *Bolingbroke* were as much concerned to retain the services of great pamphleteers like *Swift* as Continental statesmen nowadays to maintain their official or semi-official organs in the press. And if the work reached incomparably fewer readers, it was incomparably better done. Milton was Cromwell's "able leader-writer"; the best that could be said for Whig or Tory in Queen Anne's reign has been put on immortal record by Steele or Swift.

The pamphlets in these two volumes are all of the literary class, and most of them concerned with poetry. They begin with *Sidney* and end with *Byron*. In truth, the end is very unequal to the beginning. *Byron's* letter to *Murray* (the publisher) concerning *Bowles's* strictures on *Pope* made much noise in its day, and is interesting to have; just now, especially, when Mr. *Henley's* edition of *Byron's* letters has brought *Byron* once more to the front. But great is the gulf between the demonic *verses* of the letters and this controversial epistle. Being *Byron* it has *Byronisms* which make it less dull than the bulk of controversial epistles; but few would in this day read it for pleasure. "In sincere verity," as *Kent* says, *Byron* never comes so near to being "stodgy" as when he writes about literature. Except for the name at the end of them, his literary opinions matter no more than *Hobhouse's*, or those of any demi-semi-literary man-about-town in the *Byronic milieu*. He has not an idea of argument, of grasping the point at issue and striking for it hard and often; but writes "about it, goddess, and about it," meandering off through a forest of inconclusive instances and illustrations and untenable assertions. The greater part of this production, in fact, is a debate concerning a mere illustration; which, like most illustrations, can with a little wit be turned to all points of the compass. The style is as loose as what is by courtesy called his argument; and altogether it is *Byron* at his unhappiest. It is companioned (an extreme contrast!) by *Wordsworth's* Letter on Burns, a specimen of *Wordsworth* in his most prosy and didactic and unanswerable mood of virtuous logic.



The style is better knit, and the argument better knit, than Byron's; but it is dull, dull and dreary. Then there is Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, well enough known in his collected poems; and Addison's *Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning*—amiable, polished, pedantic, languid. And—first in this second volume—there is Milton's *Areopagitica*. Only for the reprint of this magnificent pamphlet, the volumes would be worth the buying. It is truly the apotheosis of the pamphlet, shedding a track of glory along that outworn form.

The first volume is much the richer. Its least interesting item is Swift's attack on poor Steele—*The Importance of the Guardian Considered*. Of course the style is there, strong, organic, wonderful, which never failed the great master of prose. The venom, too, is there; but the attack is too ostentatiously word-catching and pettily unfair for real effect. Nevertheless, it is well to have this specimen of Swift in his workaday vein brought within our reach. Very interesting is Daniel's *Defence of Ryme*; one of the few cases in which a poet has written on the technical side of his own art. And he writes notably well, if he is not free from mistake; though would he had been more careful not to leave some of his involved sentences hanging in the air, from a grammatical standpoint! Interesting is the much slighter *brochure* of a brother poet, Campion, to which Daniel's is an elaborate answer. Campion, a lovely minor master of rhyme, argues against rhyme; and he is venturesome enough to support his precept by example. The result, among many failures, is one of the few successful rhymeless lyrics in the language: the charming "Rose-cheeked Laura, come!" Its companion lyric is unknown and unquoted: indeed, it misses the poetic daintiness of the first, but is not less mellifluously felicitous in metre—witness the first verse:

"Just beguiler,  
Kindest love, yet only chastest,  
Royal in thy smooth denials,  
Frowning or demurely smiling  
Still my pure delight."

And then, only second in treasurableness to the great Miltonic pamphlet which opens the second volume, there is Sir Philip Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*. No man was better qualified to be the apologist of poetry than the most chivalrous of poets and poetic of soldier-courtiers. How flowing, melodious, gallant it is; often how modern, yet with what delicate touches of antiquity; how amiably humorous, with what sudden springing into brave ardours! Let me finish with his peroration—gayer and happier words than mine:

"I conjure you all . . . no more to scorn the sacred mystery of Poesy, but . . . to believe with me, that there are many mysteries contained in Poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused . . . Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the Printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all—you shall dwell upon superlatives. But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making Cataphract of Nilus,

that you cannot hear the planet-like music of Poetry, . . . then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, . . . nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland: yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a Sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an Epitaph."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### A LITERARY CROSS-SECTION.

THE booksellers are just now wondering how many more editions of the Waverley Novels will be offered to them. Four new ones are appearing, and the first volume of a fifth edition is expected daily. It is clear that the Waverley Novels are selling well. Now, eighty-one years ago the Waverley Novels—what there were of them—were selling well, but with this difference, that then the booksellers could not tell their customers who wrote them. The great mystery was still young. Indeed, to be precise, only *Waverley*, and *Guy Mannering*, and *Old Mortality*, and *The Antiquary*, and *The Black Dwarf*—these five—were in print in 1816. But what magic is there in eight-one years? None at all; and my selection of that period is due to this circumstance: I picked up the other day from a Farringdon-street book barrow, for a few coppers, a volume bearing this title and dated 1816: *A Biographical Dictionary of the Living Authors of Great Britain and Ireland*. At least, that is the gist of the title, which is extended to a portentous length. Here was a veritable cross-section of literary history. Henry Colburn, who was doing business in Conduit-street, published the book, which is dedicated to the service of "AUTHORS, BOOKSELLERS, and the PUBLIC." It contains 450 pages, printed in double columns, and it is an amazing memorial of forgotten authors. It is also an instructive and entertaining conspectus of literature in the second decade of the century. This dry, official record of literary achievement in 1816 lay upon the counters of the Cadells, the Strahans, the Baldwins, the Rivingtons, the Lackingtons, and the Moxons; and turning its pages I have experienced, in a mild form, the "historic shudder."

Thus, to return to Scott—"Mr. Scott"—a neat, naive biographical sketch is appended to his name. He is already a most saleable poet.

"Mr. Scott has obtained a distinction above most of his contemporaries, having the merit of adapting the old ballad style of composition to the higher range of poetry. As an instance of the popularity of Mr. Scott's Works we subjoin a statement of the comparative sale of *Robeby* and the *Lady of the Lake*, in nearly four months, as submitted by the publishers. Sold of the *Lady of the Lake*, from June 2nd to September 22nd, 1810:

2000 quarto at, £2 2s. 0d. . . . .	£4,200
6000 octavo, at 12s. . . . .	£3,600
	£7,800

Sold of *Robeby*, in three months (January 14th to April 14th, 1813):

3000 quarto, at £2 2s. 0d. (less 120 remaining) . . . . .	£6,048
5000 octavo, at 14s. . . . .	£3,500
	£9,548

That is how the booksellers were talking and figuring about Mr. Scott, when they wondered who wrote *Waverley*.

Instinctively one turns to other great names of the date. What of Wordsworth? "This gentleman stands at the head of a particular school of poetry, the characteristic of which is simplicity." Then a list of his published works, which includes *Lyrical Ballads*, *The Excursion*, *The White Doe of Rylstone*. And Byron? *Childe Harold* has been out two years, and the notice of him is very brief, also alarmingly incomplete—for he is not credited with *The Giaour*, *Parisina*, and several other poems that had then appeared. Mr. Coleridge "has latterly been engaged in reading lectures on Poetry and the Belles Lettres," and his works are catalogued as far as his tragedy *Remorse*, published in 1813. Of Mr. Charles Lamb we are dryly told: "He is at present a clerk in the India House." To-day we should write "holds an appointment." But then he had written nothing better than *Rosamund Grey* and *John Woodville*; *Elia* was yet unborn. Mr. Southey has already written much prose, including the *Life of Nelson* (1813). In that year "he succeeded Mr. Pye as Poet Laureate, and it must be confessed that with some slight exceptions, his subsequent performances are such as do credit to the appointment." How gratifying to Mr. Southey! Mr. Thomas Campbell is alive, and is rather candidly noticed. "Mr. C. enjoys a pension, secured for him by Lord Grenville, as it is said, for political paragraphs written by him in an evening paper."

Among minor writers, Dr. Aitken and Joanna Baillie are in mid-career. Robert Bloomfield, whose *Farmer's Boy* enjoyed extraordinary popularity, has already seen his works collected. Here is a curious entry:

"BURNS, ROBERT, son of the celebrated Robert B., the poet, clerk in the office of the Comptroller for Stamps, Somerset House.—'The Caledonian Musical Museum or Complete Vocal Library,' 12mo, 1809."

This Robert B. must have been the son whom Charles Lamb said he wished had been the father. Mr. Cobbett (in 1816) is in the middle of his strenuous life. Mr. Crabbe is "one of the most distinguished poets of the present day." Mr. Charles Dibdin is old, and as poor as a pension will allow him to be. Miss Edgeworth is already "one of the most ingenious female writers of the present day." Mr. Malthus has "greatly distinguished himself as a political arithmetician." Mrs. Opie has done all her best work, and her tales are justly popular. We have a contemptuous notice of John Williams ("Anthony Pasquin"), the editor quoting with apparent approval a note of Gifford's to his *Baviad*, in which he says of Williams that "his acquaintance was in-



famy, and his touch poison." Nor is this the only outspoken sketch in the Dictionary. Dr. John Wolcott (Peter Pindar) is severely handled; and we have this curious echo of an old quarrel 'twixt author and publisher:

"Some years ago he [Wolcott] had a suit in chancery with his publishers respecting the construction of an agreement by which they were to pay him two hundred and forty pounds a year for the copyright of his works. At the time when this contract was made the doctor was labouring under an asthmatic complaint, and to all appearance had not long to live. But going into Cornwall, however, he recovered his health and returned to London without any cough, which was far from being a pleasing sight to the persons who were bound to pay his annuity. A plea was then set up that the agreement extended to all future pieces, as well as to the past; and on this ground an action was commenced which in a short time was compromised. The doctor was also embroiled in an unpleasant dispute with Mr. William Gifford, who having treated him rather severely in his *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, was assaulted by the redoubtable Potter, staff in hand, in Mr. Wright's shop in Piccadilly."

If this were the place to do it, one would like to compensate Sir Richard Phillips and John Thomas Smith for the contempt poured on them in this book. The editor seems to bear a grudge against booksellers who write. Phillips, a most active-minded man, gets scant justice. Yet he was a pushing publisher, and issued Godwin's best novels, and biographies of Foote and Lady Wortley Montagu. Amid many vicissitudes he found time to devise a new scheme of school-books. His very mistakes were magnificent, if we are to believe that he rejected Byron's early poems, *Waverley*, and the *Farmer's Boy*. What we must definitely thank him for is his *Morning's Walk from London to Kew*, a book read by no one, but quoted by every writer on London topography. As for John Thomas Smith, we learn that having engaged a Mr. Hawkins to write on London antiquities he quarrelled with him, and wrote the works himself. "The execution," sneers the editor, "is just what might be expected." We may rest pleased that John Thomas Smith disagreed with "the ingenious Mr. Hawkins" for this threw him on his own powers; and his *Life of Nollekens* and *Book for a Rainy Day* are treasures still. Besides, who will not resent a slight on the man who made these seven boasts:

"When a boy, I received a kiss from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson, was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson, have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds's spectacles, partook of a pot of porter with an elephant at Exeter Change, saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news of Lord Nelson's death arrived, three times conversed with George III., and was shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion."

John Thomas Smith might have added that in later life he kept the prints at the British Museum.

The Dictionary yields other food for thought. For instance, it shows who was contemporary with whom; and he must be well up in dates to whom a year-book of such antiquity brings no surprises. Many will need to be reminded that Charles Lamb could have had first-hand

knowledge of Dr. Johnson from the three women who, perhaps, knew him best—Mme. d'Arblay, Hannah More, and Mrs. Piozzi. One forgets such things. Now if Mme. Piozzi had only met Wordsworth and had battered his ears with Johnsonian anecdote, and if (but this is improbable) Wordsworth had listened to her with any attention, and if he had then retailed what he had heard to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, then Mr. Aubrey de Vere would have enriched his *Reminiscences*, just published, with some new stories of the great Cham, and we should all—from Dr. Birkbeck Hill downwards—have been made happy.

W. W.

## DRAMA.

ALONE among the notable dramatists of the day, Mr. R. C. Carton works the vein of sentiment. Vulgar romance is too strong for him, and realism he abhors. He loves the purely idyllic, which he cultivates, if need be, in the dingy surroundings of a Bloomsbury second-hand bookshop. This view of life has never presented itself to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Pinero has toyed with it only to desert it promptly for a study of the perversities and hypocrisies of human nature. The author of "Sunlight and Shadow," "Liberty Hall," and "The Tree of Knowledge," makes little attempt to hold the mirror up to nature, at least to such nature as the average man, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, is acquainted with. He sets us down in a modern Arcadia, and bids us watch the loves of Strephon and Clœ—the one in riding breeches and the other in a Bond-street costume. As even goodness cloy, Mr. Carton finds it expedient from time to time to diversify his idyll with a breath of wickedness from the outer world, to introduce a serpent into his Eden. He does not, however, think it necessary to study his wickedness at first hand. He takes the most suitable conventional type of sin in man or woman that he can find, gives us a sample of it in passing, and then resumes his portrayal of Arcadian simplicity.

SUCH, I take it, is the genesis of "The Tree of Knowledge," with which Mr. George Alexander has just reopened the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Carton is a believer in the "made" play. The truthful play has never entered into his calculations; and this may be said as confidently of "The Tree of Knowledge" as of any of his earlier works. For there is just as little truth in the flash adventuress who lives on the wreck of men's lives as in the young heiress who for sentimental reasons writes her first cheque in order to clear off the liabilities of the neighbouring squire, or the faithful land-steward who, like Viola, never tells his love until the avowal of it is wrung from him by circumstances. Mr. Carton's aim is not to preach or to educate: it is simply to please.

For this view of the dramatist's duty there is a good deal to be said. Mr. Carton's success with his adopted method proves it. Nobody would turn to "The

Tree of Knowledge" for a faithful portraiture of modern country life; but the play is nevertheless destined, I should think, to a greater popularity than could possibly attend a purely realistic study, equivalent in merit. After all, realism on the stage, where the events of years are compressed into hours, and where there are invariably half-a-dozen assorted types of character, is only relative. The realistic dramatist gets no nearer his object, which is presumably the *verité crüe* of life, than does the ambitious astronomer who mounts on a chair to look at the stars.

It is curious to note how many of the familiar elements of fiction Mr. Carton impresses into his dramatic scheme—the baronial-hall, the encumbered estate, the foreclosed mortgage, the undutiful marriage, the elopement with the signal of the lamp at the window, the heartless adventuress, the faithful friend, the cynical *roué*, the bashful swain, hesitating to court the heiress because of her money—they are all here, our old acquaintances, tangled merely in a new dramatic skein. Yet they are for the most part old acquaintances whom it is pleasant to meet. The worst fault I have to find with them is that they talk and act at inordinate length; for Mr. Carton, an excellent craftsman as a rule, takes five long acts to tell a story the essential features of which one can forecast almost from the beginning. Just consider for a moment! In Mrs. Stanyon's cottage, nestling under the wing of Hollingworth Manor, the abode of Sir Mostyn Hollingworth (how "reminiscent" are these names of the sensational novelette!), Nigil Stanyon confides his wretched past to a cynical friend, one Roupell. He had lost his heart to an adventuress whom he had met abroad, and who, his funds being exhausted, had deserted him for a rich admirer. That was two years before, and still his heart bleeds. Hardly has the tale been told when Brian Hollingworth, heir to the manorial property, who has also been abroad, returns to announce that he has married a lady of no family and unknown antecedents, and that he relies upon his old friend Nigil to make peace with his father, Sir Mostyn, as to whose acknowledgment of the bride he has his doubts. Thus, in a nutshell lies the *donnée* of Mr. Carton's play; for naturally the adventuress of Nigil's unhappy past and Brian Hollingworth's mysterious bride are one and the same.

THE untying of so simple a dramatic knot is within the capacity of the least sophisticated playgoer. The first act of the five, indeed, contains all that is essential to the solution of the author's problem, which, I should add, comprises for the adventuress a sharp disappointment on the very threshold of her new life. Not that Sir Mostyn disowns the fascinating Belle! No; he is all graciousness to his erring son's bride. But (after the fashion of the novelette again!) the family are "ruined." Starting with these postulates, the author's course is clear. First, the adventuress must be got rid of. Well, here is the cynical man of the world with whom in the end she can elope. The

Augiers and the Dumas killed off their wicked heroines at the end, but that was because an elopement under the then French law afforded the unfortunate husband no relief. The English dramatist in the like case trusts to the machinery of the divorce court. Secondly, the foreclosed mortgage must be taken up. The emancipated heiress, rejoicing in the possession of her first cheque-book, is at hand to do that. Thirdly, Nigil must be consoled; and again the sweet and winning Monica throws herself into the breach. Mr. Carton's play, in short, is fitted together with a neatness that suggests that the picture has been made for the frame rather than the frame for the picture.

BEING in need of an adventuress, the author has borrowed one from contemporary fiction without pausing to consider how far she accords with reality. For my part, I have considerable doubts as to the authenticity of the irresistible Belle, the man-killing tigress—mercenary, unscrupulous, soulless, with a heartless, metallic laugh, but overwhelmingly beautiful, able with a smile to bring her foolish husband to her feet after he has discovered her faithlessness, and casting her spell over the Mephistophelean Roupell himself. It is the fashion to praise the actress who undertakes such a part, and I own that Miss Julia Neilson throws herself valiantly enough into this uncongenial character of Belle. But if there were she-devils of such a type, able to turn the heads of all men with whom they were brought into contact, I apprehend they would require to possess other qualities than the purely physical. The Belle of Mr. Carton's play is a magnificent animal, but nothing more. As Miss Julia Neilson depicts her—rightly enough, no doubt, according to the text—she is not only unattractive, but, with her cynicism and her effrontery, absolutely gross and revolting. It is not by such attributes as these that the minds of men are beguiled. This bold-eyed adventuress is altogether too transparent a character. That she exists as a literary and dramatic abstraction we know, but it is time she were brought into some sort of relation with human nature as it lives and loves.

As Nigil, Mr. George Alexander has one of those showy parts dear to the heart of the romantic actor. Nigil is a young man with a past—a very small past, as such matters go. He had fallen under the influence of the terrible Belle, and lived under it until the inevitable rupture came. It was not his fault; he had offered his divinity marriage and she had declined it in favour of other more brilliant, if less durable, connections. Nevertheless, this past embitters the land-steward's existence, and it is one of the circumstances, as he believes, that disqualify him for the love of the innocent Monica. This is the way of the conventional drama; it is hardly the way of the world. But with his accent of conviction in the part Mr. Alexander achieves an easy rhetorical triumph. Equally successful is Mr. H. B. Irving in the cynical vein as the detrimental Roupell; and Mr. F. Terry fulfils satisfactorily the task of assuming an over-

whelming infatuation for his Circe. When all is said and done, however, the author is at his best in depicting the serene and gentle cottage life of Mrs. Stanyon and her adopted daughter, untroubled save for the misdemeanours of the handy man, half-poacher, half-gardener, upon whose imperfect conception of his social obligations Mr. Carton relies for his comic relief. Here Miss Fay Davis creates a charming effect as the unsophisticated heiress who has to throw herself at the head of the too scrupulous Nigil before he sees her drift. Hither, too, comes the spluttering half-pay major of Mr. H. V. Esmond, to admire Monica at a distance, and to talk about his pets—Uncle Theodore, the pig, Squilla, the hedgehog, and the rest of them. What pastoral simplicity, to be sure! But it is these scenes of the play that one recalls with most pleasure.

J. F. N.

## THE WEEK.

THE last week has seen a lull in publishing; but some interesting books are to hand.

The book of the week is the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. These, with their connecting narrative, supplied by Mr. F. G. Kenyon, fill two thick volumes. They form a very complete memorial of the writer, and it is interesting to note that their publication, in due time, was contemplated by Robert Browning, who, on his wife's death, begged back her letters from her friends. "The letters," says the editor, "when once collected, were not destroyed, as was the case with many of his own letters, but carefully preserved, and so passed into the possession of his son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning, with whose consent they are now published." They are chiefly addressed to Mr. H. S. Boyd, Mrs. Martin, Miss Mitford, Miss Browning, Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Chorley, and to Mr. Kenyon (the editor), who was a personal friend of both Robert Browning and his wife, and was, therefore, well qualified for the biographical task he has now brought to a conclusion.

THE motto to Dr. Louis Waldstein's book on *The Sub-Conscious Self and its Relation to Education and Health* is happily related to a difficult title, and is no more than the familiar couplet of the most direct of poets:

"What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted."

Dr. Waldstein distinguishes conscious and sub-conscious impressions, and says:

"Everyone will at once appreciate the fact that impressions here called sub-conscious are by far more numerous than those designated as conscious; the totality of our memory, therefore, are [sic] made up to a far greater degree of sub-conscious than of conscious impressions. The accumulated contents of our memory govern our emotions, our thoughts, and actions, and therefore that portion of our memory made up of sub-conscious impressions and their aggregate must necessarily play a great part in our individual life."

It is with this part, and how it is played, that Dr. Waldstein is concerned.

*The Potter's Wheel* is a collection of sermons by Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") preached, we imagine—but this is not stated—to his large Liverpool congregation. "The Potter's Wheel" is the first, followed by "Loss of Goods," "Obscurity," "Vanishing Illusions," "The Veiling of the Soul," "The World-Sorrow." There are also sermons on "Death" and "Our Departed." Dr. Robertson dedicates his book to Dr. Robertson Nicoll—"who constrained me to write."

THE brilliant series of lectures on "Optics" which Dr. Silvanus P. Thompson delivered at the Royal Institution last Christmas have been collected by him into a volume, with the title of *Light Visible and Invisible*. Introducing the lectures in their printed form, Dr. Thompson says:

"Two things are expected of a lecturer who undertakes a course of Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution. In the first place, his discourses must be illustrated to the utmost extent by experiments. In the second, however simple the language in which scientific facts and principles are described, every discourse must sound, at least, some note of modernity, must reflect some wave of recent science."

These conditions are fulfilled in the book, which records numerous experiments by means of illustrations, and concludes with a chapter on "Röntgen Light."

MR. W. J. STILLMAN, who is the *Times* correspondent in Rome, and a brilliant essayist, has gathered ten papers, which have appeared in English and American magazines, into a volume, which he calls *The Old Rome and the New, and other Studies*. The first four chapters are inspired by the author's travels and domiciles. After the study of Rome, which gives the book its title, we have "Marathon and its Brigands," "My Experience in a Greek Quarantine," and "An American's Reverie over London." The last-named essay will have special interest for English readers. No one brings to London a more valuable observation than a cultured American. A more personal paper deals with "A Few of Lowell's Letters," and three touch on art under the titles of "John Ruskin," "The Decay of Art," and "The Revival of Art."

IN *Portrait Miniatures* Mr. George C. Williamson has provided students with a volume less sumptuous, and therefore less expensive, than Dr. Propert's *History of Miniature Art*, the standard book on the subject. Mr. Williamson's work is well illustrated.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE LAST THINGS. By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

LETTERS FROM HEAVEN. By G. E. Watts, M.A. David Nutt. 6d.

THE CHURCH HISTORICAL SOCIETY: GLASTONBURY. An Address by the Bishop of Stepney. S.P.C.K.

THE LITURGY OF THE ANTI-NICENE CHURCH. By F. E. Warren, B.D. S.P.C.K.

THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY AND THE EVANGELICAL FAITH. By James Orr, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

**THE AVELLAN COMMUNION: ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.** S.P.C.K.  
**THE FATHERLY HAND.** By Rev. Edward T. Vaughan. S.P.C.K.  
**OXFORD CONFERENCES: LENT AND SUMMER TERMS, 1897.** By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Burns & Oates.  
**STAFFORD HOUSE LECTURES.** By the Bishop of Stepney, and Others. S.P.C.K.  
**SIDELIGHTS FROM PATMOS.** By George Matheson, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.  
**WOMEN OF THE OLD TESTAMENT: STUDIES IN WOMANHOOD.** By Rev. Robert F. Horton, M.A. Service & Paton.  
**THE CHRIST OF GOD.** By Charles H. Mann. G. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 4s.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

**THE LETTERS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.** Edited, with Biographical Additions, by Frederic C. Kenyon. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.  
**LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN CHURCH.** Edited by his Daughter, Mary C. Church. Macmillan & Co. 6s.  
**A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.** By F. Goulburn Walpole. Burns & Oates. 3s.  
**WILLIAM THE SILENT.** By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.  
**TRANSLATIONS AND REPRINTS FROM THE ORIGINAL SOURCES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY—THE WITCH PERSECUTIONS.** P. S. King & Son (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).  
**THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFFESBURY, K.G., AS SOCIAL REFORMER.** By Edwin Hodder. James Nisbet & Co.  
**THE CELTIC CHURCH IN IRELAND.** By James Heron, D.D. Service & Paton. 6s.  
**RELIGIONS OF PRIMITIVE PEOPLES.** By Daniel G. Brinton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.  
**THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.** By Moses Coit Tyler. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12s. 6d.

## POETRY, ESSAYS, BELLES LETTRES.

**SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS: WORDSWORTH.** By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.  
**FOUR POETS: SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, SHELLEY, AND KEATS.** Selected by Oswald Crawford. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.  
**STRAY THOUGHTS OF READING.** By Lucy H. M. Soulsby. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.  
**PORTRAIT MINIATURES: A HANDBOOK FOR COLLECTORS.** By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. George Bell & Sons. 12s. 6d.  
**REALMS OF UNKNOWN KING.** By Laurence Alma Tadema. Grant Richards.  
**UNDIRK.** By F. de la Motte Fouqué. Illustrated by Rosie M. M. Pitman. Macmillan & Co. 6s.  
**MAY CAROLS; OR, ANCELLA DOMINI.** By Aubrey de Vere. Macmillan & Co. New edition. 5s.  
**THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.** Carey's Translation. Edited by Oscar Kuhn. Thom. Y. Crowell & Co. (New York).  
**ESSAYS OF SCHOPENHAUER.** Translated by Mrs. Rudolf Dicks. Walter Scott.  
**WORDSWORTH AT RYDAL, AND OTHER POEMS.** By Tinsley Pratt. John Heywood. 2s. 6d.  
**CARMEN DEO NOSTRO: SACRED POEMS.** By Richard Crashaw. Edited by J. R. Tutin. Wm. Andrews & Co. 3s. 6d.  
**LIFE OF LIFE, AND OTHER VERSE.** By Arthur L. Salmon. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.  
**THE OLD ROME AND THE NEW, AND OTHER STUDIES.** By W. J. Stallman. Grant Richards. 5s.  
**SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.** By Kuno Francke, Ph.D. Second edition. Henry Holt & Co. (New York). 10s.  
**THE SUB-CONSCIOUS SELF; ITS RELATION TO EDUCATION AND HEALTH.** By Louis Waldstein, M.D. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.  
**VOICES IN THE TWILIGHT.** By L. Cranmer-Byng. Watts & Co. 2s. 6d.

## SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL.

**CHEMISTRY FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS.** By Chas. F. Townsend. Dawbarn & Ward. 1s.  
**LIGHT VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.** By Sylvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

**THE GUIDE TO SOUTH AFRICA.** Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.  
**THE COUNTY HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND: A HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF INVERNESS (Mainland).** By J. Cameron Lees, LL.D. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 7s. 6d.  
**BLACK'S GUIDE TO BATH AND BRISTOL.** Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Sixth edition. A. C. Black. 1s.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**FIRST LATIN EXERCISES.** By Rev. James West, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1s

## NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

**MANFIELD PARK.** By Jane Austen. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.  
**NEWTON FORSTER.** By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.  
**MARCELLA.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Seventeenth edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 2s. 6d.  
**THE GREY LADY.** By Henry Seton Merriman. New edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

**CHIEFDEER.** By E. Boyd Bayly. Hodder & Stoughton. 1s.  
**MRS. MERRIMAN'S GODCHILD.** By H. Louisa Bedford. S.P.C.K. **BESIDE THE GUNS.** By Mary E. Shipley. S.P.C.K. **MRS. RULIN'S FOUNDLINGS.** By Annette Lyster. S.P.C.K. **THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.** By Harry Collingwood. S.P.C.K. **THE OLDER BROTHER.** By Panny. James Nisbet & Co. **THE STORY OF EDISON.** By Frank Mundell. Jarrold & Sons. **GOALS AND TIDES.** By V. Brooks-Hunt. S.P.C.K. **THE THREE ADMIRALS, AND THE THREE COMMANDERS.** By W. H. G. Kingston. Griffith Farran, Browne & Co. 3s. 6d. **FOR TREASURES BOUND.** By Harry Collingwood. Griffith Farran, Browne & Co. 5s. **WEE DOGGIE.** Nelson & Sons. 1s. **COUSIN TOM.** By Wm. Turville. Ash Partners. **VANDRAD THE VIKING.** By J. Storrs Clouston. Nelson & Sons. **THE DAWN OF DAY: 1897.** S.P.C.K. **FRANK AND SAXON.** By G. Manville Fenn. S.P.C.K. **A CLERK OF OXFORD AND HIS ADVENTURES IN THE BARONS' WAR.** By E. Everett-Green. Nelson & Sons. 5s. **DR. BURLINGHAM'S BOYS.** By Charles Edwards. Griffith Farran. 5s. **THREE COMELY MAIDS AND THEIR AFFAIRS.** By Mary L. Pendred. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d. **LEADING STRINGS.** Gardner. 1s. 6d. **JENNY.** By Mrs. Edward Cartwright. Gardner.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**DECORATIVE HERALDRY: A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF ITS ARTISTIC TREATMENT.** By G. W. Eve. George Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d. **NIGHTS WITH AN OLD GUNNER.** By C. J. Cornish. Seely & Co. 6s. **MAGIC: STAGE ILLUSIONS AND SCIENTIFIC DIVERSIONS.** Edited by Albert A. Hopkins. Sampson Low. **THE ISTHMIAN LIBRARY: BOXING.** By R. G. Allanson-Winn. Edited by B. Fletcher Robinson. A. D. Innes & Co. **GESTA TYPOGRAPHICA.** By C. T. Jacobi. 3s. 6d. **SPORTING AND ATHLETIC RECORDS.** By H. Morgan-Browne. Methuen & Co. 1s. **THE HILL OF THE GRACES: A RECORD OF INVESTIGATION AMONG THE TRILITHONS AND MEGALITHIC SITES OF TRIPOLI.** By H. S. Cowper, F.S.A. Methuen & Co. 10s.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A CORRECTION.

1, Marloes-road: Oct. 22.

I have not seen the article on Minor Poets in the *Quarterly*, where, as I gather from the *ACADEMY*, my twittings are judged solely from *Ballades in Blue China*. But most of the verse in *Grass of Parnassus* is earlier by some ten years than the *Ballades*, not later, as my apologist thinks. This is unimportant (especially as the lines he mentions are later), but in the name of my outraged country, I protest that there were no witch-burnings in Scotland "in the last decade" as the reviewer of the newest fiction seems to suppose and not more than two or three in the last century (1700-1800). A. LANG.

[A comma was the culprit. The writer meant the last ten years of the period in which witches were burnt.]

## MR MARSH EXPLAINS.

163, Piccadilly, W.: Oct. 23.

Speaking of my story, *The Duke and the Damsel* on p. 92 of your issue dated October 23, you say, "Mr. Richard Marsh seems to produce a novel every week."

The assertion suggests a form of misapprehension under which reviewers appear apt to labour—their innocence on certain points being almost equivalent to that of some of Her Majesty's judges. Since a section of your

readers may share your contributor's innocence, I must ask you to be so very good as to allow me to relieve myself of the onus of so serious an imputation.

I am responsible for three of the stories which have appeared this autumn. One, *The Crime and the Criminal*, was finished in the spring of '94; published serially in '96; and announced, as a book, for the spring of '97—then postponed on account of the Jubilee. Another, *The Beetle*, was written in '95, appearing, serially, at the commencement of the present year. While the third, *The Duke and the Damsel*, was the only book I wrote last year.

Simultaneous publication is not equivalent to simultaneous production. Would that reviewers could be induced to understand that elementary truth! I assure you I had no wish that my books should be treading on each other's heels—circumstances have been too strong.

As a matter of fact, I produce slowly. Kneading a story, mentally, is a delight, setting it forth on paper is about as bad as a surgical operation.

RICHARD MARSH.

[We would remind Mr. Marsh that there are other openings for a surgical operation, as Sydney Smith once pointed out, besides its use in a comparison.]

## "LONDON SIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS."

Kensington: Oct. 24.

In your review of Mr. Philip Norman's book (October 9), your reviewer accepts the statement that the old sign of the Porter and the Dwarf has disappeared from Newgate-street, and he makes the humorous suggestion that someone with time and money to spare should go in quest of this relic which, Mr. Norman thinks, may yet turn up. I desire to say that at an infinitesimal cost of time and money I have found the missing (?) sign, which is to be seen above a second-story window at No. 78, Newgate-street. This is not its original position; and it is true, as Mr. Norman says in his book, that the sign disappeared some years ago from its old station over the entrance to Bull Head-court. But it merely went a few yards eastward. The present Lord Mayor, who owns the property, had a care for the Porter and the Dwarf, and caused the old sculptured stone to be built into one of the new buildings he then erected.

This sign, by the way, is by no means without literary and historical interest. The porter is William Evans a colossal Welshman who served Charles I. The dwarf is Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who was page to Queen Henrietta Maria. His introduction to the Court is thus described by Sir Walter in a note to *Peveril of the Peak*: "Hudson's first appearance at Court was his being presented, as mentioned in the text, in a pie, at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Upon the same occasion the Duke presented the tenant of the pasty to the Queen, who retained him as her page. When about eight years of age he was but eighteen or twenty inches high, and he remained stationary at that stature till he was thirty years old, when he grew to the height of three feet nine inches, and there stopped." Evans, the giant, stood seven feet six inches, and once at a masque at Whitehall he considerably astonished the company by pulling Sir Jeffrey out of his pocket. Other stories are told of this curious pair, and particularly of the dwarf, who carried an heroic soul in his tiny carcase. He fought a duel with a young gallant of the Court, named Croft. Croft entered the field armed with a syringe, with which he threatened to drown his anta-

gonist. But when it came to pistols, Croft fell dead at the dwarf's first shot. Sir William Davenant has some funny lines recording a supposed fight between Sir Jeffrey and a turkey-cock. I believe there is a portrait of Sir Jeffrey by Vandyke; but its height in its relation to Evans's may be studied in Newgate-street with the aid of opera-glasses.

A. A.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Captains  
Courageous."  
By Rudyard  
Kipling.

THE critics recognise that Mr. Kipling's actual story is of the shortest and slightest.

The making of Harvey Cheyne, the spoilt youth who tumbles off a Cunard liner almost straight into Disko Troop's dory might have been told, they seem to indicate, in fifty pages. The book attains its dimensions by virtue of its descriptions of the cod-fishing, the minuteness of which breeds astonishment in the critics. Says the *Times*:

"All the varied, exciting incidents of a summer's cod-fishing are sketched in Mr. Kipling's best manner. How he comes to be able to give such marvellously clear impressions and to offer so complete a picture (unless, perchance, he has himself gone through the same discipline as Harvey Cheyne) is a mystery. As usual, the wealth of detail is amazing. He has told us his ideal of the *nuova vita*—a paradise where the artist shall 'draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are'; and, indeed, this life is scarce long enough to gain the multifarious experience of which we seem to get the essence in writings like his."

And the *Chronicle's* mood is the same: "Mr. Kipling's amazing knowledge of the technique of his subject appals us as it has appalled us before." Of fault-finding there is little. The *Times* remarks that

"... the worst a hostile critic could say of *Captains Courageous* would be to call it a glorified boy's book. There would be some truth in this, no doubt, but only very superior persons need think less of it on that score. For, after all, what are men but boys writ large? In many matters their taste is much alike—notably, in the enjoyment of a good, rousing story—and if any one be found to deny that *Captains Courageous* answers this description we 'disable his judgment.'"

The *Chronicle* points out that *Captains Courageous* is one of the few books that justify the vogue of the short story writ large. "Mr. Kipling is one of the very few who are not hampered by the new limits, and who do not need to complain of them. A master of episode, he has yet to convince us that a broader basis of art is at the command of his genius."

That "broader basis of art" is just what the *Westminster Gazette* thinks Mr. Kipling has already attained, and has here abandoned:

"As a *tour de force* in vivid description one cannot imagine the thing better done; but it is little short of a liberty to ask us to accept *Captains Courageous* as a worthy successor to *Plain Tales* and *Many Inventions* in the realm of fiction. It is Mr. Kipling himself who has spoiled the market for so exiguous a tale; and it is absurd to suppose that so finished a craftsman is not acutely aware of its deficiencies. He must then wish us to accept it as a contribution to the knowledge of mankind under strange conditions, and as such it is, no doubt as good as it can be. But will Mr. Kipling forgive the

wish that he of all men should do work worthier of his gifts?"

The *St. James's Gazette* is always critical; and its reviewer expresses the opinion that the book "would be all the better for a little thinning among the smart phrases and technical terms. They are too thick on the ground, and spoil each other. Mr. Kipling seems as if he had got a note-book full and must work them all off somehow. It reminds one of the history exams. at school, when we crammed in by hook or by crook every fact and date in our repertory." The same critic objects to Harvey Cheyne's manner of falling overboard and his picking up:

"We have no objection to impossibilities: they are the salt of fiction. But this particular incident, which might have been managed in half a dozen other ways, makes a tax upon our credulity. Observe: a tiny, single-handed, open row-boat fishing in a sea which poops a Cunarder. It is a serious flaw at the beginning of a book all about the water, because it throws some suspicion on the genuineness of the apparently marvellous familiarity with sea-life that follows. And it comes of overdoing the details, which is Mr. Kipling's besetting sin. The boy might easily have fallen overboard fooling around in an ordinary way; but then we should not have had the 'turtle-back' and the 'low, gray mother-wave' that 'swung out of the fog and tucked him under one arm,' &c. It is very picturesque; but when you are washed off the stern of a liner by a mother-wave, or any other wave, you don't find many open row-boats plying cheerily in your vicinity."

But the *St. James's* acuteness has not been unchallenged, and the following letter has since appeared in its columns:

"It is strange that your critic should have fallen foul on a point of seamanship with Mr. Rudyard Kipling—one of those very, very scarce writers in whom sailors recognise a man who knows what he is talking about. Harvey Cheyne was not 'washed' off the stern of the liner. Who could have thought that he was? He overbalanced himself and fell off. *Voilà tout*. That an open boat was near him at the time would not have surprised your critic had he ever seen the fish going from smack to carrier in the North Sea in heavy weather."

ALL the critics are struck by the character of Mr. Parker's hero—weak in life, strong only in his death hour—the Hon. Tom Ferrol. "A very life-like study of the incontinent man and his devious ways," says the *Athenæum*. And the *Chronicle* says: "Mr. Parker has drawn him carefully and cleverly. One doesn't dislike the Hon. Tom, though one recognises clearly enough what a thorough-paced detrimental he is. He is sympathetically touched; he is left just enough of the saving grace of courage to hold our interest while he is above ground; the while we feel that nothing in his life became him like the manner of his leaving it." The story as a whole is not much to the *Chronicle* reviewer's taste, but he is "ready and willing to assert that it does Mr. Parker no discredit. It is always delicately, if not quite always strongly, wrought." The *Scotsman* repeats the *Chronicle's* note of qualified praise: "Mr. Parker's new story shows some falling off from the genuine

literary achievement of *The Seats of the Mighty*. It has fine passages, and, taken as a whole, it may be said to be a clever story of the modern melodramatic order, with picturesque effects, exciting incidents, and a sensational climax. But it is also a psychological study of a somewhat unwholesome order, and the morbid humanity of the Honourable Tom Ferrol and his feminine victims is not an edifying subject. Moreover, the style is a little slipshod. Mr. Parker is capable of much finer work."

The *Glasgow Herald* is struck by the title of the book: "Mr. Parker is singularly fortunate in his titles, for they sound well and they stick in the mind."

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THE *Pall Mall Gazette* reviewer takes up half his space in exclaiming like little Jack Horner, when he had

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And a '*Bon Dieu* garde M'sieu!

"But a grander way for the '*Sous-Préfet*,  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;  
And a mock '*off-hat*' to the Notary's cat,  
And a nod to the Sacristan:

"For ever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
And his green umbrella-case."

This is both poem and picture. The curé is a visible, almost tangible influence. "*Majores majora sonent*," assuredly; but in its way this smaller thing is perfect. Our private theory has always been that Mr. Dobson, were he more ambitious, might himself achieve something greater. Now and then one chances in his poems on a passage betokening finer gifts of imagination than he usually employs. In "*The Dying of Tanneguy Du Bois*," for example, are these lines:

"Yea, now with me all dreams are done, I ween,  
Grown faint and unremembered; voices call  
High up, like misty warders dimly seen,  
Moving at morn on some Burgundian wall."

The simile is in the grand manner, and the march of syllables is splendidly resolute;

and in "*The Idyll of the Carp*" we find this delicately harmonious passage:

"Why, that's my good *chambellan*, with his seal—  
A kind old man!—he carves me orange-peel  
In quaint devices at refection hours,  
Equips my sweet-pouch, brings me morning flowers,  
Or chirrups madrigals with old, sweet words,  
Such as men loved when people wooed like birds,  
And spoke the true note first."

The last three lines are in Mr. Dobson's best vein. He is always best when he looks back—"Ah, but the back-look, lingering, for old sake's sake!" His panacea for troubles in our own day is to recollect (or invent) kindlier days that are dead. He has the old world point of view. Look how completely he has insinuated himself into the skin of Goldsmith in this postscript to "*Retaliation*," which takes the form of an epitaph on Johnson. We quote the opening lines:

"Here Johnson is laid. Have a care how you walk;  
If he stir in his sleep, in his sleep he will talk.  
Ye gods! how he talk'd! What a torrent of sound  
His hearers invaded, encompass'd and—  
drown'd!  
What a banquet of memory, fact, illustration,  
In that innings-for-one that he call'd *conversation!*  
Can't you hear his sonorous '*Why, no, sir!*'  
and '*Stay, sir!*'  
Your premiss is wrong,' or '*You don't see your way, sir!*'  
How he silenc'd a prig, or a slipshod romancer!  
How he pounc'd on a fool with a knock-me-down answer!

"But peace to his slumbers! Tho' rough in the rind,  
The heart of the giant was gentle and kind:  
What signifies now, if in bouts with a friend,  
When his pistol miss'd fire, he would use the butt-end?  
If he trampled your flow'rs, like a bull in a garden,  
What matter for that? He was sure to ask pardon;  
And you felt on the whole, tho' he'd toss'd you and gor'd you,  
It was something, at least, that he had not ignor'd you."

It is the very manner of Goldsmith. This piece, by the way, is one of the most important of the additions, which are only too few. On the other hand, Mr. Dobson has made not many omissions. We miss "*The Jessamy Bride*," a charming poem in honour of Goldsmith and Goldsmith's Miss Horneck; but our other old favourites are all here. There are changes of arrangement, all, we think, for the better. "*In After Days*," for instance, now serves as epilogue.

Among the poems which are new to us are two rondeaux, a form of verse in which Mr. Dobson is now the only active artificer. Among all the experimentalists who some years ago played with the rondeau and ballade, the triolet and villanelle, none so mastered the theory of the art as he did. Mr. Lang and Mr. Henley have written more ballades, but they have never excelled the "*Pompadour's Fan*," the "*Armada*," and "*Imitation*" ("The man who plants

cabbages imitates, too!") in this volume. Mr. Henley made the rondeau an obedient servant, instead of the perverse master it is in the hands of most rhymesters, but his tendency, like Mr. Swinburne's with the roundel, was to ask it to do too much. Mr. Dobson knows exactly what the form is capable of, and demands no more. As specimens of his skill with the rondeau we may quote the following. This is called "Léal Souvenir":

"For old sake's sake!" 'Twere hard to choose  
Words fitter for an old-world Muse  
Than these, that in their cadence bring  
Faint fragrance of the posy-ring,  
And charms that rustic lovers use.

"The long day lengthens, and we lose  
The first pale flush, the morning hues—  
Ah! but the back-look, lingering,  
For old sake's sake!

"That we retain. Though Time refuse  
To lift the veil on forward views,  
Despot in most, he is not king  
Of those kind memories that cling  
Around his travelled avenues  
For old sake's sake!

And the other is "A Greeting," addressed presumably to a friend in America:

"But once or twice we met, touched hands,  
To-day between us both expands  
A waste of tumbling waters wide—  
A waste by me as yet untried,  
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

"Time like a despot speeds his sands:  
A year he blots, a day he brands;  
We walked, we walked by Themis' side  
But once or twice.

"What makes a friend? What filmy strands  
Are these that turn to iron bands?  
What knot is this so firmly tied  
That nought but Fate can now divide?  
Ah, these are things one understands  
But once or twice!"

Despite the rigidity of their laws and restrictions of space, these two experiments are compact of true poetry.

Although it is convenient to have all Mr. Dobson's poems in a single volume, we cannot consider that the decision not to reprint the two little books which until now have shared them is a happy one. Prettier books than these—*Old World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre*—do not exist, and they might very well have enjoyed a longer life. As it is, Mr. Dobson's new readers are destined never to possess the exquisite frontispieces by Mr. E. A. Abbey, nor Mr. Alfred Parsons's dainty colophon. Instead, they are offered a portrait of the poet, which, though of course interesting, is less in harmony. Nor is the size of this single embrative volume the ideal one for such pieces. "A dear and dumpy twelve" is nigher the perfect form in which to possess these lyrics and their companions. We hope that the publishers will think better of their intention to issue the earlier volumes no more. And Mr. Dobson's threat to cease singing must also be reconsidered. In some new verses, addressed "To One who Bids Me Sing," he says:

"You ask a 'many-winter'd' Bard,  
Where hides his old vocation?  
I'll give—the answer is not hard—  
A classic explanation.

"'Immortal' though he be, he still,  
Tithonus-like, grows older,  
While she, his Muse of Pinus Hill,  
Still bares a youthful shoulder.

"Could that too-sprightly Nymph but leave  
Her ageless grace and beauty,  
They might, betwixt them both, achieve  
A hymn *de Senectute*;

"But She—She can't grow gray; and so  
Her slave, whose hairs are falling,  
Must e'en his Doric flute forego,  
And seek some graver calling—

"Not ill-content to stand aside,  
To yield to minstrels fitter,  
His singing-ropes, his singing-pride,  
His fancies sweet—and bitter!"

This must not be! Mr. Dobson must add many poems to his store. One could so easily enumerate a dozen bards whose silence would be more acceptable.

#### MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.

*The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*  
Edited, with Biographical Additions, by  
Frederick G. Kenyon. With portraits.  
2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

MR. KENYON finds it necessary to defend the publication of Mrs. Browning's letters, but it is a work of supererogation. No objection was ever made by either Mr. or Mrs. Browning to publication after their death; and in Mrs. Browning's case it is peculiarly a just debt to literary history. We have a right to know as much as may be known about the greatest English poetess. Mr. Kenyon has, perhaps, erred on the side of printing too much, or, rather, printing the letters too much as they stand—a method which involves repetition as well as a good deal of comparatively uninteresting and uninforming detail. But these volumes remain for us at present the only substitute for a regular biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and they will form the mine out of which subsequent and shorter and more critical biographies must be dug. To the historian of English poetry they will be invaluable; and to us, to whom the memory of the Brownings is still fresh, they are full of new lights and new beauties.

The greatest English poetess! Such is Mrs. Browning's claim, not to be challenged even by the right admirers of a cloistral genius like Christina Rossetti. The author of *Aurora Leigh*, the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (so-named, as we now learn, at Mr. Browning's suggestion, instead of *Sonnet Translated from the Bosnian*)—"Casa Guidi Windows," "Wine of Cyprus," "The Cry of the Children," and the rest, is, indeed, not merely to be counted poet by comparison with the English women who have written verse. Miss Barrett herself appreciated the lack of compliment involved in the word "poetess." She wrote in 1845:

"It is a strong impression with me that previous to Joanna Baillie there was no such thing in England as a poetess. Where is our poetess before Joanna Baillie—poetess in the true sense? Lady Winchilsea had an eye, as Wordsworth found out; but the Duchess of

Newcastle had more poetry in her than Lady Winchilsea. It has long been a 'fact,' to my view of the matter, that Joanna Baillie is the first female poet in all senses in England."

Well, we do not think so much of Joanna Baillie now; and Miss Eliza Cook has had her day, and Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. are fading into the dark. But though Mrs. Browning wrote much that will not live, there remains, after all deductions, a certain body of work in her six volumes imperishable for its beauty and truth and strength, and entitling her to rank with the greatest of our English poets.

Not very much that is new is to be learnt from the letters as to the position of the poems; but that is because the information contained in them has already been drawn upon. Love for the classics and for Wordsworth seem to have been the earliest influences. On the latter point this extract from a letter in 1843 is interesting. It represents her classification of herself among the "blind admirers" of Wordsworth:

"His spirit has worked a good work, and has freed into the capacity of work other noble spirits. He took the initiative in a great poetic movement, and is not only to be praised for what he has done, but for what he has helped his age to do. For the rest, Byron has more passion and intensity, Shelley more fancy and music, Coleridge could see further into the unseen, and not one of those poets has insulted his own genius by the production of whole poems, such as I could name of Wordsworth's, the vulgarity of which is childish, and the childishness vulgar. Still the wings of his genius are wide enough to cast a shadow over its feet, and our gratitude should be stronger than our critical acumen. Yes, I will be a blind admirer of Wordsworth. I will shut my eyes and be blind. Better so, than see too well for the thankfulness which is his due from me."

"Apollo taught him under the laurel, while all the Muses looked through the boughs"—is a phrase she applies to Wordsworth elsewhere. And she enjoys telling the story of Wordsworth going to Court, and the young Queen being quite "fluttered" at seeing him:

"'She had not a word to say,' said Mrs. Jameson, who came to see me the other day and complained of the omission as 'unqueenly'; but I disagreed with her, and thought the being 'fluttered' the highest compliment. She told me that a short time ago the Queen confessed she never had read Wordsworth, on which a Maid of Honour observed, 'That is a pity, he would do your Majesty a great deal of good.'"

*Inter alia* we learn about the "Cry of the Children," that (in answer to a complaint against the rhythm) "the first stanza came into my head in a hurricane, and I was obliged to make the other stanzas like it—that is the whole mystery of the iniquity." "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was hastily finished from a ballad "lying by" in 1844, in order to fill up the first of her two volumes of poems, then on the point of publication; the second volume being found by Mr. Moxon, the publisher, to be seventy pages longer than the first; "I did so by writing—i.e., composing, one hundred and forty lines last Saturday! I seemed to be in a dream all day! Long lines too—with fifteen syllables in each!" Miss Barrett also

gives her friend, Mr. Boyd, this interesting explanation of the rhymes in "Wine of Cyprus," which include such curious specimens as *silence* and *island*, *panther* and *saunter*, *Bion* and *undying*, *Nazianzen* and *glancing*.

"I have a theory about double rhymes for which I shall be attacked by the critics, but which I could justify perhaps on high authority, or at least analogy. These volumes of mine have more double rhymes than any two books of English poems that ever to my knowledge were printed; I mean of English poems, *not comic*. Now of double rhymes in use, which are perfect rhymes, you are aware how few there are, and yet you are also aware of what an admirable effect in making a rhythm various and vigorous double rhyming is in English poetry. Therefore, I have used a certain license; and after much thoughtful study of the Elizabethan writers, have ventured it with the public. And do you tell me—you who object to the use of a different vowel in a double rhyme—why you rhyme (as everybody does, without blame from everybody) 'given' to 'heaven,' when you object to my rhyming 'remember' to 'chamber'? The analogy is all on my side, and I believe that the spirit of the English language is also."

Mrs. Browning's literary and political judgments, both on men and things, are not invariably unimpeachable. But they always have a strong personal interest. She was inclined, as is common with physically weak women, to worship strength and will. She owned to "an immoral sympathy with power." Possibly that accounts for her unbroken love for her father, who behaved like a brute to her, or, rather, as an ex-West Indian planter and slave-owner might have been expected to behave in anti-slavery fiction. At any rate, her belief in the Emperor Louis Napoleon inspires the greater half of the letters in the second volume; and her bitterness against England during the Italian crisis of 1859 is more a protest against inaction than anything else. It all reminds us very forcibly of the recent Phil-Hellenic outbursts. Apart from her worship of her husband, Mrs. Browning's other principal enthusiasms, as revealed in these letters, were for Tennyson and George Sand. Of Tennyson she wrote in 1843: "He is one of God's singers, whether he knows it or does not know it." And this is a delightful sketch (in 1855):

"One of the pleasantest things which has happened to us is the coming down on us of the Laureate, who, being in London for three or four days, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us (and the second bottle of port), and ended by reading 'Maud' through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, he would certainly have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled *naïveté*! Think of his stopping in 'Maud' every now and then—'There's a wonderful touch! That's very tender. How beautiful that is!' Yes, and it *was* wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely, in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech."

By the way, Mrs. Browning's own choice for the laureateship on Wordsworth's death was not Tennyson, who "could wait," but Leigh Hunt. She thought the office must in any case be kept up, "for Spenser's sake."

With George Sand—of whom she wrote, in 1845, "if Madame Dudevant is not the first female genius of any country or age, I really do not know who is"—Mrs. Browning became personally acquainted when staying in Paris in 1852. Her descriptions of the great Frenchwoman are very vivid, but too long to quote. "I did not love her," she says, after the first meeting, "but I felt the burning soul through all that quietness, and was not disappointed in George Sand."

But, of course, one wants chiefly to hear what Mrs. Browning may have fresh to say about her husband. Most of the information, however, in these letters has already become public property. We have, indeed, for the first time the whole story of their romantic elopement and marriage, told in the long letter to Mrs. Martin (vol. i., pp. 286-297), but the essential facts are not new, though Mrs. Browning's own account is deeply moving and precious. What is more novel is our ability now to trace in the earlier letters her first allusions to the man whom afterwards she was to marry, and whom she knew so well in all but bodily presence for years before he insisted on her receiving him. Take this passage, for instance, from a letter of 1843, referring to an adverse criticism on the "Dramatic Lyrics," which charged Browning with taking pleasure in being enigmatical:

"There is truth on both sides, but it seems to me hard truth on Browning. I do assure you I never saw him in my life—do not know him even by correspondence—and yet, whether through fellow-feeling for Eleusinian mysteries, or whether through the more generous motive of appreciation of his powers, I am very sensitive to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him. The truth is, it is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius. Don't let us fall into the category of the sons of Noah. Noah was once drunk, indeed, but once he built the ark."

Her first letter from Browning, in 1845, excites this mention in a letter to Mrs. Marten: "I had a letter from Browning the poet last night, which threw me into ecstasies—Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus,' and king of the mystics." And later in the year she criticises his "Sphinxiness" as follows:

"The fault is certainly great, and the disadvantage scarcely calculable, it is so great. He cuts his language into bits, and one has to join them together, as young children do their dissected maps, in order to make any meaning at all, and to study hard before one can do it. . . . The consequence is that he is not read except in a peculiar circle very strait and narrow. He will not die, because the principle of life is in him, but he will not live the warm summer life which is permitted to many of very inferior faculties, because he does not come out into the sun."

A very large amount of space in these letters is devoted to chatter about "Penini," their boy's pet-name, and to spiritualism, in which Mrs. Browning, in spite of her husband, was a believer. There is not very much permanent public interest in either of these subjects; but they form signs of character, partly charming, partly pathetic, and, in any case, altogether human, and appealing to the common loves and weak-

nesses of mortality. Altogether, a fine and beautiful character, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that "lyric love, half angel, and half bird":

"Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart."

Hers was an unutterably sad, unutterably happy life, and in both aspects it was felt all through to the very finger-tips. The letters, written without thought of publicity, give a curiously simple, affectionate, lovable picture of her rich personality.

#### FOR CHILDREN.

*A Book of Verses for Children.* Compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas. (Grant Richards.)

MR. LUCAS's collection is serious, humorous, ironical, and (for boys) heroic and prospective. The humour makes, perhaps, the most conspicuous part of this delightful volume—perhaps only because some instinct takes the reader to that section first; but all moods are well represented, and the variety is excellent. The character of the anthology is quite distinct. Poetry books compiled for children have been often made up from books not originally written for children; poetry written for the grown-up world has been searched for pieces that might be intelligible and interesting also to the child: Coventry Patmore's *Child's Garland*, Mr. Palgrave's *Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry*, Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica*, and the *Poet's Walk* (especially for boys) are a few of the well-known and well-loved examples of this kind of collection. On the other hand, there are poems addressed especially to childish readers, and treating of childish things, such as Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal volume, and the queer, queer little books of Elizabeth Turner and Anne and Jane Taylor, which have retained, it seems, an almost Goblin-like immortality of their own; at intervals they re-appear, to disconcert and to amuse; they are grotesque and grave. There is hardly a parent that will not thank Mr. Lucas for the opportunity of reading to the children of to-day the "Cautionary Tales" that his or her grand father took seriously when the nineteenth century was in frills. Stevenson, Dr. Watts, the Misses Taylor, "Lewis Carroll," and a hundred more were authors for children; Mr. Lucas is their anthologist, and it is from their books—books written for children and about children—that he chiefly gathers his pieces. There might even be the light shadow of a fault to be found in the fact that the examples of other books for children have rather led him to overstep the boundaries he seemed to have set himself, and to give a page or two to "Young Lochinvar," a song originally sung by a grown-up—indeed, a very well-grown—lady to an audience keenly alive to the fact that they were her contemporaries. In addition to this, there are a few grown-up sea-songs, poaching-songs, and poems of action and adventure; but these have generally some special point of attraction for the boy;

and perhaps there is hardly anything in the volume which our pleasure in this individual and unique collection would wish away except "Lochinvar." Perhaps it was put in for the prospective interest of the girls; still, the book might have been content to lack it. So it might have been as well, let us add, without Mrs. Norton's "Arab Steed"—for a different reason. "Lochinvar" was a song for a grown-up audience, which children have been admitted to join; Mrs. Norton's poem was written for the grown-up, and they now reject it, and leave it for children. Mr. Lucas's collection is not precisely concerned with either. The querulousness of this single criticism may be taken as a sign of the success with which Mr. Lucas has defined and generally observed his own distinctive plan.

He has gone into the by-ways. From an audacious poem, dated 1500, we learn with astonishment that even at that remote day the Naughty Boy was respected, that a heart beat in sympathy with him in the ranks of the grown-up, and that his just aspirations even then were "voiced," as they say now. "I would my master were a hare," says the early poet in his behalf, "and I myself a jolly hunter." These are things we should not have guessed; in fact, it was only with the dull days of Anne and Jane Taylor that the Cautionary Tale became so implacable, and the naughty boy, the naughty girl, and the honestly and humanly adventurous girl did so "catch it." Elizabeth Turner and Anne and Jane Taylor did not, it need hardly be said, use any such phrase as that; retribution followed on their adventures of the young, with the most sententious propriety. See *George and the Chimney-Sweep*, *False Alarms*, *Playing with Fire*, and other Cautionary Tales. True, it may be said that the poetess is not to be charged with cruelty, the facts themselves being cruel, and the setting on fire of a little frisking child being the work of natural law and not of the Misses Taylor. That is true enough; and it is not by the stories told in their verses that we are so struck with astonishment—indeed, we should owe them thanks, in the name of humanity, for the cautions they administer, and doubtless, for the accidents those cautions have averted; it is not the incidents we protest against, but the indescribably glib manner of the telling. The rhymes of these ladies are particularly inexorable; and of their style—which makes one blink—this is a specimen:

"Maria had an aunt at Leeds,  
For whom she worked a purse of beads;  
'Twas neatly done, by all allowed,  
And praise soon made her vain and proud.

"Her mother, willing to repress  
This strong conceit of cleverness,  
Said 'I will show you, if you please,  
A honeycomb, the work of bees.

"Yes, look within the hive, and then  
Examine well your purse again;  
Compare your merits, and you will  
Admit the insects' greater skill."

Or take the lyric beginning, with a dreadful flow of anapests,

"Mamma, dear mamma," cried in haste Mary Anne,  
As into the parlour she eagerly ran."

Is this the best way of introducing children to rhythmic literature? Opinions will vary; and they varied much and most emphatically when Lear took up the writing of verse for children in succession to Jane and Anne Taylor:

"The Pobble who has no toes,  
Had once as many as we;  
When they said, 'Some day you may lose them all,'

He replied, 'Fish fiddle-de-dee!'  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink;  
For she said, 'The world in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes.'

The Pobble swam fast and well,  
And when boats or ships came near him,  
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,  
So that all the world could hear him.  
And all the sailors and admirals cried,  
When they saw him nearing the further side,  
'He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's  
Runcible cat with crimson whiskers.'

An anthology that includes this and Cautionary Tales, and, having closed the adventures of Mary Anne in the parlour, follows those of the Pobble upon those unknown seas, is as comprehensive as heart could wish. By the way, how fine is the versification of Lear's verse just quoted! We are not sure that a child should be led, even in burlesque verse, to believe that Jobiska rhymes with whisker; but as to musical distribution of syllables, faultless accents, and unchecked movement, no child could have his ear tuned better than by Lear. For an equal perfection of rhythm we should have to search the verse of negroes.

Between the "Cautionary Tale" and the "Nonsense Verse" there is a middle way which—unlike middle ways in general in modern estimation—is golden indeed. In this is the work, it need hardly be said, of Robert Louis Stevenson—verse of which the sweet mock-commonplace is as much irony as a child can perfectly enjoy, while the fancy does not outrun the child's pleasure. It may be said that the enthusiasm for *A Child's Garden of Verses* is the parent's rather than the child's; and if so, why, then, the problem of choosing for children is one that is not to be solved. How is it that memory does not settle the question? Perhaps because children are really very diffident of any opinion of their own; we in our adult days are unable to take the definite attitude in retrospection which we did not take at the time. In our childish age we passively listened to much that was supposed to interest us, and never quite realised that it did not. Hence vague impressions in our remembrances. Mr. Lucas, then, has done wisely to take a great latitude of choice.

A division of his subjects contains poems of the Open Air, and instructs the child in the signs of the skies—for example, in the aspects of the moon by the poetic quatrain of Christina Rossetti:

"O Lady-moon your horns point to the East.  
Shine—be increased!

O Lady-moon, your horns point to the West.  
Wane—be at rest!

A Christmas group is particularly well chosen, rather from older song than from modern hollies and Christmas wishes. Birds,

Dogs, and Horses have their appropriate singers, so has a certain amount of natural and unnatural history. The literal child, who is not rare, has plenty to read, and need not blush for his taste. Take it for all in all, there could not be a better collection.

### THE BLESSED REFORMATION.

*The Church of England before the Reformation.*  
By Dyson Hague. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE two tempers represented by the terms Evangelical and Catholic are not necessarily exclusive one of the other. In its more sober moments each party comes near to a compromise. The Evangelical does, in fact, acquiesce in the bonds by which he is joined to others of a like faith with his own; to the representative of *Whitaker's Almanack* he confesses himself a member of the Established Church, a Baptist, a Wesleyan or a Congregationalist; and the Roman Catholic theologian is familiar with the distinction between the soul of the Church and its body. In the history of controversy, however, these concessions are frequently lost sight of, and the fight wages round the question whether "visible" or "invisible" is the epithet more appropriate to the Church as conceived in the mind of its Divine Founder.

These remarks are suggested by our pondering of *The Church of England before the Reformation*. The volume is introduced by Dr. Moule, of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. It needs not to be expressly pointed out to which of the above schools the author belongs, and the wonder is to find a clergyman of this way of thinking who can trouble himself about the subject of this essay. For it is obvious that the ecclesiastical continuity about which the conflict is loudest concerns neither him nor such as upon religious matters share his mind.

In this country there are to-day two associations of persons who, believing in the Divine institution of a visible church, protest that the communions to which they respectively belong are the lineal representatives of the church of Augustine and of Gregory. At Ebbesfleet, and elsewhere, they have of late republished their claims. On the spot where the Roman missionaries landed Anglican prelates in their scores have lately given their testimony. On the same historic ground the parish priest of St. Gregory's on the Coelian, styled also archbishop of Westminster, assisted by certain suffragans of his province, has solemnly celebrated the rites of the Roman Church. The Church of Arles, whence Augustine received his episcopal orders, sent greetings and representatives. Noble ecclesiastics wearing the sacred purple fell orientally upon each other's neck, and before the eyes of an admiring laity exchanged fraternal kisses. And the purpose of it all has been to convince a sceptical and indifferent world (which has to attend to strikes, tariffs, the new wrinkles in Venus, and the outbreak on the Indian frontier) that the one and not the other is



the true and proper representative of that shadowy figure. Now what has the ex-dean of Wycliffe College, Toronto, to do with all this? To be frank, not very much. And yet what he has to repeat was worth repeating, if only he could have observed due measure in his repetition. Incidentally, too, his work is marred by over-indulgence in a kind of Scriptural vituperation that now and then becomes lyrical, by a desperate confusion of terms when his subject-matter makes a demand upon his slender acquaintance with Roman Catholic theology, and by the defects of an argumentative method that is almost pathetic in its combination of muddle-headedness and transparent good faith. It is for these reasons that his violent declamation against the enormities of the sacerdotal or sacramental system suggests a trouncing with a feather; while his serious references to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer and certain passages in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion make the nineteenth-century reader rub his eyes and wonder whether he has lighted upon a hitherto unknown writer of the century of Parker and Jewel. A consideration, however, of the literary style will effectually reassure him.

It will be obvious that to a writer of Mr. Hague's school and temperament, to one who in compiling what purports to be a history is careful to assert in every other paragraph that he allows no appeal but to Holy Scripture, and who in every one of his 389 pages gives an example, more or less striking, of a method and spirit altogether alien from the historical, the issue of his inquiries is profoundly insignificant. He gives away freely to the Popish enemy all that the more scientific defenders of the Church of England have sought laboriously to win in the last fifty years. In vain has it been attempted to minimise the effect of Augustine's mission, in vain to show his comparative independence of the Pope who sent him. It is to no purpose that Freeman, Bright, Stubbs, and many another have thrown a lurid light upon the assertions here and there of a spirit of rebellion on the part of the English clergy and people between the eleventh and the fifteenth century. All this is thrown away upon the former dean of Wycliffe College, Toronto. With a light-heartedness that will surprise friend and enemy alike, he concedes the utmost that Lingard or Dom Aidan Gasquet can assert as to the intimacy of the union of the Ecclesia Anglicana with the Holy Roman Church, the absolute character of its dependence upon the Apostolic See, the perfect identity of doctrine and discipline that was established. For the continuity which he would set up is of so evasive a character that a gap extending over centuries cannot affect it, and no change in liturgical forms and professions of faith can constitute a breach.

And if only the character of his hypothetical continuity were a trifle more palpable, it would be a serviceable substitute for that doctrinal and organic continuity of an independent national church which the Bishop of London, for example, champions. For the protests and acts of insubordination to which reference has been

made were usually traceable to motives of self-interest which, however justifiable, make no more for the hypothesis they are called upon to buttress than for the dignity of history. It is unhappily true that some of the pontiffs who sat in the Chair of Peter, from the days of Hildebrand till, as a consequence of the great revolt against their authority, the nature of their jurisdiction had been minimised and their powers delimited, have used the prestige which was accorded them in so generous a measure rather for the enrichment of their own coffers than for the good of the Christian Church. Under the heads of annates, Peter's pence, reservations, expectantiae, commendae, and a dozen others, vast sums crossed sea and land to the Roman exchequer. It is probable that the record of these extortions would vex the soul of none more than of a modern Roman Catholic, who, as an Englishman and a son of the Church, lies under a double sense of injury. Again, as the most prudent and thrifty class of the community, and therefore the wealthiest—as the most peaceable, and therefore the most open to attack—the clergy offered an unailing source of revenue to their royal master. Against his exactions their only appeal was to the Throne of the Fisherman, and when the Holy Father compelled them to pay for his good offices, the only resource was the sheltering wing of the sovereign who fleeced them at home. But, as it is well pointed out by Mr. Hague, this root of the final rebellion against the Papacy should be distinguished from the revolt against the system of theology which he calls Popery.

Popery is primitive Christianity plus developments or accretions. All the difference between Papist and Protestant lies in the choice of the word. And of the whole body of sacramental doctrine which in the Middle Ages was deemed essential to true religion, the most prominent feature was the dogma which by an anachronism, anticipating the final definition of Trent, we may call transubstantiation. A correlative of this was the teaching that in the service of the Mass the sacrifice of Calvary was perpetually continued (not repeated, as our author recklessly reiterates); and by way of a practical corollary there had grown up in the ascetic atmosphere of the age a sense that the minister called by Heaven to so sacred a service should abstain from marriage. A Protestant may further conceive that this regulation of clerical celibacy, to whatever extent in certain times and in the case of individuals it may have been irregularly mitigated, would tend to stiffen in the conviction of their official dignity those who were bound by it, and to drive them to seek in the exaltation of their order some compensation for the enforced severity of their lives. However that may be, the doctrine of the Mass and of the Real Presence and the law of clerical celibacy were felt by that harbinger of the Reformation, the Rev. John Wycliffe, to stand together. "He was," writes Mr. Hague in the language appropriate to Wycliffe College, "the first of all Catholic Churchmen to discern the falsity of Rome's doctrinal position, and to boldly proclaim

the truth as it is in Jesus." It is impossible to read without a smile Mr. Hague's account of his hero's argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: "A man who studied the Gospels and read the Epistles of the New Testament . . . could not long hold the Roman teaching. . . . The two were irreconcilable." There is a short way to deal with the argument from Holy Scripture. Equally clear and convincing is the Canadian professor's version of Wycliffe's metaphysical refutation:

"It is utterly unphilosophical and unreasonable to say that the piece of bread can look the same, and weigh the same, and taste the same, and smell the same, and yet not be bread at all, but something else than bread. The thing is impossible."

Mr. Hague probably means that it is unthinkable. If he had any familiar acquaintance with the distinctions of scholastic philosophy, of which he gives us no ground for suspecting him, he might find himself called upon to modify this opinion.

From Wycliffe's time onwards these two streams of tendency were running side by side and increasing in volume—the national spirit of protest against the dominion and exactions of the Papacy; the revolt of reason against that system of Catholic dogma and practice which, for convenience sake, we may here style Popery. The statutes of Provisors and Præmunire mark the progress of the one; the Act of Supremacy crowned it. The other brought within the reach of the vulgar the vernacular Bible, evolved the Book of Common Prayer from the Breviary and Missal, formulated the Thirty-nine Articles, and culminated in the Act of Uniformity. The settlement thus effected has endured three hundred years, and has spread with the Anglo-Saxon race. Also by a process of fission it has brought into the world innumerable offspring. But what shall be the end of it, no man may even plausibly conjecture.

#### SKETCHES AND STORIES.

*Certain Personal Matters.* By H. G. Wells. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

*An Attic in Bohemia.* By E. H. Lacon Watson. (Elkin Matthews.)

*Within Sound of Great Tom: Stories of Modern Oxford.* (B. H. Blackwell.)

*Chronicles of the Parish of Taxwood.* By J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

*The Happy Exile.* Edited by H. D. Lowry. With Six Etchings by E. Philip Pimlott. (John Lane.)

*Odd Stories.* By Frances Forbes-Robertson. (Constable.)

MR. H. G. WELLS is a writer pre-eminently gifted with humour and imagination, and these qualities always make him a pleasant man to read. His new volume, *Certain Personal Matters*, is a collection of short articles and sketches contributed to various newspapers. Unlike most fugitive writings of this kind, they rather gain than other-

wise by being collected into a volume. In too many cases the kind of journalistic facility which enables a man to turn out amusing sketches for an evening paper is fatal to the production of more ambitious work, while the sketches themselves, though agreeable enough in the columns of a newspaper, are too disconnected and too unsubstantial, to make a satisfactory book. Mr. Wells's sketches are of a different order, and though they cannot, of course, rank with the *Wonderful Visit*, *The Invisible Man*, and the rest of his more elaborate efforts, no one can reasonably regret that he should have thought it worth while to republish them in volume form. Many of them show extraordinary cleverness in handling trifling themes, and even in their most extravagant moments they present us with delightful surprises in the way of good sense and good humour. "The Trouble of Life" is a charming piece of inverted Philosophy, full of ironical shrewdness and humour. "In a Literary Household" deals with an old theme, but we have rarely seen it turned to better account. Altogether, *Certain Personal Matters* is a very pleasant book, which will be read with pleasure by all who like a droll and fanciful treatment of the commonplace things of life.

*An Attic in Bohemia*, Mr. Lacon Watson's new book, is a volume of sketches not unlike Mr. Wells's. Here we have something of the same humorous presentment of commonplace things, the same fancy and imagination, the same kindly good-humoured view of life. Mr. Watson's work is, perhaps, more graceful than Mr. Wells's, but the humour is quieter. His philosophy betrays an occasional tinge of sadness, and though his laughter is never bitter it is occasionally dashed with pathos. There is a touch of Mr. Barrie about him, not the Mr. Barrie of *Thru the Keyhole* and *The Little Minister*, but the Mr. Barrie of *My Lady Nicotine*. There is a certain continuity in the sketches contained in the book, and Mr. Watson has touched in the various characters which reappear in it with considerable felicity. His "Bohemia" is a very delightful place, a Bohemia which lives in one of the old Inns with a hydraulic engineer and a journalist for neighbours, whose wants are served by a laundress with an appreciation of the ridiculous, a Bohemia which lies late abed and scorns domesticity. This Bohemia is a land that has been a good deal exploited from time to time by writers of all sorts and descriptions, and there is nothing very new to be said about it, but Mr. Watson contrives to invest it with just that touch of "charm" which makes even trivial things interesting. *An Attic in Bohemia* is an excellent book to amuse an idle hour, and deserves to be read.

It is a curious fact, and one which has often, no doubt, been remarked, that no good work of fiction is ever produced about the two Universities. Possibly their interests are so special and peculiar to themselves, so removed from the struggle for existence, the strifes and ambitions, and the general give and take of ordinary life, that it is not possible to make a book out of them. Mr. Benson's novel, *The Babe*, B.A., is, perhaps, the best attempt that has been made of late,

and, no doubt for that reason, the *Babe* had a success which its intrinsic merits did not altogether deserve. *Within Sound of Great Tom* is an unsuccessful attempt in the same direction, and the result, we are bound to say, is a dull book. It is a collection of stories purporting to deal with Oxford and Oxford life. All the familiar figures are in it—the married fellow, the unpopular dean, the athletic undergraduate, and the rest. A bonfire is lit, bumps are made in the "Eights," and a junior fellow is "screwed up." The result, unhappily, does not do justice to these materials—or else the materials themselves are not particularly exhilarating in fiction, though not unamusing in actual life. The "adorable dreamer whose heart has been so romantic," as Matthew Arnold called Oxford, still waits for the novelist who can faithfully paint her.

Dr. Macduff's *Chronicles of the Parish of Taxwood*, we are told in an "Editor's Note," are a republication of *The Parish of Taxwood*, which appeared many years ago. "They contain the record, and reflect the lights and shadows, of Scottish parochial life in a bygone generation." Perhaps we have had too many books "reflecting the lights and shadows of Scottish parochial life" of late years, and are somewhat weary of the subject. Suffice it that Dr. Macduff's book will not, we imagine, be very interesting to Southrons, though it may be popular north of the Tweed.

The distinctive note of Mr. Lowry's new volume of sketches is his passionate love of the country. Every page is instinct with the joy of rustic sights and sounds, the fresh green grasses of springtime and the azure summer sea. The particular county of his idolatry is, of course, Cornwall, the delectable Duchy beloved of Mr. Quiller-Couch, and he describes its people and the scenes in which they move with wholehearted sympathy and often with rare felicity of expression. Sometimes, indeed, this expression of the yearning of one compelled to live in London for the distant moorlands of the West Country is almost painful in its intensity, like the despairing cry of the prisoner in his cell for the free light and air which he can imagine but may not reach. Mr. Lowry has a good deal of the poet in his composition, and his feeling for Nature and his keen appreciation of her in all her moods evokes an answering thrill in the heart of the reader as only a poet's can. His style will perhaps be criticised by some as artificial and mannered, and it may be admitted that he belongs to the Stevenson school in his careful choice of phrase, his occasional hints of archaism, and his fastidious avoidance of what is hackneyed or obvious in language. Indeed, the last of the sketches—by no means the worst in the volume—called "New Year's Eve," is very near akin to Stevenson in matter and manner. This, however, does not mean that Mr. Lowry is a mere imitator. On the contrary, his note is quite individual and distinctive even when his style is most reminiscent of another, and his point of view is essentially his own. There are many delightful passages of description in this volume, many charming touches of char-

acter, with just a sufficiency of incident give coherence to the various sketches which it contains. Most of them appeared originally in the columns of one or other of the weekly reviews or in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. E. Philip Pimlott has provided six charming etchings to illustrate the text. Any jaded Londoner who wants a breath of country air and cannot leave town would do well to read Mr. Lowry's book. We have rarely come across a more refreshing volume.

Miss Forbes-Robertson writes with evident care, and there is a certain bright daintiness about her style that is distinctly pleasing; but surely the subject-matter again and again fails to reward the pains lavished on it. Nor does one learn for the first time that what sparkles in the ephemeral journal will not always endure the dignities of a book and the proximity of its like. The two stories that please us most are "St. Aphilon's Dome" and "Eric of Tolquhon." The Fathers of St. Aphilon's, a lazy, greedy lot, built a great dome to the church of their patron saint out of the offerings of the faithful. A storm blew down the dome, and once more the Fathers extorted the money to replace it from the reluctant purses of the poor they neglected. But the work moved slowly, for day after day lead or copper was stolen from the roof, and the spoiler escaped. At last a rumour got abroad that the metal was stripped off at night by one who wore the habit of the order. Perturbed, the Fathers set a watch.

"Three of us will go—we will take our bedsteads. The one on watch shall wake the others."

"So the four-posted bedsteads were duly hoisted, and the three divines tucked in their respective eiderdowns."

"Towards midnight they awoke at the sound of hammering, and possessed suddenly by fear, waited awhile before peeping over the bedclothes to the place from whence the sound came. When they did, however, a strange sight rose before their eyes, and each would have thought he was dreaming, but that the others were likewise enthralled, staring at the spectacle before them. There indeed laboured a priest of the Order, but a halo radiated about his head, and as he turned they recognised the countenance of the blessed St. Aphilon, their founder and patron saint. He was tearing down the sheets of newly-laid copper, and placing them on a barrow. Near him stood, in wondrous robes of azure, like the heavens of the early morning, Mary, *Regina Pauperum*. 'And will it be St. Aphilon's own?' echoed the sound of a little voice into one of the humbled priests' ears. What was his own he might give to his poor: what he gave to his poor he gave to his Master."

"Eric of Tolquhon" is likewise an allegory, very simply and tenderly written. It shows Miss Forbes-Robertson, we think, at her best; and for another like it we would gladly exchange half-a-dozen of her cleverer and more commonplace stories.

#### A TUSCAN TRAGEDY.

*Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera*. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. (Roma: Modes & Mendel.)

SIGNOR D'ANNUNZIO is known as one of the foremost of living Italian authors, a lyrical

poet, the writer of a richly coloured and musical prose, and to some extent the founder of a school. This *Dream of a Spring Morning* is a little dramatic sketch in five scenes, reprinted from a new review, the *Italia*. It can hardly be called a drama, for there is no action, and the issue is left undecided.

The scene is in the *loggia* of an old Tuscan villa, with a garden and wood beyond. In the villa live two noble sisters, Donna Isabella and Donna Beatrice. Isabella's lover was stabbed to death in her arms, and had ebb'd out his life while close locked in her embrace. Since then she has been mad, haunted by the terror of that night, seeing and feeling blood everywhere, around her and upon her, in the redness of the rose, in the brilliance of a scarlet insect, and in the berries of the wood through which she wanders clothed in green as the Spring. Beatrice, her devoted sister, who, together with an old servant and a doctor, watches over her, is like a slighter sketch of Anatolia in *Le Vergini delle Rocce*; while a lighter element is afforded by the love-idyll of Simonetta and the gardener, Panfilo, whose improvised song floats in at intervals from the wood. Into "this cloister inhabited by madness and sorrow" enters Virginio, the brother of the murdered man. He, too, had secretly loved Isabella, and now comes, ardent in his immense love, in the vague dream that on this spring morning it may be possible to somehow bring her back to life. The situation is further complicated by the evident love of Beatrice for Virginio.

The experiment fails, the dream of the spring morning passes away. When at length *la demente* recognises Virginio, all the horror falls once more upon her. In a paroxysm of agony she lives over again the whole of that terrible night, until strength is exhausted, and she is left feebly smiling over the wreath she has made for Beatrice. The whole of this last scene is written with intense tragic power and genuine dramatic imagination.

Coleridge has said: "In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere lightheadedness." But here, too, there is surely "the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression." Nevertheless, the naked tragedy is so covered over with flowers that their aroma clouds the senses and suggests the existence of some allegorical meaning beneath the surface, as was partly the case with the *Vergini delle Rocce*: "Una finzione che significherà cose grandi." The lilies of the valley ring silvery bells in the air; one red rose has escaped the vigilance of the gardener and blossomed a *tradimento* among the white roses which alone may be suffered to meet Donna Isabella's eyes; the poppies must be anticipated by mowing the meadow, for their advent is so rapid that they break out suddenly in the grass like fire: "Easi scoppiano subitamente nell'erba come fuochi impetuosi." This little play, while affording an exquisite example of d'Annunzio's style, resembles his last romance, the *Vergini delle Rocce*, in being entirely free from the studied obscenity of the *Piacere* and *Trionfo della Morte*.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Australian Fairy Tales.* By Atha Westbury. Illustrated by A. J. Johnson. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

A FAIRY tale needs no justification save that it be a good one. It is not improved, for instance, by the suggestion of allegory; on the contrary, it was a growing consciousness of its ethical significance that first dulled the glamour of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The merit of the tale lies precisely in its power to win an imaginative credence of incidents discredited by experience, or even inconsistent with the laws of thought. The style most apt to favour this end is shown by experience to be simple; and if at times we forego the demand for simplicity, we ask at least for homogeneity: that it should not waver between the magniloquence of the halfpenny evening newspaper and the baldness of a child's first reading-book. Also good heed should be taken lest by any flagrant offence against the laws of syntax a stumbling-block should be laid for the feet of the little ones.

Of these elementary requirements there is not in this collection of stories—so far, at least, as we have had the patience to examine it—one which even begins to meet with fulfilment; nor of the faults to which we have alluded is there any with which Miss (?) Atha Westbury's pages are not crowded. Her stories are ethical, or, rather, pseudo-ethical; the fancy is conventional and quite uncontagious; the style combines the pretentious verbosity of journalese with reckless grammatical inaccuracy. Thus:

"Roland's spirit quailed within him at the thought. In the dim twilight he saw the boat had entered an enormous cavern where a dense wall of black rock, or rather boulders, were piled in wild disorder one above the other, and terminating in a flat roof of the same description."

Of the illustrations, the worst—and the best—that can be said is, that they conspire with the printer's art to produce an expectation that a study of the text must disappoint.

*The Savage Club Papers.* Edited by J. E. Muddock. Art Editor, Herbert Johnson. (Hutchinson.)

SAID the members of the Savage Club one evening: "Let us play at making a book." "And I," quoth Mr. Muddock, "shall be editor and write a modest preface." So all the members went home and searched their drawers for contributions with which to furnish it forth. And Mr. Arthur Morrison sent in "One More Unfortunate," which, though very slight and quite without distinction, is the best item in the contents; and Mr. Coulson Kernahan sent "Dogged," a Jeromesque fantasy, which Mr. J. F. Sullivan has illustrated with a certain humour; and the editor furnished "A Terrible Bandit," a story based upon the familiar situation in which two honest men suspect each the other for a thief. Mr.

Walter Rowley sent an old Fifth Form essay on "Shakespearean Ballads and Songs"; and Mr. Henty forwarded a tale of conventional heroism. Three members have revelled in reminiscences of Royalty. Naval and military Savages have taken the opportunity to practise journalism and fight their battles over again in print; and Mr. Edward Draper has contributed a rather amusing hypothesis to the Gunpowder Plot controversy, which we respectfully commend to the consideration of Prof. Gardiner and of Father Gerard, S.J. Of the art contributions, which upon the whole reach a higher level than the literature, M. Paul Renouard's sketch of Sir Henry Irving is quite clever; indeed, it is worth all the rest. One of Oliver Pague's illustrations of the doggerel entitled "A Warning to Dramatists" shows a sense of character. There is humour and drawing in Mr. W. Ralston's illustration of "The Disappointed Centenarian" infirmly swinging his clubs and surrounded by the instruments of the hygienic cult. And the picture of "A Frolicsome Savage," upon p. 25, has amused us very much. It must be confessed that the volume is, upon the whole, a little disappointing, more particularly when measured by the hope expressed in the preface, that it will "meet with a warm welcome wherever the English language is spoken and the Club known—that is, practically, the wide world over."

*The Tenth Island.* By Beckles Willson. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir William Whiteway, K.C.M.G., and some Remarks on Newfoundland and the Navy by Lord Charles Beresford, C.B. (Grant Richards.)

MR. BECKLES WILLSON has done his work very well. The volume is written in a spirited journalese, and if it fails to stir up in the public heart an interest in Newfoundland—the Cinderella of the colonies, who, somewhat lean and ragged as yet, "sits patiently in her corner of a hemisphere"—then to stir up an interest is not within the power of merely terrestrial paper and print. It stirred us also to a restlessness that subsided only upon the timely recollection that we were neither versed in the art of cod-fishing nor patient of the hardships that beset the hunter of "swiles"; that we were not furnished with plant for the working of asbestos, nickel, iron, lead, or gold; that we were without practical experience as railway contractors or agriculturists. But, as matters stand for the moment, the quickest road to fortune would seem to run by way of French naturalisation and the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, ceded, in a fit of sleepy magnanimity, by a British Government to the French, and held by the latter with a tenacity of prideful sentiment that sticks at no sacrifice to secure prosperity for this remnant of the French empire in the New World. St. Pierre is the thorn in Cinderella's side. As a convenient centre of the smuggling interest it robs her of a large proportion of her revenue; by the aid of a wild system of bounties it undersells her fishermen in the open market; in virtue of concession after

concession its handful of inhabitants occupy a coastline of over five hundred miles, and so aggressively and so pertinaciously do they press their fishing rights as, in fact, to occupy the better half of the island. Of the inhabitants of Newfoundland Mr. Napier speaks as a hardy, simple, and intensely parochial-minded race, loyal to the core, primitive in their lives, and using a hybrid dialect of Scoto-Irish.

"THE VOYAGE OF BRAN."—Vol. II.: *The Celtic Doctrine of Re-birth*. By Alfred Nutt. (Grimm Library: David Nutt.)

THE first volume of this important folk-lore study, published a year or two ago, contained the text and a translation of the "Voyage of Bran" by Prof. Kuno Meyer, and an elaborate essay by Mr. Nutt upon the Irish conception of the "Happy Other-world." In the second instalment Mr. Nutt approaches the second mythical conception contained in the legend—that of the "Re-incarnation of Finn." After a careful discussion of this myth and of various Celtic parallels, he attempts to combine the results of his two lines of research in some speculations as to the nature of the primitive stratum of belief to which the legend bears evidence, and the way in which this stratum was modified—first, by the natural development of society; and, secondly, by the intrusive force of Christianity. The conclusions arrived at are further enforced by comparison with the mythology of that Aryan people which Mr. Nutt believes to have most affinities with the Celts—the Greeks—and also by comparison with the living fairy belief of the modern Irish. Mr. Nutt deals with much highly speculative matter, through which only a specialist could with safety follow him. But, if you think him at times a little rash in his inferences, he is always ingenious and frequently convincing. Whether the main structure of his theory meets with ultimate acceptance or not, the incidental discussions, in which the book is so rich, will certainly long remain of the utmost value to every student of folk-lore.

*The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men*. By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE author of this budget prints on his title-page these words of Lord Beaconsfield: "The world has always been fond of personal details respecting men who have been celebrated." That is frank, and not less so is the prefatory remark: "Shelley's amours, for instance, are known to many who have never read even his 'Ode to the Skylark.'" The question, "Should Authors Marry?" is considered in one chapter, and a delicious title is "The Love Affairs of Prose Writers, Continued." We like the story of Mrs. Scott on which our glance falls. Jeffrey dined with the Scotts on the very day that he had "slated" "Marmion." Mrs. Scott was all politeness until Jeffrey left, when she fired this shot at him: "Well, good night, Mr. Jeffrey, dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

*Hawthorne's First Diary*. Edited by Samuel T. Pickard. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

WE have rarely seen a more flagrant piece of unnecessary bookmaking than confronts us here. The volume consists of 115 pages, of which the extracts from the journal occupy fewer than fifty. The rest is Mr. Pickard, who offers us dull facts about the boy Hawthorne's associates, and a mass of totally superfluous information. When we add that the diary itself is incomplete, that its genuineness is doubted, and that Mr. Julian Hawthorne declined to "inflict it on the reader" in his Life of his father, we have said enough.

*My Fourth Tour in Western Australia*. By Albert F. Calvert. (W. Heinemann.)

"It is not without considerable misgivings that I venture," says the author, "to place before the public another volume upon Western Australia." "My hesitation," he adds, "in the present instance arises not from fear of arousing dormant hostilities, but solely out of consideration for my friends." When we say that Mr. Calvert's book weighs 5lbs. 2oz., his reluctance will be understood. The volume contributes nothing to literature.

*Old Samoa*. By the Rev. John B. Stair. (R. T. S.)

THE full title is longer—*Old Samoa; or, Flotsam and Jetsam from the Pacific Ocean*—and there is an introduction by the Bishop of Ballarat. Mr. Stair's researches among the customs and myths of Samoa were made in pre-Stevensonian days. Few amateur ethnologists are more engaging than he.

*Guide to South Africa*. (Sampson Low.)

THIS hand-book has an interest for the adventurous Englishman, for it annually affords a very complete view, in a compressed form, of the history, topography, commercial conditions, and opportunities for settling and for sport in South Africa. It is a book which may well bring home to untravelled persons the magnitude and complexity of our possessions and interests in that part of the world.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

*Mansfield Park*. By Jane Austen. (Macmillan & Co.)

WITH *Mansfield Park* Messrs. Macmillan's reprints of Jane Austen's works (saving only two fragments, of which Messrs. Bentley hold the copyright) are complete. Five out of the six novels have been illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, whose drawings are found in the volume before us. They are delightful little pen-pictures with not an unclean line in them all, and they will recommend the novels to many. But we do not think that those who are sealed of the tribe of Jane Austen want her stories illustrated. Who that knows Ann Elliot can accept any presentment of her, however well conceived? Jane Austen's art cannot be aided.

*Newton Forster*. By Capt. Marryat. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. DAVID HANNAY's knowledge of Capt. Marryat and his books is encyclopaedic.

He now edits *Newton Forster*, one of the least read of Marryat's books. This story appeared in 1832, and, says Mr. Hannay, "belongs to his first period of freedom on shore, and it must be acknowledged to be none the better on that account." Indeed, Marryat told his reader flippantly in his preface: "You may understand that I continue to write, as Tony Lumpkin says, not to please my good-natured friends, but because I can't bear to disappoint myself." Writing in this mood Capt. Marryat produced a book which added nothing to his fame. Posterity generously reprints it, but with the warning: "The reader must skip freely." Mr. E. J. Sullivan illustrates the book well.

"TEMPLE CLASSICS."—*The Critic*. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

MESSRS. DENT's series goes rippling on, and now we have Sheridan's *Critic*, with an introduction by Mr. George A. Aitken. "There is the usual story of Sheridan's procrastination," says Mr. Aitken. "Two days before the play was to be produced the last scene was unfinished, and it was only by inveigling Sheridan into the green-room, where there was a fire, wine and supper, stationery, and the incomplete MS., and then locking him in, that he was brought to finish the work."

*Selections from the Works of De Quincey* (Simpkin Marshall.)

DE QUINCEY is an author who may properly be presented in extracts. No one wants all that he wrote; many people want a little. In this "Selection," the choice of pieces is good, though we should have substituted the story of "The Avenger," complete, for a fragment of "The Spanish Military Nun." Among the other pieces are "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts" and "From the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." By the way, the English of the unsigned introduction to this volume would have driven De Quincey, who had the sense of words, to take an abnormally large dose of his drug.

*The Book of Common Prayer*. With Historical Notes by Rev. Jas. Cornford, M.A.

A PRAYER BOOK, which is more suitable for home reading than for Church use, is issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode. It is a Prayer Book and a history of the Prayer Book in one, the historical matter being supplied by the editor. Chronological tables and texts of Acts of Parliament, including the Act of Uniformity, are given.

#### NOVELS REDRESSED.

NEW editions, each in single-volume form, reach us of Mr. Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio* (Macmillan & Co.), Mr. H. Seton Merriman's *The Grey Lady* (Smith, Elder & Co.), Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella* (Smith, Elder & Co.), Mr. F. W. Robinson's *Young Nim* (Hurst & Blackett), M. Zola's *L'Assommoir*, which now figures in Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's new translation as *The Dram-Shop* (Chatto & Windus), and Surtees's *Handley Cross*, with Leech's illustrations, in two volumes (Lawrence & Bullen).



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

WE repeat that novel readers cannot complain that their wants are overlooked. Twenty-four new works of fiction have come under our notice during the past week. They are catalogued below. May the authors of them meet with their deserts!

#### THE BETH BOOK.

BY SARAH GRAND.

To-day Mme. Sarah Grand breaks a four years' silence. Beth (Father liked Elizabeth—Mother preferred the diminutive—Mother won) was a woman of genius—at least, so the title-page says. She was also a handful, judging from a cursory glance through the many, many closely printed pages. The forepart of the book contains no fewer than three instalments of Great Thoughts—one is from Emerson, and this is the last sentence: "Women are the best index of the coming hour." How the heart of the author of *The Beth Book* must have glowed when that Great Thought met her. To end—"Beth was a fine instrument, sensitive to touch, and a woman with a wide range"—and so on. (Heinemann. 527 pp. 6s.)

#### CORLEONE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

A rarity nowadays—a two-volume novel. Readers who remember *Sant' Ilario* and *Saracinesca* are bound, if they were interested in those stories, to read *Corleone*, for it is by way of being a sequel. Mr. Crawford's last novel touched divorce rather heavily: here he is his romantic self again and in Sicily. (Macmillan & Co. 336 and 341 pp. 12s.)

#### A FIERY ORDEAL.

BY "TASMA."

This is a story of an unhappy marriage, with a Tasmanian background, by the lady whose real name was Mme. Auguste Couvreur, and whose death on the 23rd ult. has been generally noticed. James Fenton, the drunken, feckless tenant of a little dairy farm at Tarooma, must meet a bill promptly or go under, and he has taken it into his head that only his wife can soften the heart of his creditor. Will she go? She does, and on the way meets by accident the money-lender's son, with whom she is instantly in sympathy. Tired of her husband and tired of Tarooma, Ruth Fenton is yet a loyal woman; and in her conflict and its issue lies the story. (Richard Bentley & Son. 350 pp. 6s.)

#### THE SINNER.

BY "RITA."

Those who like what is pleasant rather than what is probable will enjoy the opening chapters of this story. The patient and hospital nurse situation is worked again for all it is worth; and the rich uncle from Colorado arrives in the nick of time. In its later chapters the story becomes sensational and painful. Indeed, it concerns the poisoning by a doctor of his wife. Nellie Nugent, the pretty heroine, is his wife's nurse, and her observations of what goes on occupy many chapters. (Hutchinson & Co. 357 pp. 6s.)

#### THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

Six short stories, with Sheriff Wickliff—"a plain man who tried to do his duty"—as the hero of each. He does a good deal more than his duty by Joe Paisley, a young scapegrace, whose gaoler he is. Wickliff believes there is "such a thing as clubbing a man half-way decent," and he means to return the young fellow to his mother so transformed that she shall never know that he has disgraced his record at the Sunday-school. Joe dies in the gaol, and in the arms of his mother, who is saved all knowledge of the truth by the Sheriff's noble lies and deceptions. (Harper & Brothers. 248 pp.)

#### THE THREE DISGRACES.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

After the title may be observed a little "Etc.," which will baulk readers of the expected long story by the too reticent author of *Dear Lady Disdain* and *Miss Misanthrope*. Compared with these studies in flippant femininity, what is *A History of our own Times*? The volume before us consists of six short stories—quiet, urbane, and softly frivolous. They are very slight, hardly more than an hour's reading. (Chatto & Windus. 250 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### FOR LOVE OF A BEDOUIN MAID.

BY LE VOLEUR.

This story comes at the back of the Napoleon revival, of which, for English people, the most interesting development was "Madame Sans-Gêne." Once quit of the introduction, which tells the old story of the discovered MS., we plump direct upon the City of Paris in the year 1797, and the story breaks off just after Waterloo. It is full of movement and sensation—indeed, to serious historians of the period it may be rather too startling. The author's name suggests plagiarism; but we find none. There are pictures. (Hutchinson & Co. 444 pp. 6s.)

#### TALES FROM THE VELD.

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Mr. Glanville has written in *The Fossicker* a romance of Mashonaland. Here, again, South Africa provides a background. "Old Abe" is a character—"one of those men who would walk ten miles to set a trap without a murmur, while he thought himself badly used if he were called upon to hoe a row in the mealie-field." Such men are born to talk and to exaggerate, and Abe does both consummately. His story of the baboon that lit the fire, plucked a fowl, and put it in the pot is typical, as also his yarn of the snake that poisoned a tree with its bite. The author professes to give, with due deductions for Abe's gift of imagination, a faithful picture of a tract of country rich in incidents of warfare and full of Kaffir folk-lore. (Chatto & Windus. 305 pp.)

#### STORIES AND PLAY STORIES.

BY VIOLET HUNT, AND OTHERS.

This volume contains about twenty short stories, reprinted from *Chapman's Magazine*. They do not call for other remark than that they are bright "society" or country-life stories by such writers as the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, Lady Ridley, Mr. Joseph Strange, and Mr. Bulkeley Cresswell. (Chapman & Hall. 304 pp. 6s.)

#### UNDER THE DRAGON THRONE.

BY L. T. MEADE AND  
ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

At a time when two Chinese plays are running in London, these stories should find readers. They sketch the lives of English men and women in Chinese treaty ports, and inland. The first, "Richard Maitland, Consul," is concerned with the strange adventures and perils which befell that gentleman at the inland port of Ch'angyang. The juxtaposition of English and Chinese characters is piquant. (Gardner, Darton & Co. 297 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN ROYSTON.

BY W. G. WRIGHTSON.

This is history tickled into fiction. Mr. Wrightson is descended from an old Teesdale family, and in an introductory chapter he shows us to his old house, his old furniture, his bundle of wills and marriage settlements, and packets of letters reaching back into the times of the Civil War. It is to the Civil War that the story belongs, and Charles I., and Laud, and Strafford, and Montrose, and Vane, and Fairfax, are introduced. The story is but history as it affects the Roystons; but there is plenty of clever characterisation and dialogue, and the book is an interesting product of the North-country. (Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson, Swan & Morgan. 408 pp.)



## THE BARN STORMERS.

By C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The title gives us the subject—strolling-players. The little company toured in America. The humours of their life are told with vivacity, and the central figure, Monica, has much charm. The sentimental part of the story is less persuasive: millionaires, however, even while one disbelieves in them, are always attractive, and there is a good but love-sick one here. The book is bright and brisk. (Hutchinson & Co. 354 pp. 6s.)

## A SINLESS SINNER.

By MARY H. TENNYSON.

Miss Tennyson has written *A Cruel Dilemma*, and other stories. We hope they have less to do with cruelty and dilemmas than this one. We are introduced to a wretched family, in which the question of prolonging the life of one out of four children by sending the child to Dover breeds bitter disagreement between father and mother. The developments are such that we shudder to look through the story. We do not think that the poisoning of a little girl by her sister, even in a warped state of mind, is an incident which a writer, not being a genius, ought to approach. (John Macqueen. 396 pp.)

## MADEMOISELLE BAYARD.

By JOHN AUDLEY.

An incredibly silly story of a lost diamond necklace. (The Roxburghe Press. 204 pp. 2s. 6d.)

## IN YEARS OF TRANSITION.

By SAMUEL GORDON.

The story of Camille Clairmont, a young fellow starting life in Paris without a sou or a friend; with nothing but a brave, sound heart, that even the pickpockets among whom he fell, and the stone-breakers with whom he worked, could appreciate. The descriptions of low life in Paris are strong without being coarse; and the writing is excellent. The incident, for instance, of Camille's attempt to kill a calf for his second employer, a butcher, and his vanquishment when the animal eyed him, is not overdone by a word. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 364 pp. 6s.)

## A LIMITED SUCCESS.

By SARAH PITT.

The story of a young Dissenting minister, the Rev. Oswald Trent, who is newly promoted to a rich chapel and is entering a more brilliant social circle, dragging the dead weight of a respectable but commonplace engagement. Kate Craven, the daughter of Craven, M.P., of Cotchester, is a very different style of young woman from Alice Chadwick, the daughter of Trent's former landlady at Millgate. The story lies in that difference. And, for relief, what better than Trent's sister, just widowed, and bringing home from the Antipodes a breezy wit and freedom of manner quite unsuitable in a minister's sister? In the end things get straightened out as much as they ever do in real life. (Cassell & Co. 332 pp. 6s.)

## THE CARSTAIRS OF CASTLE CRAIG.

By HENRY CARMICHAEL.

This book belongs to the Archive School of fiction, as it might be called; that is to say, it is a story based on a suppositious diary or MS. This particular work is described as "A Chronicle, edited from the Notes of John Ffoulke Carstairs, Esq." The Carstairs were Irish, but Mr. Henry Carmichael dates his preface from Richmond, Va. The story pivots on a will. An irascible major lends it piquancy. (Sampson Low & Co. 351 pp. 6s.)

## MARGARET FORSTER.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

A preface by Mrs. Sala tells the story of this novel. It was written by way of relaxation after more uncongenial work during the day; and the author donned a lounge jacket of velvet, faced with smart moiré silk, in which to write it. People who like Mr. Sala's roundabout methods and hesitancy in coming to the point will like *Margaret Forster*, which is a worthy successor to *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, *Quite Alone*, and *The Baddington Peerage*. (T. Fisher Unwin. 367 pp. 6s.)

## GEORGE STIRLING'S HERITAGE.

By MALCOLM STARK.

"A Story of Chequered Love" is the promising sub-title. All novels should, of course, be stories of chequered love. Also it is Scotch. "Oh, but love is bonnie," says some one. So it is. Some one else says, "Ah, it's no sic a bad world efter a'. When we think things are a' gaun wrang we are cheered by something that makes us think they're a' gaun richt." (Skeffington & Son. 316 pp. 6s.)

## A KNIGHT OF THE NETS.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

A quiet, pathetic story of fisher folk in Fife, by the author of *Jan Vedder's Wife*. Mrs. Barr has laid the scene of some recent stories in America: she here returns to Scotland. (Hutchinson & Co. 314 pp. 6s.)

## LIFE IN AFRIKANDERLAND.

By "Cios."

"Cios" hates England, and has learned English in order to be able to say so in this book, whereof part is fiction and part politics. Some would, no doubt, say it is all fiction. "Cios" says his account of the Raid is true in every particular, and the publishers say that the book will be useful. For ourselves, we cannot read a story with such chapter headings as "History à la Rhodes" and "The Folly of C. Leonard and His Clique." (Digby & Long. 274 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## THE AMERICAN COUSINS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

This story bears the sub-title, "A Story of Shakespeare's Country." Two young men—George and Beville Sheldrake, Virginia planters, and descendants of English Sheldrakes—are in the Stratford-on-Avon country, where they visit the old English stem of the family. Genealogy and love—the old world and the new—mingle in the Sheldrake country mansion, and the end is as it should be. (Digby & Long. 343 pp. 6s.)

## PASTE JEWELS.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"Seven tales of domestic woe" is the description which the author offers, and "They also serve who also stand and wait," a quotation from a greater John than himself, is Mr. Bangs's motto; all of which implies that the subjects of the stories are domestic servants. Mr. Bangs has some reputation in America for mild humour. (Harper & Brothers. 202 pp. 2s.)

## THE BLACK DISC.

By ALBERT LEE.

The frontispiece is significant. A Spanish nobleman and a lion are engaged in deadly combat in the background, while a Moorish maiden near by strikes an attitude of alarmed dismay. Underneath we read: "I plunged my sword into the lion's chest and reached his heart." The whole book is like this. (Digby & Long. 338 pp. 6s.)

## THE NOVEL OF ADVENTURE.

Whoever loves English letters must bewail the steady degeneration which the novel of adventure has undergone in the last decade or so. In its beginning the romantic movement was a natural reaction against the long domination of the novel of character and manners which, after being carried to brilliant heights by a succession of great writers—Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot—became flat and debased in the commonplace hands of Anthony Trollope, whose success would not have been possible save for the taste and tradition established by his illustrious forerunners. He possessed the negative merit of making revolt inevitable. The publication of *Treasure Island*, and shortly afterwards of *King Solomon's Mines*, opened a new epoch. From the day of their success a large proportion of our young writers have turned their minds to the production of what they are pleased to term romance, though not one in fifty of them is able to infuse the true romantic element into his sequence of crime and battle. The public, a little surfeited with bread-and-butter literature—perhaps, too, a little wearied of the long peace, and beginning to feel the glamour that time casts over war—has developed an enormous appetite for records of blood and adventure. Of this the purveyors seem determined to take full advantage. Of course, the great master of their craft is Alexander Dumas, and him they study and toil at and imitate with an astonishing fidelity. It seems impossible for them even to get away from his time and country.

Here is Mr. Hooper carrying his scene of action to the court of Louis Quatorze just as if never a novel had been worked out of that mine before. We do not say he is worse than his neighbours; on the contrary, the *Singer of Marly* (Methuen & Co.) is decidedly above the average. But a glance at some of its more obvious defects will illustrate the pitfalls into which the writer of any similar story is likely to fall. And, first of all, it is evident that, despite certain readings, of which we gladly acknowledge the evidence, Mr. Hooper's ideas are second or third hand. He has gone to Mr. Stanley Weyman

as Mr. Stanley Weyman went to Dumas, only as often happens he has not adapted with sufficient closeness. The *motif* of *The Singer* is that of *Under the Red Robe*. A ruffler in a tavern gets into trouble and disgrace tantamount to death, but extricates himself by engaging to perform a dastard's part to a woman. That was precisely the theme worked out in Mr. Weyman's story; but Mr. Weyman had skill enough to make his hero at the beginning a reckless, desperate gambler, scarcely himself cognisant of the little bit of good that was to develop and grow under the purifying influence of a woman's love. This is what Mr. Hooper has omitted; his hero is as heroic in the beginning as in the end, and thus the novel has no other interest save what is afforded by a series of improbable incidents. You may glance through it once as you glance through a list of cycling accidents in a morning paper, but no one reads twice an up-to-date novel of adventure.

Nor is it only in the main theme that the author is indebted to novelists. His secondary villain, a magnetising quack and astrologist, is a compound from other fiction. This is the more regrettable as history gives the period many individuals who might have suggested a really original character. Anthony Mesmer, it is true, was not yet born—the date of the story was 1697; but he and Heil and Gassner and Greatrakes (an Irishman born early in the seventeenth century) give us an idea of what the charlatan of the time was like. But Mr. Hooper appears to have gone to Scott's *Henbane* in the *Fair Maid of Perth* for a model, to Mr. Rider Haggard's *Cleopatra* for his hypnotism, and to the *Gentleman in Black* for at least one important scene. The charlatan's mysticism and his belief in the power of the will are altogether of later date.

We need scarcely proceed further with the dissection of this portion of the story. If so many novelists will persist in hunting the French court for material, it is obvious that they can live only by taking in one another's washing. But there is another defect, so characteristic of the school and so fatal to good work, that it demands some notice—this is the utter neglect of character-drawing in the recent novel of adventure. Yet it is by far the finest and most difficult part of a novelist's craft. If only puppets are used, a very poor inventive power is sufficient to produce any given number of brawls, accidents, duels, murders, seductions, and the like. But to achieve the great aim of imaginative work—that is to say, so to impose upon a reader that for him to open the pages of a novel is to enter a new world, and make the acquaintance of figures so real and life-like that he cannot believe they are other than actual men and women; for this there must be more than incident. To take what is perhaps the best of its class, it is not for the mere sword-play that we return and return again to *Quentin Durward*; it is because Quentin himself and his uncle, Louis and Burgundy, and the Wild Boar of Ardennes, are drawn so faithfully, and with such a perfect knowledge of human nature, that they are more real to us than the shadowy personages of grave history, and the clash of character against character and mind against mind is still more interesting than the best-conducted duel. Save for this broad and deep interest in humanity, the novel of adventure has no more command over attention than the newspaper account of a murder or a railway collision. Unfortunately, there is just now a huge uninstructed public that prefers a Sunday journal full of these horrors to the best literature, so that a series of crimes and accidents flung into the semblance of a story has always an audience to appeal to. It is a large field, and holds out a great temptation to those who will cater for it. But still education is progressing, and the grossest appetite may be nauseated; so that even if they disregard letters altogether, the new writers, as a mere matter of prudence and commercial wisdom, might consider whether it were not worth while to attempt something more difficult and deserving than the poor and ragged novel of adventure which is now the vogue. The pendulum of taste is for ever swinging. James Grant and G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth, and hosts of names well known in their day, are rotting and mouldering in provincial libraries. They were forsaken for Mrs. Henry Wood and Anthony Trollope, and now a new bread-and-butter novelist is nearly due. Will it not be well to take warning?

We have travelled away from *The Singer of Marly*, but, in good sooth, it would scarcely have been fair to visit on one the sins of an entire class. At some future time we hope to take a batch of such novels, and by synoptical tables show that the same poor mechanism is common to all.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME of our contemporaries have accused Mrs. McClure, the translator of Prof. Maspero's *Struggle of the Nations*, of taking liberties with the original in the interests of orthodoxy. The Secretary of the S.P.C.K. has therefore sent to the Press a statement of the case, as to which the reviewer who dealt with the book in these columns writes: "Mr. McClure has hardly bettered his case by his 'True Statement.' In a letter to the *Athenæum* of the 9th January he said: 'Mrs. McClure . . . was throughout in communication with Professor Maspero, without whose consent she did not venture to qualify any expression in the text.' But it now appears from the 'Statement' that some of the alterations were made not only without Professor Maspero's consent, but without his knowledge, and that he complained of them as 'not corresponding to his thought.' I still think, however, that the alterations are entirely without importance, and that they could deceive no one as to Professor Maspero's real views."

MR. HENLEY's long expected anthology, *English Lyrics*, is at last published. It covers, we observe, five centuries, ranging from Chaucer to Poe, and some four hundred and odd pieces lie between its covers. The motto is from FitzGerald: the Omar Khayyam quatrain beginning "A book of Verses underneath the Bough." Among the surprises will be found many excerpts from the Old Testament.

MR. HENLEY's theory of the lyric is contained in his comment upon the late Mr. Palgrave's definition of a lyric as a poem which turns upon "some single thought, feeling, or situation." "I would rather say," adds Mr. Henley, "that unless

'thought,' and 'feeling,' and 'situation' are all single, and are all present, and so present that in the final result 'feeling' shall oblige us to forget the others, or at least to consider them as chiefly essential to its triumphing expression, that result is not a lyric." The preface is exceedingly interesting, but the type is pitifully small.

WE understand that Mr. Henley's essay on the genius of Robert Burns, which is printed at the end of the edition of the poet prepared by that critic and Mr. Henderson, will be issued separately in book form.

PARIS is much excited over *Amitié Amoureuse* and its supposed connexion with Maupassant. Hurried readers have stated emphatically that Philippe de Luz, the correspondent of Denise, is the novelist himself, although, had they looked more closely, they would have found good reasons for stating him not to be so. The result of this verdict has been the advertisement of the book as the "Love-Letters of Maupassant," and a vogue which it might not otherwise have attained, despite its cleverness. The truth—at any rate for English readers—is, however, now made clear by a letter to the *Bookman* from Mr. Benjamin Swift, who has the best authority for what he states; and whose story of the book is a curious corroboration of the theory of Mr. L. F. Austin, enunciated in the current *Sketch*. The author of *Amitié Amoureuse*, says Mr. Swift, is a lady known to him, and the work is pure fiction. This lady denies the rumour that many of Maupassant's phrases have been incorporated in Philippe's letters, which is a point that, had she not stated the case so firmly, a little study would make clear at once. So, for us, the matter ends.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE, whose voice is now too seldom heard, contributes to *Last Studies* by the late Hubert Crackanthorpe the following beautiful elegiac stanzas:

"Hubert, who loved the country and the town,  
Has left his friends; and England sees no more

The young slight figure musing on the down,  
Nor France his quiet eyes, that o'er and o'er  
Travelled her landscape, shaping it well.

"His joys were there, but pity for mankind  
Drew him where surging cities moved his soul:

He wrote of men and women, wrecked, and pined  
With bitter sorrow; and the misery stole  
Into his life till he bade life farewell.

"Pity he could not stay, for he was true,  
Tender and chivalrous, and without spot;  
Loving things great and good, and love like dew

Fell from his heart on those that loved him not;  
But those who loved him knew that he loved well.

"Too rough his sea, too dark its angry tides!  
Things of a day are we; shadows that move

The lands of shadow; but, where he abides,  
Time is no more; and that great substance, Love,  
Is shadowless. And yet, we grieve.  
Farewell."

THE Kelmscott Press books were often in themselves lovely; but very rarely has a publisher, imitating the late Mr. Morris's conventions, succeeded in producing a thing of beauty. The latest example of decorative publishing is Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, for which Mr. Walter Crane has designed pictures and borders, and which Messrs. Harper & Brothers issue. It strikes us as a piece of ill-considered book-making. The first essential of a book, whether decorative or not, is that it should be legible. The text's the thing. We defy anyone to read Spenser in Mr. Crane's edition without tiring, and possibly injuring, his eyes. The page is a bewildering mass of dazzling type and border, and this being the case the pictures are beside the mark.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has passed through the press a small volume entitled *Various Fragments*. It will be issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate as soon as the American edition is ready.

IN reply to rumours stating that the health of Count Tolstoi is in a seriously low condition, a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, who has authority for his remarks, states that, beyond suffering from a tumour in the cheek, the novelist is comparatively well. Count Tolstoi, it seems, is now engaged on a study of the true nature of art.

MARK TWAIN contributes to the *Century* a kindly tribute to the work of the late James Hammond Trumbull, the American scholar, who was his neighbour at Hartford. The following amusing story is told by the humorist in proof of Dr. Trumbull's erudition:

"I asked him a question once myself about twenty years ago. I remember it yet—vividly. His answer exhibited in a striking way his two specialities—the immensity of his learning, and the generous fashion in which he lavished that and his time and labour gratis upon the ignorant needy. I was summering somewhere away from home, and one day I had a new idea—a *motif* for a drama. I was enchanted with the felicity of the conception—I might say intoxicated with it. It seemed to me that no idea was ever so exquisite, so beautiful, so freighted with wonderful possibilities. I believed that when I should get it fittingly dressed out in the right dramatic clothes it would not only delight the world, but astonish it. Then came a stealthy, searching, disagreeable little chill: what if the idea was not new, after all? Trumbull would know. I wrote him some cold, calm, indifferent words out of a heart that was sweltering with anxiety, mentioning my idea, and asking him in a casual way if it had ever been used in a play. His answer covered six pages, written in his fine and graceful hand—six pages of titles of plays in which the idea had been used, the date of each piracy appended, also the country and language in which the felony had been committed. The theft of my idea had been consummated two hundred and sixty-eight times. The latest instance mentioned was English, and not yet three years old; the earliest had electrified China eight hundred years before Christ. Dr. Trumbull added in a foot-note that his list was not complete, since it furnished only the modern instances; but that if I wished it he would go back to early times. I do not remember the exact words I said about the early times in my

answer, but it is not material; they indicated the absence of lust in that direction. I did not write the play."

THE American papers give a concise and not unkind nor over-smart description of Mr. Bryce, who is now visiting their country. He is described as of middle height and middle weight, with a good head and a sharp eye, and the bearing of a man who thinks more of his subject than of himself.

WHEN, it has been asked again and again, will Mr. Lang write his great book, his *magnum opus*? Why he should do so we have no notion, considering how diverting his occasional pieces are; but the question is familiar. In an article on bookselling in *Chapman's Magazine*, Mr. Lang himself offers the best answer: "*Moi qui parle*, I could no more live (comfortably) by writing new books than the booksellers can live by selling them. I have to sell fal-lals—articles, essays, miscellaneous hack-work—but I like that commerce of all things."

THE November number of the *Genealogical Magazine*—a particularly well-produced periodical, by the way—has some interesting contents. Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a letter on "Stuart Pretenders," with the characteristic opening sentence: "The 'Milne Boyd Stuarts,' claiming through a daughter of Charles Edward, are a new species to me." The descent of Lord Nelson from Edward III. is set forth in a genealogical tree.

*The Antiquary*, a magazine appealing to a similar class of readers, has no popular article this month; but there is a useful epitome of the regulations adopted in various foreign countries for the preservation of ancient buildings. Taking the view that the rebuilding of the west front of St. Petersburg Cathedral was an act of "vandalism," the editor advocates that we should import such regulations from the Continent as would make crimes of "restoration" impossible in the future. In Prussia a proposal to restore or rebuild an ancient building must be referred to higher powers than those immediately concerned in the work; and in Bavaria "stringent and admirable legislation has existed for many years."

*The Alphabet* by Mr. William Nicholson, which has just been published by Mr. Heinemann, is indeed a delight. Rarely does a young modern artist break such a triumphant path for himself as Mr. Nicholson has done. It is a slim quarto volume, and contains twenty-six character studies—a study to each letter of the alphabet. The figures are lithographed in three or four colours upon a ground resembling brown paper, which is always the foundation of Mr. Nicholson's work when he practises as one of the Beggarstaff Brothers. But black—fine, rich, dominant black—is the note of his work. He refrains from accessories or half-tints. His line is clean, his characterisation vivid and resolute, his composition artful, and his method forcible. In its way, this *Alphabet* is quite an epoch-making book.

WE do not wish to be flippant on a serious subject, but we must confess to having found a little book, entitled *When Thou Prayest*, rather amusing. This is a manual of suggestions for daily prayer, compiled for the use of young communicants by the Rev. W. Hewetson, and prefaced by the Bishop of Coventry. The body of the work is not matter for comment; but a little list of subjects for intercession, arranged alphabetically, invites it. Herein we find:

Actors.	Jews.	Policemen.
Authors.	Mohammedans.	Postmen.
Bishops.	Navvies.	Press, The.
Cabmen.	Parliament.	Relatives.

Reviewers are omitted. No set form of prayer is given.

AN interview with Mr. Zangwill reveals the nature of the book upon which he is now engaged. "In the book upon which I am working at present," he said, "I am giving a character-sketch of Heine, which I find rather difficult. If I give his portrait in his own words—and even that requires great literary skill—well, then, I have no opportunity of showing myself; but if I give a picture in my own words it will be incomplete. You see my difficulties!" Will it cheer Mr. Zangwill in his dilemma to remind him that a provincial reviewer said ecstatically of the *Children of the Ghetto*, "It is Charles Dickens writing with the pen of Heinrich Heine"?

ADMIRERS of that accomplished critic and divine, the late Dean Church, will be glad to hear that a cheaper edition of the *Life and Letters*, compiled two or three years ago by his daughter, may now be bought. Messrs. Macmillan have just added the book to their delightful "Eversley" Series, in which the Dean's various biographies and essays are also to be found.

WHAT little literary activity has ever been shown in British Guiana is now, it seems, to be checked. For some twenty years past the colony has produced a half-yearly magazine entitled *Tinehri* (which is the Aboriginal Indian term for the primitive picture-writings found in that part of the continent), the editors of which have been successively Messrs. Im Thurn, Quelch, and Rodway, some of their chief contributors being Messrs. Kerke, Jenman, Nichols, and Prof. J. B. Harrison. The expenses were borne by the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana, but now, owing to the grave condition of the sugar industry, this support is to cease, and the magazine will end with the December number.

THE sale of the late Mr. Henry George's principal work, *Progress and Poverty*, was large in this country. Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. issued 65,000 copies of the more expensive edition and 110,000 copies in the shilling form.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK will publish immediately a new anthology, entitled *To Be Had In Remembrance*, compiled by Miss A. E. Chance, and illustrated.

## AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

### A SUGGESTED LIST OF FORTY NAMES.

#### AWARDS TO AUTHORS.

THE following list of suggested members for an ACADEMY OF LETTERS is based upon a consensus of opinions gathered from the staff of this journal. Whether English literature is served or hindered by the official existence of such an Institution need not now be discussed. Our immediate concern is to invite correspondence on the composition of this list, and to announce that arrangements are now in progress by which, in connexion with the ACADEMY OF LETTERS, a book of signal merit shall be "crowned" each year. The author of the work will receive an award from this journal of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS. We have also in contemplation the "crowning" of a book each year by an author of younger reputation, to whom we shall make an award of FIFTY GUINEAS. The final list of Academicians will be printed in an early issue, when we shall also enter into further particulars. Meanwhile we invite the opinions of our readers on the names printed below:

John Ruskin.	W. E. H. Lecky.
W. E. Gladstone.	S. R. Gardiner.
Herbert Spencer.	Bishop Creighton.
Duke of Argyll.	Bishop Stubbs.
A. C. Swinburne.	Rev. Aidan Gasquet.
George Meredith.	W. E. Henley.
John Morley.	Andrew Lang.
Thomas Hardy.	William Archer.
James Bryce.	H. D. Traill.
Sir G. O. Trevelyan.	Edmund Gosse.
Leslie Stephen.	Mrs. Meynell.
George Macdonald.	Mrs. Humphry Ward.
R. D. Blackmore.	Francis Thompson.
Rudyard Kipling.	W. B. Yeats.
Aubrey de Vere.	Henry James.
R. C. Jebb.	Austin Dobson.
Dr. Salmon.	J. M. Barrie.
W. W. Skeat.	A. W. Pinero.
Dr. J. A. H. Murray.	W. S. Gilbert.
W. P. Ker.	"Lewis Carroll."



## T. E. BROWN.

## A EULOGY.

THE death of the Rev. T. E. Brown removes from the slender ranks of modern poets the strongest, cleanest singer of them all. By the few who know and love his verses the loss will be deemed irreparable, so resolute and clear-sighted was he, so straightforward and joyous. He was one of the writers who not only write, but do. He lived very keenly, and his verse reflects his actual life, instead of being, as often happens, merely a dream of what the author would have that life to be. Trials came, but he made the best of them. Friends died, and forthwith he sent across the void a brave greeting to them in heaven. Yet he had none of the arrogance of the exultant optimist. He was filled with humility, and the gentlest, most understanding pity. He offered no new system of philosophy, and he made no discoveries that have not been common-places for centuries. What he did, with all the strength that was in him and in his own characteristic way, was to lay emphasis on the goodness of the marrow of life, and plead for charity in men's dealings with men. His poetry is the poetry of a strong and tender and reverent man, whose piety was as simple as that of George Herbert, and whose literary art and power over words were of the highest.

Mr. Brown's poetry was divided between long stories in the Manx dialect and personal lyrics and elegiacs. The stories are to be found in *Betsey Lee*, *Fo'c's'le Yarns*, *The Manx Witch*, and *The Doctor*; the shorter poems are in *Old John* and in recent numbers of the *New Review*. Mr. Brown turned to verse only when he had something which he wished to say in that form. His most beautiful personal poems were the outlet of private grief. He was also a fine critic, fearless and sympathetic. He knew what he liked and why he liked it. This clearness of intellect marked him.

A clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Brown was also pantheist to the core. "Cleave the wood and there am I, lift the stone and I am there"—the newly discovered saying of Christ—was said again and again in his own words by this wise and simple seer. He said it in "My Garden":

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot—  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contends that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

He said it in the sixth lyric of the Clevedon sequence:

"What moves at Cardiff, how a man  
At Newport ends the day as he began;  
At Weston what adventure may befall,  
What Bristol dreams, or if she dreams at all,  
Upon the pier, with steps sedate,  
I meditate—  
Poor souls! whose God is Mammon.  
Meanwhile, from Ocean's gate  
Keen for the foaming spate,  
The true God rushes in the salmon."

He said it, but less directly, in the following glowing, kindling lyric of the spring:

"Sweet breeze that sett'st the summer buds  
a-swaying,  
Dear lambs amid the primrose meadows  
playing:  
Let me not think!  
O floods up'n whose brink  
The merry birds are maying,  
Dream, softly dream! O blessed mother, lead  
me!  
Unsevered from thy girdle—lead me! feed  
me  
I have no will but thine;  
I need not but the juice  
Of elemental wine—  
Perish remoter use  
Of strength reserved for conflict yet to come!  
Let me be dumb,  
As long as I may feel thy hand—  
This, this is all—do ye not understand  
How the great Mother mixes all our bloods?  
O breeze! O swaying buds!  
O lambs, O primroses, O floods!

Yet, even with this valiant creed at his back, all things were not revealed to him. Strong and confident though he was, he could on occasion stand aside and confront God squarely. In the "Clevedon Verses" we find this indictment, prompted by the death of a little son:

"She knelt upon her brother's grave,  
My little girl of six years old—  
He used to be so good and brave,  
The sweetest lamb of all our fold;  
He used to shout, he used to sing,  
Of all our tribe the little king—  
And so unto the turf her ear she laid,  
To hark if still in that dark place he played.  
"No sound! no sound!  
Death's silence was profound;  
And horror crept  
Into her aching heart, and Dora wept.  
If this is as it ought to be,  
My God, I leave it unto Thee."

This is the terrible irony of a bereaved father. In the main, it is true, Mr. Brown compelled every bitter thing to yield something of sweet; but not always was it possible. Here, for example, is a piteous sonnet on one of the saddest subjects in all the world. Addressing a street-walker, the poet says:

"You might have been as lovely as the dawn,  
Had household sweetness nurtured you, and  
arts  
Domestic, and the strength which love im-  
parts  
To lowliness, and chastened ardour drawn  
From vital sap that burgeons in the brawn  
Around the dreadful arms of Hercules,  
And shapes the curvature of Dian's knees,  
And has its course in lilies of the lawn.  
Even now your flesh is soft and full, defaced  
Although it be, and bruised. Unblurched  
your eyes  
Meet mine, as misinterpreting their call,  
Then sink, reluctant forced to recognise  
That there are men whose look is not un-  
chaste—  
O God! the pain! the horror of it all!"

Mr. Brown had a controlling love of children. He had other passions too—

"O God of Heaven!  
These are thy gifts, to all thy creatures given—  
Love, laughter, light."

So he wrote. The poet had them all. Light was his pre-eminently: he stood ever in the full glare. The joy of the open air

pulsed in him. One gets the impression that he wrote always out of doors. Great forces attracted him: the illimitable sea, the generating sun, forgiveness, benevolence. He knew the sea as a comrade, and his poems abound in wonderful hints of it and aspirations for it. In "Star Steering" he cries:

"But, oh, the gladness of the outer sea!  
O Venus! Mars!  
When shall I steer by you again, O stars!"

And the following scrap of impressionist description is from a piece called "The Bristol Channel":

"The sulky gray old brute!  
But when the sunset strokes him,  
Or twilight shadows coax him,  
He gets so silver milky.  
He turns so soft and silky,  
He'd make a water-spaniel for King Knut."

Mr. Brown was a northerner by birth, but he settled early in the west—he was master at Clifton for nearly twenty years, and at Gloucester before that,—and the west crept into his nature. Although his heart, however, was ever in the Isle of Man, the West-country may claim half of him for her own, if she cares to, and add his name to those of William Barnes and Stephen Hawker—a noble trio of humane, singing divines. We learn Mr. Brown's favourite scenery from the beautiful "Epistola ad Dakyns" which begins thus:

"Dakyns, when I am dead,  
Three places must by you be visited,  
Three places excellent,  
Where you may ponder what I meant,  
And then pass on—  
Three places you must visit when I'm gone."

"Yes, meant, not did, old friend!  
For neither you nor I shall see the end,  
And do the thing we wanted:  
Nathless three places will be haunted  
By what of me  
The earth and air  
Shall spare,  
And fire and sea  
Let be—  
Three places only,  
Three places, Dakyns."

The first place is by Avon's side; the second is beneath Skiddaw; the third is the little island of Man. That is his strongest love: he will merge, he says, into the island's organic life. Something of the same effect is communicated by the stirring lyric "Clifton":

"I'm here in Clifton, grinding at the mill  
My feet for thrice nine barren years have  
trod,  
But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,  
And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank  
God!"

"Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,  
I step, and square my shoulders with the  
squad,  
But there are blackberries on old Barrule,  
And Langness has its heather still—thank  
God!"

"There is no silence here: the truculent  
quack  
Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod,  
And, if I stop them, fumes: but there's no  
lack  
Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God!"

"Pragmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it  
With measured phrase that asks the  
assenting nod;  
I rise, and say the bitter thing, and hate it,  
But Wordsworth's castle's still at Peel—  
thank God!"

"Oh, broken life! Oh, wretched bits of being,  
Unrhythmic patched, the even and the odd!  
But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,  
And thunder in her caves—thank God!  
thank God!"

The Isle of Man is, of course, the scene of the "Fo'c's'le yarns." The form of these stories of lowly life is rough, the language is racy idiomatic, the rhyming of the simplest, but there is much concealed art in the telling, and the knowledge of human nature exhibited therein is profound. We have no space left in which to quote, nor are passages easily detached; but readers who are not acquainted with these moving little dramas should make good the defect. There is waiting for them much rich humour and rare humanity. The old "Pazon" is not to be forgotten, for kindlier man does not illumine fiction. And once Tom Baynes and the doctor insinuate themselves into the affections, they will not be dislodged. Mr. Brown made everything secondary to the human interest—another instance of his humility; he abstained from all fine writing, all literary epithet, in order that nothing might stand between the reader and the simple virtues of his beloved islanders.

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

AFTER the arts of war it is well to be reminded of the arts of peace, and the splendid illustrated edition of M. Demetrius Bikélas' *Greek Tales* which the firm of Didot have just issued comes appropriately in the lull of national calamities. It is not at so tardy an hour that we have to praise the late Marquis Gueux de Sainte-Hilaire's most perfect rendering in French of those exquisite little pictures of national life, which M. Bikélas has drawn so humorously and so delicately. The illustrations are beautiful, especially those of the Greek artist Gyzis, who illustrates that poignant little masterpiece *Philippe Marthas*. All the artists are Greek, and each one follows his fancy in a separate tale—the Count of Giallina, MM. Gyzis, Jacobides, Lybrai, Phocas, Ralli, and Rigo. Never was author more brilliantly interpreted by his collaborators of the pencil. And to say that the drawings are worthy of the text is, indeed, saying much, for it would be difficult to treat the short story in a more polished, dainty, academical, and highly finished manner than that of M. Bikélas.

The pity one feels on reading this volume is that the author, so perfectly fashioned by the temper and quality of his distinguished talent for prolonged triumphs in this restricted branch of literature, by the fineness and subtlety of his observation and the quiet grace of his irony, should have scattered his remarkable abilities over so many various other works and pre-occupations instead of reserving himself for narrower and more concentrated achievement. M.

Bikélas, as an artist, was destined for the delicate and scrupulous portrayal of scenes in which every stroke of pen is conscientiously considered, in a style which has no tendency whatever to eloquence or redundancy; sober, cultivated, with just enough irony to give piquancy to the marked tenderness, humour to brighten the exceeding grace; and while he is ever careful to preserve the necessary local colour, he is no less careful to tone this colour with such art and suggestiveness as to keep his subjects well within the broad radius of common humanity, and so afford his translator the occasion to present material which looks quite at home and simple and fresh in its transposition. The tales read as if they had been written in French, and as if French were their natural setting. *Les Nouvelles Grecques* is a very beautiful and desirable gift-book, superbly mounted.

*La Proie*, by M. Henri Béranger, is quite a new departure in the monotonous field of latter-day French fiction. A slip backward is often a slip forward, and, if the younger novelists would only from time to time consult Balzac to keep in mind the obvious truth that the interests and features of life are varied, they may even end by forgetting the eternal theme of the moment. M. Béranger has shaken himself free of the boudoir chair, and declined to breathe the restricted atmosphere of existing art; he has the originality to discover that fiction is not comprised of a single element and the usual three persons of the drama, and the result is an extremely strong and interesting novel, with actually, Mighty Powers! a young girl for heroine. Yet not quite a young girl. Here, again, is a typical illustration of our change of point of view. This does not come from Balzac, but is born of the hour. In Balzac's time the young girl of France was still a pensive and amiable maid in the inevitable teens. Seventeen, we know, was Thackeray's age of predilection. Towards twenty-five Balzac transformed the heroine into the *femme incomprise*. But neither Thackeray nor Balzac would have regarded an unmarried woman of twenty-six as a young girl. This M. Béranger does to his honour. Not so long ago our own male novelists would have depicted M. Béranger's noble and charming Marcelle as a husband-hunting disappointed old maid. Even here in the fashionable novel of Gyp she would be little better—hard, evil-tongued, bitter-natured. But in fresher hands, she remains young, disinterested, declining titled and wealthy husbands, resolved to remain unmated, to the despair of her parents and friends, until she meets the mate of her heart or at least, a husband worthy of interest. The man she chooses, at twenty-six, is a poor enough figure, but his past is relatively clean, he has loved no other woman yet, and, as far as the sterile political atmosphere he breathes permits of honest feeling, he really loves her. Their marriage is, in French fiction, a stupendous innovation; a love marriage on both sides, without on the hero's the degrading necessity of breaking inadmissible ties. And yet it leaves an exceedingly bitter taste of disillusionment in the start of a marriage that ought to have been happy.

Lake all political heroes, Raoul's nature is dry, limited, insincere. We feel he can never reach the high ideal of Marcelle, never feed the aspirations of her lofty soul, will never find a home in a nest so warm and pure as her heart. What is it in politics that creates this bitterness and solitude? What is it in this trivial career that ever casts it without the radius of all that is intimate and tender and true?

The character of Raoul is drawn with unsparing yet measured fidelity. The book is, in every sense of the word, *intellectual*, that is, written with the aid of thought and knowledge, not dashed off in a cheap search for brilliance and paradox. Raoul, the young man of the world, the literary and political genius, who in school ever regards himself as a future great man, and takes the inevitable Bonaparte for his model, is not overdrawn. There is none of the picturesque excess of Numa Roumestan. He is not in the least *cabotin*, and his very eloquence is classically cold, reasonable, and convincing. He is the superior political man, of whom a statesman may be made, corruptible by the very nature of his calling, but starting with a sincere and austere ideal of political life. When Young France elected him for Parliament, these youths, famished for reform and virtue, wading in the mud of Panama, really believed, as he did, that they were sending a sage and a saint to speak for them in the Tribune. But their eyes are definitely opened by his brilliant marriage with the tarnished capitalist's daughter, and, after the bachelors' party preceding that event, tell him so. "I am no longer so persuaded as I used to be in listening to you," says one sorrowfully, and Raoul felt himself judged and understood. "I see many," says another disappointed youth, "who aspire to become rich, celebrated, powerful; I see few who desire to live straight and be useful to the humble." The ideal is broken on the altar of vulgar conquest. "Was it for this we elected you?" asks the last to abandon him. Left alone, Raoul feels it is the farewell of youth, of friendship, of bright and exquisite hours. Love remains, but this, too, we know will leave him. Marcelle will suffer first, and then despise him. H. L.

#### WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

##### IV.—A BOOKSTALL KEEPER.

I HAD promised to call at the railway book-stall of a big London terminus to get a parcel of books for a friend. In a den behind the stall sat the custodian of the circulating library, a young man of somewhat serious aspect. He was reading. When I mentioned my friend's name and my own business he looked thoughtfully round the shelves by which he was, so to speak, enclosed; his hand moved to one volume after another with the certainty of one who knows what he wants and where to find it. For a moment he paused at *Captains Courageous*; then he took it down and laid it with the others on the small counter by his side.

"Miss — doesn't like books of adventures, but she likes Kipling," he said thoughtfully, "so I'll put that in."

He tied up the bundle with a piece of string. "There," he said, as he made it fast, "I think Miss — will be pleased with that selection. I should like to have sent her Miss Violet Hunt's new book, but there is no copy in at present."

"But how do you know what Miss — likes?" I asked.

He looked a little hurt.

"It is my business to know," he said.

"But do you know the taste of all your customers?"

"Certainly; all my regular clients," he replied.

"You see, it saves them the trouble of making up a list. They trust to me, and I have reason to know that they are thoroughly satisfied."

"Then do you read all the books on your shelves?"

"That would be impossible. But I know something about every one, and I know which of my clients each one is suited for. We are very particular as to what books we put into circulation; but even as it is, there are some that I should not send to a young lady—unless, of course, it were specially asked for."

"I suppose the vast majority of the books you send out are novels."

He smiled a little sadly.

"I'm afraid they are," he said. "Not that I think novel reading is wrong in itself. But I fear many people devote themselves to the reading of novels to the exclusion of more serious studies."

"Your own tastes lie in another direction?" I said.

For I had glanced at the book he had down as I entered, and saw that it was Guinness Rogers's *The Gospel in the Epistles*.

"I never read a novel for my own gratification," he said. "I wouldn't condemn other people. We're told not to judge, you know, but —"

"You go in for theology?" I said.

"Well, not only theology," he replied; "you see, I was destined for the ministry."

"The Church?"

"I belong to the Baptist connexion. But circumstances arose to prevent my studying for the ministry. Still, I have hopes of being able to go to the College in a year or two and being ordained."

"And meantime you are getting all the education you can?"

He nodded. "You see," he said, "in these days a minister is expected to have a wider range than formerly. He must read the literature of other sects, and even that of the sceptics, in order to be able to point out their errors. For example, I have lately been reading *Lux Mundi*."

"And what are the books you find most helpful?"

"Well, I think the best book I have read for many years is Prof. Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Not that I would endorse all his views; but he gives one a new outlook upon things spiritual."

"And *Robert Elsmere*? You can't condemn a novel like that?"

"No. *Robert Elsmere* presents a great problem in the form of narrative. Sermons might be preached on *Robert Elsmere*. But — now here is a book that is better than any novel that was ever written."

He handed me Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ*.

"Do you know," he said, "if there is any book about those Sayings of Jesus that have been discovered in Egypt?"

"I believe not," I said. "But there is some kind of official report lately published on all the MSS. that were dug up."

"I am not clear," he said, "how we are to regard these Sayings. Will they have the authority of the Gospels?"

He swung the parcel of novels in his hand as we discussed the question, until a hurried lady came in to receive from him the bundle of books which he considered suitable for her reading. And I left, wondering that a man should read novels as a matter of business and theology for pleasure.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE SALE OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

#### THE NEW EDITIONS.

THE fact that four or five entirely new editions of the Waverley Novels have just been put upon the market suggested a little inquiry into the matter. We sought to ascertain from leading booksellers: (1) How these editions are selling? (2) Whether the new supply of the novels is in excess of the present demand? (3) What kind of edition is considered the most ideal for popular use? (4) Whether Scott holds his own among the moderns? and (5) Whether complete sets of the Waverley Novels are much bought by the mass of book buyers?

LONDON (W.).

We have received some interesting replies to these questions. A well-known Oxford-street firm writes:

The demand for the Waverley Novels is as great as ever, but we think the supply is considerably in excess of the demand. During the past year the public have been subscribing to five or six editions, and just recently four new editions have been put upon the market, in addition to which the leading novels are being issued by two firms in their series of non-copyright books. Messrs. Dent's pocket edition is charmingly produced in a handy size, and is being purchased by book-lovers; but being in forty-eight volumes it is too expensive to become popular. Mr. Nimmo's new 'Border Edition,' and Messrs. Black's new 'Dryburgh Edition' are exceedingly cheap, but we think the demand is not large enough to ensure the success of both editions. Messrs. Black's 1s. 6d. edition is also a marvel of cheapness, and should sell well in sets. The public taste is so varied that each edition secures a certain number of purchasers, and consequently we do not anticipate a phenomenal success for any particular edition.

On the whole, there is no declension in the sale of Scott's novels, and we are of opinion that they will continue to sell for many years to come.

LONDON (E.C.).

Another London firm replies to our several questions as follows:

We find that Messrs. Dent's and Mr. Nimmo's editions are selling well; Messrs. Service & Paton's moderately; Messrs. Black's two editions, having only appeared in the last few days, have hardly commenced to sell yet.

We think the supply of new Waverley Novels is decidedly in excess of the demand.

Messrs. Black's 'Standard' Edition (25 vols.), at 2s. 6d., is, in our opinion, the idea popular edition; but the 'Author's Favourite Edition' (48 vols.) is the *beau-ideal* edition.

Undoubtedly Scott is holding his position with the public.

The majority of our customers who buy Vol. I. of these sets complete them.

To sum up, in our experience, Scott, as a novelist, is only second in demand to Dickens.

LONDON (W.C.).

Another London correspondent sends us these careful notes on the five new editions before the public:

We are of opinion that the number of fresh editions serves to create fresh demand for these very popular novels. A few comments are appended—

1. Messrs. Dent's edition in forty-eight volumes, although a long set, appeals to buyers of pretty books, and is going fairly well. But he would be a rash statistician who would attempt to fix the number of sets that will eventually be sold from the sale of the first volume.

2. Mr. Nimmo's re-issue of the 'Border Edition' in twenty-four volumes, at 3s. 6d. per volume, undoubtedly takes the lead this year, as it is the *cheapest and best produced book ever offered for the money*; for a popular book it is almost perfect.

3. Messrs. Service & Paton's edition at 2s. 6d. comprises only a few odd volumes, and will not be completed as a set. It calls for no particular comment.

4. Messrs. A. & C. Black's re-issue of the 'Dryburgh Edition' in twenty-five volumes, at 3s. 6d., will have to compete with the new edition of the 'Border Edition,' with which it compares rather unfavourably. It would have been wiser to have withheld it for awhile.

5. Messrs. A. & C. Black's 'Victoria Edition' at 1s. 6d. per volume (twenty-five volumes) is, however, the best cheap edition yet produced, and will undoubtedly take a lot of beating—print, paper and binding being exceptionally good. We anticipate a very large sale for this, as the complete set will only cost 28s.

The demand for 'Scott' is steadily increasing, and at no time have buyers had such a large variety of editions from which to choose.

The system of publishing in monthly volumes is a great inducement to small buyers, who invariably complete their sets. Of the foregoing, Mr. Nimmo's re-issue of the 'Border Edition,' at 3s. 6d. the volume, most nearly approaches our idea of a good practical edition for popular use. The present sale of the Waverley novels is, of course, by no means confined to those mentioned, as, from the six-penny paper editions to the original issue of the 'Border' and 'Dryburgh Editions,' the demand is very brisk.

## CAMBRIDGE.

From Cambridge we have the following categorical replies to our inquiries:

We find Messrs. Dent's edition is selling best.

We think the supply is in excess of the present demand.

We consider Messrs. Nimmo's new issue of the "Border Edition" to be the most ideal for popular use.

There is a continual small demand for Scott in Cambridge.

Most of our customers who purchase Scott generally procure a complete set.

## OXFORD.

An Oxford bookseller favours us with this reply:

Though so many editions of Scott's novels are being put on the market just now as to make one wonder where they all go, there is in Oxford a fairly brisk demand for them. Conditions here are, of course, peculiar, and among so many young men there are always a certain number laying the foundations of future libraries. These very naturally take in volumes of Scott's novels as they appear at intervals, and generally persevere to the end. The favourite editions are those issued in a form that would have commended itself to Dr. Johnson. The depreciation in the beautiful, but bulky, 'Abbotsford Edition,' I think, bears out this statement.

## EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh also gives short answers of interest:

Messrs. Dent's & Nimmo's 3s. 6d. (not 6s.) editions are going well.

Always a demand for Scott, although five new editions seem too many.

As to the ideal edition, this question is not easy to answer, but comfort in reading—Dent's edition.

Scott is certainly holding his own.

Many buy the complete set.

## BRISTOL.

A West-country correspondent replies as follows (note his startling suggestion that yet another edition is called for):

The success of the expensive 'Border' showed the demand for Scott among well-to-do readers, and the cheap re-issue at 3s. 6d. (against 12s.) will be sure to find a good sale with people of taste but limited purses.

Messrs. Dent's issue, especially in 'lamb's skin,' appeals to *dilletanti* buyers, and this firm has found that this class numbers thousands.

There is still an opening for a 'people's' Scott, and we venture to think that the cheaper of Messrs. Black's two admirable issues has missed this sale by a tactical mistake.

## BRIGHTON.

A Brighton bookseller informs us:

In spite of the ever-increasing flood of new Fiction which bursts upon the literary market continually, and is intensified at the opening of each season, it is beyond dispute that the sales of the works of Dickens and Scott never seem to decrease; and although there are some five new editions of the Waverley Novels just put on the market, each of them seems likely to find purchasers. It is not, however, altogether beneficial to the bookseller, as it means increased stock without a proportionate increased sale.

As far as one can judge at present, Mr.

Nimmo's 'Border Edition' will take the first place for general popularity, although Messrs. Black's 1s. 6d. one is a marvellous production at the price.

Messrs. Dent's pocket edition is most dainty and portable, but the number of volumes will, we fear, prevent it having the sale it deserves.

## EXETER.

Lastly, hear the voice of Exeter—farthest removed from the scenes of the Waverley Novels, yet not least enthusiastic:

In reply to your favour respecting the demand for the various editions of Scott's novels—all editions sell steadily. It appears as if the public could not have enough of Scott. In my opinion no author is so largely purchased in complete editions.

## D R A M A.

THE Chinese drama is still practically a closed book to Europeans, though a slight glimpse was given of it a few years ago in a yellow covered volume published in Paris under the title of "Le Théâtre des Chinois," by General Tcheng-Ki-Tong, military attaché to the Chinese Embassy. General Tcheng-Ki-Tong, whose literary labours for the enlightenment of the "foreign devil" did not find favour at the Court of Peking—at all events, he was afterwards recalled and, it is said, "disgraced"—was as complimentary as he could be to European drama, but he did not disguise his opinion that the best work of our greatest authors would fail before a Chinese audience. For in Chinese literature, and apparently in Chinese life too, the dominating passion is not love between the sexes, but filial piety and respect for ancestors. Learning is also highly esteemed, and the *dénouement* to a Chinese play is often sought in the result of a literary "exam." As a rule the *jeune premier* of the Chinese stage is a young student striving to win his literary laurels. If Corneille had been a Chinese author he would doubtless have written:

"Sors vainqueur d'un concours dont Chimène est le prix."

But filial piety is the mainspring of the Chinese drama, the motive force which keeps the action going, prompting the characters to noble deeds; and the conventional *dramatis personæ* comprise a high dignitary, an aged father, a young student, a comic man, an old woman, a soubrette, a go-between, a young girl of exalted birth, and a concubine or *maitresse légitime*, the last-named being brought into opposition with the legitimate spouse for the purpose of creating domestic embarrassments. Curiously enough, while the drama occupies a high place in the estimation of the people, the actors themselves are held in contempt. No human being except a criminal stands lower in the social scale than the Chinese actor. General Tcheng-Ki-Tong styles him *un infâme*.

UNDENIABLY it would be interesting to import a Chinese play, with actors, scenery,

and stage complete, but it would require to be a genuine product of the Flowery Land, and, therefore, very different from the two so-called Chinese plays which have raced each other across the Atlantic from New York, and established themselves at the Lyric and the Globe respectively. "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The First Born" are no more Chinese than "The Mikado," as played at the Savoy, or "The Geisha," at Daly's, is Japanese. An attempt is made in both to represent the external features of life in Chinatown, San Francisco, and in this perhaps "The First Born" is the more successful. But the story is of American origin, and it is played without exception by American actors masquerading as Chinamen, circumstances which are not only fatal to its authenticity, but bring it down to the level of an ordinary variety entertainment. Imagine how English life would fare at the hands of a company of Chinese actors who had picked up their notions of it in a treaty port!

THE rivalry between the two pseudo-Chinese companies and the close similarity of the pieces they bring with them throw an instructive light on the nature of copyright in America. A Mr. Fernald having seen something of Chinese life in Hong Kong, and the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, wrote a series of sketches on that subject in an American magazine. Promptly one of his anecdotes was dramatised by Mr. Francis Powers, an American actor, who garnished it with characterisation of his own, and the piece found favour in the eyes of the New York public under the title of "The First Born." The original author was unable to protect his ideas, but it occurred to him that he might just as well try to reap some advantage from his work in dramatic form too. Hence the production of "The Cat and the Cherub." Of the respective merits of these versions, brought out here almost simultaneously, the London playgoer has now an opportunity of judging. While "The First Born" is more detailed on its spectacular side, it will be generally conceded that "The Cat and the Cherub" is superior in point of dramatic workmanship. The child of a wealthy merchant is stolen by the keeper of an opium-den for the sake of the reward likely to be offered for its recovery. It is not alone the money that tempts this rascal. He is represented as being in love with a beautiful girl, whom he is desirous of purchasing from her father. But the girl has another suitor, son of a learned doctor, and that young man happens to discover the stolen child's whereabouts. Before he can restore the cherub to its sorrowing father, however, he is murdered by the opium dealer. Soon the child is recovered for good, and a new dramatic motive springs up in the vengeance vowed by the learned doctor against the unknown murderer of his son. Who is this murderer? The house knows, but the doctor at first can only suspect. He draws the culprit into conversation, convinces himself of his guilt, and strangles him on a bench by night with his own pig-tail. Now comes the culminating scene of the little play, one which might be employed with equal effect in a

purely English or French melodrama. A policeman coming along, the murderer props up the body of his victim on the bench and pretends to be engaged in earnest conversation with it until the danger of detection is over.

SUCH is Mr. Fernald's story. The scene is an alley in Chinatown. A few itinerant hawkers pass and re-pass, and the learned doctor discusses the railway demon, the electric light demon, and the elevator demon with the gossips. In a corner of the scene a party of coolies are seen gambling. The pictorial indications of Chinese life are, however, meagre. Attention is concentrated upon the dramatic action, and "The Cat and the Cherub," as far as it goes, is unquestionably an engrossing little play. Turning to "The First Born," what do we find? The dramatic motive is the same, but still more meagre. The child is stolen, not by an opium-den keeper, but by its mother, who had eloped with a lover. The father attempts to rescue it, knife in hand, and in the scuffle which ensues the child is killed. Then the bereaved father vows vengeance against the man who has wrecked his home, and kills him as he passes his door by night by stabbing him in the back. At that juncture the policeman, as before, saunters up, whereupon the murderer props up his victim in the doorway, making him look like a living man, until the myrmidon of the law has turned the corner. No love interest here, but only paternal affection, coupled with the vengeance of a betrayed husband. On the other hand, the *va-et-vient* of the Chinese quarter, though, for the most part, undramatic, is more vividly displayed. The learned doctor is a merely incidental personage; itinerant hawkers bawl their wares; a young courtesan—euphemistically styled a "bond-woman"—strolls about; a laundry, a shop, and a gambling-den are seen in operation; a party of American tourists pass; and the gossips discuss, in a gibberish supposed to be Chinese, the latest edict issued against their secret societies. In neither piece is the acting particularly effective, and, such as it is, it is conducted in a language which is almost painfully American.

How far are the salient features of these plays distinctively Chinese? The paternal interest is certainly so, and, as will be seen, it is common to both versions of Mr. Fernald's story. The contemplated purchase of a wife in "The Cat and the Cherub" may also be regarded as a piece of accurate observation; but side by side with this there is a love-passage (between the merchant's daughter and her *fancé*) which may safely be put down as spurious—an episode intended for the delectation of the Anglo-Saxon palate. Equally dubious is the elopement treated of in "The First Born." It does not appear that conjugal fidelity is of much importance in a Chinese household, where by law a husband is entitled to establish as many concubines as he can put up with; and this is, doubtless, the main reason why the ordinary love interest of the European drama ending in

marriage strikes the Chinese mind as foolish or extravagant. The learned doctor of both pieces is a Chinese figure, as far as he goes; but there is no indication of that popular veneration for learning of which nearly every genuine Chinese play, even the most farcical, shows traces. As they stand, these two essentially "bogus" productions hardly justify the eagerness which their respective promoters have shown to place them before the English public.

J. F. N.

## THE WEEK.

MRS. MEYNELL'S expected anthology, *The Flower of the Mind*, comes to hand in cloth covers of delicate green and gold. The poems are arranged under the names of their writers, and Mrs. Meynell contributes an introduction and very full notes. The principle on which the collection has been made is explained by Mrs. Meynell in her Introduction, from which we quote one passage:

"Inasmuch as even the best of all poems are the best upon innumerable degrees, the size of most anthologies has gone far to decide what degrees are to be gathered in and what left without. The best might make a very small volume, and be indeed the best, or a very large volume, and be still indeed the best. But my labour has been to do somewhat differently—to gather nothing that did not surpass a certain boundary-line of genius. Gray's 'Elegy,' for instance, would rightly be placed at the head of everything below that mark. It is, in fact, so near to the work of genius as to be most directly, closely, and immediately rebuked by genius; it meets genius at close quarters, and almost deserves that Shakespeare himself should defeat it. Mediocrity said its own true word in the 'Elegy':

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

But greatness had said its own word also in a sonnet:

'The summer flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.'

The reproof here is too sure; not always does it touch so quick, but it is not seldom manifest, and it makes exclusion a simple task."

MR. GRANT ALLEN the philosopher is momentarily more in evidence than Mr. Grant Allen the novelist. It has been known for some time that he was at work upon a serious and lengthy book dealing with the origins of religions. The volume now appears under the title of *The Evolution of the Idea of God*. It is very bulky, running to considerably over 400 pages; but it is to the credit of the publisher that its weight is less than the eye leads one to suspect. Mr. Grant explains in his Preface that his method is constructive, not destructive:

"Instead of setting out to argue away or demolish a deep-seated and ancestral element in our complex nature, this book merely posits for itself the psychological question, 'By what successive steps did men come to frame for themselves the conception of a Deity?'—or, if the reader so prefers it, 'How did we arrive at our knowledge of God?' It seeks provisionally to answer those profound and

important questions by reference to the earliest beliefs of savages, past or present, and to the testimony of historical documents and ancient monuments. It does not concern itself at all with the validity or invalidity of the ideas in themselves; it does but endeavour to show how inevitable they were, and how a man's relation with the external universe was certain *a priori* to beget them as of necessity."

IN Biography we have *Memorials of the Life and Writings of Solomon Caesar Malan, D.D.* Dr. Malan died a very few years ago, and his eminence as an Oriental scholar, his amazing linguistic attainments, and his general versatility (he was a clever artist) were warrant for this book, which is written by his eldest surviving son. Dipping into it casually, we note the following passage, in which some of Dr. Malan's tastes are lightly touched on:

"He never went to a theatre in all his life, nor to a ball. He never read a novel, nor cared for any book of common light literature. Magazines and reviews for the most part he eschewed, denominating them 'trash,' though he would occasionally peruse an article on some subject in which he was interested. He scanned the *Times* daily, and followed the summaries of Parliamentary debate sufficiently to master the general drift of political questions. He read the *Saturday Review* for some years, until he took offence at a certain article, after which he never looked at the paper again. He enjoyed the cartoons in *Judy* caricaturing the Liberal Government. He enjoyed a good ghost story, and professed to regard black cats as uncanny."

MR. EDMUND GOSSE contributes the volume on *Modern English Literature* to the series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," which he is editing for Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Gosse writes in his preface:

"The principal aim which I have had before me in writing this volume has been to show the movement of English literature. I have desired above all else to give the reader, whether familiar with the books mentioned or not, a feeling of the evolution of English literature in the primary sense of the term, the disentanglement of the skein, the slow and regular unwinding, down succeeding generations of the threads of literary expression."

MR. HENLEY'S expected anthology of *English Lyrics* arrives as we go to press, and is commented on in our Notes and News columns.

New works of fiction are catalogued and described elsewhere.

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- PLEADINGS AND DEPOSITIONS IN THE DUCKY COURT OF LANCASTER: TIME OF HENRY VIII. Edited by Lieut-Colonel Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. The Record Society.
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## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Mrs. Browning's Letters." Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon.

THIS is the kind of book that receives long notices. With a word of praise or blame for the editor, the critics wax fat on extracts. Sometimes they are so eager to give extracts that they forget the editor. The *Scotsman*, for instance, forgets that Mr. Kenyon edited this volume with considerable trouble, considerable brain-wear. But it gives splendid extracts. The *Times* is more just:

"The editor, whose name itself is a guarantee that he is the right man for the work, has supplemented the letters with a slender thread of narrative, sufficient to make of these two volumes a thoroughly adequate biography. The selection of the letters and the interposed narrative are both done with excellent taste, and though at first sight one feels that each volume might with advantage have been shortened by fifty pages, in the case of anybody so interesting as Mrs. Browning it is, perhaps, a good fault to have too much material rather than too little."

The *Westminster Gazette* has a similar remark about the length of the book.

Regarding Mrs. Browning's letters, the *Times* distinguishes between early and feeble letters and her later and interesting ones. "At no period of her life can one call her a sound critic of either books or men." Yet the same critic quotes from one of her letters this "neat little antithesis"—Mrs. Browning is touching off Mme. Mohl:

"She is a clever, shrewd woman, but most eminently, and on all subjects, a woman; her passions having her thoughts inside them, instead of her thoughts her passions. That's the common distinction between women and men, is it not?"

The *Telegraph* thus distinguishes the character of the letters:

"The qualities of her genius are shown elsewhere than in this correspondence, for, unlike some of the greatest of letter-writers, she does not throw the whole strength of her intellectual power into her communications with her friends. But she paints her character with all the surety of unconscious delineation—a character sweet, pure, and lovable, as we always knew it to be full of ardent impulses, hasty, emotional, hating the mere semblance of a wrong or an injustice, true to her friends, and with the strongest possible faith in the nobility of the life she had marked out for herself."

And the *Scotsman* says:

"Mrs. Browning was an excellent letter-writer, frank, sincere, natural. There is not in these two volumes a line which seems to have been written for literary effect. At the same time, it may be said that, just perhaps because they are so unaffected, the letters rarely impress one as the productions of a woman of genius. They have no literary strut or poetic rapture in their style. . . . Mrs. Browning had a vigorous and independent mind, and her own mind is in all her letters. They have individuality, and therefore interest, even when they have, as most of them have, little or nothing to satisfy or to tickle curiosity."

"Life of Dr. Pusey, D.D." By H. P. Liddon, and Others. Vol. IV.

THIS book receives the same kind of handling as Mrs. Browning's *Letters*. The *Standard* remarks that the volume "contains few personal reminiscences—dissociated, that is, from the leading topics in which Dr. Pusey was interested." The *Pall Mall Gazette* regrets this:

"Had they been content to give us personal features of Dr. Pusey's life, to allow events and incidents to tell their own story, to indicate the development of Dr. Pusey's spirit and character, and to draw us at last within the circle of sorrowful mourners at his dying bed, we should have been touched with a lively sympathy, and we should have been readily able to associate ourselves with the affectionate reverence which drew for us the portrait. But the biography is a manifesto, and it is as such that we fear it will be read."

The *Athenaeum* says the volume is "inevitably less interesting than its predecessors," but it has praise for the editors, who, "if they have produced a rather colourless narrative, cannot be held accountable." Most of the critics dwell upon Canon Liddon's beautiful account of Pusey's last days—the only portion of the volume from his pen.

THE critics are a shade less "Lochinvar," kind to Mr. Crockett than they used to be. *Lochinvar*, says the *Athenæum*, "is not Mr. Crockett's best work, but it is far better than some we have seen of late . . . . Some writers would have made more of William of Orange, and many would have produced a better proportioned plot; but in places, notably the description of the island caves, we recognise the author at his best." The *Telegraph* considers that the story is "always bright and full of stir and movement," which is good praise; but the writer takes leave of Mr. Crockett coldly. "He writes pleasantly enough, but the tale has been more than twice told, and we begin to tire of the familiar air, even when played with variations."

The *Scotsman* is rather severe, and makes the following points.

"The book calls to mind Reade's 'Cloister and the Hearth,' for in each we have a young lover seeking over land and sea for his lost lady, and in each we have an honest soldier who, for friendship's sake, accompanies the youth and shares all his bold doings and hairbreadth escapes. But Jack Scarlett is not to be compared with the optimist in 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' Indeed, none of Mr. Crockett's chief characters win the reader's sympathy or interest. . . ."

"The heroine is a dainty enough figure, especially when she goes marketing in the Dutch town of Amersfort; but her character is also incongruous, for we have her at one time represented as strong and steadfast, and capable of defying her father and her friends, and going off into voluntary exile for the sake of her opinions. Then we suddenly discover her faithless and weak, and consenting to marry the rival whom she hates, and who has ever been her enemy and her lover's. And this is told quite carelessly and without apology, and as a matter of course. . . ."

"Those who know anything of the sea will be justly incensed at the nautical ignorance that is displayed, not only in such minor details as the calling of a vessel's bows her 'prow,' and the speaking of 'the rope of the sheet,' but also —," &c.

"The Skipper's Wooing," By W. W. Jacobs. THE humour of this book has been very generally appreciated. The *Spectator* says handsomely: "In *The Skipper's Wooing*, as in *Many Cargoes*, Mr. W. W. Jacobs proves himself to belong to the tribe of benefactors." The *Saturday* defines Mr. Jacobs's sphere:

"Mr. Jacobs has taken to his heart those who go down to the Channel in ships—the sailor-men of the coasting schooner—and he is in the way of making them his own people. He has watched them with the sympathetic eyes of a friend—eyes not too keen for their faults, the smudges in the human documents—and the result is a humane proportion in the characters—whole pictures of the men. With an artful carelessness of externals, he seems to build up these characters from the inside, presenting with so sure a touch their essential idiosyncrasies that, though he never describes their faces, figures, gait, or clothes, he would be a stupid reader indeed who met Sam, the Cook, or the Skipper without recognising them as soon as they spoke."

The *Bookman* says that the humour of the book is "very genial, very laughter-provoking, very unaffected, in temper American rather than English."

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## REVIEWS.

## A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

*The Flower of the Mind.* A Choice among the Best Poems. Made by Alice Meynell. (Grant Richards.)

ANTHOLOGIES, these latter years, come thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Within a lustre we have had Mr. Beeching's *Paradise of English Poetry* and his *Lyra Sacra*, Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Golden Pomp*, Mr. Churton Collins's *Treasury of Minor British Poetry*, together with innumerable others less wide in scope or less distinguished in achievement. By the side of Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind* we may set Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics*. To our personal taste the more the better; they are all welcome.

For the making of an anthology is not merely the prettiest of literary amusements, it is also a delicate and fine mode of criticism. To select is to judge; tacitly, but no less deliberately. Admission or exclusion becomes the last word of a patient investigation, in the course of which tests for genius are devised, and many an established reputation fails to sustain the ordeal. A history of anthologies would be a curious chronicle of the slow but inevitable determination of greatness. It need hardly be said that when the tribunal is in a mind so pre-eminently critical, so acutely sensitive to the enduring qualities of poetry as that of Mrs. Meynell, the advance made in this process of evolution is a notable one. Mrs. Meynell sets her standard extremely high, sets it, indeed, at the best; and, with scarcely an exception, the poems she has included victoriously brave the challenge. She has taken her courage in both hands, and has dismissed once for all the old men of the sea who have burdened her predecessors. Of Byron and his poetry of rhetoric she makes a pretty clean sweep, admitting only the "Isles of Greece," and for the rest referring him courteously to some secondary anthology in which also Gray's "Elegy" should have an honourable place. And with Gray at their head go also the whole tedious train of eighteenth century versifiers,

whose authority we have long since formally renounced, but whose tradition has, as a matter of fact, asserted itself over the better judgment of every previous anthologist. From the eighteenth century, between Dryden and Blake, Mrs. Meynell admits only four pieces—Addison's "Hymn," an "Elegy" of Pope's, Cowper's "Lines on his Mother's Picture," and Mrs. Barbauld's fragment on "Life." No Johnson, no Swift, no Thomson, no Goldsmith, no Gray, and even—for it is here that we would have made the exception—no Collins. On the whole, we can bear the loss with equanimity. The eighteenth century poetry has many merits; it is intelligent, polished, elegant, urbane—it lacks only inspiration. And inspiration is the sole passport to Mrs. Meynell's anthology.

Mrs. Meynell earns our gratitude, then, by the silent criticism of her generous exclusions. She earns it also by the felicities of spoken criticism, with which, like miniatures on what Browning chose to call a "missal-marge," she decorates her notes. We could wish there had been more of them, for beyond all critics she has the gift of going straight to the heart of her subject, and of wrapping up the essential in briefest phrases. But she has not chosen to be lavish in this kind of comment. Yet of Vaughan she says that his "imagination suddenly opens a new window towards the east"; and of Cowley's Alexandrine line that it should have been

"the light pursuing wave that runs suddenly, outrunning twenty, further up the sands than these, a swift traveller, unspent, of longer impulse, of more impetuous foot, of fuller and of lustier breath, more eager to speak, and yet more reluctant to have done."

And of Drummond:

"A poem of Drummond's has this auroral image of a blush. Anthea has blushed to hear her eyes likened to stars (habit might have caused her, one would think, to bear the flattery with a front as cool as the very day-break), and the lover tells her that the sudden increase of her beauty is futile, for he cannot admire more. 'For naught thy cheeks that morn do raise.' What sweet, nay, what solemn roses!"

"Again:

'Me here she first perceived, and here a morn  
Of bright carnations overspread her face.'

The seventeenth century has possession of that 'morn' caught once upon its uplands; nor can any custom of aftertime touch its freshness to wither it."

In a preface, short, but full of matter, Mrs. Meynell lays down a principle of anthology-making which has its application to every form of criticism. She will not have her work to be an arbitrary thing. "Done, finally, in the mental solitude which cannot be escaped at the last," it is yet done, in virtue of the studious training of a lifetime, "on the responsibility of one, but on the authority of many." Surely a true and vital critical formula, the mediating formula between that old conception of criticism as merely the application of authority, and that modern conception of it as merely an expression of personal preferences or prejudices! Call criticism "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces," if you

will; but let it be clearly understood that the only valuable adventures are those of the man who is qualified to have them, just as for Aristotle the only valuable moral judgment was that of the man who was fitted by nature and training to express a judgment. And in the consensus of such judgments, all personal, but with an authority more than personal behind them, must be here the ultimate critical, as there the ultimate moral, criterion.

If an anthology could be exhaustive, inclusive of all the best, there would probably be little difference between anthologies. It is not so, and with the necessary choice among the best comes in that very different thing from the personal judgment, the personal liking. It is really in watching the direction which this personal liking takes that the interest of a new anthology consists. Through its exercise an anthology becomes, beyond pastime and beyond criticism, in some degree a confession. We do not propose to upbraid Mrs. Meynell, because in many respects her personal liking is not as ours. Certainly an anthology is to us the poorer without a dozen things that could be named—Wyatt's "My lute, awake," and Lamb's "Old Familiar Faces," for instance. We should have wished some Browne, Habington, Wotton, and some more Raleigh, Drayton, Landor, Wither. But it is nearer to the point to note some characteristics of Mrs. Meynell's self-revelation. She loves, we think, brocaded verse—intricate, solemn, and stately in diction and imagery. She loves the liberal sweep of the great ode. "Written with passion," she says, "it is the most immediate of all metres: the shock of the heart and the breath of elation or grief are the law of the lines." And certainly she loves those "fair and flagrant things" which the plain man calls "conceits," but which really testify to a type of poetic imagination that beholds the world shot through and through with symbolism and caught in a network of strange relations beyond the plain man's understanding. Crashaw, and, in a less degree Marvell and Lovelace, are far more liberally represented than in most anthologies. On the other hand, the pastoral motive—in the earlier, more *naïve*, more simple shape which it took among the Elizabethans proper—does not seem particularly to appeal to her. She loves a simplicity, but it is a simplicity "not at all childlike, but adult, large, gay, credulous, tragic, sombre, and amorous." It is the second simplicity, not the first; the simplicity of a soul tried in the furnace, of a St. Francis, not a Miranda; of Campion, Vaughan, Coleridge, not of Breton and Greene. The exclusion of Chaucer was determined, we suppose, by a rule against extracts: the slight account of Donne is less easy to understand; for on Donne, with what Mr. Gosse calls his "subterranean" influence, Crashaw, Lovelace, and their fellows all ultimately depend. It was not Mrs. Meynell's object, of course, to lay stress on historical evolution in literature; but another half-dozen of those fine-hearted lyrics in which the ardour of passion or thought fuses line after line of the rugged metre, would surely have been no more than the due of a wronged master. Only Mr.



Beeching, of recent anthologists, has done full justice to Donne. The *Golden Treasury*—and it is a criticism—knows him not. Of quite new claims to fame Mrs. Meynell has few to prefer. The day for discovering forgotten delights is, one fears, over. There is a fine sonnet by Charles Best; there is a variation by Sir Francis Kynaston on the familiar Caroline theme, so perfectly handled by Carew in his "Ask me no more"; and more important than these, there is a Blake-like "Tom o' Bedlam" song, as to the provenance of which Mrs. Meynell vouchsafes no information. Here are three stanzas; we would gladly quote the whole:

"I know more than Apollo;  
For oft when he lies sleeping,  
I behold the stars  
At mortal wars,  
And the rounded welkin weeping.

"With a heart of furious fancies,  
Whereof I am commander;  
With a burning spear,  
And a horse of air.  
To the wilderness I wander.

"With a knight of ghosts and shadows,  
I summoned am to tourney:  
Ten leagues beyond  
The wide world's end;  
Methinks it is no journey."

One fault we are inclined to find with Mrs. Meynell, where so much calls for praise. She is not, in one instance, at least, enough of a precisian as to her texts. The collection opens with a modernised and mutilated version of the exquisite thirteenth century carol, "Sumer is i-cumen in." This is the second verse as given by Mrs. Meynell:

"Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth cow after calf;  
Bullock starteth, buck verteth;  
Merry sing, cuckoo!  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!  
Nor cease thou ever now.  
Sing, cuckoo, now!  
Sing, cuckoo!"

And this is the real thing:

"Awē bleteth after lamb,  
Lhouth after calvè cu;  
Bulluc starteth, buckē verteth,  
Murie sing cuou!

"Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu,  
Ne swike thu never nu;  
Sing, cuccu, nu, sing, cuccu,  
Sing, cuccu, sing, cuccu, nu!"

We do not wish to insist on the thirteenth century spelling, but alterations and omissions which blur the rhyme and rhythm of the piece seem to be inadmissible. Lovers of *Richard Feverel* will not think the point unimportant. In the case of Crashaw's beautiful fragment of a Christmas mystery, again, we doubt whether the version chosen by Mrs. Meynell is as good as the earlier one. Let two verses endure the comparison. Mrs. Meynell has:

"Come, we shepherds whose blest sight  
Hath met Love's morn in Nature's night;  
Come lift we up our loftier song  
And wake the sun that lies too long.

"To all our world of well-stol'n joy  
He slept, and dreamt of no such thing,  
While we found out Heaven's fairer eye,  
And kissed the cradle of our King:  
Tell him he rises now too late  
To show us aught worth looking at."

The earlier version is:

"Come, we shepherds, who have seen  
Day's king deposed by night's queen;  
Come, lift we up our lofty song,  
To wake the sun that sleeps too long.

"He, in this our general joy,  
Slept, and dreamt of no such thing,  
While we found out the fair-eyed Boy,  
And kissed the cradle of our King:  
Tell him he rises now too late,  
To show us aught worth looking at."

It is, of course, a matter of opinion, and it must be admitted that the "obsequious Seraphim" of one of Mrs. Meynell's later stanzas is better than the "officious angels" of the earlier version.

We might differ on details until doomsday, and not forget our gratitude. It is a rare pleasure to be brought into touch with such a mind as Mrs. Meynell's upon the things that really matter. For to her poetry is not a mere recreation or a profession, but in her own words "veritably the complementary life." And of such are the chosen interpreters of the House Beautiful.

#### MR. GOSSE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*A Short History of Modern English Literature.*  
By Edmund Gosse. (William Heinemann.)

MR. GOSSE'S *History of English Literature* has the qualities of ingenuity and dexterity which might be looked for in any work of his, and it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in his difficult task, if it is success to have written a book that is interesting in every paragraph. There is hardly a page that does not contain some disputable matter of opinion, but those challenges to the reader are fairly stated, while the general plan of the history is one that commands attention. Mr. Gosse has committed himself without reserve to the view that traces out the succession of literary schools, the influence of large impersonal forces, of common aims and ideas. Evolution is the name for it; and one of the most remarkable passages in the book is the singularly clear account of the author's principles in the "Epilogue." In his execution of his plan, Mr. Gosse has probably had in mind the success of Mr. S. R. Gardiner in his *Introduction to English History*, where the "evolution" of English History is represented in a clear abstract form, with the proper names and personalities as much as possible cleared away. However that may be, Mr. Gosse has studied carefully the general design of his history, and his argument proceeds securely and without hesitation, because he knows his own policy thoroughly from beginning to end.

On the other hand, it may be objected that his policy is not quite consistent, and perhaps not quite as easy for the reader as for the author; that the philosophical framework is not always quite fairly treated in the illustrations and flowers of rhetoric with which it is garnished. It is a question of scale and proportion; and Mr. Gosse appears at times to change his focus too suddenly, and to lapse from the place of the scientific

demonstrator into the colloquial manner which is suited to a different line of history, without any "evolution" or "environment" or any other solemnity. The general design is simple and austere; but the contents are sometimes rather incongruously mingled, and some of the criticisms are on a scale that would require a score of volumes in place of this narrow room of 400 pages, which is all that the author has allowed himself for his picture of five centuries. An instance may be found in the account of Carlyle. The appreciation of Carlyle's strength is not affected by Mr. Gosse's evident distrust of Carlyle's teaching. The genius of Carlyle as a man of letters is not slighted in Mr. Gosse's narrative. But his criticism leaves a sense of disproportion and irrelevance, because it is a fragment of personal criticism thrown into an evolutionary history, because it is coloured too strongly by antipathy, and because the critic is too hurried to stop and explain and defend his opinion:

"Yet it is difficult to decide what Carlyle has bequeathed to us, now that the echoes of his sonorous denunciations are at last dying away. Standing between the Infinite and the individual, he recognises no gradations, no massing of the species; he compares the two incomparable objects of his attention, and scolds the finite for its lack of infinitude, as if for a preventable fault. Unjust to human effort, he barks at mankind like an ill-tempered dog, angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves. A most unhelpful physician, a prophet with no gospel, but vague stir and turbulence of contradiction . . . a voice and nothing more, yet at worst what a resonant and imperial clarion of a voice!" (pp. 345).

If there is any error in this judgment, there is nothing that is not fair matter for argument. But it is criticism of a kind that belongs to a wholly different sort of book. It is too lively for evolution; and it is uncomfortably penned within its scholastic limits. Besides, it takes up the room that ought to have been given to Carlyle's literary ancestry; Carlyle's style is described without a reference to Sterne or Jean Paul Richter; one would imagine, from Mr. Gosse's account on p. 333, that *Sartor Resartus* was wholly Carlyle's own invention. This is the fault, if it be one, of the book as a whole. "Evolution" in literary history requires a great many things that are commonplace and well known; it is through a shuffling and re-arrangement of commonplaces that change of literary types is brought about: the change from Chaucerian to Spenserian form, from the novel of Fielding to the novel of Scott, and so forth. Mr. Gosse has explained all this, and more, in his "Epilogue." But in his *History* itself he has rather evaded all this business. The scope of his book required some more restraint in the matter of personal impressions and more attention to historical commonplaces; in short, the form chosen is an inconvenient one, and Mr. Gosse (it is rather difficult to see why) has gone out of his way to put himself in the cramped position of the tenant of the Castle of Otranto, in a house with no elbow-room. The reader is baulked at every turn, and thinks with regret of the essays in literary history where Mr. Gosse had a freer hand—

his essays on seventeenth century poets, and, still more, the "Northern Studies," in which Ibsen was first introduced to English readers. The same sort of grievance is felt by readers of the companion volumes in this series. Mr. Murray on Greek and Mr. Dowden on French Literature, though their methods are unlike, are equally impeded by the conditions of their work. Why should they be in bondage to a series? Why not choose their own length of line and say what they mean, and what they really wish to say?

### TEDIOUS AND UNPLEASANT.

*The Beth Book.* By Sarah Grand. (W. Heinemann.)

WE can give our opinion of *The Beth Book* in nine words—one half is intolerably tedious, the other half unpleasant. It purports to tell the story of Elizabeth Caldwell Maclure, known as Beth, beginning at the day before her birth, "a serene, grey day, awesome with a certain solemnity, and singularly significant to those who seek a sign," and ending only after five hundred and twenty-seven pages, when Beth meets her "son of the morning"—one Mr. Brock. The unpleasant portion of the book is mainly concerned with Beth's marriage to a blackguard, called by one of the characters a "plausible hog." When Mme. Grand sets herself to describe a foul man she does it with a will. Dr. Dan. Maclure is pictured with so much animus that he ceases to be human. None of the males has verisimilitude. That is inevitable when an author is obsessed by so obvious a prejudice. Characters come and go through the interminable pages; but Beth and her mother are the only two that live. Stay: we except the boy Sammy, Beth's first sweetheart. It was Sammy who said to her, "If you wasn't a girl, I'd punch your 'ead!" Beth is described on the title-page as a woman of genius. We should never have guessed it, although we are told that she was a mighty orator and a great writer. Also, Mr. Pounce remarks casually, that Beth promises to be to England "what Georges Sand was to France." Mme. Grand mercifully spares us a report of Beth's speech to an assembly of women on "The Desecration of Marriage."

We are sorry for Beth. Her punishment was severe; but when a woman marries a man who had scraped acquaintance with her brother in a public billiard-room, whose full name "she hardly knew," it was not to be expected that her married life would be compact of the perfect felicity she is now enjoying with that "son of the morning"—Mr. Brock. We fear the fastidious Beth had in full measure the prurient curiosity which is the least agreeable characteristic of the *femme inouïe*. At school she "hurried over all the hateful words and passages in the Bible and Shakespeare"; but after marriage she permitted her husband to show her sights, and to narrate in conversation the gamut of his experience of depraved life. She permitted him, did

pure-minded, fastidious Beth. Says our authoress:

"In speaking of such women he used epithets from which Beth recoiled. She allowed them to pass, however, in consideration of the moral exasperation that inspired them, and the personal rectitude his attitude implied. The subject had a horrible fascination for her, yet she could not help listening . . . she listened in silence . . . collecting material—"

Faugh!

The first two hundred pages about Beth's early childhood are simply dull. She is a precocious nuisance—that is all. Maggie Tulliver shines immortal beside this clay. This is the sort of thing gravely catalogued: "Once a piece of apple-dumpling Beth was eating slid off her plate on to the gravelled walk. Someone picked it up and put it on her plate again, all covered with stones and grit, and the sight of hot apple-dumpling made her think of gravel ever afterwards, and filled her with disgust." Likewise: "She had a great aversion to (*sic*) bread and butter, too, for a long time, but that she got over." We prefer even such passages to the "sex" discussions that abound. The characters cannot get away from the uninviting round of views about marital relations, sexual problems, and the Contagious Diseases Acts. "Nowadays, when I see ladies together in a corner, talking earnestly, I always suspect that they are discussing the sex question," observes Mr. Hamilton-Wells. "Sex is a thing to be endured and enjoyed," Ideala exclaims. "I keep a separate compartment in my mind for the sex question," says Beth. We are told that when Beth retired to bed after a bout of such talk, "she was like one who has been bathed and perfumed after the defilements of a long and dusty journey." Our feeling is that bathing and perfuming is what we need.

Books like this are not wanted. They do not amuse; they do not instruct; they do not edify. To make all men either prigs or blackguards; to play with nasty subjects, to treat a few vile types as normal products, is not art. Not thus do the masters work. They square their shoulders with the crowd, giving to evil counsel and forgiveness, not vituperation and neurotic scolding.

### THE GIFFORD LECTURES (EDINBURGH) FOR 1896.

*Elements of the Science of Religion.* Part I., Morphological. By C. P. Tiele, Theol. D., &c. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE title-page of this book ought to make every patriotic scholar blush. The science of which it treats was invented in England some twenty-five years ago, when Prof. Max Müller—always alive to the signs of the times—first published his *Introduction to the Science of Religion*. Since then chairs for its teaching have sprung up in France, in nearly every University in Germany, in America, and even in Holland. Only England remains without a professor, and, as it seems, without a proficient of the science. When the Gifford Trustees, by a

spirited wrench of the terms of their trust, decided to deal with it, they had to bring Dr. Tiele over from Leyden to deliver the lectures before us. A similar difficulty arose when an article on religion was required for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and was, if we remember rightly, overcome in the same way.

In the present instance this importation of foreign labour does not seem to have been justified by the result. Dr. Tiele, though a professor of the science in his own university for many years, has dealt with it in his Gifford Lectures in a way which, to our mind, is both confusing and unscientific. In a work on the "elements" of a science we naturally look for definitions. But religion is not here defined, nor the science of religion, save that it is said to be what Lord Gifford meant by natural theology. Dichotomy of the subject discloses, according to Dr. Tiele, the two categories of nature religions and "ethico-spiritualistic revelation" religions. Nature religions die with the races among which they are born, while the ethico-spiritualistic revelation religion is always a development or reformation of the nature variety. Religion, like everything else, follows, on the same authority, certain laws of development or growth, which may be traced by the usual scientific methods. Yet we are told on almost the last page that "in the more highly developed religious minds the conviction gradually gains ground that the province of religion is a unique province, in which scientific or philosophical arguments hold as little sway and are as needless as in that of art." As to the laws of its development, "religion has never really developed except when a number of different religions have come into contact," and the course of development shows "a continual movement from uniformity to ever greater diversity." But "the appearance of Christianity inaugurated an entirely new epoch in the development of religion . . . all the streams of the religious life of man, once separate, unite in it."

The only explanation we can find of these inconsistencies is that Dr. Tiele, in spite of many disclaimers, is speaking not as a man of science, but as a theologian. Like most theologians, he is trying to bring out not the whole truth, but the truth on a few points carefully chosen by himself. He hints that it is not necessary to waste time over the study of "the lower religions," but that we should go at once to the most highly developed, which is, of course, his own. "You and I," he says, "are convinced that the purest and most genuinely human form of religion has been brought to light by the Gospel." But what becomes of his theories if we neglect his hint, and do apply them to the lower religions? Let us take, for instance, the Egyptian, which first (so far as we know) taught the doctrine of the future life—not, as Dr. Tiele says, the immortality—of the soul. It was not a revelation religion, so it must have been a nature religion. It came in contact with nearly every religion of antiquity, yet it did not develop into a higher form. Very early it passed not from uniformity to diversity,

but from a quantity of provincial cults to one State religion, which in all but name was a monotheism, manifesting itself to the vulgar as a systematised sorcery. After thus remaining unchanged for at least 4,000 years, it suddenly and completely died before the race which gave it birth, which is in fact alive and flourishing at the present day. Nor do Dr. Tiele's theories work satisfactorily if applied to Christianity itself. Protestantism, to which he and his hearers belong, is the development of Catholicism. Yet Catholicism came into contact, and pretty violent contact, with Paganism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Manichæism, and did not give birth to Protestantism until these struggles had long been over. Dr. Tiele himself seems to feel the awkwardness of this, but accounts for it thus:

"It [i.e., the complex phenomenon of the development of religion] consists in differentiation or continual detachment from the original chaotic unity, manifesting itself in the formation of ever greater wealth and more pronounced individuality of varieties, and in ever greater independence of the other operations of the human mind, and this is coupled with an earnest striving for the inward—that is, the essential—unity of what is now externally separated. I believe [he goes on with paternal pride] that this solution throws light on the process of development, including that of religion, and enables us to understand it better."

Perhaps. It at any rate enables Dr. Tiele to represent his own relatively small sect as the flower of Christianity. But in the meantime, what about Science? And what about the Gifford Bequest, which was not to be used for the teaching of the creed of any Church or sect?

We are promised another volume, containing Dr. Tiele's lectures on the ontology of religion. Let us hope that in it he will not attempt to enrich our language by such awful words as "repristinate." We think, too, that as the Oriental names in the present volume bristle with diacritical marks, he might avoid in future the annoying practice of writing Greek words in italic letters.

#### WILLIAM MORRIS.

*William Morris, His Art, His Writings, and His Public Life: a Record.* By Aymer Vallance. (George Bell & Sons.)

MORRIS's indirect influence will certainly outlast his brief vogue. Brief was that vogue, for it came late, and he lived to see it disappear from its first and most conspicuous conquest—colour. He taught the durability, beauty and simplicity of the older (chiefly vegetable) dyes, and saw them "boomed" so eagerly that the aniline colours were wiped off the face of the earth, except only that they were smuggled into use to make deadly mixtures intended to imitate the beautifully imperfect vegetable dyeing, with all their once boasted brilliance foregone, grinding each other to a neutral powder. It seemed as though coal-tar would never reappear undisguised. But its suppression was but a fashion, and the opposite fashion swung into vogue

again with irresistible impetus. Never have the aniline colours, since the day of their discovery, been so popular or so intense as they have now become; they are redoubled in strength, multiplied in number, the reproach of their vulgarity is taken away, and, for all the world cares, William Morris might never have written the praise of indigo and chips. The change he wrought in form may, perhaps, be more lasting, but probably merely because things constructed are generally more durable than things coloured. People may cease to think it distinguished to live in a house designed by an architect, and may return, in their hearts, to the house of their true delight as the builder designed it, its columns and its portico; but they nevertheless remain in the dwelling Norman Shaw made for them, and do not pull it down. The fashion of better dwellings, as it chances, was a strong one and a long one. A considerable part of London was rebuilt while it reigned, and there the streets and squares must stand for no small space of time. In a word, when art, beauty, simplicity, colour, form, and use have to be taught by words to a people that has lost the instinct and the luck of these things (and, whether we like it or not, the people of modern Europe are in that case), there is little to be done except by the flux and reflux of fashion and habit. We must make the best of that fact, and be glad if a good fashion is preached once or twice in our own day, and not set our hopes upon changes and "returns" and "reforms" and "revivals." The very name of these efforts, and the need for them, speak for themselves, and limit the expectations of the wise.

William Morris was certainly one—perhaps the chief one—of those who made efforts to rebuke the singularly vulgar and ugly habits which they found prevalent. Others, his contemporaries, worked too, but he was certainly an early revivalist. Too young to be one of the pre-Raphaelites, he inspired himself from their initiative, but did what they never attempted. The Brotherhood seem to have accepted the "turned" table-legs, the white and crimson, and the bead mats as they found them; at least one must suppose so, by the case of an interior painted by Mr. Holman Hunt as his idea of a "handsome" drawing-room in the fifties. They needed a lead for the leap over the customs of expensive vulgarity; and William Morris seems to have given it later—in the sixties. It took ten more years for domestic art to come to popularity, the first step towards the rush to destruction.

Mr. Aymer Vallance writes frankly in the tone of an eulogist; and his services as a zealous showman are very welcome while it is a question of wall-papers, dyes, oilcloths, tapestries, and even architecture. We need the illustrations, which are most carefully produced, and we are generally well inclined toward an expert explanation or commentary. But it is otherwise with the poetry. There are critics of poetry, and they have their own *expertise*, but the author of *William Morris* would certainly not claim to be one of the few, and his essay on Morris's poetry is the only section of his otherwise excellent book that might have been dispensed with.

Because the subject of the Memoir was poet and designer both, it does not necessarily follow that the author, being a student of design (as Mr. Vallance evidently is), should also be a writer of authority on poetry. What would Mr. Vallance think of a Professor of Poetry (even) who should undertake to deal with the wall-papers? Morris's great range of work does not bestow a like comprehensiveness upon any one of his appreciators.

Morris was stern towards the thing called "taste" in France, and his domestic decoration was exclusively fitted for English houses, English towns, and the surrounding of English orchards and gardens—"garths and closes," we should say. Wood is the most important of the materials of an interior in the Morris fashion, and the surfaces are all homely, humble, and *opaque*. Lucid marbles, effects of burnishing or metal, are not in the Morris scheme, and serge seems more suitable than silk. Morris himself went so far as to charge marble with a certain measure of vulgarity, and this in itself is a rather curious sign of insularity; it betokens an association—a London association—of gold and marble with the restaurant. Gold and marble and ivory in the South have a widely different tradition. But is a Morris room in Italy a thinkable thing? However, as we in England do, as a matter of fact, fit our houses with wood and spread thin paper upon our gritty walls (the combination is really a deplorably inappropriate one), and are glad to get cotton printed because we cannot have linen embroidered, Morris was precisely the reformer we needed. He accepted the lowly materials and taught us to like them for their own qualities and to treat them accordingly. We—personally—have a quarrel with him for his love of "patterns," or repeating designs. In despite of the most respectable precedent, we are strongly of opinion that a diaper is very well, and that a plain and blank surface is very well, but that a design of any kind of sequence, multiplied without a beginning or end, is at best a doubtful good. We have this doubt about the very cover of Mr. Vallance's handsome book. What is the matter, we ask, in the peculiarly apt phrase of choice American—what is the matter with a plain colour when it is a good one (and all thanks to Morris for helping us to good ones)? Why, nothing is the matter with it—it looks so well—until the Morris pattern is applied to it, and then it really pleases less. The repeating pattern is the child of machinery; it is modern, modern. Whereas we had corrupt, foolish, tedious, and vulgar repeating patterns before Morris came, and have had exceedingly taking, naïf, innocent, and clever repeating patterns since his coming, we are much in his debt. He prepared for us many a charming corridor of yellow and white and blue and white, so that the opening of the front door gives us a welcome, and he has chastened the average drawing-room and made it take its middle-class place gracefully, so losing its reproach. But there is a further simplicity, a region of taste where the coloured is more favoured than the papered Morris wall.

Mr. Vallance shows us how Morris

arranged his Kelmscott printed page, but does not convince us that the shortening of the spaces between words, in order to avoid the effect of white, is not a hindrance to pleasant legibility; nor will he persuade the poets to write nothing but metre that shall cover the paper completely. It is distressing to think of the amount of white quite unarchitecturally placed, and, indeed, at random as regards the construction of the print, which the ode must expose where a thoughtless poet has taken a very short line for a cadence.

Into some inconsistencies the revivalist is obliged to fall, and it would be too easy to display Morris's. He heads the first poem in his own book, "Here begin Poems By the Way, Written by William Morris. And first is the Poem called From the Upland to the Sea," and we know the style of his prose. But off duty, he could write English that was not only usual but common—for instance, "The structure may be more or less masked, and some designers take a great deal of pains to do so." This is not old English, and neither is it precisely grammar. But whithersoever he went his biographer follows him loyally. Mr. Vallance has done his work not only with enthusiasm, but with discretion, and his success is assured by thorough labour in a considerable task.

#### AN OXFORD DON.

*The Philosophical Lectures and Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship.* Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, by A. C. Bradley and G. R. Benson. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

A SINGULARLY attractive personality is revealed in Prof. Bradley's "Biographical Sketch" of Richard Lewis Nettleship. The memoir has the advantage over most memoirs, in that it is contained in some fifty pages instead of a couple of volumes, and within these narrow limits of space Prof. Bradley contrives to draw a portrait which goes far to attain the expressed object with which it was undertaken. This is, in the biographer's own words, to "explain in some degree the great influence he exerted on his pupils and friends, and the impression of 'uncommonness' which he almost invariably left even on acquaintances."

The external history of Lewis Nettleship's life is, except for its tragic end, of the slightest and most uneventful. After a brilliant career at Uppingham and Balliol, he had purposed to write upon art and to work among the poor in London. An offer of a Balliol tutorship induced him to stay in Oxford, and in Oxford he remained until his death, teaching philosophy, and gradually becoming, after T. H. Green's death, "the strongest intellectual and spiritual force felt within the college." In 1893 he went, as he was fond of doing, to the Alps. He made several ascents, and the guides noticed that he was generally silent in the valley, but "as soon as they got up into the high air he seemed to be another person, so joyous and full of song and talk." On August 24 he started to go up Mont Blanc

by the Aiguille and Dôme du Goûter. A violent storm came on, and the party spent the night in a hole cut in the ice. This is Prof. Bradley's account of the end:

"Nettleship acted in his last hours as his friends would have expected of him. During the night he was cheerful: the guides were too depressed to sing, and he sang to them. In the morning he ate, and pressed them in vain to eat. After a while as the storm showed no sign of abating, he proposed to start; some such words as 'Il faut faire quelque chose: mourir ici ce serait mourir en lâches,' were almost his last. The guides objected; but he answered only, 'Allons,' and stepped into the storm, and they followed him. They had thought him the strongest of the three, but it was not long before he fell, and, when they ran to him, grasped them each by a hand, and died."

Nettleship was a man who was felt by all who knew him to be living on a high plane. He took existence seriously, was concerned with its problems and its meanings. The ultimate expression of his nature, as with Browning's grammarian, was the desire to know truth. A man of the world he was not, hardly even a man of books. Second-rate books, like second-rate philosophy, he detested. His travelling companions on his last journey to Switzerland were Spinoza's *Ethics* and the shilling selection from Browning. He was fond of art, and still more fond of music: the hearing of music seemed to him "almost the only reasonable form of worship." He was not a markedly social man; at afternoon teas "a feeling of unreality and futility came over him and made him dumb"; but he made close friendships, and liked digging in his garden, children, moors, and mountains. Though a serious man, he was far from a prig: he rowed—one remembers him taking a regular oar in the "Ancient Mariners" crew; he had a sense of humour, and enjoyed sunshine and laziness. Those who did not know him sometimes thought his moral judgments unduly lax; but he had the imagination which sees all round a case. Nor was he in any way a pedant. Says Prof. Bradley:

"Another might notice that he did not use philosophical formulas, would even put them aside with a certain impatience, and would discuss anything that concerned human nature with the interest of a novelist, with almost startling frankness, and with a ready sympathy for well-nigh any kind of passion or difficulty. He would have winced to know it, but it is the fact that he gave the impression of living on a height, and of carrying something of an ideal atmosphere into the most every-day occupations."

As is so often the case with a famous Oxford don, Nettleship's actual literary achievement was very slight when compared with his abilities. He took a part in the translation of Lotze's *Logik*; he began a history of the Normans in Italy, but set it aside when called upon to write a *Memoir* of T. H. Green, and never took it up again. This *Memoir* was, perhaps, his finest bit of work. At an earlier date he had written an essay on *Plato's Theory of Education* in a volume called *Hellenica*, and had been invited to return to the subject in a small book on *Platonism* for the S.P.C.K. The scope of the design grew, but before his death he

had completed the section dealing with *Plato's Ethics*. This is now printed among his *Remains*, and to it Prof. Bradley, who is responsible for the first volume of the book, adds a few letters and brief papers on philosophical subjects, and a set of lectures on Logic. In the second volume Mr. G. R. Benson prints a longer and more elaborate set of lectures on *Plato's Republic*. Nettleship was in the habit of lecturing from the briefest notes, and the editors have, therefore, had recourse to the very full reports made by several of his hearers—not in every way, perhaps, a very satisfactory process. Thus the finished literary work now offered us is very slight, and one regrets it the more, because both the essays on *Plato's Ethics*, and the letters, in their several ways, give evidence of no inconsiderable skill with the pen. This is from a letter written in Italy:

"Yesterday the weather got splendid again, and I went out for five hours in the afternoon and got right away among the hills, where little country roads wind in and out, letting you see down deep valleys with tiny tumbling brooks, and here and there a sudden sight of Florence, like a glorified Oxford from a glorified Stow Wood, and every now and then a patch of poplars breaks the greyiness of the olives into golden spray, and you hear now and then a nightingale in the blazing sunlight which would burn you up if there weren't a great wind which makes you almost drunk with its buoyancy, and the clearness of the hill-lines against the sky makes you jump every time you look up, and gradually the sun goes down and the wind with it, and the hills get purple, and the whole great valley of the Arno brims with a level light."

It cannot be said that these *Remains* go far to explain Nettleship's Oxford reputation as the successor of Green and the champion of idealistic thought. The essay on *Plato's Ethics* and the lectures on the *Republic* are both of them excellent, real contributions to the already considerable body of Oxford writing on the subject. But they are mainly expository, and in a less degree critical; in no sense constructive. It is in Logic, of course, that an Oxford lecturer declares himself, Logic being interpreted, by the custom of the place, as covering not merely scientific and dialectic method, but also the psychology of cognition and that part of metaphysics which deals with the ultimate nature of knowledge. But we venture to doubt whether the Logic lectures here given were really worth printing in their present form. They are vague, indefinite, unsatisfying; they neither state clearly nor attempt to decide the central problems on which the lecturer's opinion would be valuable; they are certainly too much concerned with purely verbal discussions. The fact is, that, as is so often the case, the educational force in Nettleship was not his lectures, but his personality. Those who heard him will tell you: "There wasn't very much in his lectures, and he generally contradicted himself once or twice in the morning, but it was good to see the man thinking the thing out there before you"; and Prof. Bradley lays stress on the way in which, like a second Plato, he would help those pupils who came into direct contact with him in working out their difficulties. They were "led into a



joint attempt to examine the position stated, and to get from it nearer to the truth which they were believed to be anxious to find." This is stimulus, and, after all, stimulus, rather than the inculcation of particular theories, is the proper business of the educator.

### THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

*The New Psychology.* By E. W. Scripture, Ph.D. "Contemporary Science Series." (Walter Scott.)

It is well known that in America the study of psychology is prosecuted with zeal and enthusiasm. In addition to other modes of training and discipline in this department of scientific inquiry, there is scarcely a university or college of note in the United States which has not its well-equipped psychological laboratory. Energetic disciples of Wundt—the master in Leipzig—are scattered over the country: Von Münsterberg has himself been working and teaching at Harvard. And the spirit of enthusiasm which actuates the teachers has been caught by a large and increasing body of students.

Here in England the case is different. Some of Mr. Francis Galton's admirable anthropometric investigations deal, indeed, with problems similar to those which are exercising the patient ingenuity and skill of American investigators. At Cambridge there has been for some three or four years a psychological laboratory; and one is projected in London in connexion with University College. It cannot be said, however, that in England generally either teachers or students show that lively and energetic zeal in this department of psychological study which characterises our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. No doubt, that tyrannical and ubiquitous person, the examiner, is partly to blame, if blame there be, for this state of matters. But the examiner is the product of his time—the expression of the *Zeitgeist* of his age and country. Why, then, is it that laboratory work in psychology is less devotedly prosecuted here than in America? Is it that we regard the results hitherto attained as incommensurate with the labour and cost which have gone to their production? Or is it that these results have been hidden from the public eye in technical journals and specialist reviews? If this be the reason, Dr. Scripture's work descriptive of the methods and outcome of laboratory psychology is especially opportune. We here have facilities for gauging the work done, and the means by which it has been accomplished.

The title of Dr. Scripture's work—*The New Psychology*—seems to imply that the whole of psychology is to be rebuilt on the new foundations securely laid in the laboratory. Others may perhaps hold that the keynote of modern psychology is the genetic treatment which has been introduced by the conception of evolution—a genetic treatment for which accurate analysis is but the preliminary discipline. Of this there is little or nothing in Dr. Scripture's

work. Genetic problems are conspicuous by their absence. Nor is there any attempt at analysis of the so-called mental faculties which teacher and student alike must employ in dealing with the results of psychological experiment. Dr. Scripture's attitude is here somewhat peculiar and characteristic:

"In using the word 'sensation,'" he says, "I am not introducing any of the technical terms usually employed in psychology. We here have nothing to do with the usual distinction between 'sensations' as elements of mind, 'percepts' as compounds, &c. In practice this distinction is not carried out. The subject of colour is treated under the heading of sensation, whereas much of the colour work deals with highly compound mental facts. Again, under the heading 'perception' you will find, for example, the whole treatment of space, whereas the elements of space are as simple as anything in mental life. With terms such as sensation, perception, intellection, emotion, conation, &c., we have nothing to do. We shall find all the facts of mental life in their proper places, and—I venture to hope—in connexions more natural and intelligible than when arranged grouped to suit a particular scheme of classification. Therefore, when I use a word like sensation, feeling, emotion, &c., I do so only in the meanings implied in common speech."

A little further on, in speaking of judgment, he says:

"Here, again, I use a term in the meaning given to it by everybody. Speculate as much as you please about the processes of logical thought involved; but, when I lift two weights and say 'unequal,' I know nothing of such processes. I have a very definite feeling that I express by saying 'unequal,' and it is this feeling that I term judgment. The expression for this feeling is found, for this particular case, in a certain difference between weights. Inaccuracy of judgment is the term applied to this difference."

Coming to closer quarters, however, with the methods and results of the new psychology, we may say that the methods are: first, the employment of experiment in place of unlimited observation; secondly, the use of instruments and apparatus of physical precision; and thirdly, the application to the data thus obtained of accurate and approved statistical treatment. Of these we may say that they are in themselves good and essentially scientific. Anything which conduces to the disentangling of special problems from the intricate web of phenomena presented to observation, anything which serves to make our experiments precise and their results capable of exact expression, anything which enables us to deal accurately with masses of data, is to be welcomed. But when we inquire how far these excellent methods are applicable in the study of mental phenomena we can scarcely fail to be struck by the narrow limitations of the field in which they have hitherto been employed with success. The time element in certain relatively simple mental processes has been ascertained with praiseworthy exactitude; and its bearing on the personal equation in astronomical observation is sufficiently well known. But have these time-reaction observations served to throw much illuminating light on the essential nature of psychological processes as such? If, as a matter of opinion, we

must answer this question in the negative, we do so with no desire to underrate the value of the facts in themselves. Every accurately determined fact is of value. Of such is science built. But we may fairly ask how far any given fact is of importance to the building as a whole! This is the kind of question we feel bound to ask with regard to the bearing of the time element on our conceptions of human psychology. Or we may put the question in this form: If we were still ignorant of these time-facts by how much would the science of psychology, as a whole, be the poorer?

There is a good deal that is interesting in Dr. Scripture's treatment of Energy in Part III., and of Space—bodily, tactual, monocular, and binocular—in Part IV. Everywhere the same informing purpose is evident—to reach quantitative results by physical processes. There is, indeed, as it seems to us, some failure on the author's part to distinguish clearly the objective aspect of experience from the subjective aspect:

"Is the standard of energy," he asks, "a physical or a psychological one? Just as in the case of time, the establishment of standards of energy is made on the basis of our mental experience. By an effort, by the exertion of force, we push and pull objects about; we thus derive our notions of bodies as exerting forces on one another. In lifting a weight we feel the force of gravity; in stopping a flying ball we feel the work of resistance. Modern mechanics defines force in terms of mass and acceleration—i.e., the movement of a given mass through a given distance in a given time. In this way we regard it only as an unknown factor related to motion; but this abstraction does not mean anything to us mentally till we imagine some muscular force behind it. The standard of energy is thus both a physical and a psychological one. It is physical because it is ultimately established by instrumental means; it is psychological because no step of the process goes outside of our experience."

Our impression is that there is a good deal here that is as debatable physically as it is psychologically. We thought that mechanics, having defined force in terms of mass and acceleration, cheerfully left the "unknown factor related to motion" to the metaphysician. This, however, is a question for physicists to discuss. We turn rather to the psychological question. If the standard of energy "is a psychological one because no step of the process goes outside of our experience," what in the whole range of the physical and natural sciences, securely founded, as we believe, on experience, is *not* psychological? Our common experience presents an objective aspect with which the physical and natural sciences properly deal, and a subjective aspect which it is the business of the psychologist to elucidate. The identification of the two because they both fall under the general head of experience, can result in nothing but confusion.

We are of opinion that those who advocate laboratory methods in psychology, where physical processes and instruments are so largely used, must steadily keep this distinction in view. The experience they gain in the laboratory, in common with all our experience, has a psychological aspect, and



it is in this aspect alone that their results are of value for the science of mind. Here again, therefore, we must ask, how far have the quantitative results hitherto obtained in the psychological laboratory, interesting and valuable in themselves, tended so completely to modify our conceptions of the science as to justify the claims of the New Psychology? We freely admit the great importance of Weber's law as generalised by Fechner and his successors; but can one seriously maintain the view that this generalisation, or all the generalisations set forth in Dr. Scripture's book, taken collectively, have served to remodel psychology, and thus to render valid the pretensions of the "New" science? If we answer this question in the negative we may perhaps find herein the reason why English psychologists have been seemingly unable to share to the full Dr. Scripture's picturesque enthusiasm for his special department of research. For him it is essential; for them accessory.

Lest it should seem from the tone of these remarks that we are out of sympathy with investigations such as are described in the work under consideration, it may be said in conclusion that this is not the case. We believe ourselves to be in sympathy with all good, honest scientific work; and much that deserves this praise has been done by Dr. Scripture and his *compères*. We hope that the Psychological Laboratory in Gower-street will fulfil the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and will train young men in accuracy of method and of thought. But we should deem it a misfortune if these young men, in their devotion to the new psychology, should neglect the old, and should fancy that the necessarily restricted plot of the laboratory ground were an adequate sample of the far wider and richer field which psychology has to offer for their patient and careful study. In a word, we regard the science which takes for its province the interpretation of mental phenomena as so extensive and varied that many workers on many methods may find ample scope for their diverse labours. By all means let us have laboratory work and laboratory instruction. But let us not suppose that this is the whole of psychology, or even that the science of mental phenomena is likely to be entirely reconstituted on new foundations.

#### JOURNALISM ON LITERATURE.

*Victorian Literature.* By Clement K. Shorter (James Bowden.)

MR. SHORTER is one of the few men who would have dared to undertake this work. To review critically so many and diverse living writers, and writers recently living, as those treated of in these pages requires no little courage. Mr. Shorter has not shirked his task; but we cannot think that he has adequately performed it. A book issued under such a title as this must be one of two things: either it must justly appraise the work covered by the term "Victorian Literature"; display the general trend of the period; make clear the advance or retrogression, and throw a strong light on the leading influences; or it must serve a useful

purpose as an extensive and authoritative collection of names, dates, and facts. Mr. Shorter's volume seems to us to fall between these two requirements. It is too small and incomplete to be of use on the reference shelf; while, although many of his judgments are sound, we miss in Mr. Shorter, as critic, any comprehensiveness of outlook. He can dogmatise superficially on each writer under immediate notice, but you look in vain for an intelligent grasp of the essential qualities of the makers of the era of which he treats. He says nothing of their action and reaction upon each other. Let us take an example. One of the most conspicuous literary features of the past ten years has been the rise of what may be called the Greater Britain School of fiction. Under the influence of a new writer fiction (and the Victorian age is the age of the novel) suddenly shook itself free of certain old conventions. There is no need to enumerate the tenets of this school. It suffices to say that its exponents aim at setting forth facts as they are, and that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is at the head of it. Yet this is how Mr. Shorter dismisses Mr. Kipling:

"Another living poet who has been well and justly praised is Rudyard Kipling. He made his earliest fame as a writer of short stories of Indian military life. 'Soldiers Three' and 'Wee Willie Winkie' have entirely captivated the imagination of Mr. Kipling's contemporaries. It is as a poet, however, that he will perhaps longest retain his hold upon them. His 'Barrack-room Ballads' (1892) are finely touched with that martial spirit which so strongly appeals to the heart of our nation."

Nothing, you perceive, of Mr. Kipling's impingement upon his brother novelists—nothing of *The Seven Seas*. The truth probably is, that Mr. Shorter does not care for Mr. Kipling's style, and deprecates, as he has every right to do, his vogue. But, this being so, how much more valuable his book would be had he made it a genuine reflection of his own creed throughout, instead of sometimes passing an opinion of his own and sometimes merely recording the commonplace verdict of contemporary journalism! An honest, if heretical, book is worth a thousand hurried compilations.

Concerning many of our points of difference we will say nothing; but Mr. Shorter occasionally invites something more than disagreement. For example, this is not the way to write of the Hon. Mrs. Norton: "Mrs. Norton—'the Byron of poetesses,' as Lockhart described her—wrote several novels, *Stuart of Dunleath* and *Lost and Saved* being perhaps the best known in their time, but she lives now mainly in George Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*." Does not Mr. Shorter know that this story has been denied both by Lord Dufferin and Mr. Meredith? Again, it is not correct to call Borrow "the most famous traveller of the reign." Sir Richard Burton, whose name is not mentioned by Mr. Shorter, was a greater. Wilson is included, but without reference to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Dr. John Brown has no place in Mr. Shorter's pages, nor has the late T. E. Brown. Too often Mr. Shorter permits success or popularity to be his measure of merit.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Founders of Geology.* By Sir Archibald Geikie. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE geologists treated of in these lectures belong mainly to the last half of the eighteenth century and the first two decades of the nineteenth. Their facts and their theories have long been absorbed or refuted by modern science, and their personalities almost forgotten. Sir Archibald Geikie has found it a pious and a profitable task to recall some memories of men to whom their successors owe much, and from whose careers they may yet learn some lessons. With an unrivalled knowledge of his subject, and a considerable faculty of lucid and happy exposition, Sir Archibald tells the tales of Guettard and his early geological maps; of Desmarest and the great controversy as to the nature of basalt; of the rival schools of Neptunists and Vulcanists that clustered round Werner and Hutton; of Smith, Sedgwick, and Murchison and the stratigraphy of the English beds. The lectures were originally delivered at the John Hopkins University in the United States, and Sir Archibald Geikie speaks with enthusiasm of the great field open to geological science in America, and of the good work which American geologists are already doing.

*France.* By Mary O. Rowsell. "The Children's Study." (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THIS little book is a difficult piece of work well done. To tell the story of a great nation which has existed for more than fifteen hundred years, and to do this in a short compass and with a studied simplicity, is not an easy task. Miss Rowsell seems to have succeeded excellently. She has wisely kept her tale to the more stirring side of history, and added the many traditions, well-founded if not always true, which to the ordinary reader stand in place of fact. It is a record of conquest and battle and wild deeds, delightful to any child to whom States-General and Pragmatic Sanctions are things of abhorrence. And, though it is full of the gossip of history, and though, as is right, the Rolands and Bayards have the prominent places, there is no lack of method, and the book is an excellent little epitome of the facts on the subject.

*Historical Portraits.* By Henry B. Wheatley. (George Bell & Sons.)

WE possess no detailed history of our famous portraits, and Mr. Wheatley has made no attempt to supply the want. His book is an entertaining gossip upon historical portraits and their painters, illustrated with some seventy reproductions. He has conscientiously gone over many collections and brought together a surprising amount of interesting details. After a slight summary of the foremost British portrait painters he has chapters on "Portrait Exhibitions" and "Portrait Collections," and notes on the chief men and women in each walk of life whose features have been perpetuated. He wisely refrains from art criticism—in which we should doubt his excellence—and confines

himself to biography and anecdote. The book supplies a real want, and is light and attractive enough for the most casual reader. It forms besides a portfolio of excellent pictures. There are only two omissions which one might deplore. Surely a Slaughter and a Pickersgill might have been omitted for the sake of an example of Raeburn, whose work in this sphere has often an extraordinary quality of power? And why is there no portrait of that best portrayable of men, the Marquis of Montrose? Either the 1640 by Jameson, the 1644 Dobson, or the famous 1649 picture by Honthorst might have been selected.

*The French Revolution.* Vols. III. and IV. By Justin H. McCarthy. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE publication of these two volumes brings to an end Mr. McCarthy's somewhat ponderous history of the French Revolution. Few people, we think, will find time to read it; nor can we honestly regret the fact very much. The fact is, the book is ridiculously long and diffuse. In it Mr. McCarthy has carried the vice of repetition and surplusage to its highest point. It is conceivable that some historian of monumental research and erudition could have filled four portly volumes of hard on four hundred pages each with the history of a couple of years (Mr. McCarthy's book only deals with the period of 1789-1791), in which, while every important fact and inference was included, none was dwelt on at undue length; but that historian is not Mr. McCarthy. The book is, of course, strongly tinged with its author's political views, and as these views, as applied to the French Revolution, are by no means generally accepted, the result is a picture of the events of this period which is not altogether convincing. But though we cannot congratulate Mr. McCarthy on his work as a whole—indeed, we find a difficulty in discovering what justification could be pleaded for the publication of these four portly volumes on a period which has been very fully dealt with by historians already—we gladly acknowledge the evidences of industry and wide reading which the book displays. Mr. McCarthy has studied conscientiously everything bearing upon his subject, and his book is a storehouse of facts, though the statement of them leaves much to be desired in directness.

*Fletcher's The Faithful Shepherdess.* Edited by F. W. Moorman. ("Temple Dramatists." J. M. Dent & Co.)

THIS edition of Fletcher's finest work, and one of the most beautiful of all pastoral dramas, is a welcome addition to the "Temple Dramatists." Mr. Moorman provides a brief, though perhaps sufficient, introduction and a few pages of notes. In mentioning the English attempts at pastoral drama which preceded Fletcher's, it was surely odd to include Peele's lost "Hunting of Cupid" and omit his extant and important "Arraignment of Paris." We fail to understand why this edition was advertised only a week or so before it appeared as edited by Prof. H. J. C. Grierson.

*The Age of Tennyson.* By Hugh Walker. ("Handbooks of English Literature." G. Bell & Sons.)

THIS does not come up to the level of some of the earlier volumes of the series—notably, to that of Prof. Herford's *Age of Wordsworth*. It was a difficult task to essay. The absence of a perspective militated against the casting of things into their proper proportion or the formation of broad general views. And the host of minor writers who had to be marshalled somehow almost necessarily turned several chapters of the book into the semblance of a biographical catalogue. But, to be frank, we doubt whether Prof. Walker has those brilliant gifts of literary exposition which would have enabled him to triumph over these obstacles. He knows his subject, of course—that, we suppose, is why he is a professor of it—but even in the passages where he has elbow-room, such as the accounts of Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, he does not display any particular freshness of perception or any particular critical insight. He is shown at his best, perhaps, in a very true analysis of the mental attitude of John Henry Newman; but for the most part he is trite, commonplace, unsatisfying, anything but illuminative, or even suggestive. And we must confess that we have come not to look for the higher literary qualities in the majority of these innumerable handbooks, written as so many of them must be, not from any inward prompting, but merely upon request, to fill a place in a series.

*Gleanings in Buddha Fields: Studies of Hand and Soul in the Far East.* By Lascadio Hearn. (Harper.)

DESPITE its catchpenny title, it is impossible to read a chapter of Mr. Hearn's slight volume without becoming aware that one is in the presence of a writer whose acquaintance with the manner of life and mode of thought which obtain in the fascinating island which for so many years he has made his home is more than skin-deep. His sympathy is warm towards this gentle race; his comprehension of its ideas, his reverence for its ideals, spring out of his anxious study of both; he has so imbibed its spirit as, by the aid of a pre-existing foundation of Western culture, to be an admirable exponent of its philosophy and its theories of life. Of his eleven chapters three have chiefly interested us: the fifth, upon faces in Japanese art; the eighth, upon the Buddhistic allusions in Japanese folk-songs (of which the author gives us a number of specimens very deftly Englished); and the ninth, in which are treated with a surprising lucidity the distinctions between the popular and the esoteric Buddhism, and in particular the extremely recondite concept of Nirvana. It need hardly be pointed out here that his exposition of this subject has nothing in common with what is popularly prated at the Queen's Hall and elsewhere. Mr. Hearn sets before us a people of extraordinary tenderness and sensibility, inspired with a faith and hope of extreme beauty. One incident exemplifies a native refinement that must put to the

blush the shallow clamorousness of the West. Mr. Hearn graphically tells us how when the war-worn troops returned from the late campaign they were suffered to pass in absolute silence through the throng of the citizens—patriotic exaltation was too lofty and too sacred an emotion to express itself through a shout. And we have yet to learn not to drown the last pulsations of a symphony with meaningless applause.

*A System of Medicine.* By Many Writers. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Vol. IV. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS volume was to have been the penultimate one in Messrs. Macmillan's important series of red-backed medical books. But the editor now intimates that the work will not accommodate itself in the five volumes originally proposed. A sixth will be needed; but there is little danger of the subscribers complaining, for it is evident that the great object of the publication is likely to be attained—namely, to produce a *System of Medicine* which shall be within the means of every practitioner.

*Cassell's Family Doctor.* By a Medical Man.

THIS book, as the title implies, is intended for discreet use by the heads of a family. It is claimed that with its aid the common ailments can be recognised and dealt with properly up to a certain point. Two chapters are devoted to home nursing, and these are eminently clear and practical. There is also a valuable concluding chapter on accidents and emergencies.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

*The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain.* By Montagu Burrows. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. BURROWS is the Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and the chapters of this book, which is now issued at a lower price, are adapted from lectures. Mr. Burrows says that since the first edition was published, more than a year ago, the principles of British foreign policy, as traced in this book, have been most remarkably elucidated by events.

STANFORD'S COMPENDIUM OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL (New Issue).—*North America* (Vol. I.): Canada and Newfoundland. By S. E. Dawson. (Edward Stanford.)

THE Jubilee of the Queen's reign is advanced in justification of this undertaking. The Empire "has become for the first time conscious of its vast extent"; and hence the need of accurate statements of the physical peculiarities of great tracts of the world's surface dominated by the British flag. Such a statement is here attempted in respect of our North American dependencies; and it is very properly founded on "the latest reports presented to the Parliament of Canada by the men, officials for the most part, who are engaged in exploring the newer territories or in collecting the information necessary for the Dominion and of its integral provinces." The illustrative maps are both numerous and good.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

ONLY sixteen novels this week. Can it be that the strike among the printers of Edinburgh is damming the tide of fiction also? Sixteen suffices; but we have chronicled double that number in seven days before now.

#### THE LION OF JANINA.

By MAURUS JOKAI.

Another of Mr. Nisbet Bain's translations of the Hungarian novelist. The previous one was *Pretty Michal*. *The Lion of Janina* is Turkish: its sub-title is "The Last Days of the Janissaries." In the original it was called *Janicsárok végnapjai*, which makes us glad it has been translated. The hero of the romance is Ali Pasha of infamous memory. A portrait of Jokai precedes the story, and a very necessary glossary of Turkish words follows it. (Jarrold & Sons. 324 pp. 6s.)

#### A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

By PERCY WHITE.

A slight, bright love-story by the author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin*. It is told autobiographically. The *Passionate Pilgrim* falls in love with Sylvia, who jilts him to marry a Lord. The *Passionate Pilgrim* inherits £50,000. The Lord dies. The *Passionate Pilgrim* returns to Sylvia, and finds her arms are still open. They fold around him; and he at once proceeds to long for "the fresh, pure heart of two years ago." Some people are never satisfied. We are satisfied that the author of *Mr. Bailey-Martin* can do better than this. (Methuen & Co. 316 pp. 6s.)

#### PEACE WITH HONOUR.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.

"Mr." Grier is credited with three books on the title-page of this story, and of these we remember *An Uncrowned King* and *His Excellency's English Governess*. In the story before us we have a blend of two motives: the New Woman and a military "Ethiopian Mission," to which the heroine, a lady doctor, is attached. The improbability of this appointment is on a par with the vagueness of the mission, of the locality to which it is sent, and of the operations which are conducted there. But it is demonstrated in the end that a British officer may so far conquer his prejudices against a New Woman as to marry her. There is an abundance of incident, and the setting of the story lends it freshness. (William Blackwood & Sons. 413 pp. 6s.)

#### THE STORY OF AB.

By STANLEY WATERLOO.

As a change from the historical romance, now so much in vogue, Mr. Waterloo, who is a popular American author, has written a pre-historical romance. His characters belong to the period of which Mr. E. T. Reed has given the readers of *Punch* such droll glimpses; but they are a less amusing tribe of cavemen than his. The story is sensational: it abounds in mammoths and excitements, and is most admirably illustrated by Mr. S. H. Vedder. (A. & C. Black. 363 pp. 6s.)

#### AT THE TAIL OF THE HOUNDS.

By MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.

Mrs. Kennard is a well-known novelist of the hunting-field. *The Catch of the County*, *The Hunting Girl*, and *The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife* have found readers. In a hunting novel one does not look for subtleties or miss them. Good, sound, slangy human nature, and the tiger-hunting qualities generally—these we expect to find depicted; and the love element should be strong and fibrous rather than sentimental. Of such things is this

story of the drawing together of Mrs. Wentworth, a widow, and Major Gruffoldi, a bachelor, woven. The atmosphere of the stables and the rapture of "kills" invade the love-story; which is as it should be, for the art of a hunting novel is to know when to cut love-making and come to the 'osses, and when to cut the 'osses and come to marriage bells. Mrs. Kennard knows. (F. V. White & Co. 310 pp. 6s.)

#### OVER THE OPEN.

By W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS.

Another hunting story, by the author of *Poems in Pink*. Mr. Williams knows what hunting is, for he was formerly Master and Huntsman of the Netton Harriers. And he seems to know what youth and love are. The blending of the two interests is of the closest, from the day when Violet boldly goes into raptures over her first horse to the day when—but the story is for its readers. (F. V. White & Co. 294 pp. 6s.)

#### PAUL MERCER.

By JAMES ADDERLEY.

This story by the author of *Stephen Remarz* is dedicated to Canon Gore. One has only to read the first two chapters describing the "Pilgrims" of Bunster and their leader, a millionaire soap-maker, to realise that it is a marrowy book. The figure of Peter Gowle, an unctuous preacher from Clapham, is stamped on the memory at once. "He was so terribly afraid of being justified by works that he seemed to favour an entirely passive existence, in which you must abstain even from doing what was right, lest you should run the risk of thinking there was any merit attached to your actions." It was after hearing Mr. Gowle tell the story of his conversion that Paul, the millionaire's little boy, said to Joan, his little sister: "I hate hearing about God, don't you?" (Edward Arnold. 234 pp. 6s.)

#### SAINT PORTH.

By J. HENRY HARRIS.

This is a novel of local customs and ways of thought. The author knows thoroughly, and loves correspondingly, the stretch of Cornish coast between Cawsand and the Land's End. His story tells how a young widow, Grace Trevail, toiled for the future of her little son, Silas, when bereft of her husband. The story is told not wholly for its own sake. The author is anxious to steep us in the simple life of these Cornish villages. We see the boats building and smell their new paint, we see the pilchards lying embalmed in their "press-beds" for the Italian market, and we are given many a quaint local saying, such as this:

"The Queen's nothin so uncommon,  
But just like another woman  
What's got a mouth and eyes."

Of course, there is a love interest—indeed, "The Wooing of Dolly Pentreath" is the sub-title of the story. (John Milne. 320 pp. 6s.)

#### SIR GASPARD'S AFFINITY.

By MINA SANDEMAN

Lurid and unlikely. There is a governess in the story who talks to her two charges like this:

"Thank Heaven that I am English born and bred, a true Briton, a daughter of Albion to the core! No incomprehensible, outlandish, indecorous foreign ways for me, therefore I wish to put it clearly before you, Victoria (and she emphasised her forcible discourse by tapping vigorously on the floor with her beetle-crushing, elastic braced foot) that I will not allow you (if I can avoid it) to acquire any French tricks; and you Cecilia . . . who are, alas! so soon to leave my sheltering wing for the gay and deceptive world . . . beware of Jesuitical Papists!"

Sir Gaspard and his affinity seem to have made a wedding of it, whereat "everything was rose-tinted and joyous." We had not patience to ascertain what becomes of Mr. Dawkins.

Dawk. But the name fascinates us. (Digby & Long. 204 pp. 3s. 6d.)

IN SIMPKINSVILLE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

The American character tale, with its rendering of life in what this writer calls "secluded spots still reckoned upside down," is refreshing. When such a tale contains a deacon, and an old maid named Euphemia Twiggs, and the question is whether the deacon's habit of finding Miss Twiggs's hymns for her in church will come to anything, we at once surrender ourselves to the story. It was the Rev. Mr. Bowen who calculated that Deacon Hatfield's "book-swappin's" with Euphemia in twenty-three years totalled up to 12,000; and it was the rumour of this calculation that revived the hopes of a match in the congregation. But at the critical service Euphemia saved a delicate situation by going to a remote pew, and the village did not know what to make of it. "I don't say she didn't act ca'm," said one, "but in my opinion a little fluster is sometimes mo' becomin' to a woman 'n what this everlastin' ca'mness is." Of such quaint humour these stories—there are five—are compact. (Harper & Brothers. 244 pp. 5s.)

DUST O' GLAMOUR.

BY H. SIDNEY WARWICK.

We have little doubt that Mr. Warwick is a young writer. There are five or six plots in this book, and "problems" enough for all. There is a rector with a guilty secret; and there is a union unblest by the Church; and there is a broken engagement in another quarter; and there is an East-end parson who drinks and reclaims outcasts; and there are hints of dark doings in Colorado; and what not. Mr. Warwick has the courage to tackle half a dozen motives; he lacks the experience to deal effectively with one. Anything more crude than the story of how Geoffrey Gray and Irene Tempest dispensed with marriage we have seldom read. Yet Mr. Warwick has stuff in him. What he needs to get rid of is that dust o' glamour of life. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 338 pp.)

THE SACK OF MONTE CARLO.

BY WALTER FRITH.

This story purports to tell how certain daring spirits raided the gaming rooms at Monte Carlo. The idea occurred to the narrator in bed one morning; and it is carried out quite successfully. The "swag" as one of the party called it, or the "boodle" as another designated it, was enormous, and the story of its capture is told with a gallop and an accompaniment of pretty yatchswomen. (Arrowsmith. 298 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A DESERTER FROM PHILISTIA.

BY E. PHIPPS TRAIN.

A publisher's note, which we are in doubt whether to believe or not, or whether we are expected to believe or not, states that this story is printed from a MS., the property of a famous actress, bought at an auction, and now edited for the public. This may or may not be the case. If not, the ruse is very silly. The story is told in the first person by a woman of singular frankness. She also had "a flowing chestnut mane" and greenish-grey eyes. Her adventures on and off the stage make the book. (James Bowden. 282 pp.)

THE MILLIONAIRE OF PARKERSVILLE.

BY MARSHALL G. WOOD.

A Californian story. Scene: the Blue Jump Claim and elsewhere. Dialect: "kin" for "can" and "thet" for "that." Class: melodrama. Gambler: Poker Jake. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 192 pp. 1s.)

THE JOY OF MY YOUTH.

BY CLAUD NICHOLSON.

This book is all ejaculation, and the pages are peppered with *mon ami*, *voilà*, *sapristi*, and *allons donc*. It is a sort of rhapsody on youth by an old man looking back on his own adolescence. (Elkin Mathews. 296 pp.)

A MATRIMONIAL FREAK.

BY EDITH M. PAGE.

Miss Page lacks experience. She finds a tissue of incidents—many of them unhappy—upon an impossible "marriage" between an Oxford undergraduate and a young girl of seventeen, conducted by themselves in an empty church. (Digby & Long. 310 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*At the Cross Roads.* By F. F. Montrésor.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

This is a tale of the making of the "choice which is life's business," the beginning of the conscious impulse toward virtue. The man is condemned on a false charge, lengthens his imprisonment by a violent attempt at flight, and finally, in a remote land, comes to immense wealth. The woman believes in him in spite of her kin, and receives him gladly when he returns. Her love is his salvation. They set themselves together to face the world, but after the birth and death of their one child she falls into a sort of bitterness with life, and hardens into worldly wisdom. Their courses begin to lie apart, till both feel the folly of it, and the wife, who had once drawn the man from the deeps, is now by him saved from a more fatal apathy.

The problem is real, the work is undeniably strong, and yet one cannot lay the book down with entire satisfaction. The end is simply not adequate. One demands a certain emphasis in the crisis, a certain obvious and real decline to make the salvation dramatically effective. It is not quite apparent wherein the exact heinousness of Gillian's conduct lay, or how and why she repented and turned from it. Indeed, it looks as if the writer, wearied with a long story, had left the end vaguely indeterminate. Again, the stage is overcrowded with figures, many of whom work out their own dramas in a way only remotely relevant to the main issue. In one type of story such a fault is slight, but here the interest lies in a struggle of impulses in two souls, and we demand that every part contribute to the central theme. Smaller blemishes, too, irritate, such as the many awkwardly introduced explanations to atone for previous omissions in the narrative, and the habit of naming the chapters by trivial tags of verses. But with such complaints our fault-finding ends. Miss Montrésor's slow and careful evolution of character is wholly admirable. If the hero does not always convince, Gillian is excellent, and her mother is drawn with the cruel insight of genuine dislike. Stephen Molyneux is finely and tenderly done, and Mr. Strode, the vicar, is an austere conscientious portrait. Of the many minor characters there is scarcely one which is not treated with care and sympathy. The style now and then comes near verbosity, but at its best it has a sort of gnomic wisdom which is rare in novels of the day. The book has genuine power, and if the interest of the ethical problem is scarcely sustained, there can be no question about the excellence of the mere narrative.

\* \* \* \*

*The Builders.* By J. S. Fletcher.  
(Methuen & Co.)

It is difficult at first to tell what exactly is wrong with this book, for on a hasty reflection there seems nothing particularly right. The impression on closing it is one of entire dissatisfaction. Afterwards one remembers that there are some pleasing, if rather sing-song and undistinguished, descriptions of nature, and that the author has undoubted clearness and order in his narrative. It is a plain story of a young man in training for the Methodist ministry, who, when on a visit to his uncle's house, seduces a girl in the village, marries her, and gives up his career. He becomes a clerk in a neighbouring town, but soon his wife quarrels with him and leaves him. He believes that she is dead, and returns to his uncle's house, where he in time inherits the property and becomes a successful farmer. A nurse comes along who initiates him into the mysteries of culture, and soon they are about to be married. But by chance he finds his former wife on the London streets, takes her home with him, and has severe brain fever. The poor woman sees that she stands between him and his love, and commits suicide on his recovery; after an ineffectual attempt to shoot himself, he marries the nurse, and the story closes to slow music—literally to slow music, for Mr. Fletcher falls into the indefensible trick of printing several extracts from Chopin on the last page.

The most obvious fault in the book is the weakness and commonness of most of the scenes. There is something dreadfully familiar in the cripple-boy who dies with the Lord's Prayer (printed in italics on his lips, and the neglected wife who rushes out in the darkness to the nearest pond—not that there is anything wrong in the things

themselves, but they have been so staled by ignoble use that an author need have extraordinary freshness and insight before he can use them with good effect, and it is just this fresh quality that Mr. Fletcher does not possess. His analysis is jaded commonplace, his passion mere reiterated catchwords, and his pity simply popular pathos. And the root of the whole error is that he does not think of his men and women as living souls, to be painfully and carefully made to live again in his pages with such knowledge of life and his art as he may possess, but as vague embodiments of certain sentiments and tendencies which he likes or hates. The book may be described as the history of the conversion of an abstract entity from Primitive Methodism to village hospitals, culture, and a wider view of life. To write the story the author must have incident, so, having as his primary subject, not reality, but sentiment, he falls into the easy trick of using the conventional scenes of circulating-library fiction: and if the result be something less than convincing, who can wonder?

*Iva Kildare: a Matrimonial Problem.* By L. B. Walford.  
(Longmans & Co.)

In the reviewer's lexicon there should be no such word as delightful; but really it applies so well to the pleasant folk and the tender sentiment of Mrs. Walford's story that the point may be stretched. Indeed, it is the best word, for it indicates the limitations no less than the strong points of the book. The "problem" of the title is, the reader is glad to find, quite of the old-fashioned order. Iva Kildare and Reggie Goffe discover on the eve of the young gentleman's departure for India that they are in love. The fates are unkind, and it looks like a case of life-long separation. Iva's mother, Lady Tilbury, was not informed of the attachment. Perhaps if she had been she would not have interfered, for her own experience of two husbands presented something of a "problem":

"I know you were happy with Sir Thomas?" murmured Iva inquiringly.

"That I was, honour bright, Iva."

"Yet you did not love him as you loved my father?"

"Your father didn't deserve the love I gave him," said the widow promptly. "He would have broken my heart if —"

"I know—but you loved him."

"Oh, I loved him—more shame to me."

"S, you loved him and were not happy with him—and you did not love Sir Thomas and were happy with him. 'Tis a queer world," said Iva, with a queer little quavering smile."

Meanwhile Mr. Jabez Druitt gives up business in Manchester and, buying the ancestral hall of the impoverished Goffes, sets himself to the wooing of Iva. A fine character this, and carefully drawn—as, indeed, are all in the book. He reminds one more of the benevolent Jarndyce than of any other middle-aged hero in fiction. When at the last Reggie turns up from India and Mr. Druitt learns the truth nothing will satisfy him but that they must accept the family mansion at his hands. The news of the act of self-sacrifice sends Lady Tilbury all speed to the Hall:

"It was a raw, misty evening: but Lady Tilbury, heedless of weather and of the gathering darkness, hurried along, engrossed solely by the purpose which took her abroad. She was going to tell Mr. Druitt what she thought of him, if ten thousand obstacles stood in the way."

Mr. Druitt was alone; and—oh, how terribly alone he looked!—such a little, solitary figure in the huge hall. And Lady Tilbury had been used to seeing him upon horseback, or driving about in his high dog-cart—or, at any rate, stepping about erect and gay, with head well up, and shoulders well thrown back: she had never thought of him as a little man before.

But, crouching over a low fire, with a forlorn droop in every feature, and—truth compels the detail—only a pair of thin old slippers on his feet, which took off at least an inch from his height, he presented such a picture of pitiful insignificance that her woman's soul was stirred within her.

She could not blame Iva. How should a girl of Iva's age look below the surface? Yet here was one of the finest natures God ever made, encased in a small, shrunken, grey-coated figure! Her eyes swam; her hands involuntarily went out before her."

And Lady Tilbury proposed—a strange thing to do, perhaps; but the author makes it the most natural thing in the world, as well as one of the prettiest scenes you will find in a season's fiction. Mrs. Walford has seldom been more happy than in this quaint conclusion.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

IT may interest our readers to be reminded that with this number the ACADEMY begins its second year under the present control. The first number of the new series was dated November 14, 1896. During the past year we have endeavoured to be both just and generous; and now more than ever are we intent upon the discovery and encouragement of genuine merit in literature.

MR. JOHN MORLEY is about to account and atone for his long silence by the publication of a rather important volume. It is a contribution to modern polemics, but, as the author hopes, from the standpoint of a philosopher rather than from that of an ex-Minister. One of his chapters will be devoted, in this spirit, to a study of the subject of Home Rule.

THE strike of the Edinburgh printers (to be precise, the machine-minders) has assumed a strong literary interest. Many important books are delayed—books for which the public are eager. We hear that the plates of an important edition of the Waverley Novels have been withdrawn from Edinburgh and have been sent to Guildford. Plates for four other important books have come South, and it is not considered likely that they will cross the Border again.

It is feared that the strike portends nothing less than a transference of Edinburgh's power and prestige in the book-printing trade to London or elsewhere. The odd thing is that the London men, by supporting the Edinburgh strikers, are doing their masters a very good turn; seeing that every day of the strike sees the Edinburgh presses growing slacker and the London and

English presses busier. It will be curious if the balance of power is materially altered; for there is no denying the present supremacy of Edinburgh in the printing of books. Three such firms as Messrs. Ballantyne & Hanson, Messrs. R. & R. Clark, and Messrs. Constable (which are all affected by the strike) are not to be easily matched south of the Tweed. The extensive printing of English books in Edinburgh took its rise when the original issues of the Waverley Novels advertised the name of Ballantyne everywhere. A circumstance in Edinburgh's favour—but Edinburgh made it—has been that the printing-works there are lighter, airier, cleaner, and in every way better fitted for careful bookwork than London establishments. At least, Edinburgh says so.

As to the causes of the present strike, they are such as to compel sympathy with the masters. The men demand a 50-hour week, without reduction of wages. Hitherto the Edinburgh week has been one of 52½ hours, as compared with the 54-hour week which still prevails in London. Indeed, a 56-hour week is the rule of some London firms, and many provincial ones. The Edinburgh masters were therefore already at a disadvantage when this new demand was sprung upon them in August. They assert that it is quite impossible to grant a week of 50 hours while rival London firms are getting 54 hours' work out of their men for the same wages. It may be believed, however, that masters and men, between whom great respect exists, will settle their differences speedily.

MANY strange things have been done in the name of Jubilee, but few are more odd than the publication of *The Imperial Souvenir*, which lies before us. Mr. Nutt puts it forth, Prof. Salmoné has "devised and edited" it, and Mr. Richmond, R.A., contributes a design. The deviser's task has been to procure translations of the third stanza of the National Anthem in fifty of the most important languages spoken in the British Empire, and to serve them up here. In shape the book is impossible—one of those unwieldy things, broader than they are tall—and we have some difficulty in believing that its contents will be treasured by anyone. There is no reason why Prof. Salmoné should not attend a feast of languages, but we cannot see why he should ask others to buy the scraps.

THE opinions of cultured Indians concerning the work of Mrs. Steel and Mr. Kipling are naturally interesting. It is the privilege of these writers, as it is of all who use remote foreign backgrounds, to postulate with more freedom than can the stay-at-home novelist. Very few readers, even among Anglo-Indians, are in a position to corroborate or deny their statements. Hence it is well that now and then a native should be afforded an opportunity of speaking. It was under this belief that we asked Prof. A. S. Ghosh, of the University of Calcutta, to comment upon Mrs. Steel's new book, *In the Permanent Way*.

PROF. GHOSH praises the book highly, not only for its dramatic qualities, but for the understanding and sympathy it reveals. But he has one or two faults to find. He writes:

"I think, however, that the sorrows of a childless wife in India are not nearly so great as Mrs. Steel describes them to be, simply because of that 'curious resignation, that impassive acquiescence, which,' she says, 'does more to separate East from West than all the seas which lie between England and India'; and because, even if the barrenness of the first wife necessitates the marrying of a second (with a view to the future performance of religious rites), there can be no jealousy between the two; for to them 'marriage has for its object the preservation of the hearth fire, not the fire of passion, and the jealousy which is a virtue to the civilised is a crime to these barbarians.' Mrs. Steel, I fear, has also fallen into the common error (it would have been a marvel had she not) of assuming that every graduate of an Indian University is a prig. The Indian graduate is also the pet aversion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But both are wrong in their assumptions. In the discharge of my academical duties, not so very long ago, I came daily into contact with more than seven hundred undergraduates of the Calcutta University, and I did not notice in them as a class any particular priggishness, anything which would differentiate them in that respect, say, from English 'Varsity men.'"

THE recent fogs have again reminded readers at the British Museum of the tardiness of the officials in arranging for some system of artificial illumination, which shall supplement the loss of daylight in their subterranean book-rooms. Under present circumstances no sooner is London wrapped in fog than shelves and shelves of volumes become inaccessible. The electric current which supplies the large lamps suspended from the reading-room ceiling is notoriously bad, and must by this time have made the fortune of several oculists and opticians, but the incandescent lamps which light the desks burn steadily enough. Cannot similar lamps be fixed downstairs? Or if not, might not the attendants carry electric lanterns? It seems ridiculous that at this advanced day a fog should be permitted so to embarrass visitors to the finest library in the world. In the newspaper room in gloomy weather work is reduced to nothing.

At this time of year, when every minute a book is born, it is no wonder that reviewers are hasty; and we have noticed a curious instance of reviewer's haste in the past few days. In two journals—one a critical weekly of old standing, and the other a people's daily—we have seen a book entitled *Brer Mortal* included among books for children. The second organ, indeed, effusively bids the reader, "be he ever so young," thank the author most "devoutly" for the treat offered. This is very comic. We happen to have read *Brer Mortal* with some interest, and, therefore, we know that a child might as well be offered *The Battle of the Books* as Ben Marlas' allegory of evolution. In order to heighten his effect, the author has adopted the formula of *Uncle Remus*; beyond that there is nothing to suggest

juvenile appreciation of the book. It is a facetious satire, intelligible only to minds conversant with the clash of creeds. It could do no harm to children, because of its incomprehensibility. But to place it in their hands would be a cruel act.

THE ingenious gentleman who devised the San Francisco *Lark*, and subsequently migrated East, has now prepared a successor. This he calls *L'Enfant Terrible*. The editor is a committee of three: Mr. Gelett Burgess, the original San Francisco eccentric; Mr. Oliver Herford, a clever humorous artist; and Mr. J. J. Roche. The contents of the new paper are to be chosen in a manner sufficiently unconventional. "Once a week the editors are to dine together, and on this evening the matter for the next number of the publication, both text and illustrations, will be conceived and expressed on paper, the staff being pledged not to leave the room until the entire copy is ready for the printer." We can only say that we trust the morrow's proof-reading will be rigorous.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the copy of a note written by Mr. Kipling to a literary aspirant in New Zealand, which throws some light, he remarks, on the liberties taken with a novelist's good-nature and leisure. It runs: "No man's advice is of the least benefit in our business (and I am a very busy man). Keep on trying till you either fail or succeed." The author, adds our correspondent, deemed this missive "encouraging."

IN connexion with this matter we might quote two or three of the letters printed in the *Forum* from the recent post-bag of a well-known American author. They show fairly enough one part of the penalty of popularity:

"DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to answer the following question?—In your estimation, is 'Portia' the judge in the trial scene in the 'Merchant of Venice' or the 'Duke'? Can you cite me some good authority on this point?—Yours very truly,  
"A. B."

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose you under separate cover a manuscript, entitled 'X. Y. Z.' It will take you about forty-five minutes to read it. That, to a busy man, is a great deal of time, I know; but, nevertheless, I am going to ask of you the very great favour of giving me that much of your time, reading the manuscript and telling me if it is worth anything—if it would be worth while even to try again. I do not like to ask such a favour. If I had it to do in person, probably my courage would fail me; but necessity knows no law—I want criticism—and I take advantage of the friendly cover of a letter. I trust some time in the future to be able to render you a *quid pro quo* for the time spent. Your kindly criticism and advice I can repay only with thanks.—Very respectfully,  
"K. L."

"Will you please give me your personal opinion as to the sanity or insanity of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' and oblige  
"C. D."

SIR LEWIS MORRIS appears in a new rôle in the current *Forum*. He con-

tributes a light essay on "The Disuse of Laughter," which is by way of being a plea for the revival of the broad humour of Dickens. Sir Lewis should try *Many Caravans*. Incidentally, we gather that among his dislikes are the humorous articles of a well-known contemporary writer of the school of Thackeray. "When I read them," he says, "I cannot help wondering how the old lion would have liked to see his mane on papillotes and to hear his own roar reproduced, as it were, in *falsetto*, and ending in the polite little snigger which is almost inevitable in these productions. It is Thackeray, no doubt, but with a difference—with quite as much classical learning and power of literary allusion, with much graceful badinage, and not unfrequently a pleasant subacid humour. But it is much what Sydney Scraper, the genteel and briefless Chancery barrister—his mother, you will remember, was Lady Susan—would have written if he had had genius and knowledge enough; and anything like a hearty laugh is not to be got out of it. The utmost it can elicit is a well-bred and somewhat sickly smile." There seems to be an attack here on someone. Who can it be?

NOR long ago a gentleman astonished the world, and tested the fortitude of his friends, by reciting from memory the whole of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The feat was accomplished in twenty-six hours, and was sufficiently novel and undesirable. But in eccentricity a reciter, who recently has performed before Miss Ellen Terry, goes further. This enthusiast called on the actress and insisted upon reciting Thomson's *Seasons* entirely by facial expression. The poem is not peculiarly rich in dramatic opportunities, but he forged remorselessly to the end, although long before he reached it his listener had to consult the text. A single facial expression can mean so many things.

THE New Century Theatre's second series of performances will be given at the Avenue Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, November 29, Tuesday, November 30, Wednesday, December 1, Thursday, December 2, and Friday, December 3. The programme will consist of a one-act play by Miss Margaret Young, entitled "Honesty," and "Admiral Guinea," by Mr. W. E. Henley and the late R. L. Stevenson.

MISS HANNAH LYNCH writes:—"I see by your paragraph in this week's ACADEMY, and by Mr. Austin's remarks in the *Sketch*, that *Amitié Amoureuse* is regarded in London as a new French book over which Paris is at present greatly excited. The book appeared in the beginning of last February, when I sent my article about it to the *Fortnightly Review*. Then, in a restricted literary set, it did create some emotion, and was accepted as Maupassant's love-correspondence by those who had known him personally as well as the lady said to be Denise. The publishers, Messrs. Calmann Levy, never advertised it as Maupassant's letters, the

book being anonymous. I have not seen Mr. Swift's letter to the *Bookman*, and shall await a more authoritative announcement of its authorship to believe there was no justification of the very definite rumour which on all sides associated Maupassant's name with the book. The reasons Mr. Austin gives in denial of this connexion are by no means conclusive. If it were meant to conceal Philippe's identity, such details as he mentions would naturally be invented; and a man so slow to publish as Maupassant would be likely enough to pose as an idler during the severe probationary period. The book is one of the most charming ones of the year, and if it were fiction would, I imagine, long ago have been claimed publicly by its author."

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish in a few days a book of natural history and adventure, by Mr. R. Kearton, entitled *With Nature and a Camera*. It will be illustrated with about 180 pictures photographed direct from Nature, showing wild birds on their roosts at night (photographed by flashlight), in the act of feeding their young, in full flight, at rest on roosts, waiting for their prey, sitting on their nests, wild animals at home, poachers snaring and netting game, wildfowls, cage-bird catchers, and duck decoymen all actually at work.

THE popularity of the Lecture, which has lately been revived in this country, has led to a curious development. A committee of influential residents in Holland has arranged with a London lecture agency for a number of English lecturers to visit Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, and Arnhem during the winter. Those who have already been invited are Mr. Zangwill, who will speak on "The Ghetto," Max O'Rell (on "John Bull"), and Mr. Kerr (on "Wireless Telegraphy.") The scheme has the approval and patronage of Mr. Howard, C.B., the British Minister, and others. The young Queen Wilhelmina is also interested in the matter, and has expressed the hope that she may be present at one or more of the lectures if circumstances permit.

MR. GEORGE H. ELY writes: "You will be interested to hear that all the grumblings have produced no improvement in the 'reading' of the limited 'Meredith.' In the *Amazing Marriage*, vol. i., p. 84, line 13, 'modestly urged' has been replaced by 'modestly urged'; on p. 90, line 20, 'had nothing to say but "Gorgon!"' has become 'about "Gorgon!"'—in each case making absolute nonsense. The erewhile 'reader,' who 'read for sense' has evidently given way to the mechanical dolt whose accomplishment goes no further than spotting turned letters and batters. The detriment to a limited edition is disgusting."

MR. WILLIAM WATSON's new volume, entitled *The Hope of the World, and Other Poems*, will be published by Mr. John Lane during the present month. It will include several new poems in addition to the one from which the book receives its title, also "The Unknown God" and "Ode in May."

## AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

## VARIOUS VIEWS.

WE have received a large correspondence in response to our request for comment on the list of suggested members for an ACADEMY OF LETTERS published last week. Of this correspondence a selection is printed below, and we beg to assure those correspondents whose communications have been crowded out that their opinions will be considered in the formation of the final list, which will be published in this journal on December 3. In that issue we shall make a statement as to the method of conferring the awards of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS and FIFTY GUINEAS upon the authors of two books of signal merit published during the year. The list submitted last week was as follows:—

John Ruskin.	W. E. H. Lecky.
W. E. Gladstone.	S. R. Gardiner.
Herbert Spencer.	Bishop Creighton.
Duke of Argyll.	Bishop Stubbs.
A. C. Swinburne.	Rev. Aidan Gasquet.
George Meredith.	W. E. Henley.
John Morley.	Andrew Lang.
Thomas Hardy.	William Archer.
James Bryce.	H. D. Traill.
Sir G. O. Trevelyan.	Edmund Gosse.
Leslie Stephen.	Mrs. Meynell.
George MacDonald.	Mrs. Humphry Ward.
R. D. Blackmore.	Francis Thompson.
Rudyard Kipling.	W. B. Yeats.
Aubrey de Vere.	Henry James.
R. C. Jebb.	Austin Dobson.
Dr. Salmon.	J. M. Barrie.
W. W. Skeat.	A. W. Pinero.
Dr. J. A. H. Murray.	W. S. Gilbert.
W. P. Ker.	"Lewis Carroll."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Hawarden Castle: Nov. 6, 1897.

SIR,—I am sensible of the great interest attaching to your project, but at my advanced age I find it necessary to ask to be excused from discussion on any new undertaking.

—Yours very faithfully,  
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Froggnal End, Hampstead, N.W.:  
Nov. 8, 1897.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 5. I note your proposal to crown a book with the gifts of 100 guineas and fifty guineas, which, with your permission, I will reproduce in the *Author*. Perhaps the knowledge that such a prize is in the market may stimulate young writers to more careful attention to style and artistic treatment. At any rate, the person who takes the prize will have his fortune made so far as that book is concerned, and his future as well if he is strong enough.—I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,  
WALTER BESANT.

King's College, Cambridge:  
Nov. 6, 1897.

SIR,—I am afraid that I am unequal to the task of criticising the list of names in the ACADEMY of November 6. But I venture to suggest that any Academy elected on French lines would probably contain the names of Henry Sidgwick, F. W. Farrar, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Lord Acton.—I am, yours faithfully

OSCAR BROWNING.

Harrow School: Nov. 8, 1897.

SIR,—In reply to your question I ought to say that much depends upon the conception of an Academy of Letters. Such an Academy would not, in my eyes, possess great dignity unless the writings of its members were not merely successful, but elevated and elevating in their character. It would be invidious to suggest which of the forty names should be omitted from your list, but I feel that the names of the Bishop of Durham, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Prof. Max Müller, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Sir Lewis Morris, and the Poet Laureate should appear upon it.—Very faithfully yours,  
J. E. C. WELLDON.

The Haven, Fowey, Cornwall:  
Nov. 6, 1897.

SIR,—I shall watch your experiment with a great deal of interest. If I demurred to the inclusion of two or three authors in your list, the reason, I fear, would only be that I am imperfectly acquainted with their writings. But, had the list been mine, I should have included Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. Robinson Ellis. Nobody, I imagine, can object to the formation of such an Academy as you propose, or the coronation of its members by private enterprise. And with regard to your further proposal to "crown" two books annually and award prizes of one hundred guineas and fifty guineas, I need only remind you of Dr. Johnson's blessing upon those who add to the emoluments of letters.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

A. T. QUILLER-BOUCH.

The Airlour, Whauphill,  
Wigtownshire, N.B.: Nov. 8, 1897.

SIR,—A combination of circumstances prevents me giving as much attention to your letter as it deserves, but I am unwilling to appear to neglect it, and the interesting matter on which you are good enough to ask my opinion.

Your list of forty seems to me a very good one, though four or five names in it convey nothing to me—my own fault, no doubt.

I may be thought audacious if I pause over the first two names—John Ruskin, alas! we shall never more have even *Præterita*. If your Academy is to be a living force it should contain no dead lions.

I have no confidence whatever in Mr. W. E. Gladstone's literary judgment; he is omnivorous, and writes as enthusiastically about *The Christian* as about *The Odyssey*. Greatly as I admire his faculties in his own sphere, he is no more than a peregrine in literature.

I am sorry that I cannot restrain a shudder at the prospect of Mr. Meredith having a hand in moulding style (I speak only of his prose), nor am I sure that Prof. Bryce or Mrs. Meynell are worthy of the rank. I should have written the names of Prof. Max Müller, Prof. Mahaffy, and Augustine Birrell before them.

Mahaffy would, at least, represent Ireland, which I do not see figuring in your list.—Yours truly,  
HERBERT MAXWELL.

Underbank, Torquay: Nov. 7, 1897.

SIR,—I am afraid I am not competent to offer comment or criticism upon the forty names to which you draw my attention, as I do not know with what functions—beyond, apparently, that of "crowning" somebody every year—it is proposed to invest the suggested Immortals, nor even (I must own, to my shame) who some of them are. But the list certainly conveys the impression of including everybody who ought to be included.—Believe me, very faithfully yours,

W. E. NORRIS.

27, Paternoster-row: Nov. 6.

SIR,—In reply to your letter, I am afraid I cannot say anything about the probable usefulness of an Academy. But I am amazed to find omitted in your list the names of Lord Acton and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. Lord Acton is the most erudite man of our time, and also one of our very best critics. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is undoubtedly the first of living critics, and perhaps the first of all English critics. No one in our country has handled books as he has done with a knowledge of the literature of the whole world. I should have thought also that Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford, was one of the likeliest men for an Academy; but the two I have named easily take precedence of all others, and an Academy which did not recognise this at its first meeting would be self-condemned.—Yours very truly,

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

75, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.:  
Nov. 10, 1897.

SIR,—As I share Dr. Johnson's distrust for tribunals of taste, I have naturally very grave doubts whether an English Academy—if practicable—would be an unmixed boon to letters. With regard to the list to which you are good enough to call my attention, I should prefer to see it either smaller or larger. If smaller, it might be restricted to some dozen writers concerning whom there should be absolute agreement: if larger, it might well include a number of names for the absence of which, looking to other names in the list, there seems to be no sufficient ground.—Faithfully yours,

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Office of the Chief Rabbi, London:  
Nov. 9, 1897.

SIR,—The list of members suggested by you for the proposed Academy of Letters is excellent. The only alteration I venture to make is the substitution of the names of Bishop Westcott, Fred. Harrison, and Sidney Lee for those of W. E. Henley, Francis Thompson, and W. B. Yeats.—Yours very truly,

H. ADLER.

16, Duke-street Mansions,  
Grosvenor-square, W.:  
Nov. 9, 1897.

SIR,—I can only say that your list seems to me as representative as any that could be drawn up, and that I do not feel in a position to offer any criticism upon it.—Yours very truly,  
F. ANSTEY.

Heatherlea, Worcester-park, Surrey.

SIR,—As a parlour game there's no greater fun than Academy picking for those who practise, or think they practise, letters. I have read your list with immense interest. It is an Academy of (respectable) letters. Who is Mr. W. P. Ker, and who is the Rev. Aidan Gasquet? And why does the Duke of Argyll always figure in this sort of thing? His name has been before

me from my earliest years, and from my earliest years I have been trying in vain to discover his connexion with literature! And Mr. Aubrey de Vere—? A charming poet, I am told; but would he be on your list if the *Reminiscences* had not been recently published? It is curious to see the “scholar” and the minor poet filling up the gap left by Huxley and Tyndall. Your list contains quite a crowd of respectable scholars, but no “scientific” literary men. Surely Lloyd Morgan, say, might weigh against Jebb or Salmon. Is Skeat really a “literary” name. If philology is “literature,” then so are astronomy and biology, and you must consider Norman Lockyer, Ball, and Ray Lankester. Grant Allen, it is true, wrote the *Woman Who Did*; but that he is an indifferent novelist does not cancel his other very considerable work. And is Gladstone included by virtue of his translations or his *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, or his brief, but effective, contributions to the criticism of contemporary works? Of omissions there are Gissing and Moore and Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde. There is a lot of overdone Heine about Shaw; but eliminate that and there is sufficient literary residuum to put beside, or even a little above, Bryce or Trevelyan. Moore’s *Esther Waters* is an unweeded garden; but weigh a work like that against—. But this sort of gossip is interminable.—Yours very truly,

H. G. WELLS.

London: Nov. 9, 1897.

SIR,—May a lonely reader speak? Your list of “Academicians” would have been the best yet submitted to the general public, had you shown just a little more courage, and had you not been anxious to show impartiality. One cannot be too partial to good literature and sound scholarship.

First: your courage. Every educated person (as opposed to merely crammed persons) must be grateful for the attention you have shown to scholarship. Even “the man in the street” has heard of Prof. Jebb, because, in spite of his learning, he is a Member of Parliament. No one, I dare prophesy, will ask a single question about this admirable Grecian. I am less sanguine about Dr. Salmon, who takes rank with the first among European authorities on the New Testament. I doubt whether “average readers” have had time to consider him. I feel sure that they have not read him, and I feel tolerably sure that they have not read a line of Jebb’s. Prof. Ker has written a work of real originality, and he knows the English language. His influence is shown—though not always acknowledged—by several young critics who were his pupils, and are now considered “very rising.” His professorial work has been in this parish of London, so he may fare better with the “voters” than scholars from places so remote as Oxford or Cambridge, or far Dublin.

But again, your courage. One Catholic to five Protestant historians shows a fairness of mind on the part of your staff which must commend itself to the British love of fair play. Dr. Gasquet has not the poetic charm of Froude, nor the sparkling common-place of Macaulay. The same, however, must be said of Mr. Lecky, Prof. Gardiner, Bishop Creighton, Bishop Stubbs, and Mr. Bryce. These gentlemen—with Dr. Gasquet—are eminent for other qualities than literary genius. They are learned, and they have read much. Now that Froude, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Cardinal Newman are dead, it would be absurd to quarrel with their intelligent—if not inspired successors.

Once more: your courage. I am all gallantry when gallantry is appropriate; but the ladies’

names on your list are, to my mind, a mistake. No more on that point.

And now I come to a delicate question. Surely, it is for the critics to watch the received, and discipline the aspiring, Academicians. But clearly a critic himself may not have a seat in the Academy. Is Ruskin an R.A.? Are the dramatic critics of France on the stage? Does the umpire join in the game, or the race? Why, then, is Mr. William Archer on your list? And Mr. Andrew Lang? I thought they were Olympians. I grow bold. Pardon me. Yet I must be bolder. I would, in your place, choose Canon Gore rather than Mr. Pinero. For Mr. Aubrey de Vere, I would substitute Mr. Shorthouse. For Lewis Carroll I would substitute Captain Mahan. And for Mr. Archer, I would substitute Prof. Dowden. As for the novelists on your list, I accept Thomas Hardy only, a man of great creative genius, and with a style as far above all these other scribblers as the sun is above an “electric” advertisement. The new generation of imaginative authors are shallow and flippant. They would produce better work if they studied more and wrote less. But I belong to the old school. I may be wrong, yet Milton is still better than Mr. Kipling, and I would not give one chapter of *Tom Jones* for a wilderness of *Sentimental Tommies*.—Yours, &c.,

A LONELY READER.

29, Fitzroy-square, London.

SIR,—My compliments to your staff, and say, please, that I hardly know whether to congratulate them on their initiative or to confound their impudence.

Their list is so like what an Academy would probably be in England that its practicality cannot be questioned; but it has no other merit, and no doubt needs no other. For my own part I think an Academy of Letters should consist exclusively of men of letters: that is to say, men who write for the sake of writing, and not men who use the pen solely in order to convey information or spread ideas. Your first selection, Mr. Ruskin, is a preacher and propagandist, not a man of letters. It is true that he, like Carlyle, has become a great master of language in his constant effort to make it communicate his thought; but in doing so he has violated every canon of the *virtuoso* in letters, whose desire is to construct an elegant word-tissue, and who would rather produce an original refinement on an old idea than put a vernacular rough edge on a new one. When it comes to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the Duke of Argyll, the thing becomes ridiculous. You are trying to manufacture an irrelevant prestige for your project by including eminent men as such merely because they happen to have written books. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, is an ideal Academician: he is incapable of receiving ideas from life, and writes only what he has read, reproducing with equal energy of style what he finds in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes and in Sir Edwin Arnold’s articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. (By the way, why did you omit Sir Edwin Arnold?) Mr. Meredith is, of course, much more than a man of letters; but as he is certainly a *virtuoso* as well, there is no reason why he should not be selected. Mr. Henry James is also a stylist: his recent essay on Du Maurier was written with such extraordinary literary preciousness that its most critical sentences were quite unintelligible, though their emotional inspiration was touchingly sincere. But what are Messrs. Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie doing in the same gallery with Meredith and James? No young man ever laid more violent hands on letters than Mr. Kipling to tell his stories—stories which have no inspiration in literature. You

might as well put Dickens or Mr. Henry Arthur Jones among the men of letters. On the same ground I should say that Mrs. Mayne was properly included, as George Eliot would be were she alive; but, then, why nominate Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is as determined a propagandist and social schoolmistress as Madame Sarah Grand, who is excluded? I will not stop to argue the eligibility of historians and sociologists as such, episcopal or lay; but since you have admitted them, I do not see why you have passed over Mrs. Beatrice Webb and Mrs. J. R. Green, considering that you have only allowed two women to thirty-eight male Immortals. Mr. Traill, though he once wrote “dialogues” on a classical model ought to be excluded. . . . Mr. Pinero and Mr. Gilbert are no more men of letters than I am. The only dramatist, besides Mr. Henry James, whose nomination could be justified is Mr. Oscar Wilde. I do not quarrel with the inclusion of an eminent translator like Dr. Jebb; but since there is not a single link of connexion between your forty and the great modern art which alone offers any modern parallel to Dr. Jebb’s favourite Greek art, why not include Mr. Ashton Ellis, whose translation of the works of Richard Wagner is a masterpiece of style, and has been undertaken and carried out by him under just the circumstances which demand some recognition of his artistic devotion and public spirit. Considering the breadth of your classification, the omission of Mr. Frederic Harrison is, if I may for once express myself academically, singularly astounding. Mr. Frederick Wedmore is also obviously eligible for your second column.

I may add, generally, that since the Academy can do nothing but supply a means of recognition for the merit of those who, working at the academic side of literature only, have no chance of popular fame, its chairs should be reserved for such men, and not filled up to their exclusion by world-renowned public men, whether they are writers or not. Have a list of “vice-presidents,” if you must have big names; but spare the world the absurdity of placing Mr. Gladstone along with Mr. Gosse, as if such a classification could have any meaning.

Need I say, finally, as a keen journalist, that I congratulate you on the cleverest advertisement of the year?—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Oxford Union Society.

SIR,—If your list is intended as an approximation to that which might actually be issued if an Academy were founded, then Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll are in place, but surely not otherwise. Away with snobbishness; exclude the “patrons” of literature, the dabbles, the amateurs. Further, in a Government list it is almost certain that Mr. W. P. Ker, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Mrs. Humphry Ward would not appear: and I think the Government would be right. It is no concern of mine to justify my selections; but does not the substitution of Mr. Courthope for Mr. Ker appear to you reasonable, whether it be an actual or an ideal Academy you are suggesting?

But your most notable omission is that of the philosophers: Mr. F. H. Bradley, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, Mr. Henry Sidgwick, and the Master of Balliol, surely all of these have strong claims. Above all, Mr. Bradley; for the man is a great writer as well as a great philosopher, and even if his philosophy were despicable (which it is not) his style would merit the honour.

Again, Mr. F. W. Maitland surely deserves a place, as also does Prof. Dicey. Both can write as well as think; neither is a mere lawyer.—Yours, &c.,

ORIELSENSIS.



4, Princes Mansions, Westminster :  
Nov. 10, 1897.

SIR,—Your Academy, which seems a fair average choice, fills one with despondency to find it so poor. It brings out the weakness of contemporary literature, and is overburdened with the names of the "illustrious obscure."

If the name of George Macdonald be omitted, and replaced by that of William Watson, the twenty first names would be fairly satisfactory and representative, but after that this moderate feeling of gratification ceases.

If the names of Lecky, Henley, Lang, and Barrie be excepted for most of the others, substitutes of equal or greater merit might be found, and, of course, the official stamp would lug in the Laureate. Personally, I would not give a vote to Creighton, Stubbs, Gasquet, and Mrs. H. Ward, and I am exceedingly doubtful whether Archer, Mrs. Meynell, W. S. Gilbert, and "Lewis Carroll" ought to find a place, illustrious as Gilbert and Carroll are in their own departments. Measured by a French standard, they would hardly be included.—Yours truly,  
PERCY WHITE.

Devonshire Club, St. James's.

SIR,—Seeing that you have invited the opinions of your readers upon the subject of your suggested Academy of Letters, I am tempted—while agreeing in the main with your selection of potential Immortals—to express to you my personal joy at the inclusion in your list of the names of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and "Lewis Carroll." This for the reason that it has ever seemed to me easier to be solemn than to be frivolous; consequently I hope Mr. Gilbert's name appears rather for his fantasies and paradoxes than for his serious plays, and that "Lewis Carroll" is included on account of his enchanting "Alice" and "Hunting of the Snark," despite the fact that he has been profligate of the gaiety of his soul by dabbling in such inessentials as mathematics, logic, and the like.—Yours faithfully,  
GILBERT BURGESS.

Nov. 6, 1897.

SIR,—In reading through your proposed list of English Academicians, I was much struck, as I am sure many others of your readers must have been, by the scant justice done to the great modern school of female writers. In fact, if our new Academy is to be limited to forty members, I would suggest that there should be a second Academy, consisting entirely of eminent literary females.

I have written out a tentative list, which I beg to submit to the judgment of your readers.—Yours faithfully,  
HUDDLESTONE J. BARKER.

Ouida.	Miss Kingsley.
Mme. Sarah Grand.	Rosa N. Carey.
Mrs. Humphry Ward.	L. B. Walford.
Marie Corelli.	Miss Florence Marryat.
Miss Braddon.	Lady Magnus.
Mrs. F. A. Steele.	Miss Helen Mathers.
Mrs. Meynell.	Miss Beatrice Harraden.
Miss Edna Lyall.	Miss M. Cholmondeley.
Annie S. Swan.	M. Betham Edwards.
Ella F. Maitland.	Vernon Lee.
Mrs. Molesworth.	George Egerton.
Mrs. Bishop.	Mrs. Edward Kennard.
Miss Violet Hunt.	Miss Beatrice Kipling.
Miss Olive Schreiner.	Miss Dorothea Gerard.
Mrs. Craigie.	Mrs. J. R. Green.
Miss Rhoda Bronghton.	Miss Lucy Toulmin.
Miss Jane Harrison.	Mrs. Woods.
Lady Dufferin.	Mrs. Lovett Cameron.
John Strange Winter.	Ada Cambridge.
Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie	Mrs. Alexander.

H. J. B.

Scottish Arts Club, Edinburgh.

SIR,—Of course it is impossible to find absolute unity on such a problematical subject as an Academy of Letters, but surely there are some strange exclusions from your list. Has the reader of modern verse forgotten his *London Poems*, *The Book of Orm*, and *The City of Dream*? Let us ask Mr. Lecky and Mr. Herbert Spencer what they would think of the exclusion of Mr. Robert Buchanan—surely one of the greatest of nineteenth century poets. The omission is all the more startling when we find in your list the names of Austin Dobson, Henry James, W. B. Yeats, and Francis Thompson. I venture to send another list—the list of a humble layman, with an occasional eye on literature.—Yours,

A. STODART WALKER.

Dr. Walker's list includes the following names:

F. Max Müller.	Sir John Lubbock.
John Morley.	John Shield Nicholson.
David Masson.	Benjamin Kidd.
Edward Caird.	W. H. Mallock.
Robert Buchanan.	A. T. Quiller-Couch.
Earl of Rosebery.	L. F. Austin.
A. J. Balfour.	Bret Harte.
Alex. Bain.	Dean Farrar.
Sir Walter Besant.	Stopford Brooke.
Frederic Harrison.	

London: Nov. 8, 1897.

SIR,—The compiling of "Academies of Letters" is rare sport, but it usually lands the compiler in a hornet's nest of inconsistencies. For example, your suggested "Academy of Letters" includes the name of Prof. Jebb. But surely Prof. Jebb's contributions to "Letters" are not sufficient to justify his admission? If, on the other hand, he takes his place as a scholar, where are Prof. Murray, Mr. Sidgwick, Mr. Robinson Ellis, &c.?

Again, your four historians are excellent, but where is Sir Alfred Lyall? Surely the author of *Asiatic Studies* deserves a place in any Academy of Letters.

Prof. Saintsbury is, I imagine, the greatest English authority on French literature, to say nothing of his other claims as a man of letters. Dr. Garnett is a considerable figure in the literary world. So is Sir Walter Besant. Prof. Courthope, of Oxford, surely has claims to consideration at your hands, and if strange lore is to be taken into consideration, where are Prof. Sayce and Prof. Flinders Petrie? It cannot be "because there was no room in the inn," for your list includes, I observe, the names of Mr. Ker, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. J. M. Barrie, not to mention those of two ladies. For obvious reasons I must suppress my name.—Your obedient servant,  
A. B.

120, Earlham-grove, Forest Gate, E.:  
Nov. 9, 1897.

SIR,—With regard to your "Academy of Letters" scheme, the suggested list of forty names given in last week's number of your journal is, in my judgment, a good one; but surely, surely, we must somehow find room for Dr. Martineau—certainly one of the profoundest religious philosophers of this century, and a theologian whose writings must rank, also, as literature.

I am, too, one of those benighted mortals who, in spite of the virulent abuse of a section of our clever critics, would by no means omit from such a list as yours the name of Mr. Alfred Austin.

And has not Mr. William Watson as good a claim to inclusion as Mr. Francis Thompson?—Faithfully yours,  
G. E. BIDDLE.

Hertford College, Oxford.

SIR,—In your Academy list Mr. W. B. Yeats has not yet earned a place; nor, perhaps, has Mr. Francis Thompson. And I should certainly vote against Mrs. Humphry Ward. If you admit an American (in the person of Mr. Henry James), why not admit Captain Mahan; and so exhaust American literature? And why do you exclude all the philosophers except Mr. Herbert Spencer? The Master of Balliol is a bigger man than most on your list. Why does Prof. Jebb go in! As a scholar? Then why omit Mr. J. E. B. Mayor and Prof. Robinson Ellis? And Prof. Bury, of Dublin? who has a claim. But if it is as a person of general taste you put in Prof. Jebb—O gemini! Above all, if you were an Oxford man, I am sure you would never have left out Mr. F. H. Beasley.—Yours, &c.,  
A READER.

6, Clairmont-gardens, Glasgow: Nov. 9.

SIR,—My ACADEMY is not beside me, but I think that in your list of names those of Mr. William Watson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and the author of *Mark Rutherford* have not been included, as I venture to think they ought to be.—Yours faithfully,  
JOHN WATSON.

PROF. MONTAGU BURROWS, in the course of an interesting letter, says: "Your idea I think an excellent one, and you will find in the last page of the pamphlet I send you some remarks on this very subject. [*The Publication of the Gascon Rolls*]. In this pamphlet, read before the Royal Historical Society, Prof. Burrows advocates the formation of a British Academy analogous to the French Academy.]

"I do not feel very competent to advise in this matter as I see you include in your list a preponderating number of novelists, and I read but few of these. I am surprised, however, not to see Charlotte Yonge's name. You are the best judge whether many of this class of writers should be present in any representative list of literary people. Hardy I recognise. Indeed, I accept the first twenty-four of your list with only one exception.

"Another remark I venture to make. Are all our best literary men and women of one class of mind politically? I hardly see a Conservative among them; but they are surely not fairly classed as the "stupid party." A. J. Balfour might, one would think, find a place, and Sir Herbert Maxwell, and Augustus Jessopp, whose politics I do not know; but he seems to respect old England."

MR. JOHN E. YERBURY, who forwards a series of interesting lists, too long to print, takes exception to sixteen names in our provisional draft, and proposes the following instead: James Martineau, Samuel Smiles, Francis Galton, Russell Wallace, David Masson, Max Müller, Goldwin Smith, J. G. Geikie, Bishop Barry, St. George Mivart, Frederic Harrison, Stopford Brooke, H. Wace, Walter Besant, Charles Dilke, and Archibald Sayce.

MR. W. G. WATERS sends the following names "which suggested themselves on reading your provisional list":

Bishop Westcott.	John Davidson.
Prof. Saintsbury.	Prof. Mahaffy.
Vernon Lee.	James Martineau.
Lucas Malet.	Max Müller.
Prof. Dowden.	A. Birrell.

THE REV. R. F. HORTON writes: "There are two names which I can hardly imagine your omitting—James Martineau and William Watson. The latter especially seems to me to reach the grand manner more frequently than any living poet."

## T. E. BROWN.

## SECOND NOTICE.

So much interest has been aroused by the article upon the late Thomas Edward Brown, printed in last week's *ACADEMY*, that a few excerpts have been here brought together from his later work, which appeared since the volume entitled *Old John* was made up. A great part of *Old John* first saw the light in the *Scots Observer* and *National Observer*. Similarly Mr. Brown's later work was also made public by Mr. Henley, either in the *National Observer* or the *New Review*. The bond uniting Mr. Henley and Mr. Brown was closer than that of mere editor and contributor, close though that may grow to be: Mr. Brown was Mr. Henley's first schoolmaster, in the old Crypt School at Gloucester. It is not often permitted to a pupil thus to foster the inspiration of his early mentor.

In the *National Observer* of June 10, 1893, appeared a little poem, characteristically frank, characteristically praiseful of one phase of the joy of living. Among poetry of passion—not mere adoration, which is within the compass of most natures, but the spontaneous, honest, natural desire of the complementary sex—some of Mr. Brown's lyrics rank with the highest. The particular poem to which we refer was called "Nel Corso." This is it:

"Two waftures of great eyes—  
A second's thousandth part—  
One sucked me down the maelstrom of the heart,  
The other ebbd me forth to lonely skies.

"Scorn? No! why should she scorn?  
Coquettish play of fence?  
Not so, but glorious might of innocence—  
Of such large blood are Roman women born.

"She knows what joy I caught  
That moment, how I rushed  
Right to the centre of her life, yet blushed  
She not at all, nor shewed a treacherous thought.

"Is not this good above  
Most goods for which we sigh?  
To pick this obvious love as we pass by,  
And pass, and pick another obvious love."

We quote it partly for its clean strength, partly by way of introduction to selections from the "Roman Women" sequence which was printed in the *New Review* two years later. In these poems Mr. Brown rioted in his manhood. He had passed through the Eternal City with quick, loving eyes, noting a matron here, a merry maiden there; some lowly, some noble; some light and some austere; but all on the instant assured of the poet's fellowship by a quick thrust of sympathy direct to the heart, by that rapid understanding of his brothers and sisters which the Shakespearean poet possesses. And Mr. Brown was a Shakespearean. His experiences of Roman women were fused in the poems under that title: poems quivering with virility, and the gustiness of a blithe, masculine Northern nature quickened of Southern sun. The only poet to compare with the author of this sequence is Walt Whitman. There is, indeed, more than a

hint of Whitman: of Whitman confined within limits, Whitman concentrated:

"Woman, a word with you!  
Round-ribbed, large-flanked,  
Broad-shouldered (God be thanked!),  
Face fair and free,  
And pleasant for a man to see—  
I know not whom you love; but hark! be true;  
Partake his honest joys;  
Cling to him, grow to him, make noble boys  
For Italy."

The next is finer. The second stanza is great. Roman women have never been so extolled, even by their noblest lovers.

"Good wife, good mother—yes, I know;  
But what a glow  
Of elemental fires!  
What breadth, what stately glow  
Of absolute desires—  
How bound  
To household task  
And daily round  
It boots not ask.

"Good mother, and good wife—  
These women seem to lead suspended life.  
As lakes, dark gleaming till the night is done,  
Expect the sun,  
So these,  
That wont to hold Jove's offspring on their knees,  
Take current odds,  
Accept life's lees,  
And wait returning God's."

And there is a musical note in the scrap of dialogue that follows—South speaking with North, Latin with Teuton—which lingers and lingers:

"You seem so strange to me,  
You Merman from the Northern Sea."  
'A barnacle from Noah's Ark.'  
'Well, yes; a sort of shark.'  
'Ah, blow then, darling, blow!  
Blow in my ears, and let the warm breath glow,  
And search the inmost vault  
Of my sad brain. Blow, love—  
Blow in the cooing of the dove,  
Blow out the singing of the salt!'"

Concerning Mr. Brown as critic we said a word last week. He wrote little; but it was very good. His was the enthusiasm of the keen taster who writes but seldom. The pity of it is, that so many keen tasters have to write so much. He was moved to write by admiration of his subject; and when criticism in the hands of a wise man has this impulsion, it can be the best reading in the world. Here is a passage from an article by Mr. Brown on the *Complete Angler*:

"The book is as full of delights as a meadow of cowslips. Who can forget the tenderneess and gentle reverence with which Walton speaks of 'old Oliver Henley' ('now with God')? The otter hunt—what brilliance of atmosphere! what life! The dogs are Ringwood, Kilbuck, Sweet-lips. Ringwood does the business. And the Fishing proper begins, as reason would have it, with a chubb. Viator has a try for a chubb. The directions for dressing this chubb are like a passage from Leviticus.

"And then they aspire to trout. I suppose the meeting with the milkmaid, and the account of the supper that follows, can hardly be paralleled in our literature.

"The frog-bait, though, is the *locus classicus*. Good, kind old soul was Walton; but could you

have trusted him with a baby, for instance, if some one had told him that a bit of baby was a capital bait for barbel?"

Elsewhere in the essay Mr. Brown said of Walton, "I think the Elizabethan tune was still in his ears." The remark certainly is true of the critic himself. The Elizabethan tune was still in his ears, otherwise how could he have written much that he did? He was both old and new. He united the sorrow and pity of our own age to the lyrical music of that great singing era. He knew man like a book: he felt for him, and glowed for him, and spoke up for him; and he knew nature as intimately.

## MR. RALEIGH ON STYLE.\*

## AN APPRECIATION.

MR. RALEIGH discerns in the abstract quality known as style the ultimate, inevitable expression of life; hence his work becomes, not only a disquisition upon the last refinement of art, but a criticism of ethics. And

"the fact that we use the word 'style' in speaking of architecture and sculpture, painting and music, dancing, play-acting, and cricket, that we can apply it to the careful achievements of the housebreaker and the poisoner, and to the spontaneous animal movements of the limbs of man or beast, is the noblest of unconscious tributes to the faculty of letters . . . Morals, philosophy, and æsthetic, mood and conviction, creed and whim, habit, passion, and demonstration—what art but the art of literature admits the entrance of all these, and guards them from the suddenness of mortality? . . . All style is gesture, the gesture of the mind and of the soul. . . . Other gestures change and flit, this is the ultimate and enduring revelation of personality."

After stating his point of view with irrefragable eloquence, Mr. Raleigh turns aside for a moment to set the actor in his right relation to the ordered hierarchy of civilisation; and leaving in rags the fabric of tawdry sentiment in which the populace loves to cloke the player, he goes on to hunt his quarry through all its changes, from its obscurest avatar to its most sublime manifestations. You have had a definition of the universal gesture by which alone man calls to man; would you behold its operation when "Poetry works her will"?

"The mind of man is peopled, like some silent city, with a sleeping company of reminiscences, associations, impressions, attitudes, emotions, to be awakened into fierce activity at the touch of words. By one way or other, with a fanfaronnade of the marching trumpets, or stealthily, by noiseless passages and dark posterns, the troop of suggesters enters the citadel, to do its work within. The procession of beautiful sounds that is a poem passes in through the main gate, and forthwith the by-ways resound to the hurry of ghostly feet, until the small company of adventurers is well-nigh lost and overwhelmed in that throng of insurgent spirits."

A passage which is itself a shining prose example of its own purport. To the potential qualities of imagery, of melody, of meaning,

\* *Style*. By Walter Raleigh. (Edward Arnold.)

and meaning exemplified in negation, which go to the forging of the weapons with which the master of style must equip himself, Mr. Raleigh devotes some pages of acute analysis; so skilfully pursuing, with a net of finely-woven phrases, the fugitive abstractions which flutter on the marches of that dim borderland where thought touches language, that his prey cannot escape him. His method is so subtle, that once and again the student rubs his eyes, and reads again, to perceive, in a gleam of sudden, delightful illumination, the very needle-point of truth. Here are no such seductive half-truths, polished and chiselled, as that other known master of style, Robert Louis Stevenson, liked to use in building his bright houses of illusion. Rather are we called to a "flickering world of hints and half-lights, echoes and suggestions, to be come at in the dusk or not at all." But there alone we find that which we seek, and are content.

Treating of the debased currency of language, we get from Mr. Raleigh no hackneyed lament over the inevitable; for, to deplore the licence of the vulgar were to take the partial view. Instead, we find him pointing the artist to his opportunity. It is the business of art, as of the Christian religion, to bring forth meat from the eater, and sweetness from the strong:

"The same epithet is used in the phrases 'a fine day' and 'fine irony,' in 'fair trade' and 'a fair goddess.' Were different symbols to be invented for these sundry meanings the art of literature would perish. For words carry with them all the meanings they have worn, and the writer shall be judged by those that he selects for prominence in the train of his thought."

And as for the common journalist, condemned to trifle with words, those "terrific engines," for his daily bread, he, "poor fellow, means nothing, and spends his life in the vain effort to get words to do the same."

Elaborating his thesis, Mr. Raleigh traces certain inventions of Society to their ethical origin:

"Society, mistily conscious of the sympathy that lightens in any habitual name, seems to have become aware, by one of those wonderful processes of chary instinct which serve the great, vulnerable, timid organism in lieu of a brain, that to accept of the pickpocket his names for the mysteries of his trade is to accept also a new moral standpoint and outlook on the question of property";

lays his finger on the tainted root of "the bad slang"; and leaving no corner of this shadowy antre unexplored, he shows that

"within the limits of a single school, or workshop, or social circle, slang may serve; just as, between friends, silence may do the work of talk. There are few families, or groups of familiars, that have not some small coinage of this token money, issued and accepted by affection, passing current only within those narrow and privileged boundaries."

The section upon *Archaism* may be fitly pondered by those who delight to accuse the curious in style of "affectation": . . . .

"An archaic turn given to language is the mark rather of authors who are ambitious of a hearing from more than one age. The accretions of time bring round a word many reputable meanings, of which the oldest is like to be the

deepest in grain. It is a counsel of perfection—some will say, of vain-glorious pedantry—but that shaft flies farthest which is drawn to the head, and he who desires to be understood in the twenty-fourth century will not be careless of the meanings that his words inherit from the fourteenth."

And this brings the essayist to a subtle and scholarly disquisition upon word-uses, and thence, by a natural transition, to the consideration of *Romantic and Classic*. Turning upon *The Palsy of Definition*, he salutes the invading regiments of science, and forthwith drives them in a rout back into their own domain. "No wind blows through that garden, and no sun shines on it, to discompose the melancholy workers at their task of tying Latin labels on to withered sticks." For,

"the world of perception and will, of passion and belief, is an uncaptured virgin, airily deriding from afar the calculated advances and practical modesty of the old bawd Science; turning again to shower a benediction of unexpected caresses on the most cavalier of her wooers, Poetry."

So perishes the vain dream that art springs new-created from the valley of dry bones where science digs, the doctrine which some have taught so solemnly. And what of that other dream, no less vain, in which the art of the future appears as a figure, discrowned and enslaved, holding a mirror to low-browed democracy? That vision of sin can never be fulfilled. The growth of democracy does not alter the relation of the artist to his audience, but renders it more difficult, or determines it as impossible.

"The relation of great authors to the public," says Mr. Raleigh, "may be compared to the war of the sexes, a quiet watchful antagonism between two parties mutually indispensable to each other, at one time veiling itself in endearments, at another breaking out into open defiance. . . . The public, like the delicate Greek Narcissus, is sleepily enamoured of itself; and the name of its only other perfect lover is Echo."

Hence it is impossible that the poet should enter into transactions with the populace.

"His candour frightens them: they avert their eyes from it; or they treat it as a licensed whim; or, with a sudden gleam of insight, and apprehension of what this means for them and theirs, they scream aloud for fear. . . . But if great and original literary artists—here grouped together under the title of poets—will not enter into transactions with their audience, there is no lack of authors who will. These are not necessarily charlatans; they may have by nature a ready sympathy with the grossness of the public taste, and thus take pleasure in studying to gratify it. But a man loses not a little of himself in crowds, and some degradation there must be where the one adapts himself to the many."

Here, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. There are ever with us those who are hailed as prophets by some, and by others are condemned for charlatans. But their style betrays them, sitting shameless at the receipt of custom in the light of the sun. The truth is, they are neither; they are but shadows and echoes, dying even as they move and speak. With the art of letters they have nothing to do; the critic does not know them. But as for him whose destiny it is to amuse his public or perish—

who knows "that ugly corner where the artist is exposed to cross fires, his own idea of masterly work on the one hand and the necessity for pleasing the rabble on the other." Well, as for him, Mr. Raleigh has a last word—and what is there to add to this?—

"When any man is awake to the fact that the public is a vile patron, when he is conscious also that his bread and fame are in their gift—it is a stern passage for his soul, a touchstone for the strength and gentleness of his spirit."

Truly, Mr. Raleigh is the aristocrat of letters. In other words, it is his proper business to lead and to set example. And I, for one, cannot desire a captain more subtle and courageous.

L. C. C.

## THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

### III.—THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' MEMORIAL TABLETS.

EVERY now and then a paragraph glides into the papers stating that the Society of Arts has placed one of its circular tablets on some London house that has been occupied by a great man. The paragraph always excites interest, and often it inspires leaderettes. An odd thing is that we hear of these tablets singly always, hardly ever in the aggregate. One wonders how many there are, and how the work of selecting and fixing them is ordered. Thus, we have just been told, by paragraph, that a tablet has been placed on the house at Hampstead in which Sir Harry Vane lived, and in which it is believed Bishop Butler wrote portions of his *Analogy of the Christian Religion*. The circumstance is interesting, for from this house Sir Harry Vane—name beloved of every school-boy!—was carried to the Tower to be beheaded by order of Charles II.; and it is probable that under the roof of Vane House, as the place was called (it is now "Belmont"), Cromwell, Pym, Ireton, and Fairfax discussed ways and means; even Milton may have walked under the trees of its once noble grounds. But what of the series of tablets to which this Hampstead one has been added?

A Londoner, not meanly versed in the things of the town, when asked to guess the number of the Society of Arts' tablets, thought there might be five hundred, and another guessed one hundred and fifty. There are but thirty all told. Here is the list—which we believe has not been published for many years. The names of residents are in alphabetical order, and to each name is added the address of the house on which a tablet has been mounted.

James Barry	... 36, Castle-street, Oxford-street.
Robert Browning	... 19, Warwick - crescent, Paddington.
Edmund Burke	... 37, Gerrard-street, Soho.
Lord Byron	... 16, Holles-street.
George Canning	... 37, Conduit-street.
George Cruikshank	... 263, Hampstead-road.
Mme. D'Arblay	... 11, Bolton-street, Piccadilly.
Charles Dickens	... Furnival's Inn.

John Dryden ...	43, Gerrard-street, Soho.
Michael Faraday ...	2, Blandford-street, Portman-square.
John Flaxman ...	7, Buckingham-street, Fitzroy-square.
Benjamin Franklin ...	7, Craven-street, Strand.
Thomas Gainsborough	Schomberg-house (now part of the War Office).
David Garrick ...	5, Adelphi-terrace.
Edward Gibbon ...	7, Bentinck-street.
George Frederick Handel ...	25, Brook-street.
Sir Rowland Hill ...	Bertram-house, Hampstead.
William Hogarth ...	30, Leicester-square.
John Keats ...	"Lawn-bank," Hampstead.
Samuel Johnson ...	17, Gough-square, Fleet-street.
Napoleon III. ...	3A, King-street, St. James's.
Lord Nelson ...	147, New Bond-street.
Sir Isaac Newton ...	35, St. Martin's-street.
Peter the Great ...	15, Buckingham-street, Strand.
Sir Joshua Reynolds	47, Leicester-square.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan ...	14, Savile-row.
Mrs. Siddons ...	27, Upper Baker-street.
William Makepeace Thackeray ...	Kensington Palace-Grn.
John Thurloe ...	24, Old-square, Lincoln's-inn.
Sir Robert Walpole...	5, Arlington-street.

Thirty tablets may not seem much to show for thirty years' work. It is thirty years since the Society of Arts fixed its first Minton slab to Byron's house in Holles-street. One year, one tablet—this has been the average rate of progress. It seems slow; in reality, it is reasonable. The erection of these tablets is no more than an "odd job" in the work of the Society of Arts, yet the Society has not at any time flagged in its attention to this department. It has had to take rebuffs, and to abandon hopes, but it is always considering new proposals, and striving to bring them to successful issues. The difficulties of the work fully explain its slow movement, and are themselves interesting. In the first place, the number of London houses worthy to receive tablets is small. Scores of once eligible houses have clean disappeared, have not even left successors on their sites; these do not count. Then, owing to the pranks that have been played with street names and numbers, the difficulties of identification are immense. In his useful *Literary Landmarks of London*, Mr. Laurence Hutton says that the confusion caused by the re-naming and re-numbering of streets "can hardly be expressed in words." Lest Mr. Hutton should be suspected of hysteria, we will give a single example of what vestries "and sich" can accomplish in the re-christening of the streets of London. It is mentioned by the late Thomas Crofton Croker in a little book (notable for its beautiful thumb-nail woodcuts) called *A Walk from London to Fulham*. Writing in 1860, Mr. Croker identified the house (No. 14, Queen's Buildings, Knightsbridge) as the residence of Mr. J. C. Nattes, an artist who is now forgotten. He was one of the sixteen artists who associated themselves together in 1805 to form the first exhibition of water-colours held in this country. Mr. Crofton had a hard

task to identify the house; and well he might, for he tells us:

"From 1792 to 1797 this house was described as No. 14, *Queen's Buildings, Knightsbridge*; but in the latter year the address was changed to No. 14, *Knightsbridge Green*. In 1800 it was known as No. 14, *Knightsbridge*, and in 1803 as No. 14, *Queen's Row, Knightsbridge*. In 1810 as *Gloucester Buildings, Brompton*. In 1811 as *Queen's Buildings*. In 1828 as *Gloucester Row*. In 1831 as *Gloucester Buildings*, and it has now reverted to its original name of *Queen's Buildings, Knightsbridge*. . . if, indeed the original name was not *Queen's Row, Knightsbridge*, as this, in 1772, was the address of William Wynne Ryland (the engraver who was hanged for forgery in 1783)."

Need more be said on the difficulty of identifying the residence of a genius in London?

A second set of difficulties which the Society of Arts has to meet are those connected with obtaining permission to place a tablet on a house at all. It must not be supposed that landlords or tenants are always eager to have a house honoured above its fellows. "Yes, I know Homer lived there," says the absentee landlord; "but I can't have you putting the name up, and making the house a circus; my tenants are quiet people." And the tenant snaps: "Certainly not. Who is Homer, any way? Do you suppose I want people staring in at my windows? No, sir, put it up next door, if you like!" From this level the refusals to the Society's requests for tablet-space rise in an ascending scale of politeness and culture. But in whatever terms they are couched the result is the same—no tablet. Only one of Dickens's residences is marked with a tablet, and this, unfortunately, is the doomed Furnival's Inn. Permission to mark the houses he inhabited in Doughty-street, Devonshire-terrace, and Tavistock-street was sought in vain; and so you walk down Doughty-street trying to remember the number of the house in which *Oliver Twist* was written; and American visitors beat about the corner of Devonshire-terrace with interrogation in their movements, wishing to make sure that they see the house whence *David Copperfield* and the *Christmas Carol* went forth. It may be allowed that it is enough if one of Dickens's residences be marked; and, therefore, we hope that when Furnival's Inn—where *Pickwick* was written—has disappeared, some heart will relent, and a tablet be placed on one or another of the remaining homes of "Boz."

When the Furnival's Inn tablet goes, eleven will remain to distinguish the London homes of literary men and women. These will be:

Robert Browning.	Edward Gibbon.
Edmund Burke.	John Keats.
Lord Byron.	Samuel Johnson.
Mme. D'Arblay.	Richard B. Sheridan.
John Dryden.	W. M. Thackeray.
Sir Robert Walpole.	

The crop certainly strikes one as meagre. One feels a little bitterly the refusal of the Benchers of the Middle Temple to allow a tablet to be placed on Goldsmith's lodging at No. 2 Brick Court, where in his fitful gleams of prosperity he aped the hospitality of Reynolds and the grace of Beauclerc;

where, too, he read *She Stoops to Conquer* to its first audience, the two beautiful Miss Hornecks. The Benchers' refusal is the more strange because the tablet would have perpetuated the memory of Sir William Blackstone who lodged in the same building. But, then, Goldsmith's receptions disturbed the great lawyer; and perhaps the Benchers have not forgiven Nolly. The Temple is not the only Inn of law which has excluded the tablets. Gray's Inn has been equally cold in the matter, though, if it chose, it might adorn its walks with tablets to the memories of Lord Francis Bacon, Samuel Butler, Lord Macaulay, and other men of note.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### A CHAT ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS.

D. R. H. T. SCOTT, of Fulham, is a well-known dealer in autographs, and when I met him the other day I seized the opportunity to reduce my general stock of ignorance.

"Excuse my way of putting it," I said, when preliminary talk had made the question possible, "but do autographs mean bread and butter?"

"Certainly they do—to the man who understands them. I consider the business is profitable, and I am sure it is interesting. By the way, it is an older business than many people think. There have been sales of autographs in England these two hundred years. Evelyn mentions such sales, and he attended them."

"Well, now, who are buyers of autographs?"

"There are a great many enthusiastic collectors in this country—men not heard of by the public, but princes in the trade. Then the American demand is strong and continuous. The British nobility are good customers for autographs connected with their families. The Duke of Norfolk will buy anything in writing that elucidates his family history, and he is only one of many. Then there are collectors who confine themselves to one subject. Napoleonic autographs are a field in themselves, and autographs connected with Nelson have their exclusive collectors. So, again, the autographs of actors are collected separately. In America the great thing is to secure the handwriting of the men who signed the Act of Independence. Altogether, the demand for autographs is widespread and various; and it rests on much better foundations than mere fad."

"And the museums, you have omitted them?"

"Yes, there are the museums; but the trade with them is not large. I may tell you, however, that I took a specimen of General Wolfe's handwriting to the British Museum the other day and disposed of it there. They had not a scrap of Wolfe's writing in the place!"

"When you speak of an autograph, what kind of document do you usually mean?"

"A letter. A more or less interesting letter. Mere autograph signatures are almost worthless."



"And of course much depends on the contents of the letter?"

"Yes, a good deal; sometimes, indeed, the contents make *all* the difference. I'll give you an instance of that. I saw a letter of Lord Sidmouth's sold the other day. The usual value of one of his letters would be five or six shillings; but because this particular letter contained a reference to Lady Hamilton's child it fetched £6."

"But are there any general laws which decide the value of autographs?"

"Oh, certainly; only you must understand that the exceptions to these laws are innumerable, so that in the end you have just got to *know* things. The different values of different autographs seem astonishing at first. For example, a letter of the Duke of Wellington's can be had for ten shillings; whereas a letter of Lord Nelson's will cost you £5."

"How is that?"

"Well, Nelson is, of course, the more popular hero. But the main reason is that Nelson, who was generally at sea, wrote few letters compared with Wellington, who was generally on land. And yet neither of these reasons holds good always. Here are a few prices that may puzzle you: a letter of Lord Beaconsfield's is worth two guineas, but a letter of John Bright's is only worth five shillings, and letters of Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, and George Canning are all frequently priced under five shillings."

"What is a letter of Charles Dickens worth?"

"About two guineas."

"And one of Charles Lamb's?"

"From £3 to £6."

"Byron?"

"A letter from Byron is worth fully £10; but a letter of Shelley is worth more than double that sum."

"And Burns?"

"Oh, £25 to £30, at least."

"I suppose that a valuable letter quickly finds a purchaser?"

"Oh, yes. There is plenty of money waiting for good autographs. Why, only a little while ago I saw the MSS. of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* knocked down for £1,290. The MSS. of two poems by Keats fetched at the same sale £1,000; and a thin, partly filled commonplace book of Burns brought £360."

"Well, now, Dr. Scott, supposing I said I thought that autograph collecting was one of the frivolous pursuits of the rich, how would you defend it?"

"I should reply that there is no pursuit which a comparatively poor man can take up with such certainty of gaining instruction and amusement. Recollect that *every* autograph is unique. There is charm in that. But consider the incentive which the collecting of autographs offers to the study of history and biography. A man who possesses autographs of, let us say, Macclise, the painter, Sir John Jervis, the admiral, and Michael Faraday, the scientist—none of them expensive—is quite certain to be seized with curiosity about these men. Does he not possess fragments of them? Will he not look up their portraits and biographies, and arm himself with facts and anecdotes? It is charming study, endlessly interesting."

"You almost make me a collector. Now supposing I were to take it into my head that I should like to collect—one letter, of Sir Walter Scott's! It would be a fine possession, I admit. What would it cost me?"

"Say three guineas."

"And how near to Sir Walter Scott could I get for three guineas?"

"I can tell you that, because I have such a letter in my possession now. I must describe it entirely from memory. Sir Walter is ill, and he is writing from his couch. He describes his illness and the pain he is in; and he chaffs himself, remarking that he is like a certain carrier who after eating a full meal complained that he was not hungry. He goes on to speak of Blackwood, who wants to see him, but Scott, for some reason, is reluctant to meet him just now. He adds, however, 'I could tell B. many things that would be useful to him if I were not afraid to be met with his "My stars! dear me!"' Well, I think you will agree that a letter of Scott's no more self-revealing than that is worth having."

"Yes, I think so. And now, Dr. Scott, what about forgeries, lithographs, and photographed hand-writing, and all the other iniquities one hears about in connexion with autographs?"

"Well, forgeries, of whatever kind, are numerous and very easy to detect."

"Easy to detect?"

"Certainly, if the collector has a cool head, and does not allow the wish that an autograph shall be genuine to father the thought that it *is* genuine. Most of the forgeries would deceive no cool, careful man with a modicum of experience. As for photographs, they certainly cannot be detected at a glance. I frequently buy them in bundles of genuine autographs. The test is a drop of acid. The carelessness of young collectors is the mother of forgeries."

## DRAMA.

"YOU have read the book, of course?" is the question one hears on all sides on the first night of a play which has been adapted from a published novel, the implication being that such a preliminary is indispensable to the due understanding of your author. Too often the implication is just. Nothing is more difficult than to bring out in the two or three hours' traffic of the stage all the essential points of a story that has been told in narrative form; and the temptation is great to let something be taken for granted, especially if the adapter be himself the novelist. Yet to impose upon the theatre-goer the duty of reading a book before he goes to the play is obviously unfair. It might be making him pay too dear for his evening's amusement. In any case, it is not in the bargain. This condition no author could have recognised more fully or ungrudgingly (though few need have heeded it less) than Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has moulded "*The Little Minister*" into such excellent dramatic

shape at the Haymarket that nobody making acquaintance with the author's work for the first time would suspect it of being an adaptation. It may be that his very dexterity as a dramatist will operate to his detriment with his readers. They will lament that so much that has taken their fancy in the book should be sacrificed in the play. But the real test of the adapter's work is whether he has produced a play capable of standing on all-fours, a story calculated to interest, to move, to thrill, to win the spectator who knows nothing of scene or subject except what is set before him; and Mr. Barrie's success in this respect is unquestionable. The art of the dramatist is not, perhaps, so wholly different from that of the novelist as is sometimes alleged. Different, however, they are. Yet not a few distinguished writers have possessed both, the elder Dumas being, perhaps, the most conspicuous example; and Mr. Barrie must be added to the number.

"*THE LITTLE MINISTER*," as a play, has not only story and character, but the invaluable quality of atmosphere. "Time: eighty years ago," says the programme, and by some subtle magic, easier to recognise than explain, the spectator finds himself transported forthwith into the quaint and primitive community of Thrums, where a dour and sturdy puritanism battles for pre-eminence with worldly motive and other forms of human weakness. Here, to begin with, is conflict, and conflict is drama. Mr. Barrie from the outset escapes the great besetting danger of the adapter, the temptation to tell some part of the story by retrospective narration. From the moment the curtain rises the story begins to live before us. It opens in Caddam Wood by night, with Thomas Whammond, Snecky Hobart, Silva Tosh, and Andrew Mealmaker, elders of the Kirk, discussing the political and theological situation. The weavers for some reason are rebellious to authority, and the military are coming to coerce them. It is to give their townsmen warning by the blowing of a horn that the elders are here on the watch. With the approach of the military their courage fails them. But there is someone else on the watch too—the roguish, mischievous "Babbie," daughter of the Earl of Rintoul, masquerading as a gipsy, and in this guise she meets with the minister, the Rev. Gavin Dishart, who has come to the wood to warn his parishioners against illegal acts. In this wood Mr. Barrie contrives to lay the foundations of his drama. For not only do the minister and Babbie meet here, but the elders who have temporarily disappeared from the scene return to see the meeting and to take alarm at their pastor's relations with the "Egyptian wumman." Then the military file past at the back of the stage, only their headgear and the glint of their firearms being seen; and it is at Babbie's roguish instigation that the unsuspecting minister blows the warning horn. Yet one more episode to complete the business of the first act. The baffled military, hunting the mysterious gipsy, track her to the minister's presence, where, with a coolness that takes him com-



pletely aback for the moment, she escapes arrest by declaring herself to be his wife—a circumstance which by and by serves to bring about a striking and dramatic *dénouement*.

ALL this, to be sure, is a wide departure from the book; but the spirit of the original somehow remains. How well the actors, too, fit in with their parts! As the elders, Messrs. Brandon Thomas, Mark Kinghorne, F. H. Tyler, and Holman Clark are living, breathing types of Presbyterian bigotry, sweetened and humanised by the author's lambent humour. With them is drunken Rob Dow, another living picture of the place and period, in the person of Mr. Sydney Valentine. Then there is the "Little Minister," embodied by Mr. Cyril Maude on austere and dapper lines in his prim white cravat and tightly buttoned-up coat, but impressionable to female wiles, almost in spite of himself. Finally there is the Babbie of Miss Winifred Emery—not the Babbie of the book, but another, with a charm and a winsomeness all her own—whose arch wooing invests the minister's conquest with the necessary plausibility. Rapid as it is, the action never for a moment loses its *vraisemblance* or its consistency; and by the end of the act, when the minister, in defiance of his elders' censure, picks up a rose that Babbie has given him, the *donnée* of the play is complete. It is a struggle between love and "doctrine," in which the spectator, with a confidence already born of the author's genial view of life and his broad humanity, backs love to win.

In short, "The Little Minister" is a love-story, thrown into relief by a backing of Scotch puritanism. Of this puritanism we see a good deal from the manse garden, with the kirk itself in the background. But, naturally, Babbie's courtship is not carried on there. A delightful scene in Nannie the weaver's cottage shows us the bashful minister and the roguish Babbie taking tea together, and it is in the hall of Rintoul Castle that the climax of the lovers' affairs is reached, Babbie, pursued from the wood by Rob Dow, who wants to save the minister from the Egyptian sorceress's wiles, taking refuge in her room, and changing from the short-skirted, bare-footed gipsy into the staid and proper Lady Barbara. Up to this point the minister has been ignorant of the social rank of his enchantress, and so to some extent have we. But Mr. Barrie is careful to make the transformation intelligible, and, by revealing a sliding panel and a secret exit from the castle, to show us how the mischievous Lady Babbie has been able to play her double personality without the Earl's knowledge. Now comes the episode of the Scotch marriage into play. Lady Babbie had been formerly engaged to Captain Halliwell, the military officer whose men were witnesses of the minister's so-called marriage with the gipsy in the wood—a marriage by declaration, and valid in Scotch law. As Lady Babbie boldly avows her

love for the little minister, it occurs to Captain Halliwell as a good joke, the Earl agreeing with him, to prove that sylvan marriage, and thus fasten upon the rev. gentleman, as his wife, the mysterious gipsy, for whose arrest a warrant has been issued. This is not, I am bound to say, a misunderstanding entirely worthy of serious drama. It belongs to the domain of farce, and is the one blot upon Mr. Barrie's ingeniously woven web of incident, but it serves. The house is always glad to see the tables turned upon a detrimental lover, and it is gratified in this respect to the full. For in the last act the elders, in their solemn suits of rusty black, and the whole congregation of the kirk are summoned to witness the minister's discomfiture by the proving of his marriage with the supposed gipsy. Lady Babbie herself has been hugely enjoying the joke. What is proved, needless to say, is, that if the minister is married at all it is to Lady Babbie; whereupon the Earl, yielding to the inevitable, accepts the minister as his son-in-law, on condition that a regular marriage follows in due course; and the happy event is hailed with popular applause, the elders themselves gleefully rubbing their hands at the prospect of the envy that will be felt by other kirks at their minister's good fortune.

In this hurried analysis of the play it has hardly been possible to do justice to the quaint, old-world manner and the sweet, wholesome atmosphere pervading it. It is long since so fine a comedy of purely native workmanship has been seen in London. It places Mr. Barrie as high among dramatists as he already stands among novelists. To the Haymarket company, also, no small praise is due. The rendering of the play is all but perfect. With a little emendation of accent here and there (though not among the elders) perfect it would be. Miss Winifred Emery's Babbie is a delightful creation, and in the hands of Mr. Cyril Maude the little minister himself, albeit English in speech, wins his way to the hearts of the public. The performance is Scotch, but not so Scotch as to be kailyardy. And the setting is all that could be wished. "The Little Minister," in fine, bids fair to rank as the best play of the year.

J. F. N.

## THE WEEK.

MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY'S writings are always strong meat, and the very title of his latest collection of essays, *Studies in Frankness*, prepares the reader. In these papers on Petronius, Sterne, Apuleius, and Sir Thomas Urquhart we find Mr. Whibley protesting against the application of certain of the laws of life to literature. Here is a passage which gives the clue to Mr. Whibley's argument:

"Life, then, whether we wish or no, preserves its privacies and restraints, which have grown stronger by tradition, and whose imperious sway no lover of curiosity will

resent. Thus there are ordained for us a thousand intricate rules, in obedience to which we play the game or fight the battle of existence. Nor are they irksome, these infringements upon our liberty, since life is made interesting by prohibition, and since it is to them that we owe our morals, our manners, the very elegancies of human conduct. To dream of licence with equanimity is impossible. The most ardent worshipper of the red-cap would find no pleasure if once he realised his vain scheme of freedom; and, happily, the force of tradition is still strong enough to thwart his worst intention. But the Puritan has applied the laws of life, and others ten times sterner, to the art of literature, so that words are detected in flagrant criminality, and 'poetry has become a liveried convict.'"

A BOOK that interests on sight is the first volume of the series of *Eighteenth Century Letters* which Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. have undertaken. The *raison d'être* of the series is thus stated by the editor, Mr. E. Brimley Johnson:

"The voluminous and interesting correspondence of the eighteenth century—when letter-writing was, indeed, an art—can only be read at present in more or less elaborate and expensive complete editions, or in small anthologies containing at most half-a-dozen letters by the same writer. The aim of the present series is to present a selection of this inexhaustible material in groups, each sufficiently large to create an atmosphere. No attempt has been made to seek out one-letter men, or to unearth a neglected genius; but the leaders of thought and action—in so far as they wrote good letters—are represented by their most characteristic work, collected from all authentic sources."

The first volume is filled with the letters of Swift, Addison, and Steele. Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole writes an Introduction.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S rendering of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám is now to hand. A version of this poem by a writer who confessedly has no knowledge of the tongue in which it was written by its author needed defence, and Mr. Le Gallienne is not backward in this respect. His version, he says, is founded mainly upon the prose version of Mr. Justin McCarthy. Those who know that version "will be able," says Mr. Le Gallienne, "to discover for themselves to what extent I have literally followed, to what extent departed from, and to what extent expanded, his prose." With regard to Edward FitzGerald's version, Mr. Le Gallienne admits that he has

"employed the form of quatrain naturalised by FitzGerald—naturalised, it must be remembered, not invented—the unrhymed third line being a feature of the original *rubá'y*, and the melody of the whole quatrain being accounted, by those able to judge, a beautiful echo of the old Persian music."

Lastly—but we are arranging his remarks in our own sequence—Mr. Le Gallienne says:

"He [Mr. FitzGerald] had chosen many of the richer petals, but he had left many behind—and it is chiefly of these that I have made my little yellow rose."

A VERY bulky biography of John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., is edited by Mr. Robert Eadon Leader, who writes: "My work has been that rather of an editor than of an author, because my chief aim has been to let Mr. Roebuck tell his own story, as far as possible, in his own words." Some of the chapters are autobiographical. This is the case with the first chapter, which opens with Mr. Roebuck's words:

"I fancy that I have not long to live; therefore, if I can leave anything behind me in the shape of a life history, it must be written in haste, and certainly without any great regard to accuracy as to dates. . . . A happy life! I have, indeed, to thank Providence for the many benefits with which I have been gifted. I have been happy as a son, as a husband, as a father; I have been happy in my public career: have I not, then, much for which to be thankful?"

MR. W. T. STEAD may be said to make the most of both worlds. No one can be more actual than he, yet no one claims to be in closer correspondence with immaterial existences. Mr. Stead now issues in book form the collections of stories in which his interest in the occult found expression. These stories appeared as Christmas and New Year Annuals, under the title of "Real Ghost Stories" and "More Ghost Stories." "Since then," writes Mr. Stead, "I have made so many experiments in the psychic realm, and have had so many experiences, that these stories seem to me very ancient history indeed." Nevertheless, they are sufficiently fearsome to draw from Mr. Stead a "Caution to the Reader." This caution is as follows:

"Before reading the contents of this book,  
"PLEASE NOTE.

"1. That the narratives printed in these pages had better not be read by any one of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament.

"2. That the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the Sacred Writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession.

"3. That as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experimenting in hypnotism, spiritualism, &c., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit, by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided.

"This caution is printed here at the suggestion of Catholics, Theosophists, and Spiritualists, who declare themselves to be profoundly convinced of its necessity."

We have received an illustrated reprint of the last story in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. In a preface the author states his belief that there are many men as self-forgetful and utterly Christian as his hero; and adds that he has often received the thanks of doctors for offering them so fine an object-lesson as this story. The illustrations, by Fred. C. Gordon, are fair.

New novels are catalogued and noticed elsewhere

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- SANTA TERESA. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s.  
THE HOLY BIBLE. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. Vol. II. Macmillan & Co.  
THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. New edition, Vol. IX. John C. Nimmo. 5s.  
THE MODERN READERS' BIBLE: SELECT MASTERPIECES OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.  
THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION: A DESCRIPTIVE HANDBOOK. By Frederic Shields. Elliot Stock.  
FOUR ESSAYS. By the Rev. George Henslow, M.A. George Stoneman. 3s.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- LIVES OF GREAT ITALIANS. By Frank Horridge. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.  
THE STORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY. By Lieut.-Colonel C. Cooper King. Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d.  
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY: 1217-1688. By David Hannay. Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d.  
THE HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Montagu Burrows. New edition, revised. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 6s.  
MARCHEMUS AND MUSIC. By Mathilde Marchesi. Harper & Brothers.  
LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK. Edited by Robert Eadon Leader. Edward Arnold. 16s.  
MASTERS OF MEDICINE: WILLIAM HARVEY. By D'Arcy Power. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.  
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD MAYORS AND SHERIFFS OF THE CITY OF LONDON, 1601-1625. Compiled by G. E. Cockayne. Phillimore & Co. 12s. 6d.  
THE WAR OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE, 1821 to 1833. By W. Alison Phillips, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co.  
MEN WHO HAVE MADE THE EMPIRE. By George Griffith. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 7s. 6d.  
THE MAKING OF ABBOTSFORD, AND INCIDENTS IN SCOTTISH HISTORY. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. A. & C. Black.  
PHILIP MELANCTHON, 1497-1560. By the late Rev. George Wilson, F.L.S. The Religious Tract Society.  
A MEMOIR OF ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH. By Blanche Athena Clough. Edward Arnold.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

- ENGLISH MARQUES: WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HERBERT ARTHUR EVANS. Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.  
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH: A RECORD OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. George Bell & Sons.  
TWO ESSAYS UPON MATTHEW ARNOLD, WITH SOME OF HIS LETTERS TO THE AUTHOR. By Arthur Galton. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.  
THE SPECTATOR. Vol. II. Edited by George A. Aitken. John C. Nimmo.  
THE ASSEMBLIES OF HANDEL. By Dr. F. Steingass. Sampson Low.  
VOX HUMANA. By John Mills. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.  
NOTES ON THE WAY. By John R. Sims. Digby, Long & Co. 5s.  
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LETTERS: SWIFT, ADDISON, STEELE. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. A. D. Innes & Co.  
VERSES GRAVE AND GAY. By Postmaster. Thacker, Spink & Co.  
FRIENDSHIP'S GARLAND. By Matthew Arnold. Second edition. Smith, Elder & Co. 4s.  
THE FAIRY CHANGELING, AND OTHER POEMS. By Dora Sigerson. John Lane.  
POEMS FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ. Translated by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. William Heinemann.  
THE LEGEND OF SIR GAWAIN: STUDIES UPON ITS ORIGINAL SCOPE AND SIGNIFICANCE. By Jessie L. Weston. David Nutt.  
SELECTED POEMS FROM THE WORKS OF THE HON. RODEN NOEL. With a Critical Essay by Percy Adleshaw. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d.

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- THE CANON: AN EXPOSITION OF THE PAGAN MYSTERY PERPETUATED IN THE CABALA AS THE RULE OF ALL THE ARTS. With a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Elkin Mathews.  
RAPANA; OR, THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN THE STATE. By Archibald Forsyth. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.  
HISTORIC ORNAMENT: TREATISE ON DECORATIVE ART AND ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT. By James Ward. Chapman & Hall.  
ETHERIAL SYSTEMS. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated by Margaret Floy Washburn. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

- RESEARCHES INTO THE MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES OF THE THEORY OF WEALTH. By Augustin Cournot, 1838. Macmillan & Co. 3s.  
THE TRAINING OF A CRAFTSMAN. By Fred Miller. J. S. Virtue & Co.  
A TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSIOLOGY. By M. Foster, M.A. Seventh edition. Part III: THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM. Macmillan & Co.  
THE PROGRESS OF ART IN ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE. By T. S. Robertson. Gay & Bird. 5s.

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- MEDITERRANEAN DAYS. By Samuel Wells. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.  
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CHARLES THE GREAT. By Thomas Hodgkin. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.  
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### NATURAL HISTORY.

- THE STORY OF A RED DEER. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d.

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- RHODA FLEMING. By George Meredith. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

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- GERMAN LYRICAL AND OTHER POEMS. With Isometrical Translations. By H. Campbell Galletly. Williams & Norgate.  
MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. Edited by W. T. Webb, M.A.

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- MORE BEASTS (FOR WORSE CHILDREN). Verses by H. B. Pictures by B. T. B. Edward Arnold. FAIRY TALES FROM THE FAR NORTH. By P. O. Asbjørnsen. Translated by H. L. Brækstad. David Nutt. MASTER SKYLARK: A STORY OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. By John Bennett. Macmillan & Co. 6s. THE WHITE WITCH OF THE MATABELE. By Fred. Whishaw. Griffith Farran, Brown & Co. BABY LAYS. By A. Stow and E. Calvert. Elkin Mathews. TWO OLD LADIES, TWO FOOLISH FAIRIES, AND A TOM CAT. By Maggie Browne. Cassell & Co. IN INDIAN TENTS: STORIES TOLD BY INDIANS TO ARMY L. ALGER. Roberts Bros. (Boston, U.S.A.). WANSLEST: THE LITTLE JEN WHO LAUGHS. By A. G. Plympton. Roberts Bros. (Boston, U.S.A.). ROVENING IT IN SIBERIA. By Robert L. Jefferson. Sampson Low. LIFE'S LOOK-OUT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SYDNEY WATSON. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. RICK ENOUGH. By Leigh Webster. By Elizabeth S. Pitman. Roberts Bros. PARSON PRINCE. By Florence Moore. Bemrose & Sons. BATTLEDOWN BOYS. By E. Everett-Green. The Sunday School Union. SMA' FOLK AND BAIN DAYS. By Rev. John Beveridge, M.A. Alexander Gardner. BAD LITTLE HANNAH. By L. T. Meade. F. V. White & Co. 3s. 6d. HUNTING FOR GOLD. By Hume Nisbet. F. V. White & Co. 3s. 6d. THE GOLD SHIP. By F. M. Holmes. Sampson Low. THE SILVER LINK. Vol. VI. The Sunday School Union. CINDERELLA'S PICTURE BOOK. By Walter Crane. John Lane. EXILED FROM SCHOOL; OR, FOR THE SAKE OF A CHUM. By Andrew Home. A. & C. Black.  
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### MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE WAR OF THE THEATRES. By Josiah H. Penniman-Ginn & Co. (Boston, U.S.A.). SIXTY YEARS OF EMPIRE, 1837-197: A REVIEW OF THE PERIOD. William Heinemann. A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. By Many Writers. Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan & Co. 25s. CASSELL'S FAMILY DOCTOR. By a Medical Man. Cassell & Co. 10s. 6d. THE LAWYER'S REMEMBRANCE AND POCKET-BOOK FOR THE YEAR 1898. Compiled by Arthur Powell. W. L. Field. LESSONS FROM LIFE (ANIMAL AND HUMAN). Edited by Rev. Hugh Macmillan. Elliot Stock.

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## REVIEWS.

## THE END OF PUSEY'S LIFE.

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Canon Newbolt. (Longmans.)

THE long-delayed conclusion to the late Canon Liddon's *Life of Pusey* is open to one objection that could not fairly be made against the earlier parts. So long as Liddon—the Laynez to Pusey's Loyola—was the biographer, it was natural that we should be given a picture in which the principal figure should appear as always large-minded, always clear-sighted, and always prudent. Such a distorted likeness of the man as his contemporaries saw him was, we repeat, both natural and pious in one of the small band who, when they were bearded men, still spoke of each other as “dearest Newman,” “dearest Keble,” “dearest Pusey,” and, no doubt, “dearest Liddon.” But now that Liddon is dead, and his pen has passed into the hands of those young enough to be Pusey's grandsons, we certainly looked for a more judicial tone and a more searching criticism. Yet we were disappointed. A careful reading of the book has failed to disclose a single instance where Mr. Johnston and his fellow editors have found it necessary to admit that Pusey was in the wrong, or that his adversaries could have been animated by any but (to say the least) insufficient motives.

This is the more to be regretted as, with this volume, we come upon events where the most fervent partisan can hardly deny that Pusey's judgment was singularly at fault. In 1855 the late Dr. Jowett was appointed Regius Professor of Greek, an office to which the magnificent stipend of £38 a year was then attached, and three years later a motion came before the Hebdomadal Council to raise the endowment by £300 a year. But Jowett, in the very year of his appointment, had published an essay on the Doctrine of the Atonement of which Pusey disapproved, and he therefore thought, to use his own words, that “we should be declaring ourselves indifferent to Prof. Jowett's disbelief if we make the grant.”

He accordingly, by Keble's advice, opposed it, not directly, but on the ground that the Crown had already quite enough influence in the University, and that if a professor's stipend were to be increased the University should have some check on his appointment; and the proposal for the increase was twice rejected. Then came a change in the composition of the Council, and Pusey approached Mr. Gladstone to get Lord Palmerston's assent to a scheme whereby the endowments of both the Regius Professorships of Greek and Civil Law should be increased and appointments made to them on the recommendation of a Board comprising representatives of the University. The assent came in 1861, but in the meantime party passions had been aroused, and the unfortunate *Essays and Reviews* had been published. Some of Pusey's “nearest friends,” say his biographers, “were determined, even before the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, not in any way to endow the chair of Greek so long as it was held by Jowett.” A statute increasing the stipends of the Professor of Greek and six other professors was therefore opposed by Pusey and rejected by Congregation by a very narrow majority. Then Pusey and two other professors prosecuted Jowett for heresy in the Vice-Chancellor's Court with the intention of depriving him of his chair; but the prosecution failed on the defendant challenging the jurisdiction of the court over a professor who had been appointed by the Crown alone. At last Pusey saw that the question of stipend had become “hopelessly a bad battle-ground,” and wrote to Keble that he hardly thought it “tact” to resist. He afterwards himself proposed the increase of the endowment in Congregation in a speech in which he said: “We are at the beginning of a deepening and widening struggle . . . for the life and death of the Church of England as an instrument of God for the salvation of souls”—and was defeated by Archdeacon Denison after a heavy division. It was not until after six years of most tangled controversy that the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church cut the knot by granting Jowett £500 a year out of their own funds. This was not the only instance in which Pusey found that the devil of party spirit was easier to raise than to lay.

We pass over the Oxford Declaration as to the Inspiration of Scripture and Eternal Punishment, stigmatised, we believe unjustly, by Frederick Denison Maurice as a threat to the clergy that they would lose their cures as Jowett had very nearly lost his chair if they did not assert what Pusey and his friends asserted, and we come to the great effort of Pusey's life, the attempt to reunite the Roman and Anglican Churches. Pusey's attention seems first to have been drawn to this by a pamphlet of Manning's on the Roman view of the English Church, to which Pusey, after his manner, instantly set about preparing a reply. In the course of study for this purpose he thought that he saw his way to accepting most of the decrees of the Council of Trent, with an exception that he thus explains to Newman:

“Now if, as I believe, the system in regard

to the Blessed Virgin is the chief hindrance to reunion, and if a declaration by authority that something which does not necessarily involve this (as the Council of Trent with Miller's explanation) is alone of faith, would remove that chief hindrance to reunion, then an intelligible ground is given for the request—”

the request, of course, being that the Roman Church would issue some authoritative statement on the subject. With this view he published his first “Eirenicon,” had his first interview with Newman since the latter's conversion, wrote a letter to Mr. Gladstone—whose reply, not here published, must be curious reading—and took a journey to France to interest the French bishops in the matter. Here he was so kindly received that he succeeded in persuading himself that poor Archbishop Darboy (afterwards murdered by the Communists) “acknowledged our succession and the grace of our Sacraments,” and returned home full of the new scheme, although hoping, apparently, that “what is the practical system of the Roman Church everywhere” would not “become the practical system here.” Newman counselled delay, but Pusey was stirred up by the news of an Ecumenical Council to be held in Rome the following year (it was then 1865), and would not wait. Early in 1866 another visit to France followed, and then came correspondence with the French bishops, with Newman, the Old Catholics, and with Liddon, and the drawing up of documents defining Pusey's position on various points of faith. Newman hinted to him more than once that while Rome would welcome him on his making submission, she would hold no parley with an ambassador trying to make terms for a contracting party by which he was not properly accredited. A quite unauthorised invitation from a Jesuit named De Buck to Bishop Forbes of Brechin to attend the Ecumenical Council, “with Dr. Pusey as his theologian,” raised high his hopes, and he read into the Jesuit's offers the following terms:

“Actual married clergy will be allowed to officiate, retaining their wives; but there will be no relaxation as to celibacy: those who now have the Cup will be allowed it still, but it would be only to those individuals.”

At length came the disillusionment. De Buck was summoned to Rome and ordered by the Inquisition to put an end to his correspondence with “heterodox Anglicans,” and in 1870 the Ultramontane propositions, which for some time had been seen to be inevitable, were passed by the Council *en bloc*. In these Pusey himself recognised the deathblow to the fabric which he had so perseveringly reared.

We have dealt thus at length with this episode in Pusey's life, not merely from its intrinsic importance, but because it seems to give us best the measure of the man. Himself transparently sincere, he could never understand that men of the world may not always mean by their words what their unworldly hearers think them to mean, or that they are not always as whole-hearted in the pursuit of their objects as Pusey was himself. Hence he continued with blundering earnestness to pester French bishops and Belgian Jesuits with terms of reunion,



and to pour forth Eirenicon after Eirenicon like olive-branches (as Newman told him) "from a catapult," without perceiving that his correspondents were anxious not to unite the two Churches, but to drag him into their own. This, too, explains the impatience with which he regarded any attempt at impartiality or hesitation as a facing both ways, and often led him into harsh judgments. "I do not want you to balance in public," he writes to Mr. Gladstone when the latter was halting between Oxford and South-west Lancashire; and "our Presbyterianising Archbishop" is the language which he bestows on Dr. Tait for dealing healingly with the subject of Auricular Confession. Yet he was easy to lead by those who knew how to take him the right way, and he declared that in both his great controversies he had met with more support from Bishop Wilberforce than from any other prelate on the bench. As for Mr. Gladstone, he quarrelled with him on his appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of Exeter, and, characteristically enough, made it up with him when he found him defending the Athanasian Creed. A man of narrow mind, perhaps, but of a strong and simple nature, we should say, and one whom, when once understood, it was impossible not to respect and like.

With the exception mentioned above, the editors seem to have done their work with tact and discretion. It is significant that throughout the four volumes there is none but the briefest reference to Pusey's duties as Professor of Hebrew. Archbishop Laurence, one of his predecessors in this chair, made himself famous by his translation of the Book of Enoch from the Ethiopic. Dr. Nicoll, whom Pusey followed, reduced to order the Augean mass of Oriental MSS. in the Bodleian, and was so distinguished a Semitic scholar that Pusey thought his loss would be more felt on the Continent than in England. But Pusey, though he wrote to the Duke of Wellington on his appointment that he would endeavour to show his gratitude by "a sincere and earnest devotion to the duties of the office," seems never to have taken his professorship seriously, and regretted to one of his correspondents that the few years spent by him in completing Dr. Nicoll's catalogue of MSS. had been lost to theology. Surely in this he forgot that he owed something to Cæsar as well as to God.

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triumphs in each of these styles. But the elusive, penetrative flavour that wins us with its enchantment, which we define as "charm," is rarely to be found here. Perhaps it is because women are usually more concerned with what they have to say than with the manner in which they shall say it; are too satisfied with the hasty and imperfect telling; too restive and precipitate; too remorselessly the idle victims of their own cleverness and fluency to heed the mellowing influence of slow production. For charm in prose is something infinitely more than a matter of temperament, however large a part this may play in its development. Hence such a book as Mme. Darmesteter's comes with a double claim upon our gratitude. It is interpenetrated with the dignity and charm, the mild, bright, classical grace of form and treatment that Renan himself so loved; and it fulfils to the uttermost the delicate and difficult achievement it sets out to accomplish. We have here the whole Renan, a glint of each facet of his variable genius, set in a frame admirably suited to so fascinating a subject; and if the setter's hand be that of a friend, the reader gains by a suggestive and subtle sympathy.

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"Seven hundred years ago the Celtic poets invented a new way of loving. They discovered a sentiment more vague, more tender, than any the Latins or the Germans knew, penetrating to the very source of tears, and at once an infinite aspiration, a mystery, an enigma, a caress. They discovered 'l'amour courtois.' Yesterday their descendant, Ernest Renan, would fain have invented a new way of believing. . . . The 'amour fine' of Launcelot has passed from our books into our hearts; we feel with a finer shade to-day because those Celtic harpers lived and sang. I dare not say that Renan has done as much for Faith—that he has transported it far from the perishable world of creeds and dogmas into the undying domains of a pure feeling. But, at least, the attempt was worthy of a Celt and an idealist."

In this biography one hardly knows what to praise most: the large and easy treatment, the delicate reserve, or the subtle distinction of its style. Renan in English, clothed in all his French grace and charms: this is no ordinary literary achievement. And add to this purely literary triumph the more valuable qualities of veracity, of faithful presentment, of adequate analysis on a broad and sympathetic basis, and you have a work whose solid worth is at least as great as the measured and musical beauty of its form. What could be more complete, outside the exquisite portrait of *Ma Sœur Henriette*, than Mme. Darmesteter's English picture of the austere and devoted Henriette?—

"A sort of innocent dignity was here—a dove-like dignity—made of mildness and quiet and reserve. Nothing of the poetic charm of her birthplace was lost upon the pensive child. The shadow of the convent walls, the stillness, broken at intervals by the clash of church bells, the distant moan of the sea, the half-understood Latin sentences, which the good sisters taught her in the psalter, all were things to be pondered in her heart—subtle influences to mould her tender nature. Her education, if limited, was exquisite."

As one reads on of this rare and beautiful nature, the brother's anguish, still poignant twenty years after her death, is expressed for us in no exaggerated terms in the quotation his biographer and friend gives:

"Ah, see her eyes open! Her long white hand moves out of the coffin. Her face is pale as of old, and her eyes swim in tears. Come, kiss me! Dear, I have so much to tell thee! How many years have passed since thy mortal fever. How weary thou must be with the long journey from thy grave. God knows that in all my joys I have never ceased to long for thy presence; not one happy moment but I would have shared it with thee! Ah, white shadow, open thine eyes, though it be for a quarter of an hour; only one quarter of an hour in which to weep with thee, and expiate my faults towards thee, or suffer thy pious reproaches. Oh, pierced heart, how hast thou made me suffer! In so many hours, bitter and sweet, give me at least a glance."

The skill with which the central figure is handled is remarkable. Never was subject more slippery, personality more elusive, in

spite of the clear, essential virtues that marked this great modern heretic in the eyes of amazed Christendom. His life, as well as his own lips, designed his epitaph: *Veritatem Dilexi*; and somehow, greatly as we may admire the directness, the disinterestedness of that life, its laboriousness and purity, its high endeavour and stupendous achievement, there remains for us, inexplicably, a point of interrogation in the gentle and gracious irony of its optimism; a fatal, underlying sense of the fragility of its strength, a doubt of its tolerant sincerity. Is it in the nature of creature so limited as man to be so broad and so charming, so erudite and so indulgent, and still pursue truth as his only end? Truth seems to us, justly or not, composed of harsher and more uncompromising elements. Its biographer is, like himself, so delicately persuasive, that we would fain stifle this question, and not even ask ourselves if the influence and value of work even so luminous as his will last. The secret of his charm Mme. Darmesteter abundantly and conclusively reveals. He possessed almost every virtue man can consistently lay claim to, and death itself found him, honoured and flattered and admired, with words on his dying lips as sage and lofty as any his master, Marcus Aurelius, could have uttered. But still the doubt remains. As a charmer, as the most exquisite writer of French prose, as a man of delicate but commanding and varied genius, he will, of course, endure as long as the civilised world is susceptible to the beauty of a thing so smooth and musical and enchanting as perfect French prose. But as a thinker? a searcher of light? a moral influence and support? This seems less certain. There is too much grace, too much irony, too pervasive and persuasive a charm not to inspire distrust. Even his biographer cannot hide blemishes that partake too pre-eminently of literary qualities not to mar work of a more exalted kind. He remains undoubtedly, as she claims for him, "the greatest man of genius our generation has known." But the weight of his genius is diminished by the dainty spirit of mockery he so consistently reveals. He writes beautifully on all subjects; but no mood of his can ever stifle the reader's underlying question, even when thoroughly subjugated by him: *Is he serious or not? Is he laughing in his sleeve? Am I the subject of an exquisite joke?* One may be no less alive to the penetrating beauty of his pages, partake not the less in the captivating delight of such a supreme manifestation of the art of beguilement as his, and consciously decline to accept the durability of his influence. One asks oneself if beneath Mme. Darmesteter's very loyal admiration—an admiration as deserved by the man, the thinker, and the writer, as it is dignified and rare in expression—a sounder conviction lies. There is a tinge of the master's optimistic indulgence in her concluding pages:

"The construction of the universe allows for infinite waste. Other germs will bear; all will not be blasted. Evil is a sort of moral carbonic acid gas, mortal when isolated, and a real danger to our existence; and yet, when

combined with other forces, not only innocuous, but even necessary to our vital powers in the present state of their development. The important thing in life is not our misery, our despair, however crushing, but the one good moment which outweighs it all. Man is born to suffer, but he is born to hope."

But one feels in her case a sincerity one is less convinced of in the master's. Indeed, she touches on this inherent moral defect—only permissible in the merely profane writer—in her criticism of his history of David and Solomon, where she condemningly notes his excessive irony and his misplaced "actualities," which give a grotesque air of flippancy to work written with a profound import. And yet, difficult as we may find it to believe that Renan is quite sincere, even when he addresses us in the noblest language, when his whole being reveals itself to us saturated with the moral intoxication of Christian virtue and the beauty of faith, an intoxication consistently fed by the mild austerity of a blameless and beautiful life, we remain willingly captive to his irresistible grace, to the bland and exquisite compulsion of his power. Such a biography as Mme. Darmesteter's we accept as a merited honour to his great name, and a gratifying appearance in days not noted for the frequency of such polished and careful work.

L. JOHNSON

#### MR. HENLEY'S ANTHOLOGY.

*English Lyrics.* By W. E. Henley. (Methuen & Co.)

IN this book Mr. Henley has done what every other lover of poetry would fain do: he has gathered his favourite lyrical poems together. Most of us are able only to copy them, or possibly merely their titles, in MS. Mr. Henley, being a critical power, has been asked to print his choice, and has complied. Naturally no other person in the world can be expected to approve every selection in these three hundred and sixty-nine pages. Every reader will be able to suggest omissions, but there are few, we fancy, who, taking it as it stands, will not have plentiful praise for Mr. Henley's volume. That, at any rate, is our own position: we are glad to have the book on a shelf contiguous to the armchair by the fire. We have several remarks to make concerning it; we take exception to some inclusions, to its general scheme of arrangement, and also to its form; yet we are glad, very glad, to have the book on a shelf contiguous to the armchair by the fire. That is our dominant feeling.

Primarily, let us thank Mr. Henley for his tremendous gift of lyrical passages from the Old Testament. He has arranged each extract anew in rhythmical lines, with here and there an excision for concentration's sake, and they appear in this book so unexpectedly as almost to constitute a fresh body of poetry. Their unexpectedness is, indeed, well nigh too startling; for the Biblical section comes between a batch of old anonymous Scotch love-poems and Gascoyne's "Lover's Lullaby," and the contrast

between these northern singers warbling their little personal affairs and the mighty Hebrew symbolists is strangely striking. Mr. Henley has placed the section where it is, at the risk of incongruity, in order to keep his chronological sequence intact, and we are too glad to have his treatment of the passages to complain. None the less, the effect is certainly odd, almost disconcerting. The section, without doing any serious violence to the chronological scheme of the book, might have come first. As a specimen of Mr. Henley's arrangement let us quote the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, as he prints it:

"By the rivers of Babylon,  
There we sat down, yea, we wept,  
When we remembered Zion.  
We hanged our harps  
Upon the willows in the midst thereof.  
For there they that carried us away captive  
required of us a song;  
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,  
saying:  
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.  
How shall we sing the Lord's song  
In a strange land?  
If I forget thee, O Jeru-salem,  
Let my right hand forget her cunning.  
If I do not remember thee,  
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;  
If I prefer not Jeru-salem  
Above my chief joy.  
Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom  
In the day of Jeru-salem; who said:—Rase it,  
rase it,  
Even to the foundation thereof.  
O daughter of Babylon, who art to be  
destroyed,  
Happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee  
As thou hast served us!  
Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth  
thy little ones  
Against the stones."

Does it not gain—is not its beauty emphasised—by the new arrangement? When we say that Mr. Henley gives fifty-three full pages in all, selecting from Exodus, Samuel, the Psalms, Job, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joel, Amos, and Habakkuk, an idea of the exceptional interest of his volume is communicated. For his other surprises, his new gems—new, that is to say, to the ordinary reader, although familiar enough to the student of English poetry—Mr. Henley has gone to the Bannantyne MS., Tottel's Miscellany, the Royal MS., and other old collections. The following beautiful poem, of a quality not common in English verse, is, for example, from *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. To some it will be familiar, but others may be surprised to learn that so homely and tender a lyric was written in an age when homeliness was not the fashion. We quote the first two stanzas, as modernised by their new editor. The author is Richard Edwardes (1523-1566), "sometime of her Maesties Chappell":

"In going to my naked bed as one that would  
have slept,  
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long  
before had wept.  
She sighed sore and sang full sweet, to bring  
the babe to rest.  
That would not cease but criéd still, in  
sucking at her breast."

She was full weary of her watch, and grieved  
with her child,  
She rockéd it and rated it, till that on her it  
smiled;  
Then did she say: 'Now have I found this  
proverb true to prove,  
The falling out of faithful friends renewing  
is of love!'

"Then took I paper, pen and ink, this proverb  
for to write,  
In register for to remain of such a worthy  
wight.  
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little  
brat,  
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place  
whereas she sat,  
And provéd plain, there was no beast, nor  
creature bearing life,  
Could well be known to live in love, without  
discord and strife:  
Then kiséd she her little babe, and aware  
by God above,  
The falling out of faithful friends renewing  
is of love."

Alexander Scott yields four lyrics, a little  
marred, perhaps, for the modern reader by  
their archaisms. An archaism alone is  
often disturbing enough; but an archaism  
that is also Scotch can be quite a deterrent.  
Tottel's Miscellany offers this delicate tissue  
of philosophic resignation: "Upon con-  
sideration of the state of this life," the title  
runs, "he wisheth death"—

"The longer life, the more offence:  
The more offence, the greater pain:  
The greater pain, the less defence:  
The less defence, the lesser gain.  
The loss of gain long ill doth try:  
Wherefore come death, and let me die!  
The shorter life, less count I find:  
The less account, the sooner made:  
The count soon made, the merrier mind:  
The merry mind doth thought evade.  
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try:  
Wherefore come death, and let me die!  
Come gentle death, the ebb of care,  
The ebb of care, the flood of life,  
The flood of life, the joyful fare,  
The joyful fare, the end of strife.  
The end of strife, that thing wish I:  
Wherefore come death, and let me die."

And here, from the Bannantyne MS., is a  
jocund song of the amorous spring, under  
the title "Lusty May";

"O lusty May, with Flora Queen!  
The balmy drops from Phœbus sheen  
Preluciant beams before the day:  
By that Diana grows green  
Through gladness of this lusty May.

"Then *Esperus*, that is so bright,  
Till woful heart's casts his light,  
With banks that blooms on every brae,  
And showers are shed forth of their sight,  
Through gladness of this lusty May.

"Birds on bewis of every birth,  
Rejoicing notes makand their mirth  
Right pleasantly upon the spray,  
With flourishings o'er field and firth,  
Through gladness of this lusty May.

"All *lumaris* that are in care  
To their ladies they do repair,  
In fresh mornings before the day,  
And are in mirth ay mair and mair,  
Through gladness of this lusty May."

These all are welcome.

Criticising an anthology amounts to

saying how one would have done it oneself,  
and that is what we propose now to do.  
Had the invitation to compile a volume of  
English lyrics been tendered to us, we  
should have set to work differently. In  
the first place we should, for two reasons,  
have discarded chronological arrangement  
altogether. One reason is, that the chrono-  
logical arrangement of a collection of  
English lyrics such as this has the dis-  
advantage of making the first part of the  
book so much livelier and more interesting  
than the last. The lyrics that were written  
by Englishmen prior to Marvell and those  
that were written after are so different in  
kind that it is almost necessary to find a  
new name for the later poems. The old  
inspiration suddenly ceased. Suddenly  
a moment came when to the poets the  
world ceased to be new every morning.  
The Elizabethans, we can believe, actually  
thought that it was so. They had the  
happiness of infancy, of young, fresh  
growth. When joyous, their songs bubbled  
out of them. Even when they were melan-  
choly or pensive the words seem to have  
followed each other as naturally and spon-  
taneously as the notes of a bird. Theirs  
was the genuine lyricism. And then, partly  
because of the blighting Puritan influence,  
partly because of the Restoration's influence  
in the opposite direction, and partly because  
a critical spirit was abroad tending to make  
poets self-conscious workmen in a degree  
they had not hitherto reached, spontaneity  
vanished, and for a while genuine lyricism  
was no more. Poems no longer sprang into  
being as they once had done (or had seemed  
to do): they were now deliberately built up.  
A new type of mind was developed: cynicism  
for the first time turned to verse; archi-  
tecture, in short, took the place of poetry.  
If Mr. Henley had not been more or less  
bound by his chronological scheme to take  
some note of the hundred and odd years  
between Marvell and Blake, maybe he  
would have neglected them altogether. In a  
general collection of English lyrics such as  
this we who write should have done so.  
It would be impossible, it is true, to  
part with "Sally in Our Alley"; but  
neither for the temperament nor the poetical  
achievement of the Earl of Rochester, who  
is one of Mr. Henley's principal intervening  
poets, can we share his enthusiasm. In a  
volume including the perfect stanzas of  
Lovelace we should not admit Rochester  
at all.

One other objection to chronological order  
is the applicability of the term lyric to  
poems springing from so many and diverse  
emotions—the result being a departure from  
homogeneity. An editor's duties do not  
consist merely in bringing poems together;  
he should also arrange them in order to  
prevent both dissonant juxtapositions and  
the effect of patchiness in his book. As it  
is, although on almost every page of this  
volume there are lines of beauty, there are  
yet portions of the book of far less distinction  
and worth than others. One patch to which  
we refer is the group of eleven poems by  
Blake coming after a very arid stretch, con-  
taining such artificial numbers as Pope's  
"Dying Christian" and Goldsmith's "When  
lovely woman." This objection, however,

brings us to the statement that whatever  
the inducement, we should never attempt  
to make a general collection of English  
lyrics at all. The result is bound to  
be too heterogeneous. But discarding the  
idea of a general collection, we would  
willingly undertake to make some special  
collection, such as lyrics of love, or lyrics in  
praise of life, or lyrics distinguished by ex-  
traordinary beauty. And we should stipulate  
that the form given to the book was compact  
and slim, so that it might be a companion  
both out of the house and in it. Mr. Henley's  
book is far too large. He has been too  
generous. English lyrics are our bosom  
friends or nothing: and bosom friends  
should be empowered to nestle close. In  
other words, a smaller volume should have  
been made, one that would slip into the  
pocket. There is too much here. Few  
persons that want Wordsworth's "Ode on  
the Intimations of Immortality" want also  
Moore's facile fluencies; few that want  
the matchless music of Shelley's "Song  
of Pan" want also Jordan's "Careless  
Gallant," while few, again, that want the  
"Careless Gallant" will greatly prize the  
splendid contributions from the Author-  
ised Version. It is possible to be too  
catholic. Mr. Henley, it seems to us, would  
have been wiser to have made a congruous  
collection, with, say, the joy of living as its  
motive. Mr. Henley is all for full-blooded  
life himself, and no one could make a book  
in praise of it better than he. To a large  
extent this book does perform such an office.  
The Elizabethan section, which, coming  
first, gives the note, is rich in enthusiasm  
for life; but it does not persist. Love  
poems, however, so predominate that we  
come to resent all else, especially such grave  
singers as Henry Vaughan and Pope and  
Ebenezer Elliott. The earlier part of the  
book, indeed, tends to transform several of  
the later poets into interlopers—Lamb and  
Wordsworth particularly. Poe's ecstasies  
seem quite unreasonably modern, and  
Byron's "Isles of Greece," Campbell's two  
naval ballads, Coleridge's "Kubla Khan,"  
and much of Scott, strike one as clean out  
of place. Had Mr. Henley excluded some  
of these more modern pieces, he might have  
drawn from the golden age of English  
lyrical poetry more examples than he does  
offer of the kind which, so far as we  
gather, he likes best. There is, for ex-  
ample, an amatory song of Cartwright's,  
from his play, "The Ordinary," begin-  
ning "Come, O come! I brook no  
stay," which is quite good. Dr. Strophe  
also, we think, deserves representation.  
But to complain of omissions is idle,  
and we have, perhaps, cavilled too much  
already.

The book might have been thought out  
more carefully by the publishers. The  
type of the introduction and notes—both of  
the highest interest—is painfully small, and  
that of the poems themselves might well be  
larger; while the title-page contains the odd  
contradiction, "Chaucer to Poe, 1340-1809."  
On the cover the error is not repeated: there  
we read, "1340-1849." We note also a  
misprint in Sedley's song, "Phyllis is my  
only joy." In the third line "coming"  
is given "cunning."

## OPEN-AIR JOURNALISM.

*Nights with an Old Gunner, and Other Studies of Wild Life.* By C. J. Cornish. (Seeley & Co.)

MR. C. J. CORNISH during the last few years has steadily been gaining ground as a writer of out-door essays and sketches, and the publication of this, his second important book, affords an opportunity of estimating his place as compared with other writers of the same school. We have been all the more interested in his work because a consideration of it discloses the sharp line which divides journalism from literature. Mr. Cornish has received high praise, and to a great extent deserves it. He is full of information, clear and accurate in setting it forth. The writing is a little formal, but it is a scholar's formality. In choice of subjects, in their arrangement, in putting in and leaving out, he shows taste and robust common sense. He presents no exuberance of "prose-poetry," no profusion of metaphor, no sentences overloaded with epithet. And yet we know as we read that one thing—the element of literature—is lacking.

To make good the assertion, let us take the book in review exclusively from the standpoint of letters. The author, then, is, first of all, a sportsman, with a subsidiary love of nature; and we know this of Father Izaak, that, whereas his June mornings and his meadows "chequered with daisies and ladies' smocks" are immortal, his angling craft is all dead and done with. His modern successors—Gilbert White, Henry Thoreau, Richard Jefferies—were primarily lovers of nature, with a subsidiary love of sport. It is somewhat curious that the journalistic gift has in one sense a wider range than genius itself. Transport your journalist to any possible distance from his green-banked Midland stream—to the Nile or the Yangtse-Kiang—and his gift acts there exactly as it did at home. As it is the nature of the beaver to build, and he begins gnawing the Surrey oak as he gnawed the trees in his native Canada, so the born journalist spins copy out of any environment. Very skilfully and agreeably does Mr. Cornish do so. Let him be in Yorkshire, Berkshire, Norfolk, or the Isle of Wight, it is all the same, his surroundings are sure to yield a more or less admirable article for the *Spectator*. Collected into a volume and bound, these contributions may be glanced at a second time with new admiration.

But if his aims had been toward literature, if he had wished to please not the many but the few, what a different, what a higher standard he would have had to apply! Take the first eight papers, those "nights with an old gunner" which give the book its title. Mr. Cornish was but a looker-on at the coast. If you think he is more, turn up the pages of a true native, *A Son of the Marshes*. There you will find digression, slovenliness, a hundred faults: yet his is the real marsh, the living long-shoreman, nay, the very ducks and wild geese flying and squatting. One is native and writes from the very heart of the matter, the other is a clever and intelligent stranger trans-

cribing external features. We are afraid the book would shrink into a few pages if a high literary standard were rigorously applied. Many of the chapters may be described as animal celebrities at home—the author having apparently paid a special visit in each case to "do" the place or wild creature for the *Spectator*. Interesting as they were in their original place, it would, of course, be ridiculous to criticise them as literature. As examples of the papers referred to, we may mention "The Paradise at Leonardalee," "A Beaver Lake in Sussex," "The Japanese Deer at Powerscourt," "The Heronry at Virginia Water," "The Birds of Parks," and so on. To the same category we must add the entire section headed "Inland Sport"—the chapters composing it are neither better nor worse than similar articles in the *Field*, where, indeed, not one would have been out of place.

After this drastic process of elimination, one asks what is left, and the answer is almost nothing. We regret that it is so. No fault is to be found with a young writer for journalising, least of all for journalising intelligently and with the good judgment of Mr. Cornish. But it would have been more promising had the monotonous average of these papers been broken by some attempt to express the writer's individuality—to attain style. Much is to be forgiven to him who aims high—a stumble or two, a touch of romantic folly, an indiscretion, anything is better than this dead level of respectable mediocrity. If any one deems we exaggerate the case we shall ask him to compare Mr. Cornish's papers on the Berkshire Downs with Jefferies's *Wild Life in a Southern County*. He is a native of the Vale of White Horse, and his nearest attempt at a breakaway from journalism into literature is the chapter on "The White Horse Downs." In other words, his material is almost identical with that of Richard Jefferies. From "the more commanding down" of *Wild Life* to Wylam's Cave is a summer afternoon's walk along the pleasant uplands of Wilts and Berks. We extract one passage—the absolute best in the book in our opinion—to show that at least Mr. Cornish is worth scolding and rating into the search for a higher ideal than has yet dawned on him:

"The ever-blowing wind upon the downs comes fresh across millions of acres of English soil, redolent not of the sea, but of the scent and odours of the inland county. The kestrels and crows, meeting the blast, skim low, almost touching the tall grasses, the horses neigh and paw the ground, the lambs scamper from the shelter of the lambing pens, where the ewes, with their shepherd, lie basking, back to wind and face to sun, and even the hares on the rolling shoulders of the hill are bigger, redder, and bolder than on any other region in the down county."

Here you have both observation and pictorial quality—a standard worth aiming at. The author's faults as a writer—dryness, hardness, formality—are at their minimum. Yet listen to Jefferies after and it is like stepping from a stubble field to a velvet turf:

"A faint sound as of a sea heard in a dream—a sibilant 'sish' 'sish'—passes along outside,

dying and coming again as a fresh wave of the wind rushes through the bennets and the dry grass. There is the happy hum of bees—who love the hills—as they speed by laden with their golden harvest, a drowsy warmth, and the delicious odour of wild thyme."

One man has an eye, but the other has eye, ear, and nostril, and, beyond these, the restful, meditative habit of mind; one gives the bare, clear fact, the other makes you feel that he saw the fact in a rich setting of dream and fancy. Jefferies' picture is full of sub-tones and suggestions. Besides, a sentence such as we have quoted from Mr. Cornish is of rare occurrence in his book, whereas Jefferies has as good on every page. Perhaps it may be said the comparison is unfair, but when Jefferies wrote *Wild Life in a Southern County* he was very much in the same position as Mr. Cornish is now—that is, he was contributing to journals and then publishing in book form. Moreover, the reviewing of books would be a barren and dreary task but for the pleasure it affords of helping the young writer to know and strain at the best, and showing the journalist the greater glory of the kingdom of letters.

## BOOK OF VERSES.

THE verses that are gathered into a little volume named *Fidelis, and Other Poems*, by C. M. Gemmer (Archibald Constable & Co.), have a certain shining and glimmering quality. They have consequently a sense of shadow. The alert reader will perceive the note in the pretty little stanzas:

"Not by her sunbeams only  
Summer's known,  
But by her deep'ning shadows, fern-flecked  
stone,  
And boughs that kiss the pathway,  
Grass o'ergrown.  
"Not by promise only  
Lovers plight,  
But in low whispers fainter than the flight  
Of air-fed midges over  
Pools of light."

The verses which give their name to the volume are "in memory of a little dog, who died November 29, 1866, during the three days' absence of the writer." After thirty years the fidelity of the dog's owner is published to the world, as if in mockery of the love between equal human creatures. So may Miss Rossetti have thought, oppressed as she was by the forgetfulness of men for women, beloved in life, who have preceded them to the grave. For Miss Rossetti read this "beautiful poem of poems," as she calls it, in MS., demurring, however, to "the pomp of love lavished on any non-human friend." At Browning's door 19, Warwick-crescent, a copy of the verses was dropped by the writer at the suggestion of Mr. Patmore, "who said the poem would be a sufficient introduction." It was; and Browning wrote: "The subject of it would excuse even indifferent poetical treatment; but you seem to have written a really beautiful poem. I am happy to associate myself with two such eminent poets as the friends you mention in a sincere appreciation



of the beauty as well as the feeling of 'Fidelis.' A few days ago, on a grave in the dogs' cemetery on the north side of Hyde Park, was to be seen a large wreath of white flowers, while on a seat near at hand were four paupers, dead already while alive, for whom the cost of the wreath could have bought a day's plenty. It was the anomaly of the verses done into life.

In *Burns from Heaven*, by Hamish Hendry (David Bryce & Son), we have some very expert verses. We have, too, another glimpse into the Paradise of some modern minor singers. Burns, somewhat fatigued, we must suppose, with the assembly of the saints, re-seeks Scotland, but only to be disillusioned:

"A land o' saunts it would appear!  
Stories o' death their daily cheer;  
Whare ilk ane sits beside the Brier  
Plantit by Ian;  
Whare a' men drap the mild saut tear  
Beloved in Zion."

In short, the Scots' land is now a land of the proprietaries, and that is not the land for Burns. He will hie him back to heaven:

"Faith! if the truth maun be confest,  
Auld Scotland's guid, but heaven is best.  
A body's frien's there stand the test  
Withouten sham;  
Guid fellows a' at crack and jest,  
An' pass the dram."

"Shakespeare, the king o' a' the core;  
Byron, a deil to start a splore;  
Shelley, whose gowden liltis galore  
Keeps a' harps waitin';  
Coleridge, whiles seraph, whiles a bore,  
Like Milton's Latin."

Of that heavenly host are Scott, with "pawkie Allan," and "gleg James Hogg," "an' Louis—blythe of late cam' he, a' shanks and wit":

"Wi' siclike frien's Scots saunts come sair;  
See back to Scotland I'll nae mair,  
For after heaven I cannot bear  
Sic godly folk.  
Then fareweel! daylight's in the air,  
An' there's the cock!"

Mr. Hendry, at any rate, has a pretty humour to save the situation.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as a note to one of his "Family Letters" tells us, "thought very highly" of "a little lyric of Tupper's on the Garden of Eden." The allusion is not to the proverbial Tupper, but to his "eleventh cousin," John Lucas Tupper, who had the fortune to belong to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. There are four poems by him in the *Germ*, a magazine, by the way, which was produced by the printing firm of the Tupperes. Tupper first studied sculpture, and the statue of Linnæus in the Oxford University Museum is his. He was, at one time, too, an anatomical draughtsman in Guy's Hospital, and, later, a Rugby master of drawing. When the *Germ* went, no magazine seems to have welcomed Mr. Tupper's verses; and now that he is dead they are collected into a volume, *Poems*, selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti (Longmans, Green & Co.), who supplies a brief biography of his friend. Some of the poems, the sonnets particularly, are far better than most of the poetry appearing in periodicals. They are of the manner of Wordsworth and of Rossetti; the

impulse is theirs, but Tupper is a very accomplished adaptor and interpreter, as everyone must admit who reads such sonnets as "If I Knew," "To my friend, Holman Hunt," or that entitled "Unachieved," the expression of a solace dear to unsuccessful lovers, but with no answering application, as we might wish, to poets who somehow just miss the laurel:

"Love's triumph this! I would not have her  
sigh,  
Nor hear her fine voice fa ter, which is  
keen  
And sweet as falling water heard between  
Steep rocks in summer. My extremity  
Of passion should not weigh upon her eye,  
And blanch her hue; and she should walk  
serene  
And pass me by, an inaccessible queen;  
And I should offer her idolatry."

"For, so, there comes at least no emptiness  
Of heart and spirit. All the sorrow and teen,  
And far-off hopeless hope, will last—will  
last:  
My once clear moon will not wane lustreless;  
Its glory never shall be overpast;  
Unreached, it still must be what it has been."

Mr. Francis William Bourdillon, in his *Minuscula* (Lawrence & Bullen), supplies the reader with a series of "Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love" very delicately done. Where many verses tempt to quotation, we take the lines headed "The Herald Flower":

"First love is like the early daffodil,  
That lightens the whole world with hope  
of Spring,  
And sees not its own prophecies fulfil.  
For when the leaves break forth and thrushes  
sing,  
The herald flower is drooping. So the chill  
Takes Love when he hath taught the heart  
to sing."

A master in this manner of poetry is John B. Tabb, whose book of *Lyrics* (John Lane) has thought, often profound, and perfectly expressed. Mr. Tabb rarely exceeds four lines in each poem; and each poem is given a page to itself. When Mr. Tabb allows himself six lines, we can have no quarrel with him when the quality is equal, for instance, to that of those headed "Mater Dolorosa":

"Again maternal autumn grieves,  
As blood-like drip the maple-leaves  
On Nature's Calvary,  
And every sap-forsaken limb  
Renews the mystery of Him  
Who died upon a Tree."

In her *Songs in Many Moods* (Longmans, Green & Co.), Nina Frances Layard has an "Ode to Morning," with passages that are out of the common:

"Each flower that coaxing morning shall  
unfurl,  
Wakes with a new expression, some fresh  
curl  
Of leaf or petal; some sweet poise of the  
head,  
Or lithesome curve of limber limbs sap-fed;  
And every day each plays its separate part  
In meek unconsciousness and artless art:  
Good, because growing; beautiful, because  
It humbly follows Nature's rhythmic laws:  
The whole earth round  
Its stately synagogue;  
Its decalogue  
The secret forces of its marvellous birth."

## LOST EMPIRES.

*The Lost Empires of the Modern World: Essays in Imperial History.* By Walter Frewen Lord. (Bentley.)

It is a common cry against Great Britain that she is grasping and greedy of territory, brutal in her treatment of native races, and that she spoils what she steals, not even possessing intelligence enough to make it, like the Dutch colonies, remunerative. Foreign nations lose no opportunity of telling us this. The "Little England" press endorse it; so that gradually there is growing up a feeling among Britons themselves that it is true, and that the empire is a gigantic fraud clumsily managed. It is on this point that Mr. W. F. Lord comes to our rescue. In a series of pleasantly written essays, well thought out, and accurate in the main, he gives us the history of the other great European empires, mostly now extinct. Beginning with Portugal, in the days of Prince Henry the Navigator, we have the empire that was most like our own, founded by brave adventurers who cleft a path for themselves where no Europeans had sailed before. The Portuguese did good on the whole, and the collapse of their empire which followed the draining of their country and its invasion by Spain, was a loss to civilisation. That the Portuguese still hold Goa is, Mr. Lord points out, solely due to the forbearance of Great Britain, whose generosity in such matters even went the length of twice restoring to Holland the colonies she had conquered with the sword. The history of the Spanish empire has been told by Prescott, and Mr. Lord has been able to add nothing to his narrative. The story of the French Empire abroad is largely a tale of British wars, forced on in some cases by the vast schemes of aggrandisement fostered by Richelieu, which threatened to oust us from our foothold in Canada, and in others by the natural conflict of interests which occurs when two great nations are simultaneously expanding. The story of the downfall of France, both in Canada and India, is graphically told, and a fair account is given of her present colonising activity and desire to retrieve the past. The last place selected is that of Holland, whose colonies were shamelessly "sweated" and utilised as mere sources of plunder. With the exception of Portugal, there is not one of these empires, according to Mr. Lord, which compares favourably in stability, humanity, and general business principles with the British Empire of to-day. If only as an antidote, this book should be healthy reading for Englishmen whose self-respect is somewhat in jeopardy. Mr. Lord adds wise maxims on the method by which we can preserve what we have so miraculously acquired. The great danger is, of course, the scarcity of home-grown food. Of late there has been a tendency to foster and revive the embers of British agriculture. If this succeeds, the first great step will have been accomplished of making the home country self-supporting. The Navy will then be free to act at large as required, instead of being, as now, merely sufficient to act as a convoy for our foodships.



## WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.

*White Man's Africa.* By Poultney Bigelow.  
Illustrated. (Harper & Brothers.)

WHEN Mr. Bigelow's book appeared as a series of articles in *Harper's Magazine*, they struck most readers as an excellent example of special correspondence, by a capable journalist able to describe, with impartiality and picturesqueness, all he saw and heard in a country on the brink of civil war. Their superficiality, partly owing to their fragmentary condition, was then hardly noticeable. This, unfortunately, cannot be said of the work now published in book form. The author himself, however, appears to have foreseen that this impression might probably be one result of his zealous, but necessarily hasty, labours.

"The literature on South Africa," he writes, "is more than abundant, and I have tried to read all of it. Perhaps I am the only writer on the subject who cheerfully admits that he knows nothing of the subject. It was much against my will that I accepted an offer made by the publishing house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers to proceed at once to South Africa and write my impressions. I pleaded my ignorance on the subject, but this did not seem to discourage."

There is no more difficult political question than that of South Africa, and as "impressions of travel," those of Mr. Bigelow are, perhaps, as good as any that have appeared; but their greatest admirer will scarcely claim for them accurate knowledge, or for their writer the necessary philosophical equipment. The book, although readable, is scarcely enlightening, and, like most impressions, readily slides into cheap generalisation. "To generalise," observes a modern novelist, "is to journalise." The *White Man's Africa*, from the nature of its inception and growth, has this inherent weakness.

No book on South Africa would be complete without an interview with President Kruger, who, as usual, "shook hands with me and pointed with a grunt to a chair at his side." This grunt will follow the President through history. None of the legends which have already crystallised around the youth of this remarkable man can henceforth conceal it. The Achilles of the Boers, who in his youth outran horses and slew elephants, lions, and buffaloes as jauntily as the squire's son kills partridges, cannot be made the hero of an epic so long as the "grunt" is not forgotten. But for this record of his breeding, Mr. Bigelow's account would be dithyrambic. Young Kruger no doubt possessed a splendid physique, but abuse of tobacco and coffee has impaired the vigour of his old age. This, at least, is the impression he seems to have left on the present and other visitors who have depicted him in prose sketches.

Mr. Bigelow has much that is interesting, although not new, to tell of the black races, whose history and characteristics he swiftly surveys.

"The word 'negro,'" he observes, "is not heard in South Africa, excepting as a term of opprobrium. Over and over again have Afrikaner Englishmen stopped me, when

speaking of Zulus, Basutos, Matabele, and so on, as negroes. 'You in America only know the blacks who come over as slaves. Our blacks are not to be confused with the material found on the Guinea coast.'"

The author, however, maintains that there is a large portion of Zulu and Basuto blood among the descendants of the American slaves, "who were often prisoners of war captured in the interior." Ethnologically, this problem is one of great interest, although Mr. Bigelow throws no light on it, and offers no evidence of his statement.

On the feeling towards England Mr. Bigelow writes with discretion, seeing both sides of the much- vexed problem through his American spectacles. He does not forget that the Transvaal was abandoned "after a disgrace to British arms unmatched in the annals of war since the battle of Jena"—a statement which causes the reader some surprise. Why Jena? It is thus that Mr. Gladstone's reckless magnanimity colours history; and the full price of it has still to be paid. From this unpleasant topic one gladly escapes to Natal—"a magnificent monument to English courage and English capacity for administration"—where there is but one white man to every ten black; that is to say, about 45,000 white to 450,000 natives. Let Natal be our consolation, and appear as evidence of what Englishmen might have achieved in South Africa if their efforts had been untrammelled by illiterate Dutch bigots, incapable Portuguese, and a blundering Colonial Office at home.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Jakob Jakobsen: Det norroense Sprog paa Shetland.* (Copenhagen: W. Prior.)

*Jakob Jakobsen: the Dialect and Place-Names of Shetland.* (Lerwick: Manson.)

THE author of these new and important works on the Norse language in Shetland is well equipped for the task. He is a Faroese by birth, and has spent three years—1892 to 1895—in researches among the Shetlanders who are so like his own people in language and habits. He has rescued from oblivion, while it was still alive, though in a mutilated and disguised form, the Norse which in the early Middle Ages was the prevailing speech in Orkney, Shetland, Caithness, Sutherland, the Hebrides, and the Isle of Man. He has rescued thousands of words of a dialect that was supposed to be as dead as Welsh in Cornwall. It is no depreciation of his predecessors in this field to say that his work, which is merely an introduction to his promised dictionary of *Norn*—the Shetland name for Norse—completely supersedes all previous effort. Shetlandic can no longer be termed a Scottish dialect.

For more than 400 years Shetland has been under Scottish rule, yet as late as 1593 one of their clergymen travelled to Norway to learn Norse because his congregation understood no other language. Yet Brand and Martin state, about A.D. 1700, that English had driven out Norn, whereas

it is only in recent years that the School Board has tried to oust the remnants of the old language.

One part of the vocabulary of Norn calls for the special attention of the folklorist and the philologist. The fishermen in Shetland have a superstition that certain objects must not be called by the same name at sea as ashore. A number of Norn words have thus survived which are only used at sea. They are called lucky words or *haf* (i.e., sea) words, for it is believed that to neglect to use them would bring disaster to the sailor. Among them are found antique words which are gone out of use in Scandinavia. Some are only found in the Poetic Edda, and are of hoary antiquity. The old song about Hedin and Hoegin, found by Low in Foula, has an Eddaic stamp on it. This question is of high importance from a literary point of view, but cannot be dwelt upon here.

The author has given an exhaustive treatise of the phonology and grammar of Norn. As his English work embraces but little of his Danish book, it is to be hoped that this important contribution to the history of the British Isles will be made accessible in an English dress.

*Essays of Schopenhauer.* Translated by Mrs. Rudolf Dircks. With an Introduction (Walter Scott.)

"It is good for mankind," writes Mrs. Dircks, "now and again to have a plain speaker, a 'mar-feast' on the scene, a wizard who devises for us a spectacle of disillusionment." This is her justification for presenting to the public in an English dress the thirteen lectures comprised in this volume of "The Scott Library." These essays are chosen, with one exception, from *Parerga und Paralipomena*, published in 1851. The exception is the essay on the "Metaphysics of Love," which is probably as personal and characteristic an utterance as ever he gave to the world. One finds in these essays much that, to our now accustomed eyes, appears gratuitously arrayed in the garb of paradox and innovation, much that is needlessly offensive of egoism and rancour. There is a glee that is almost diabolical in Schopenhauer's manner of reducing to their uninteresting elements the motives most highly prized in human conduct. There is repetition and insistent verbiage in abundance. But in every case—whether he is inveighing against the practice of whip-cracking, or is more seriously examining the springs of human action and the ground of the hopes which inspire it—there emerges an idea, luminous and provocative, which leaves its impress. Mrs. Dirck's translation is painstaking and accurate; but, perhaps through terror of the morose shade of her philosopher, she has erred on the side of literalism so as in places to be unintelligible. Who, for instance, shall interpret for us this, from the essay on "Education"?—

"Few of these novels are exempt from reproach—nay, whose effect is contrary to bad. Before all others Le Sage (or, rather, their Spanish originals); further, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and, to some extent, the novels of Walter Scott."

*Stories of Famous Songs.* By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. (Nimmo.)

ONE cannot but feel some resentment against Mr. Fitz-Gerald. He has a capital subject, he has expended considerable pains upon the acquisition of material, but he has not been at pains to synthesise it. The various chapters of his volume first saw the light as detached articles in a popular weekly journal. One conjectures them to have been written in hot haste, for his pages bristle with repetitions and impertinences; and the author's sole effort to give a semblance of order to the collection would seem to have spent itself in the placing of the chapter on "Home, Sweet Home" at the beginning of the volume, and one upon "that illiterate National Anthem," to quote Mr. Gilbert, at the end. In other ways, too, the author cannot be said to have done his work handsomely. He frankly admits that scores of favourite songs have been omitted, and a brief inspection of the index is enough to show that he has not exaggerated his own shortcomings. Nevertheless, we may say that students of the subject, to whom the matter is of sufficient importance to excuse a vicious style and disorderly treatment, will find in Mr. Fitz-Gerald's volume much that will be both of interest and of service.

*Verdi, Man and Musician: His Biography, with Especial Reference to his English Experiences.* By Frederick J. Crowest. (John Milne.)

THIS monograph appears at a well-chosen moment. The *maestro's* work, if not yet placed finally in relation to the great music of the world, is, we cannot doubt, a finished work, and they are his latest creations which furnish the crown of his achievement. The day is passed for the reproach of—

"His orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones."

It is not often that, in any sphere, a man is to be found who on the far side of seventy still retains the power of assimilation, is still open to the influences of the age. Mr. Crowest, indeed, is at pains jealously to defend the subject of his memoir against the suspicion of having learned anything from Wagner; but the fact is remarkable that in his later achievement—in *Aida*, in *Otello*, in *Falstaff*—the great Italian has known how to recapture the ear of a generation to whom Bayreuth is as familiar as Covent Garden. Mr. Crowest's criticism is well within the comprehension of the average amateur; indeed, we are reminded pretty frequently of the expository programmes distributed at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts; and his attitude is one of defiant reverence. As to his literary style, it is of this impressive quality: "The red-letter day, for such it deservedly is, on which this universal melodist first saw the light was . . ." The promise of special reference to English experiences is realised mainly by a number of quotations from newspapers. In the department of musical criticism, at any rate, journalism may take to itself the credit of having made some advance in the course of the present generation. A capital portrait of Signor Verdi faces the title-page, and the book is, by permission, dedicated to Mme. Patti.

*Life in Northumberland during the Sixteenth Century.* By William Weaver Tomlinson. (Walter Scott.)

THIS vivid little sketch is largely taken up with descriptions of domestic and social conditions which prevailed in England during the Reformation era. Thus, Harrison's lament, prefixed to an edition of *Holinshed's Chronicles* (1577), over the degeneracy of the country, as evidenced by the new fashion of building every house with chimneys, has no exclusive reference to the Border counties. Neither was the common use of fingers instead of forks distinctive of the North of England in the sixteenth century. The author, however, fully justifies the title he has given to his work when he comes to particulars of the Border feuds. The Scotch forays were bad, but the English were worse. In one foray made by Sir Ralph Eare, in 1544, into Teviotdale and the Merse, we read that 192 towns, villages, parish churches, and bastel-houses were burnt; 403 Scots killed; 816 taken prisoners; together with 12,429 sheep, 1,924 nags and geldings, besides other booty. An interesting chapter is devoted to the state of medical science in the time of Elizabeth. In this respect, as in others, Northumberland was probably about fifty years behind the South of England.

*A Short History of the Catholic Church.* By F. Goulburn Walpole. (Burns & Oates.)

THIS little book belongs to the class of "Apologies" of which the later half of this century has seen so plenteous a crop. Without being for the most part serious contributions to history or to controversy, they have an interest of their own as human documents, throwing a light upon a recurrent enigma—the voluntary surrender of intellectual freedom. Mr. Walpole's appeal to the past is for confirmation, not for guidance. As an introduction to the study of ecclesiastical history the book will be useful, for the general sequence of events is set forth clearly and accurately.

*The Reminiscences of a Bashibazouk.* By Edward Vizetelly. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)

IN this substantial volume the ups and downs of the war correspondent's life are vivaciously set forth; and young men, whose ambition that way lies, might read the book with advantage. Mr. Vizetelly's narrative includes the principal European turmoils of the past few decades, and scattered about his pages are portraits of the leading special correspondents of the same period.

#### SOME REPRINTS.

EIGHT books, all reprints, packed in one parcel, may, and usually do, present as great a variety as the passengers in a Putney 'bus. Young, old, critical, poetical, and fictive—they have nothing in common but the respectability of their careers; for, thank goodness! not much rubbish is reprinted. Rubbish may aspire to new editions; but when type has been distributed only merit brings it together again. Here, then, is a quaintly various batch. Number 1—to make a plunge—is *Sandra Belloni*,

in Messrs. Constable's new six-shilling revised edition of Mr. Meredith's novels. This story was originally called *Emilia in England*; but it has enjoyed its more sonorous title now for some years. A better edition of a living novelist's works at the price could not be desired than this of Mr. Meredith's; the type and paper have been well chosen, and the red binding is simple and handsome.

Number 2 is Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (Andrew Melrose). Bunyan apologises for the style in which his book is written. "God," he writes, "did not play in convincing of me; the Devil did not play in tempting of me; neither did I play when I sank as into a bottomless pit, when the pangs of hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in my relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." How grace might abound in literature, if Bunyan's conception of fitness of style were more common! The book, we must add, is neatly turned out, and has a useful, if rather too lengthy, introduction.

Number 3 is Macaulay's *Lays*, edited for use in schools by Mr. W. T. Webb, and published by Messrs. Macmillan. Macaulay's preface is boiled down; *Virginia* is omitted as unsuitable for schoolroom study; and full notes are given.

Number 4 is *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore* in Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co.'s "Apollo Poets." The volumes in this series are sold in the shops at two shillings and eightpence; and it is wonderful how the publishers have contrived to make them look worth seven-and-sixpence.

Reprint Number 5 is the fourth volume of Mr. George Allen's cheap version of *Modern Painters*. It hardly calls for comment, Mr. Allen's *Ruskin formats* being so well known.

Numbers 6 and 7 are reprints of *The Scarlet Letter* and *Sterne's Sentimental Journey*. Each volume is illustrated by Mr. T. N. Robinson. Reprints of *The Scarlet Letter* we expect almost daily; but a half-crown *Sterne* on the shiniest and smoothest of edition of *Sterne's* masterpiece, with modern pen-and-ink pictures, is less usual. The book is prettily turned out, but for ourselves we cannot pretend to like white paper, and with illustrations so modern in their deftness as Mr. Robinson's. Others will think differently, and will disagree with us in thinking that eighty-eight pictures are too many. What with illustrations, and separate title-pages to the chapters, the text seems to play a minor part in this reprint.

Number 8 is *The Eerie Book* (J. Shiells & Co.). They are a dread selection, these sixteen tales, beginning with Edgar Allen Poe's *The Masque of the Red Death*, and ending with *The Masque*, an extract from De Quincey's *Klosterheim*. Mr. W. B. MacDougall illustrates the book in the style of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. But these pictures are too eerie for eerie stories; they should leave the tales to play on the nerves. What with Mr. Lang's *Book of Ghosts*, and Mr. Stead's *Real Ghost Stories*, the coming Christmas can be kept with all the old-fashioned thrills.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE custom of gathering several short stories into a volume, and publishing them as if the covers contained a novel of the orthodox length—grows apace. *Byeways* and *The Express Messenger* are examples to the point. The fiction of the past week deals with all imaginable topics from the exploitation of the "soul" to an excursion to Venus.

#### BYEWAYS.

By ROBERT HICHENS.

Mr. Robert Hichens can write. He understands the value of words, and he has made a study of the kid-gloved, gardenia-in-the-button-hole youth of the day. With them, their affairs and friendships, he is in evident sympathy. He is also just now in love with the kind of spiritualism that is useful in fiction, and he has many uses for "souls." In a word, he is the author of *Flames*. His new book, *Byeways*, a collection of nine stories, might be described as a careful using up of the material collected for *Flames*. The stories mostly deal with things just a little beyond reality. His men do not play football. They do not eat cold roast beef and cheese for lunch. His women—well, here is one of them. Renfrew had the right to hold "this thin, pale wonder of night and fame in his arms, and to kiss the lips from which came at will the coo of a dove or the snarl of a tigress." (Methuen & Co. 319 pp. 6s.)

#### A TRIP TO VENUS.

By JOHN MUNRO.

Jules Verne took us to the moon, Mr. H. G. Wells brought the Martians to this poor old earth, and now here is Mr. John Munro (author of *The Story of Electricity*) obliging with an account of a trip he made to Venus. Thither he went in a car (in the darkness it might have been mistaken for a tubular boiler of a dumpy shape) accompanied by Profs. Carmichael and Gazen and Miss Carmichael. When the author of *The Story of Electricity* reached Venus he fell in love with Alumion (a lady, not a metal). "The ethereal flame of this new passion seemed to purify all that was earthly and exalt all that was celestial in him." They have now come home again. Prof. Gazen and Miss Carmichael are about to be married, and as soon as the ceremony is over "I [that is, the author of *The Story of Electricity*] shall return to Venus and Alumion." He has our very best wishes. (Jarrold & Sons. 254 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

By HESBA STRETTON.

It seems wonderful that a story filling more than five hundred pages should come at this date from the pen that gave us *Jessie's First Prayer*—a book over which many of us pored in childhood. However, so it is, and, what is more, this story of the marriage of a girl of seventeen, her flight from a hateful bond into which she had ignorantly walked, and her final happy union to a good man, is told with unflagging vigour. The story is laid mostly in the Channel Islands. Tardif, the Sark fisherman, is sympathetically drawn. (Hodder & Stoughton. 547 pp. 6s.)

#### THE EXPRESS MESSENGER.

By CY WARMAN.

*The Express Messenger* is the first of twenty-two short and, mostly, thrilling stories of early railroad life in America. These are dedicated to the "Great Army of Enginemen—the silent heroes who stand alone and bore holes in the night at the rate of a mile a minute." "The Locomotive that Lost Herself" and "A Railway Mail Clerk" are quite good. In the latter story we have the description of a railway smash in one of the Santa Fé cañons. The conduct of "Doc," the mail clerk, who was pinned under the burning wreck,

makes excellent reading. In such stories as "A Locomotive as a War Chariot," "A Ghost Train Illusion," and "Catching a Runaway Engine," the sensationalism of railway romance is exhausted. (Chatto & Windus. 282 pp.)

#### RACING AND CHASING.

By ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

A budget of pleasant sporting sketches by the author of *Sketches in the Hunting Field* and *Race Course and Covert Side*. The human characterisation goes just far enough to be interesting without drawing attention away too much from horses, hounds, and Reynard. The first sketch shows how Chippenham could ride Lawson's bay mare better than Lawson. Chippenham was the truer gentleman, and perhaps that counted for something with the mare, but it was mainly, as the title of the story implies, "A Question of Bits." These sketches appeared in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* when the author was editing that journal. (Longmans, Green & Co. 344 pp. 6s.)

#### A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

By E. P. TRAIN.

This story, supplemented by three short ones, forms "Beeton's Christmas Annual." A very worldly mother decides that the elder of her two daughters must yield place to her sister, and withdraw from the social arena in which she has won everything but a husband. Evelyn retires to Jersey. Here she writes the story of her social triumphs, which is sensational enough, and is, of course, provided with a jewel robbery. (Ward, Lock & Co. 208 pp. 1s.)

#### MARCUS WARWICK, ATHEIST.

By ALICE M. DALE.

A sincere study of a sincere man, by the author of *With Feet of Clay*. Marcus Warwick is a humanitarian, an implicit Christian, and the editor of *The Advance Guard*—no new figure in serious fiction. His struggles as an ameliorator are the kernel of the book, which is quiet, reasonable, and interesting. (Kegan Paul & Co. 396 pp. 6s.)

#### IN SUMMER ISLES.

By BURTON DIBBS.

Four stories of lawless life, making a man's book for men. Mr. Dibbs is no writer for little people, or for fools. His scenery is the South Sea Islands, where civilisation has but the feeblest grip, and his puppets fear neither God nor devil. His danger is to mistake brutality for strength. (Heinemann. 266 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### A TSAR'S GRATITUDE.

By FRED WHISHAW.

In the first place let us thank the publishers for their gift of legible print. The story is interesting enough to deserve it. The Tsar is Alexander II., and his gratitude is shared by two men, Philipof and Dostoief. Dostoief did him the service of hamstringing his horse at Inkerman, to keep him out of range of the English bullets; Philipof twice saved his life. Dostoief's service was, however, recognised at once. Philipof had to wait for appreciation of his loyalty. The story deals with this waiting, and it is a good story. (Longmans & Co. 320 pp. 6s.)

#### MRS. JOHN FOSTER.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE.

An earlier book by this author was called *A Sapphire Ring*. We have not read it; nor is this the kind of book we read, except in the way of business. Look at the sub-title: "Being the papers and Letters of John Foster, Esq., of Fosterton, edited and arranged by his great-nephew, Martin Fordyce." That is forbidding enough, but when the book is opened and we find that the story is told entirely by letters and scraps of diary, we cry mercy. It is a study of feminine hysteria and masculine selfishness; but the form is against it. (Heinemann. 231 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## ACE O' HEARTS.

BY CHARLOTTE BAIN.

Three hundred and fifty pages of pretty sentiment. We have rarely read a more feminine story, nor one less bound by the rules of art. But the telling is brisk, if wayward, and the chatter is bright, if trivial, and there are lovers and children and other pleasant personages in plenty, and the end is happy. Old-fashioned people will like it. (Hurst & Blackett. 350 pp. 6s.)

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## CONCERNING TEDDY.

BY MRS. MURRAY HICKSON.

We do not want to suggest imitation when we say that *Concerning Teddy* belongs to the same family as Mr. Grahame's *Golden Age*. It does so, however. Teddy was a small boy, gifted with unusual sagacity and philosophy: also with a stammer, a brother Aubrey, a father who lured him on to the sickness that follows cigar smoking, and a Cousin Winnie. There was also Michael, who, when offered medicine to settle his liver, remarked, "I don't want my liver settled; I like it wobbly." (James Bowden. 304 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## A NORWEGIAN NOVELIST.

Jonas Lauritz Edemil Lie was born in November, 1833, at Eker, a country town in the south of Norway. Soon after his birth his father was appointed Sheriff of Tromsø, and the novelist's boyhood was spent among the rough fishermen of the Arctic regions. His writings bear abundant evidence of the wonderful attraction the sea possessed for him: indeed, he determined to enter the navy, but was rejected on account of his short-sightedness. At the University of Christiania, which he entered soon after leaving the cadet school, Lie met Ibsen and Bjørnson, and a lifelong friendship arose between the three authors. In due course he passed his examinations and settled down to a good lawyer's practice in the small town of Kongsvinger. The financial crisis of 1866 forced him to give up his practice, and, encouraged by the success which was attending the efforts of his two fellow-students, he determined to devote himself to a literary career. At first he met with little success. A volume of poems attracted little attention, and he was obliged to gain a miserable living by doing political hackwork for the Christiania newspapers. At that time Bjørnson's country idylls were becoming immensely popular, and Jonas Lie first came into prominence as the author of *Den Fremsynte* (issued in this country as *The Visionary*, but really "The Man with the Second Sight"), a series of sketches of life in the Far North. *Den Fremsynte* is a sad little story, containing some beautiful descriptions of the wild, lonely country where the author spent his childhood. In 1871 he obtained a small travelling stipend from the State to enable him to go abroad in order "to educate himself as a poet," and it was in Rome that he wrote the greater part of his next book *Tales and Sketches from Norway*, and his first novels of the sea, *Tremasteren Fremtiden* ("The Barque Future") and *Lodsen og hans Hustru* ("The Pilot and his Wife"), the last of which established his reputation as an author. *Tremasteren Fremtiden* gives an interesting picture of life in the northern harbours of Norway, but as a story it is quite inferior to *The Pilot and his Wife*, which is generally considered Lie's masterpiece. It is difficult to realise that this novel, full of the breezes of the wild North Sea, was written in a little Italian village. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has done so much to introduce Jonas Lie to English readers, and whose preface to a translation of one of his novels, which appears in Mr. Heinemann's invaluable "International Library" gives an excellent account of the man and his work, tells how the composition of *Lodsen og hans Hustru* "was accompanied by so painful a nostalgia for the sea that Lie became almost ill with longing, and, one summer day, throwing up his work, trudged many miles through the blazing heat that he might kneel for a few moments by the lapping Mediterranean, and wash his eyes and mouth in the waves."

Thomas Ross and Adam Schrader, Lie's next two novels, dealt with life in Christiania, but in *Rutland* and *Gaa Paa!* ("Go Ahead!") published in 1882, he again pictured the life on board ship with extraordinary success. In 1883 appeared *Liosslaven* (issued in this country as *One of Life's Slaves*, but really "A Slave for Life"), a novel written in quite a new manner. Lie had evidently been studying the new French realists, and *Liosslaven* bears distinct traces of the influence of Zola and Daudet. It is a sad, but very powerful, history of the struggles and final failure of a smith's apprentice, and, like his next book, *The Family of Gilge*, is distinctly pessimistic in tone. In 1886 Lie published *A Whirlpool*, and this was followed by *En Samliv* ("A Wedded Life"), *Maisa Jons* ("The Story of a Dress-maker"), *Komm andörens Døttre* ("The Commodore's Daughters"), *Onda Magde* ("Evil Forces"), *Niobe*, and *Naar Sol gaar ned* ("When the Sun Goes Down"). In his later productions Lie has almost entirely abandoned the sea and has pictured the everyday life of commercial Norway. His stories are always a trifle bitter and generally written with some strong moral purpose. Lie's style, especially in his later books, is colloquial to a fault, and, as Mr. Gosse truly remarks, he cannot be regarded as a creative artist of great strength. "His truthfulness, his simple pathos, his deep moral sincerity, have gradually conquered for him a place in the hearts of his countrymen which no one can dispute with him."

## REVIEWS.

Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan &amp; Co.)

Mr. Crawford, though never over fond of action, has occasionally been on fairly close terms with it. The play of emotion, of hesitancy, always claims his best effort, but his books contain, none the less, spirited descriptions of more material struggles. In *Mr. Isaacs* there is a good polo match; *Zoroaster* has its wrestle between Darius and the sage; Dr. Claudius once climbed the rigging; the *Roman Singer* is an epic of elopement; *Graifenstein* shows us German students hacking honour into each other's brows; and so on. Latterly, however, psychology has almost completely ousted muscle; and *A Rose of Yesterday*, Mr. Crawford's penultimate story, was positively dreary. Hence we are the more glad to note in *Corleone*, just published, a quite unusual proportion of stirring events. Hitherto the incident, however well done, has never more than leavened the whole: playing the same part in Mr. Crawford's romances that the solitary waltz refrain does in the thinnest kind of comic opera; but in *Corleone* it occurs and occurs. Brigands, armed to the teeth, steal through the pages; one man is shot dead, another is stabbed; a fortified house is attacked by night; in short, enough happens to satisfy the most envenomed opponent of the pulseless American school of fiction.

*Corleone* comes in the same happy blue covers in which Messrs. Macmillan have sent forth so many of Mr. Crawford's pleasant romances. Old friends figure in its pages—Sant Ilario and Corona, for example—but in the main it is the story of persons new to us—the three Corleone brothers, Ferdinando, Francesco, and Tebaldo, and their sister, or supposed sister, Vittoria: children of an old Sicilian house. The brigand-ridden Sicily of to-day is the background of the book, although we are taken now and again to Rome, the home of Corona's sons, Ippolito and Orsino Saracinisca, and their cousin San Giacinto, who share the front of the stage with Tebaldo and Francesco. San Giacinto is a giant not unworthy to stand by the side of Porthos himself. And here is a glimpse of a desperado, for which one would hardly have gone to Mr. Crawford. One of the banditti is speaking:

"Now there is our captain, Mauro himself, whenever he has killed anybody he gets a gold twenty-franc piece and puts it into a little leathern purse he carries for that purpose."

"Why?" asked Tebaldo, with some curiosity.

"For two reasons. In the first place, he knows at any time how many he has killed. And, secondly, he says they are intended to pay for masses for his soul when he is killed himself. One tells him that someone will get the gold, if he is killed. He answers that heaven will respect his intention of having the masses said, even if it is not carried out when he is dead. That man has a genius for theology."

The story is told in Mr. Crawford's best manner, and after the preliminary chapters are well out of the way, you can hardly lay it



aside. We do not think that Mr. Crawford's best manner is the best manner there is, but no writer has more urbanity and self-possession. He never hurries. He writes stories as they might be told after dinner by an accomplished raconteur. If you do not care for so remote a method, you do not care for Mr. Crawford. If you do, *Corleone* will excite very considerable interest.

\* \* \* \*

*The Tree of Life.* By Netta Syrett. (John Lane.)

Miss Netta Syrett has more than fulfilled the promise of her first book, *Nobody's Fault*. *The Tree of Life* has all the virtues which books of its class—books, that is, which touch on the great woman problem—usually lack most conspicuously. The story, in the first place, is convincing. Its characters are alive, and not mere labels for different kinds of "views." More than this, Miss Syrett succeeds in winning our sympathy for her various characters, enabling us to see things from the standpoint of each and to comprehend their attitudes, even when we do not agree with them. The most successful character in the story is the heroine, Christine, but old Dr. Willowfield, her father, and Farborough, Christine's boorish husband, are also extremely ably handled—a much rarer feat among lady novelists, who, as a rule, fail utterly in drawing their men, though their women are often cleverly delineated. The minor characters, too—Mrs. Forrester, Meg, and a whole gallery of young women at college who are being trained as school-teachers—are very cleverly drawn, while the dénouement of the story is at once courageous and artistically satisfying. Indeed, taking for granted the nature of the bond between Christine and her husband, the rest of the story—the characters being as they are—is inevitable. Farborough is a Socialist and man of fads, and this is how he conceives of married life:

"I don't want you to feel in the least as though you were in any way working under my direction, you understand. I need not remind you that I have too much respect for your intellect and your individuality to have any such idea, even if I could wish such a position for any woman at any time. A woman has as much right to freedom of intellectual expression as a man; but their paths should at least be parallel if they contemplate matrimony, in my opinion."

This represents the husband's view of their marriage. Here is the wife's:

"Marriage, in this case, would lift her at once to the crest of the wave; this once reached, her own energy and ambition must carry her onwards. This was one of the cases in which marriage meant wisdom. It was as John had said (she hesitated in thought over the name), as John had said—a contract between them for successful work and mutual helpfulness."

The end of this ill-assorted contract may be foreseen. *The Tree of Life* is the best novel of its kind that has appeared for a long time.

\* \* \* \*

*The Making of a Prig.* By Evelyn Sharp. (John Lane.)

Miss Evelyn Sharp has a graceful touch and a pleasing humour—neither of them gifts to be despised in a prosaic world. Katharine Austen was a young woman with an honest wish to be good in a different way from her neighbours, and the result was naturally disappointing. She fell out with the man she really worshipped, and made a gallant effort to be content with the commonplace in the shape of a boisterous youth called Ted. But it is written that a prig may repent of his or her ways and yet not be able to turn from them, and so at last we find her confirmed in her priggishness and about to marry the first melancholy and epigrammatic lover.

The tale is a sort of mild satire upon the quest of foolish ideals, but the edge of Miss Sharp's weapon is not cruel. Indeed, the present writer has never quite found out wherein the priggishness lay, and the point in any case is not important. The book begins rather lamely, but falls soon into the right comedy vein, and—with now and again a glimpse of pathos—ends in graceful banter. The writer is conspicuously stronger in incident than in character. The description of the "working gentlewoman" is excellent; so, too, the scene at the rectory, when Paul offers her marriage with the unopened letter from the newer lover on the table, and the final episode on the Seine steamer. In spite of its slightness the story

has humour and a certain attractiveness. But there is need of more care and strength in the portrayal of men and women before the work can fully justify itself. The rector and Miss Esther are mere figures of an old fictional convention, Katharine is better, but in her also there is need of a more adequate conception. And what shall we say of Paul and Ted? The one is only fallow cheeks, a black beard, and a few phrases, while the other is a riotous and hazy figure with about twenty words of a vocabulary in which "rotten" and "hump" are the most in use. With pain we recognise the unflinching realism of the portrait.

\* \* \* \*

*Over the Hills.* By Mary Findlater. (Methuen & Co.)

There are two Miss Findlaters, and both of them write novels. Moreover, they publish with Messrs. Methuen, and their works come out in that familiar red library of six-shilling books. Miss Jane Helen Findlater has just written *A Daughter of Strife*, Miss Mary Findlater *Over the Hills*. In style and treatment, in form and manner, their work is almost ridiculously alike. Both of them seem to affect "straggling" plots, both of them have a distinct taste for melodrama, and both end their books unsatisfactorily and in a manner which, while it misses being tragic, remains "uncomfortable," and therefore fails to be either impressive or agreeable. *Over the Hills* has a good enough story to tell, though it is one built up on familiar lines out of familiar characters and incidents. The opening chapters are really good, and if Miss Mary Findlater could have worked the rest of her book up to their level, our rather lukewarm praise would have been exchanged for fervid eulogy. The hero of *Over the Hills*, Lewis Campbell, is in love with an utterly worthless girl, who throws him over in the hope of catching a marquis. The marquis, like someone in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "saw the snare and he retired." In fact, he pretends to get drowned and enlists in the army, whereupon the girl weds his successor to the title. Not a pleasant situation, and one which requires a stronger hand than our author's to handle it successfully. Miss Mary Findlater has constructed her plot with considerable ingenuity—almost too much ingenuity. Her writing is at its best when she is describing the everyday affairs of life. Here is a specimen from one of her earlier chapters:

"You should not bring the children out of bed on such a cold night," said Dinah. But Annie had no scruples, and in another minute the bannisters were crowded with them, clustering like a swarm of white bees, hanging over as far as they dared, trampling with their little bare feet on one another's toes, their hair screwed in curl-papers, their eyes wide with excitement, listening with all their ears to the marvellous tumult below."

\* \* \* \*

*The Rip's Redemption.* By E. Livingston Prescott. (Nisbet & Co.)

This is a foolish story. A younger son finds his allowance cut off, and is driven to enter the Army as a gentleman ranker. He rapidly degenerates and becomes a sodden good-for-nothing, the butt of his squadron. Then he receives a belated request from the sweetheart of a dead friend to visit her, and is thus started upon an upward career to renewed dignity and self-respect. The sentiment of the whole thing is on the level of a Sunday-school prize, and the incidents bear a suspicious similarity to those familiar in that kind of literature. The conversion of the drunken reprobate begins with his receipt of the unknown lady's letter, and it is truly miraculous:

"Vann had to read it six times or so more before his mind, all unused to such good things as courtesy and refinement, took it in. The fine formality of writing and expression, with its little touch of simplicity as well, the faint perfume of violets, the tiny silver monogram, pierced him like a pain. He struggled up with an oath and began to pace the room unevenly, casting vacant glances across the black, wind-swept waste of the parade-ground, and stopping to stamp his foot as loud voices below seemed to announce interruption. His head was up, his shoulders back, a sudden change seemed to have swept over his whole being, and galvanised him into a fierce tension of resuscitated manhood."

It need hardly be said that after this Trooper Vann braves the jeers of his comrades by saying his prayers at night, and that he dies in saving the life of the regimental bully, from whom he has suffered much. Mr. Prescott appears to have some knowledge of the outside of a soldier's life, but of such insight as Mr. Kipling's he shows no glimmer.



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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE methods of the two collaborators who wrote *Admiral Guinea*, *Deacon Brodie*, *Beau Austin*, and *Macaire* are destined ever to remain in mystery. We shall never know how scene was added to scene, whose hand held the pen in the more memorable passages; because Mr. Stevenson cannot tell and Mr. Henley will not. It was agreed by the partners that these things should be kept secret, but to state one interesting little fact concerning *Admiral Guinea* is to violate no confidence. The Admiral himself, John Gaunt, once captain of the slave "Arethusa," grew out of the Rev. John Newton, Cowper's friend and spiritual adviser. The Admiral was the germ of the play, and the part author of the Olney Hymns was the germ of the Admiral.

The dedication of *Admiral Guinea* in its book form is interesting, but tantalising in its vagueness:

DEDICATED  
WITH AFFECTION AND ESTEEM  
TO ANDREW LANG BY  
THE SURVIVORS OF  
THE "WALRUS."

SAVANNAH,  
This 27th day of September, 1884.  
What is the story of the "Walrus"?

MR. KIPLING has, we understand, given permission to Miss Olga Nethersole, the actress, to dramatise his story, *The Light that Failed*.

THE publication of *Captains Courageous* suggests to a writer in the *Daily News* a story of the author which is worth telling again here. When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a boy of twelve he started (like Harvey

Cheyne) on a sea-voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter; "but he won't let go."

THE writer of the condensed appreciation of Mr. Robert Bridges in Mr. Rothenstein's *English Portraits* is vexed that Mr. Bridges is so little read. "His generation," he says, "hesitates to place him where in heart it feels that he ought to be placed; but the reason for not doing a thing should scarcely be that it ought to be done. The living generation ought to give the signal to posterity." The living generation, as a matter of fact, usually does; but as likely as not its mouth-piece is the minority and not the majority. The minority admires Mr. Bridges intensely. Why the eulogist should wish his verses to be household words we cannot see: the households of the many have poets more to their liking. Mr. Bridges is too severe a stylist, too "classical," for popularity.

WE quote some passages from the little eulogy: "The mass of work already laid silently before the world by this writer is very considerable: in quality it raises the literary character of the age; withal it is wonderfully various. Only one man in the language has shown a greater mastery of methods of the dramatic art, and a stronger spring of sentiment. One of his dramas contains the most ludicrous situation ever invented, another the most pathetic. His sonnets are a collection that will stand among the first three or four, unless his generation befooled posterity by its reticence. His shorter poems are as new an application to nature as photography. To poetry as an art he has rendered special service. The influence of his 'new prosody' is apparent everywhere."

ACCORDING to the recent registrations of the thermometer, the winter is yet far distant, but here, none the less, is the winter number of the *Studio*, containing an essay by Mr. Gleeson White on "Children's Books and their Illustrators." The subject is a pleasant one, and Mr. White treats it pleasantly. He passes under review illustrated books from the eighteenth century chap-book to the sumptuous gift-book of our own day, and says something pertinent of most of their authors and artists. Naturally, as he gets nearer and nearer to the crowded age we now dwell in, when every publisher aims at the nursery, his task becomes more difficult, and his criticisms more general; but the memoir is pretty reading. We notice some serious omissions—Mr. Edward Lear's droll pencil, for example, might have been represented, and Miss Greenaway does not receive full justice; while among younger artistic reputations we should like to see mention of Mrs. Farmiloe, especially as Mr. White gives some space to the *Child's Pictorial*, in which

her best work has figured. Mr. White, however, has done so well with a difficult undertaking that we will not complain. Doubtless, the reasons for the more notable of his omissions were only too good.

MEANWHILE, we cannot altogether share Mr. Gleeson White's glow of satisfaction at the achievement of English illustrators for children. There are shining lights, it is true—notably Sir John Tenniel and Randolph Caldecott—but the past decade has produced a kind of pictures which, to our mind, leaves much to be desired. The laboured decorative and archaic designs which now do duty for illustrations in so many books nominally intended for children have few of the necessary qualities. So seldom does the artist seem (as, of course he should be, before anything else) thoroughly stirred by the wish to please the child: to make him laugh, or shout, or grow big-eyed with wonder and delight. Prettiness and scholarly arrangement of blacks and whites are useful in attracting the attention of the purchasing parent; but they might be confined to the threshold of the book in favour of something quainter, more whimsical, more comic, or more surprising within.

MR. "PUNCH's" comments upon our suggested list of academicians take the form of a packet of letters from "outsiders." "Among the Roaring Forties; or, the New Menagerie of Letters," is his title. We congratulate him upon it; but we cannot think him inspired in using "The Schoolmaster at Home" as a pseudonym for the "ACADEMY." *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

WE have not alluded to other newspaper criticism: but jesters are always privileged. Besides, we wish to point out that it would be well if all literary persons wrote as epigrammatically as Mr. "Punch" makes them. Look, for example, at the following scraps:

"The Summit, Hindhead.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—

'The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter.'

You follow me? Yours, till Pisgah,  
"GR-NT ALL-N."

"At the Sign of the Aerial Triplets.

"SIR,—Man is a bestial, if necessary, blot upon creation. Could I and similar matrons have our way, he should be soundly smacked. Sexual jealousy, I take it, has kept my name from this arbitrary list. Yet I have just written *The Beth Book in the World!* It is not for me to say who has written the neeth beth.—Yours, indignantly,  
"S-R-H GR-ND."

"P.S.—I exempt you, Mr. Punch, from the spanking assertion with which my letter opens."

"Care of Olio, Parnassus.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am glad to observe my name among The Forty. I do not, however, altogether subscribe to the other thirty-nine articles.—Yours sceptically,  
"W. E. H. L-CKY."

"The Morgue, Paris.

"SIR PUNCH, MISTER,—Hope differed—as one says—makes the oore bilious. Here they will not have me at no price, try all I will. But you, you have the nose fine for merit.

Albeit, in effect, not of Anglo-Saxon provenance, I am traveller. I have made the grand voyage of the Sleeve. See there, then, I speak the English. O yes! Alright. Agree, &c.,  
"EM-L- Z-L-."

In the same number we notice a drawing by Mr. G. R. Halkett, which is, to the best of our knowledge, the first contribution of that clever caricaturist to *Punch*. It takes the form of a portrait of Mr. Barrie in the guise of a Little Minister.

MR. H. G. WELLS's remarkable imaginative novel, *The War of the Worlds*, will be completed in the December issue of *Pearson's Magazine*. The story was finished in August of last year. Since then Mr. Wells has rewritten the greater part. He has not made much change in the early portions, but when the story is published in volume form it will be found that the concluding chapters have been revised and pruned, and, when necessary, amplified.

It has been shown again and again that good writers do not always make good editors. That Mr. Barry Pain, who now controls *To-Day*, will prove a brilliant exception is the wish of the many who appreciate the individual note of his work in prose and verse.

THE Italian poet, Ada Negri, whose voice is now being heard in England, is the subject of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which we take the following suggestive passage:

"She does not fear the dreadful scenes of life and death, of which one might wish that weaker poets had a natural fear, and her audacity is justified by those strong verses called 'Autopsia,' and her conception of the cold anger she attributes to the dead under the surgeon's hand. She must assuredly have taken a lesson here from the terrors of mourner's dreams. For among the dreams that are told by the bereaved there is one they do not tell—the dream of the anger of the dead, a dream hidden in the human mind by who knows what prehistoric fright and primitive misgiving in the men of the early world, who were children, a dream that is the most intolerable when it visits the mind of the civilised and the adult with an increased, a multiplied and spiritualised, yet still pure and primitive distress. If the mind of the poet was ever touched by such a dream of the anger of the dead, she had the genius to hale her captured tremor to the light and keep it there."

"Italian," adds this writer, "cannot well be quoted, as French can be, in an evening paper, and not even French in a morning one; therefore we have to be content with the translation of a phrase or two. This is the lover from the factory running upstairs to the factory girl, 'black with dust, magnificent with love.' 'Mother,' she sings with all her art, 'I wish I might forget I am a poet, and become again a *bambina*.' When she left the little hut she was 'rich with dreams'; she calls the skylark an 'audacious angel.' This is enough and too much—it does Ada Negri little service to turn these scraps out alone in an alien world."

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI has already appeared before the world as a teacher of religion, of politics, and of political economy, and he

has put forth certain advanced views on music in his *Kreutzer Sonata*. We are now led to expect him in the character of art critic. It is rumoured that Count Tolstoi is working on a new book, of some bulk, into which he has been putting for the last seven or eight years his matured thoughts on the nature and function of Art. It may be surmised, without much rashness, that Count Tolstoi's views, when they are known, will be found to clash less with Mr. Ruskin's than with those of the Art-for-Art's-sake school of critics.

THE old Marshalsea Prison is supposed by most people to have disappeared utterly years ago; but it seems that some fragments of the building still remain for the crowbar to tear down. A scheme promoted by the London County Council to continue Tabard Street into the High Street, past the east end of St. George's Church, will sweep the Marshalsea, with its memories of Little Dorrit and of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, into real oblivion. A tablet, however, is placed on a neighbouring warehouse to remind Americans of the sacredness of the ground.

MRS. CRAIGIE's novel, *The School for Saints*, will be published next Wednesday. Disraeli appears as one of the characters. The book also contains a sketch of General Prim, the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Army, who was assassinated at Madrid in 1870. The sub-title is "Part of the History of the Right Honourable Robert Orange, M.P." The story of Orange's married life, of his literary and political life in 1870-1880, of his friendship with Disraeli, and of his career in the Church will be told in a subsequent volume.

In reply to a correspondent who asks if the metre used by FitzGerald in his translation of "Omar Khayyâm" has been employed by any other poet, we draw attention particularly to Mr. J. W. Mackail's beautiful narrative poem "Odysseus in Phœacia," or, as it was called on its first appearance in *Love in Idleness*, that fragrant little book, "In Scheria."

ONE of the commonest statements with regard to *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is that the boy Arthur was drawn from Dean Stanley. A correspondent of the *Spectator*, Mr. F. W. Dobson, writes as follows concerning this matter: "It may not be uninteresting to place on record Tom Hughes's own words with reference to the character of Arthur in *Tom Brown*. In reply to my query he wrote: 'The character of Arthur was not drawn directly from Dean Stanley, but in several respects he might have sat for it.'"

THE negro poet, Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar—who came to England this year on a reciting tour, and has since published *Lyrics of Lowly Life*—has received a post in the Congressional Library at Washington. This appointment strikes us as being a very graceful act on the part of those in authority.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will publish shortly a book entitled *Picturesque Dublin, Old and New*.

FROM Germany and elsewhere comes, not for the first time, a disturbing story to the effect that the printing papers in general use to-day are of such inferior substance that they cannot be trusted to last more than one hundred years. A representative of the ACADEMY accordingly called at the British Museum to gather, if possible, Dr. Garnett's opinion. He writes: "I followed an attendant round the corridor which encircles the Reading Room immediately behind the bookshelves. It is a curious place, this corridor, with its grid-iron floor and ceiling, through which, looking up, you see men's soles and, down, men's heads. There is something strange, too, in the cold, metallic sound of one's foot-falls in these streets of bookshelves."

We were walking down the stately King's Library when suddenly my guide turned sharply to the right between two of the exhibition cases which flank the room. I thought his attention had been caught by the titles of some of the stately books in the great glazed cases which line the walls; but, to my amazement, a section of these shelves, with its books, glass, oak, and all, fell back, and I walked through what had just appeared to be an impenetrable wall of literature. A few seconds later I was explaining my mission to the Keeper of the Printed Books.

Dr. Garnett told me that the British Museum collection had not yet furnished any example of deteriorating paper. 'I am, however,' he added, 'much interested in the subject, and I am a member of a committee of the Society of Arts which has lately been formed for the purpose of inquiring into the subject of untrustworthy paper. I feel, however, that in attending its meetings I shall go to learn facts rather than to contribute them; for, as I have said, we have found nothing in the British Museum to support the theory that many papers and periodicals will rot in their binding within a hundred years of publication. I think we shall know more about this in twenty years, when the supposed action of chemicals and deterioration of wood-pulp have had time to manifest themselves.'

"If it should be proved to be true that modern paper is so short-lived, you would consider it a very serious matter?"

"I should indeed. The interest and importance of great masses of current literature will hardly be felt for three or four hundred years, and posterity clearly will have little to thank us for if our periodicals crumble to the touch, and cheat the historical student of their contents."

"But at present any alarm on this score is premature?"

"Speaking strictly from our experience at the British Museum, I should say it is premature. In twenty years' time I think we shall know more."

"Dr. Garnett courteously showed me to the door by which I had entered. One moment I had his kindly smile; the next moment the site of that smile was occupied by Sidney's *Arcadia*, delicately tooled."

## EXCURSIONS IN CRITICISM.

## VI.—CRASHAW.

STRANGE are both the commissions and omissions of this day, in which an uncritical zeal for the poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has stimulated reprint upon reprint. It seems to be enough for editorial zeal that a poet should have been born in one of those privileged centuries; and he shall find republication. Not alone Campion and other minor lyrists of merit, but even a wielder of frigid conceits like Henry Constable finds his editor—nay, is issued with all the pomp of sumptuous decorative *ensemble*. Yet, while editors search among the dross of these ages for poets to revive, they neglect the gold. Else how comes it that while Henry Vaughan finds reprint, his worthy yokefellow, Crashaw, is passed by? How comes it that Cowley is inaccessible yet to modern readers? Eminent modern poets have singled Crashaw as a man of genius and a source of inspiration. Coleridge declared that Crashaw's "Hymn to St. Teresa" was present to his mind while he was writing the second part of "Christabel"; "if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." The influence of Crashaw is to be traced in the "Unknown Eros": notably and conspicuously in the "Sponsa Dei." Dr. Grosart's edition, in the Fuller's Worthies Library, was printed only for private circulation, and, indeed, its price from the beginning placed it beyond reach of the ordinary reader. Yet this admirable edition has made the paths straight for a reprint addressed to the general reader; so that there is no excuse in difficulty for further neglect.

As a step towards the complete edition I welcome gladly Mr. Tutin's partial reprint, just issued by William Andrews & Co. Called by the name of the first poem in the volume, "Carmen Deo Nostro," it is really a reprint of the selection from his sacred poems which Crashaw himself issued in 1652—an excessively rare edition. Mr. Tutin's reprint of it is excellent, and very carefully corrected; and I can only hope it will stimulate—say, Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, in their *Muses' Library*—to give us a full edition of Crashaw equally correct and careful. This reprint really contains all Crashaw's sacred poems worth having; but we inevitably miss from it his secular poems; the lovely "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress," the "Love's Horoscope," the two or three exquisitely felicitous epitaphs, and the wonderful paraphrase of Strada's "Musician and Nightingale"—to name the chief.

Lyric poetry is a very inclusive term. It includes Milton and Herrick, Burns and Shelley, "Tintern Abbey" and "The Grecian Urn," the odes of Coventry Patmore and the songs of Tennyson. But its highest form—that which is to other lyric forms what the epic is to the narrative poem or the ballad—is the form typically represented by the ode. This order of lyric may again be divided into such lyrics as are distinguished by stately structure, and such as are distinguished by arduous abandonment. In the former kind ardour may be present,

though under the continual curb of the structure; and this is the highest species of the lyric. In the latter kind the ardour is naked and predominant: it is to the former kind what the flight of the skylark is to the flight of the eagle. The conspicuous first appearance of the former kind in English poetry was the monumental "Epithalamion" of Spenser. Ardour cannot, as a rule, be predicated of Spenser; but *there* is ardour of the most ethereal impulse, equi-poised throughout with the most imperial and imperious structure. For the development of the latter kind English poetry had to await the poet of "Prometheus Unbound." But its first, almost unnoticed and unperfected appearance, was in the work of Richard Crashaw. His age gave the preference to Cowley, in whose odes there is unlimited ostentation of dominating ardour without the reality, the result being mere capricious and unmeaning dislocation of form. Too much of the like is there in Crashaw; but every now and again he ascends into real fervour, such as makes metre and diction plastic to its own shaping spirit of inevitable rightness. This is the eminent praise of Crashaw, that he marks an epoch, a turn of the tide in English lyric, though the crest of the tide was not to come till long after, though—like all first innovators—he not only suffered present neglect, but has been overshadowed by those who came a century after him.

He is fraught with suggestion—infinite suggestion. More than one poet has drawn much from him, yet much remains to be drawn. But it is not only for poets he exists. Those who read for enjoyment can find in him abundant delight, if they will be content (as they are content with Wordsworth) to grope through his plenteous infelicity. He is no poet of the human and household emotions; he has not pathos, or warm love, or any of the qualities which come home to the natural kindly race of men. But how fecund is his brilliant imagery, rapturous ethereality. He has, at his best, an extraordinary cunning of diction, cleaving like gold-leaf to its object. In such a poem as "The Musician and the Nightingale" (not in this volume included) the marvel of diction becomes even too conscious; in the moment of wondering at the miracle, we feel that the miracle is too researched: it is the feat of an amazing gymnast in words rather than of an unpremeditating angel. Yet this poem is an extraordinary verbal achievement, and there are numerous other examples in which the miracle seems as unconscious as admirable.

For an example of his sacred poems, take the "Nativity," which has less deforming conceit than most. Very different from Milton's great Ode, which followed it, yet it has its own characteristic beauty. The shepherds sing it turn by turn—as thus:

"Gloomy night embraced the place  
Where the noble Infant lay.  
The Babe looked up and showed His face;  
In spite of darkness, it was day.  
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,  
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes."

Here is seen one note of Crashaw—the human and lover-like tenderness which

informs his sacred poems, differentiating them from the conventional style of English sacred poetry, with its solemn aloofness from celestial things.

"I saw the curled drops, soft and slow  
Come hovering o'er the place's head;  
Offering their whitest sheets of snow  
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:  
Forbear, said I; be not too bold,  
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

"I saw the obsequious Seraphim  
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,  
For well they now can spare their wing.  
Since heaven itself lies here below.  
Well done, said I; but are you sure  
Your down so warm will pass for pure?"

In the second stanza is shown the fire of his fancy; in "The curled drops," &c., the happiness of his diction. In "The Weeper" (a poem on the Magdalen), amid stanzas of the most frigid conceit, are others of the loveliest art in conception and expression:

"The dew no more will weep  
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:  
The dew no more will sleep  
Nuzzled in the Lily's neck;  
Much rather would it be thy tear,  
And leave them both to tremble here.

"Not in the Evening's eyes  
When they red with weeping are  
For the Sun that dies,  
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.  
Nowhere but here did ever meet  
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet."

Two more alien poets could not be conceived than Crashaw and Browning. Yet in the last couplet of these most exquisite stanzas we have a direct coincidence with Browning's line—

"Its sad in sweet, its sweet in sad."

In the "Hymn to St. Teresa" are to be found the most beautiful delicacies of language and metre. Listen to this (*apropos* of Teresa's childish attempt to run away and become a martyr among the Moors):

"She never undertook to know  
What Death with Love should have to do;  
Nor has she e'er yet understood  
Why to show love she should shed blood;  
Yet though she cannot tell you why,  
She can love, and she can die."

Among the poems not contained in this volume, the wonderfully dainty "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress" shows what Crashaw might have been as an amative poet:

"Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible She,  
That shall command my heart and me;

"Where'er she lie,  
Shut up from mortal eye  
In shady leaves of Destiny."

And so on through a series of unequal but often lovely stanzas. So, too, does "Love's Horoscope." His epitaphs are among the sweetest and most artistic even of that age, so cunning in such kind of verse. For instance, that on a young gentleman:

"Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,  
And there be words not made with lungs—  
Sententious showers; O let them fall!  
Their cadence is rhetorical!"

But, to come back to the poems contained in Mr. Tutin's book, with what finer example can I end than the close of "The Flaming Heart," Crashaw's second hymn to St. Teresa?—

"Oh, thou undaunted daughter of desires!  
By all thy dower of lights and fires;  
By all the eag's in thee, all the dove;  
By all thy lives and deaths of love;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,  
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;  
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;  
By the full kingdom of that final kiss,  
That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His;  
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him  
(Fair Sister of the seraphim!)  
By all of Him we have in thee;  
Leave nothing of myself in me.  
Let me so read thy life, that I  
Unto all life of mine may die."

It has all the ardour and brave-soaring transport of the highest lyrical inspiration.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

#### HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.\*

To the critic who reviewed *Sentimental Studies* in the ACADEMY, Mr. Crackanthorpe wrote thus:

"I needn't tell you of the pleasure that your generous praise gives me; but it is for your stimulating criticism that I am especially grateful. You have formulated certain faults, of which, for some time past, I had been feeling obscurely conscious. I feel that you have done me an immense service, and for this I want, if I may, to thank you with all my heart. Other critics may be kind: you make me eager for work."

*Eager for work!* Saddening words to read now, but then most true; and I quote them because they sound the note of his literary character. He took his literary life, as he took travel, movement, the open air, with an eager animation and delighted energy. It was a buoyant passion, virile and rejoicing. He loved his art, its difficulties and demands, as a swordsman loves the chivalrous dangers of war. His labours were loyal, and their result will abide.

He published *Wreckage: Seven Studies*, in 1893; *Sentimental Studies* and *A Set of Village Tales* in 1895; *Vignettes: a Miniature Journal of Whim and Sentiment*, in 1896, the year of his early death. This year gives us his *Last Studies*, introduced with a poignant poem by Mr. Stopford Brooke and an appreciation of subtle delicacy by Mr. Henry James. A brief record of accomplishment, but the finer, the firmer, the more successful for its very scantiness—the patient pains of an anxious and unhurrying artist. Of *Wreckage* and its title I may say, what Barbey d'Aurevilly said of *Les Fleurs du Mal*: "M. Baudelaire, qui les a cueillies et recueillies, n'a pas dit que ces *Fleurs du Mal* étaient belles, qu'elles sentaient bon, qu'il fallait en orner son front, en emplir ses mains, et que c'était là la sagesse. Au contraire, en les nommant, il les a flétries." So of the seven stories in *Wreckage*, with their helpless misery and grim irony—"en les

nommant, il les a flétries." Wrecked lives, lost hopes, beaten efforts, broken purposes are not the staple of the world, but its waste. Why, then, ask some, choose themes of barren gloom, and portray them pitilessly with a triumphant, swift fidelity of phrase, as if delighted to deal with squalid vice, and sordid grief, and tragic folly? Even were this wholly true, I should yet see in these stories nothing more censurable than that pathetic, unconscious cruelty so common in young writers; and, again, the sick and sorry sides of life are easier to see, more insistent and noticeable, than are the quiet and serene: they are salient, and spring to the eyes. But to write with an unfaltering firmness about dark things, with no word of personal feeling to relieve the facts presented thus keenly—is that endurable? *Distinguo*. One writer shall tell a tale, with no hint of any such word, and draw from you all the tears, the thoughts of charity and pity, for which he has not directly called; another shall tell the same tale, with a like impersonality, and you will feel outraged, nauseated, befouled. For there are writers whose choice phrases are as blows in the face: they eschew the seemly and pursue the vile; they parade and flaunt their laborious brutalities; they are nasty, but of an absurd and petty nastiness. Impersonal though they be, yet they cry from every page how Mephistophelian is their instinct for corruption, what well-sounded cynics they are. But Mr. Crackanthorpe was just and refined, never forcing the note; there are delicacy, distinction, discretion in his quiet fearlessness of manner. He makes no researches into the black mire of life, resolved to be at all costs a master in the science and secrets of the sewer. The brief stories of *Wreckage*, written in so fresh and pure an English, so clear and crisp a style, are uniformly sad, but of no sickening sadness; no scene is drawn, no character imagined, no phrase chosen for its naked horror of ugliness or gloom. Take "The Struggle for Life." In less than six pages we have the story of a poor woman selling herself in the street for the pittance which will buy her starving babies food, while her brutal husband riots with prostitutes in a pothouse. We say, with Rossetti, that "it makes a goblin of the sun." Let us say also with him:

"So it is, my dear.  
All such things touch secret strings  
For heavy hearts to hear.  
So it is, my dear."

The terrible rapid pages are full of an aching poignancy. The straightforward sentences hide an inner appeal. The telling of the misery becomes a thing of dreadful beauty, and in its intensity goes nearer to the heart of the whole dark matter than many a moving sermon. The artist's abstemiousness in Mr. Crackanthorpe, the refinement of his reticence, never chilled his reader. "The pity of it! The pity of it!" That was always the unspoken yet audible burden of his art. A reverence for high things, a pitifulness over their ruin or perversion, lie always latent beneath the severely faithful phrases. Never do we seem to overhear the morose or saturnine chuckle, "Such is life"; but always a suggestion of

life's strange possibilities, anomalies, if you will, "little ironies." A vivacious, fascinated stirring wonder at life's strangeness may give an air of indifference and equanimity amid matter perilous for handling; but this is not the callousness and the coarseness of cynicism, its cheap insolence and contempt. *Sentimental Studies* showed a change, rather than a strict development. They are more spacious and elaborate, richer worded and of an ampler rhythm. Mr. Crackanthorpe had three chief gifts: skill in dramatic narration—a sense of situation, a lively feeling for the value and interpretation of gesture, posture, circumstance; secondly, analytic skill in the conception and presentment of character; thirdly, descriptive and pictorial power, readiness of vision, with a faculty of sifting and selecting its reports. In *Wreckage*, the first was paramount, the second sparsely used, the third used with singular restraint and vividness. The visible world of nature and man was presented by swift flashes, as though to match the nervous, tense play of dramatic episode and action. The stories went with an austere celerity, a kind of suppressed exhilaration of power. The longest of the *Sentimental Studies*, rich as it is in good things, has yet its *longueurs*—pages which do not bite and grip, after the fashion of *Wreckage*, while their sedulous psychology, their dextrous searchings into the motives of acts and the significances of emotions, are disproportionate to the interest of the situation. The writer's descriptions also waver between his earlier, electric, instantaneous vision and a new, patient, solicitous fulness of detail. The book contained admirable work; but its scenes and episodes in miniature were its chief excellence, rather than its more elaborate essays. His longest performance, the last story in the posthumous *Last Studies*, shows that he had it in him to use all his gifts harmoniously upon an ample scale; but it is probable that stories upon the scale of "A Conflict of Egoisms" in *Wreckage*, of "Battledore and Shuttlecock" in *Sentimental Studies*, and of the masterly "Trevor Perkins" in *Last Studies*, would have remained the happiest and most distinctive channels of his art. In some thirty pages he was master of his ironic phases of life, and could portray them with a compassionate humour playing over their disillusionments and pitiable futilities. Emphatically, his was not embittered pessimism, but a kind of haunting melancholy set at the heart of things, their dominant note; he wrote of it without protest, as without exaggeration. *Vignettes*, largely his most personal book, has no jaded Byronism nor weary Wertherism; its pages are full of joyousness and buoyancy. But there steals in the note of distrust in the stability of happiness; the sense, as he goes through the world, that this delight and that pleasure are fatally precarious. And this sense leavens his "cruellest" work with something of gentleness and consideration. "Trevor Perkins" is almost intolerably successful in its method: that shopman so futile, that shopgirl so commonplace; his fragmentary self-culture in "advanced thought" and "modern ideas," her entire absorption in

\* *Last Studies*. By Hubert Crackanthorpe. (Heinemann.)



frivolous, innocent vulgarities; the conjunction of the impossible couple, the pitiable absurdity of it all, its touching and exasperating hopelessness; all this is swiftly shown as in a masterpiece of compassion, which contains no compassionate word, and seems to invite our contempt. "Cruel" such work may be: but it is a curiously tender cruelty. And, indeed, with all his passion for his art, his strenuous wrestlings with its difficulties, this was a cordial writer and a very human: he smiles at his creatures, so weakly and foredoomed, as they play their parts in the divine and human comedy. He understands their obscure griefs and troubles, like those of a child; the strain of unsatisfied desire and dim want that runs through even the best of life. There was chivalry in the creator of Maurice Radford and Anthony Garstin, both willing to bear shame undeserved for a woman's sake: there is something not wholly ignoble in the Cumbrian parson's fever fit of passion. There is sorrow, but nothing of unworthiness, in this note from *Vignettes*, made by the Bay of Salerno.

"To gaze across the black sweep of sea, on into the mystery of the night; to hear the restless waves slowly sighing through the darkness, as they beat the rocks a thousand feet beneath; to love a little so, with quiet pressure of hands, and listlessly to ponder on strange meanings of life and love and death.

"And so, amid a still serenity of dreamy sadness, to forget the mad turmoil of passion, to grow indifferent to all desire, while the heart fills full of grave gratitude towards an unknown God.

"And then, once more, to understand how life is but a little thing, and love but a passionate illusion, and to envy the sea her sighing in the days when the end shall have come."

Side by side with passages of grim, quick irony in this writer's work come passages of a quiet lyrical melancholy and compassion: reveries full of a wistful gentleness, far too moving to be but youth's literary habit or mood of sadness. This never failed him, when he wrote of the "little ones" of the earth, toilers in the fields and in obscure village places; it breaks in upon his portraits of great cities astir with noise and business and sin. From first to last—so mournfully brief, so early closed, a period!—his writing had in it *soul*, an high distinction of temperament, which, with his technical power and pains, makes us feel certain of how much was lost to literature in the loss of him. *Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas!* "Born for the future, to the future lost!" We can say but that, with the especial pain of *desiderium*. But that his accomplished work, whatever be its shortcomings and flaws, will not fall into the obscurity of neglect, is the conviction of many beside those friends to whom, by a generous and gracious gift, for a treasured possession and memorial, are dedicated "these last fragments of his interrupted work."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

V.—AN OMNIBUS DRIVER.

"FREE Libries! Free Libries!" he said, with a poke of the whip and a jerk of the head. "Free Libries, supported by the people and enjoyed by the people; go in when yer like and stay as long as yer like, and when you've got 'em, why where are yer? On the top of a 'bus all day; and the most you can see of a Free Libry is the outside, and that ain't much to look at."

He was a cheerful, garrulous driver, and had talked all the way from Piccadilly-circus, passing men and manners in review. But the sight of four or five demure young women coming out of the Free Library in the Old Brompton-road had switched his monologue from the treatment of motor-cars to the discussion of literature; and with the stimulus of an occasional note of exclamation from me his discourse flowed with scarcely an interruption till we reached the Earl's Court-road.

Reading? Oh, yes; as to reading, there wasn't any man that held with a bit of reading more than what he did. See him with the *People* when he had a Sunday off. Why, you couldn't get him away from it. Full of rich bits, it was, and it was a standing marvel where they got them all from. There wasn't any time for reading on a 'bus, especially with these bicycles about, and motor-cars, and the roads up every other week; but a chap *could* get a look at the paper down at that end—he nodded towards West Kensington—and nine times out of ten there was a gent on the 'bus, just where I might be, that had an evening paper he'd done with; and I took the hint with becoming promptitude. But books? The suggestion gave him a moment's pause. And then the discourse flowed again. Oh, yes, he'd read a lot in books when he was at school; all about Queen Elizabeth—1588, he added, with a reminiscent shake of the head—and he had a tidy lot of books at home that he'd picked up here and there, *Barnes's Notes on the Four Gospels* among them, and a book he had bought in penny parts, that was like a dictionary—told you all about everything. Ah! there was a lot of books—he dared say there was a book written pretty nigh every day—but they didn't come his way, and, any way, they weren't his line; a man had to earn his living; and he couldn't keep a wife and three children reading books. Yes, there were three youngsters, all boys, the eldest thirteen, and just gone into a gentleman's family, but sleeping at home. Oh! they didn't care about books; but stories—Lord! you should see them when he had an evening free. Well, they *were* books when you came to talk sense. There was the *Swiss Family Robinson* that he'd had ever since he wasn't higher than them railings, and the youngsters liked hearing him read that better than their prizes, and they'd got a lot of prizes, mind you! And there was another book that he'd been given by the parson's daughter at Luton, because he knew such a lot of poetry; "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" he had recited, and "For ever, never, never, for ever," and the

parson's daughter she got married—somewhere in the Injies—and— Ever hear of that book? About Jack—and Peterkin—and they got wrecked on an island? You should see how the youngsters liked it! And there was Bloody Bill—

"Ah! I said, "I know that book. It's called *The Coral Island*, and it was written by Henry Kingsley."

That might be; anyhow, if you saw him reading that to the youngsters, well, you wouldn't know him, hardly. Meredith? Hardy? No, he hadn't heard of them. Were they books—or stories? Kipling? Yes, he had heard something about him but he hadn't come his way yet. Anthony Hope? Seemed to have heard the name somewhere. But, Lord! a man who had to earn his living couldn't do much else.

"Ah! Free Libries!" he said, as we stopped at the corner of the Earl's Court-road. "Them horses knows better than to stop at a Free Libry." With one hand he untwisted the half-penny evening paper with which I had supplied him. With the other he accepted the glass which an aproned potman brought from the adjacent tavern.

"Pulled it off this time?" asked the potman. He handed down the glass without a word, but with two coppers inside it, and the evening paper as well. The conductor sounded his bell, and the 'bus started again. "There's some chaps," he said, "does too much reading. It ain't 'ealthy to read too much."

## PRINTERS' ERRORS.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

WE suppose that there is nothing joyous or amusing in a printer's error as such. It is a check and an annoyance when you discover it in time. When you do not, and it goes into print, it becomes a type of sin. For there it remains, inexpugnable, unforgettable! One printer's error, or three, in an article—which is the most annoying? It would be hard to say. A single mistake, and that mistake confined to a single letter, may pursue you through crowded mart and busy street, and go to bed with you for a whole week. Mr. Charles T. Jacobi, who has just issued an amusing collection of printers' errors and *facetiae*, under the title of *Gesta Typographica* (Elkin Mathews), tells us that a French writer committed suicide when he found three hundred printer's errors in a work he had carefully revised. The mistakes were all the work of a too zealous proof-reader. Very illogically, he refrained from murdering the reader, and took his own life instead. It must be allowed on his behalf that no kind of error is so maddening to a writer as the inserted error. It is hard to forgive a printer's reader who does not save you from ignominy when you have passed an obvious mis-spelling; but it is ten times harder to forgive the reader who turns critic at the eleventh hour, and revises your composition as it goes to machine. Mr. William Black has told us how the printers insisted, after he had made the correction three times, on making one of his heroines

die of "opinion" instead of "opium." "What is this," exclaimed a compositor who was expecting to be promoted to a readership shortly: "'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks!' Impossible! He means, of course, 'Sermons in books, and stones in the running brooks.'" And a new reading of Shakespeare appeared next morning. Asporting compositor thought "Cricket on the Hearth" must be a slip of the pen. He made it "Cricket on the Heath," and, says Mr. Jacobi, who must have his wheeze, "another gray hair was added to the editor's whitening head." A writer on angling had the joy of seeing his sentence, "the young salmon are beginning to run," printed "the young salmon are beginning to swim"; another thoughtful compositor having been at work. Happier was the transformation of the sentence, "Bring me my toga," into "Bring me my togs."

We strike a less subtle vein of humour in the story of the editor who wrote during an election: "The battle is now opened"; the compositor spelt "battle" with an "o," and the other side said, of course, that they had suspected it from the first. It was by a similar mistake that the late Baker Pasha, who might fairly be described as a "battle-scarred veteran," was called a "battle-scare veteran," the libel being by no means purged when the newspaper called the gallant officer a "bottle-scarred veteran." Some of Mr. Jacobi's stories are to be taken *cum grano salis*; or, what is the same thing, they are to be considered as coming, vaguely, from "the provinces"; but the stories that need most salt need least apology. Owing to an error in printing, the announcement, "A sailor, going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation," became "A sailor going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." It is not necessary to believe this in order to enjoy it. The statement, "Messrs. —'s Preserves cannot be beaten," was rather vitiated as an advertisement by the omission of "b" in the last word. "Decidedly unpleasant" was the typographical error which made a portion of certain wedding invitations read, "Your presents are requested." They were desired, no doubt, but "Your presence is requested" was the intended message. More innocently gay was the newspaper report which said that the London express had knocked down a cow and cut it into "calves."

Mr. Jacobi tells his stories with trimmings galore, none perhaps very new. There are, for instance, certain dismissal stories. "You've ruined me," said the Editor; "I wrote that when Mrs. — lectured on dress she wore nothing that was remarkable. You have printed it: 'She wore nothing. That was remarkable!'" Get your money and go." Howbeit, compositors are not dismissed for mistakes of that kind. A manager can hardly dismiss a man who has merely added to the gaiety of "the provinces." To many people the abundance of printers' errors is still a mystery. It would cease to be so if they paid a daily visit to a composing room for one week. The dim light, the oppressive air, and the delirious handwritings with

which a compositor has to contend are explanation enough. Mere man cannot reduce chaos to order at one stroke, and to reduce chaos to order is the compositor's perpetual task. No wonder he ranks badly in the tables of longevity. No wonder if he is missed at his case some foggy morning, like the poor "comp." of whom his own companions declared, in a trade organ, that they had "docked his beer," when, alas! it was his "bier" they had "decked."

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### BOOK HUNGER IN THE EAST END.

ON a November night, when the fog is rolling up from Essex, and the coloured lamps of the tramcars slide like ships' lights into the gloom, the Mile End-road is the place in which to feel the vastness of London. Suddenly, breaking the miles of brick, the People's Palace is beaming on your left. Its outstanding clock-tower, electrically lighted approaches, and mosaics of warmly coloured bills announcing classes, concerts, meetings, and what not, make it a village of light. Three nights ago I sought the secretary, Mr. C. E. Osborn, and he was good enough to tell me something about the Palace Library. I was surprised to find that it is not a lending library.

"No; we have not come to that," said Mr. Osborn, as we walked through a gorgeous show of chrysanthemums grown in the back gardens of Stepney, Poplar, and Canning Town; "but you are aware, perhaps, that we are in treaty with the Vestry of Mile End Old Town for the conversion of the library into a Public Free Library for Mile End."

"Yes, I have heard something of the kind. What is the position?" I asked, as we entered the large octagonal library. I was surprised by its handsome architectural features. The room is arranged somewhat on the plan of the British Museum Reading Room, but it is of course smaller; and not much provision is made for writing. Newspaper stands encircle the room; within there are tables for readers; and the innermost circle is occupied by the librarian's desk and counter. A high gallery runs round the building, giving access to the bookshelves by attendants; and every now and again you are astonished to see a substantial mahogany box travel from the circumferential gallery down to the centre of the room. It suggests levitation, precipitation, and Mahatmas, until you perceive a wire. By this device for conveying books from the shelves to the counter, where they are awaited by readers, much labour is saved. I have said the room is architecturally handsome; it is also fairly well supplied with pictures, among which Mr. F. Goodall, R.A.'s large painting, "By the Sea of Galilee," has a conspicuous place. Moreover, I shall have to visit the People's Palace again, if only to study a splendid old map of East London of a hundred years ago, or, at least, of a date when to speak of Mile End Old Town would not have seemed an anachronism. Each angle of the octagon is adorned with a

bust. The eight men thus honoured in the People's Palace Library are Johnson, Milton, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. I gathered from Mr. Osborn that the trustees of the Palace are anxious to take advantage of the fact that the inhabitants of Mile End Old Town have demanded a Free Lending Library. The trustees would like to place this large and well-adapted room at the disposal of the Vestry, together with its 13,000 books, for £100 a year. In this sum would be included payment for lighting, heating, and cleaning. The Vestry, or certain members, raise objections, and the negotiations are somewhat dragging. Meanwhile, the East End people pour through the library turnstiles all day and all evening, and testify by their numbers to the hunger for good reading which prevails down East.

"Well, then," I said to Mr. Osborn, "this is not a lending library; and the reading that is done here is done at these tables, by the people whom I see occupying them now?"

"That is so. The reading is done here."

"Can you give me an idea of the kind of books which are called for in a single typical week?"

"Certainly," and Mr. Osborn placed in my hands a carefully kept book from which I took the following figures. These show the number of books called for in the various departments of literature, in one week, by the People's Palace readers.

Fiction...	444
Science...	30
History...	29
Miscellaneous...	29
General Reference...	23
Fine Arts...	22
Travels...	20
Technological...	18
Biography...	16
Poetry...	15
English Literature...	14
Philosophy...	12
Mathematics...	12
Theology...	10
Languages...	10

Total 704

Mr. Osborn gave me to understand that the demand for poetry in the above week was unusually heavy for some reason: "We have very little demand for Poetry, as a general rule."

"And how many people come here in a week?"

"Ten thousand and more. Of course, a great many come only to read the papers and periodicals. We are open, you know, on Sundays after three o'clock; and a great many lonely men and women come here then, to kill time. We have a big rush every morning when we open at half-past eight. Hundreds of men are then taking the breakfast hour, and are anxious to see the morning paper."

"I see that you have been compelled to place a notice up warning readers of the legal consequences of malicious injury to property."

"Yes; I am sorry to say it has been necessary, though the cases of such injury have not been many, considering that any-

body may walk in here at his pleasure. Advertisements are cut out of newspapers; it is rarely anything worse than that. About twelve months ago a page of the *Daily Chronicle* used to disappear morning after morning—always the same page—and it vanished with clockwork regularity. I had a watch kept; and we had to make a police-court example of the offender. The curious thing was, that the man offered no sort of excuse for his depredations."

"Are you able to keep the library supplied with the newer literature?"

"No, I am sorry to say we are not. We are about four years behindhand. The fact is, that the library suffers by reason of the great cost of other departments. We have technical classes for two or three thousand men and boys, and the maintenance of these is a very costly matter. The library is undoubtedly pinched; and that is one reason why I am anxious to see it converted into a Public Lending Library under the Act."

W. W.

## THE PUBLISHING SEASON.

### SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

THE *Author* has a very good statistician on its staff. This writer has just made an analysis of the books of this season. The results are interesting, and we make the following abstract of the very full table published by our contemporary. Here, for example, are the totals of various classes of books newly published or now in preparation.

Theological	...	...	221
Classical	...	...	181
Mathematics	...	...	54
Scientific	...	...	214
History and Biography	...	...	243
Essays	...	...	20
Poetry	...	...	86
Fiction	...	...	506
Drama	...	...	23
Architecture	...	...	17
Art	...	...	31
Music	...	...	3
Letters and Reminiscences	...	...	71
Children's Books	...	...	178
Literature	...	...	45
Sports	...	...	48

Total ... 1,941

Our contemporary's figures also show the number of books issued by respective firms. Here is the list of firms issuing more than fifty books this autumn:

Macmillan & Co.	...	93
Cambridge University Press	...	92
Cassell & Co.	...	74
Chatto & Windus	...	70
Swan Sonnenschein & Co.	...	66
Clarendon Press	...	64
Longmans, Green & Co.	...	61
Methuen & Co.	...	59
Sampson Low, Marston & Co.	...	57
W. Heinemann	...	56
Bliss, Sands & Co.	...	54
S. W. Partridge	...	53

*Apropos* of the ever-growing list of new publishers, the writer remarks: "There are now sixty-five on the list. It is beginning, in fact, to be found out that publishing is about the best business going."

## AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

### FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE.

[In his letter last week Mr. G. Bernard Shaw remarked: "I think an Academy of Letters should consist exclusively of men of letters—that is to say, men who write for the sake of writing, and not men who use the pen solely in order to convey information or spread ideas." In the letter that follows Mr. Shaw expands this idea by our request.]

SIR,—All that is necessary in order to get your Academy composed exclusively of men of letters is to strike out of your list about sixteen names of eminent men or popular novelists and dramatists who are clearly not eligible, and replace them with the best sixteen of the names which have been suggested by your correspondents; and even then you will be astonished at the obviousness of some of the men whom both you and your correspondents have overlooked. For instance, F. J. Furnivall, W. M. Rossetti, and Buxton Forman. No man has such a record to show for disinterested hard work, both as practical literary scholar and militant propagandist of literature as Furnivall: to omit him would be to take the side of the literary snobs and *fainéants* against the literary doers and fighters. Again, there is Prof. Robert Tyrrell, an almost glaringly eligible academician, whom nobody has mentioned. There is Mr. W. S. Lilly, who should be included for many reasons. There is Mr. Ellis, the author of the *Shelley Concordance*; and Mr. Thomas Tyler, who has done most of the real work that has been accomplished in reading the riddle of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and divined the rest. There is Mr. Rowbotham, whose *History of Music* marked him out as a literary virtuoso of the first order. The claims of Mr. Churton Collins are pretty evident; and Mr. Frank Harris is only disqualified by the need for keeping him outside to take the custodians into custody on occasion. Add those names suggested by your correspondents, which you clearly omitted only by oversight: Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, Stopford Brooke, Frederic Harrison, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Vernon Lee, Mr. Sidney Lee, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (who ought to be a member *ex officio*), and Prof. Dowden; and you have your sixteen replacers for the sixteen least eligible in your own list, with as many more suggestions still available to save you from having to fall back on the flagrant misuse of your chairs as superfluous booty for people who have written famous books. I see that Captain Mahan has been suggested: the wonder is that Lord Roberts escaped, so little do most professional authors seem to understand what is meant by an Academy of Letters.

A very obvious politician, whom nobody seems to have thought of, is Mr. Leonard Courtney. If Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Rosebery are included—and I see no reason why they should not be—Mr. H. M. Hyndman has parallel claims, in addition to that of being a very brilliant penman. And what about Mr. Greenwood? Would anyone question Prof. York Powell's eligibility? If the most characteristic of the modern democratic developments of poetry is to be represented, Mr. Edward Carpenter is available. In short, if you take your list, my list, and the suggestions of your other correspondents, you will be able to make two Academies out of them, both better than the one you suggest.

How would it do to elect twenty by voting on the Hare system, conferring the franchise, to the best of your judgment, on all whom you think worthy of it, and then let the twenty co-opt their colleagues?—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

London: Nov. 17, 1897.

SIR,—Those of your readers who are interested in the suggested Academy of Letters should certainly read the paper entitled "An Election at the English Academy," which appeared anonymously in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1891, and after being attributed to various well-known writers was included by Mr. Edmund Gosse in his *Questions at Issue*, published in 1893.

This "Lucianic Sketch" takes the form of a letter from one of the Forty to Robert Louis Stevenson, R.E.A., Samoa, describing a meeting which had been held to fill a vacancy in the original numbers caused by the death of Kinglake, at which meeting thirty-seven members had attended, the only absentee besides Stevenson himself having been Mr. Ruskin. The election was originally supposed to lie between Thomas Hardy and Samuel Rawson Gardiner, but it transpires that the Archbishop of Canterbury has been nominated at the last moment, a fact which is generally deplored, the Duke of Argyll fearing that "he will not have more than—than—perhaps one vote."

The result of the election is that the Archbishop is triumphantly elected on the first ballot!

The following is the list of the members forming the English Academy in 1891, in the order in which they are introduced into the sketch:

Stevenson.	Freeman.
Kinglake (deceased).	Froude.
Ruskin.	Lord Salisbury.
Max Müller.	Lord Cross (?).
Seeley.	Huxley.
Lecky.	Tyndall.
Besant.	Dr. Martineau.
Black.	Irving.
H. Spencer.	Lord Wolseley.
Lord Lytton.	Meredith.
A. J. Balfour.	Blackmore.
Lang.	Jowett.
Leighton.	Swinburne.
Jebb.	Wm. Morris.
Lealie Stephen.	Tennyson.
Gladstone.	F. Harrison.
Bishop of Oxford.	Cardinal Manning.
Sala.	Farrar.
Duke of Argyll.	John Morley.
	Lord Selborne.

And the writer of the letter.

Mr. Gosse says in the preface to his book that "already death has been busy with my ideal Academy, and no dreamer of 1893 could summon together quite so admirable a company as was still citable in 1891." On reading the list at the present time, the loss in six years strikes one as being quite remarkable.—I am, yours faithfully,

J. E. P. H.

St. Margaret's Lodge, Kilburn:  
Nov. 12, 1897.

SIR,—I have been spending a few hours to-day in carefully going over the names suggested by you, and your correspondents, on the subject of an Academy of Letters.

I find there are six names which have not had one single objection raised against them—they are John Morley, A. C. Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Lealie Stephen, W. E. H. Lecky, S. R. Gardiner—and to these I must add the name of J. A. H. Murray, because I was the only objector, and although as editor of the *New Dictionary* is the only connexion in which I know Dr. Murray's name, that alone was sufficient for me to include his name in the list I sent you suggesting eighty as the number of members for the foundation of the Academy.

Now, Sir, I find there are seven names, with

only one objector each—these are George Meredith, W. W. Skeat, G. O. Trevelyan, R. D. Blackmore, Herbert Spencer, Bishop Creighton, and Bishop Stubbs. Therefore I think that we shall be agreed on at least fourteen out of the forty members of the Academy, as I take one objection need not count.

In addition to these, I think you must allow me the pleasure of seeing included the following four names supported by at least two other correspondents besides myself. I give the names below, with the number of supporters: Max Müller (five), James Martineau, Frederic Harrison (four), Walter Besant (three). If you will allow these names to pass we shall be agreed upon eighteen members, and I think I may safely add the following, on account of the objections to them being captious criticism: W. E. Gladstone, John Ruskin, James Bryce, Andrew Lang, William Archer, and Rudyard Kipling.

A "Lonely Reader" objects to critics being included, yet Sardou, Sully-Prudhomme, François Coppée, and others of the French Academy (*Académie Française*) are as keen critics as Andrew Lang or William Archer, and still are members of the Academy.

Five other names included in your list, have been blackballed (if I may use the term) in the following manner: Duke of Argyll, George Macdonald, and A. W. Pinero (three), Aubrey de Vere and W. E. Henley (two); but I feel convinced that a larger correspondence than that published by you to-day will induce you to retain the names mentioned, in which case twenty-nine names will be decided upon; but if the Duke of Argyll and Aubrey de Vere do not maintain their places (and I consider them the least likely), I think Henry Sidgwick and William Watson (four votes) should be "placed" in their stead, and, in any case, all four will, I think, in the end be included in the list of forty Immortals.

This now leaves fifteen names of your original list which have been criticised. I give a list of new names suggested by one or more correspondents:

Ed. Caird, Robinson Ellis, A. J. Balfour, Bishop Westcott (three votes); Prof. Courthorpe, Prof. Saintsbury, Dean Farrar, Lord Acton, Oscar Wilde, Alfred Austin, Capt. Mahan, Watts-Dunton, Prof. Mahaffy, Augustin Birrell, Prof. Dowden, Samuel Smiles, Francis Galton, Russell Wallace, David Masson, Goldwin Smith, J. G. Geikie, Bishop Barry, St. George Mivart, Stopford Brooke, Henry Wace, Charles Dilke, Archibald Sayce (two votes).

It is impossible for me to name any more, so many seem equally entitled to be placed; and I think, Sir, you will come to the conclusion that it will be necessary to make the number of members at foundation eighty, as I suggested in my last letter.—Very faithfully yours,

JOHN E. YERBURY.

Ryde, I. of W.: Nov. 14, 1897.

SIR,—Many are reading the expressions of opinion on your scheme with fear and hope—taking it seriously. As one of these, may I express an opinion myself?

Like most of your correspondents, I think your list, on the whole, a good one, but should like to see Lord Acton, the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. George Gissing, and the author of *Court Royal* and *Mehalah* included.

I think one of your correspondents touches most admirably, though perhaps unconsciously, the greatest of your difficulties. "I would not give one chapter of *Tom Jones*," he says, "for a wilderness of *Sentimental Tommies*." No one is likely to demand the sacrifice. It is not necessary to have read these books to see the further weakness of your correspondent's argument, for

yours is not a question of exchange and comparison as between the dead and the living. And if there should ever be a thousand good books in the world, we have room for them all. But your correspondent voices a sentiment common, no doubt, to a majority of would-be Academy-builders—a sentiment you are not likely to regard as a deterrent, for, in any case, you will never satisfy everybody.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT MORRAH.

Nov. 13, 1897.

SIR,—The following important names are omitted from your list: Edward Caird (Master of Balliol), Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. F. H. Bradley (the great philosopher), Prof. Alfred Marshall (the greatest of our political economists), Principal Lloyd Morgan, Lord Kelvin, Lord Rayleigh, Mr. A. R. Wallace, Lord Acton, William Watson, John Davidson, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Dr. James Ward (the great psychologist), Dr. Henry Jackson (the distinguished Platonist), Dr. James Martineau, Mr. Francis Galton.

A. R. M.

University of Edinburgh: Nov. 13.

SIR,—The provisional list published in your issue of the 6th seems, the longer one considers it, in many ways admirable and ingenious. It certainly contrives what must be almost an essential premiss, that such a body should display the soundest probabilities of self-respect. But it excludes a few names that not only satisfy this requirement to the full, but are, one may be allowed to think, of an individual weight and distinction that demand recognition. One can hardly overlook Lord Acton, Mr. F. Harrison, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Prof. Masson; while Dr. Garnett, Prof. Dowden, and Mr. George Gissing have much to be said for them, and if the Academy's functions are to be purely judicial, Prof. Saintsbury is a real omission. As regards the names that might be deleted, one hardly would dogmatise, but Dr. Salmon Rev. A. Gasquet, Duke of Argyll, and W. S. Gilbert seem among the likeliest.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN PURVES.

[Among the letters that have appeared in the daily press *apropos* of our suggested list for an Academy of Letters, we may quote the following practical proposal by Mr. F. H. Trench. The communication, of which this is an extract, was published in the *Daily News*:]

"Let Mr. Arthur Balfour, as First Lord of the Treasury, nominate a small committee of, say, six or eight men of letters, who would indisputably be members of any academy.

"Let these themselves freely nominate the remainder of the body, proceeding on the two principles that the work to be honoured must be, in any case, good literature—that is,

"(1) It must be couched in a language which, however original, shall in itself be noble, admirable, and sincere.

"(2) In substance these works must be works faithful to the serious truths of the imagination and intelligence. (This definition would include such purely emotional work as that of Pierre Loti, with the intellectual books of Dr. Martineau.)

"(3) Let this body meet periodically for discussion in rooms in Burlington House, if no other house can be assigned to them.

"(4) Let them consider it their duty to protect the honour of British literature; to promote and encourage literary talent; to confer distinguishing marks of merit on literary works which have been previously published for at least a year; and to advise Ministers (who are at present without proper advice) in the award of pensions out of the funds already existing

for that purpose. The issue of a brief annual gazette would be a useful part of their functions.

"As regards endowment for this body, I conceive that beyond the provision of a house for meeting there had better be little or none. But on that score certainly there need be no difficulty in this country."

MR. ROBERTSON LAWSON writes:—"May I add my humble testimony to the general approval of your list of Immortals—with one addition? Surely as a novelist Marion Crawford is worthy of a place."

## THE WEEK.

AN average week. We select three books for special mention.

Such a book as *New Letters of Napoleon I.* carries its justification in its title. These letters are translated by Lady Mary Lloyd, who prefaces them with this interesting explanation.

"It is well known to all students of Napoleon's history that the collected Letters published in Paris, under the direction of the Commission appointed by Napoleon III. to edit and arrange his uncle's Correspondence, were by no means complete. Interesting and valuable as the twenty-eight volumes are, they are often reticent just where the reader most wishes for illumination. The causes of their *lacunæ* are not far to seek. The work was to be a sort of literary Vendôme Column, setting forth the glory and the greatness of the *chef de famille*. The appointment of Prince Napoleon as President of the Committee ensured the suppression not only of evidence that might reflect unpleasantly on Napoleon's personal character, but of anything that might dim the lustre of the Napoleon epic as a whole, by detracting from the dignity of his nearest relatives and most trusted agents. The Commission accordingly set aside many letters of extraordinary interest—letters dealing with Napoleon's relations with his own family, his violent conflict with the Pope, his high-handed methods for the Gallicising of conquered States, or containing trenchant criticisms on the capacity and conduct of famous generals and highly placed officials."

When it is said that the Letters contained in this volume are precisely those which were suppressed by the French Commission it will be seen that their piquancy is guaranteed. Cromwell insisted that his historic wart should appear in his portrait. This volume emphasises the warts and blemishes in Napoleon's features.

DR. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP has written a biography of John Donne. It is delightfully short—it contains 231 pages—but the publishers have been not the less careful to make the volume light in the hand. Dr. Jessopp is an old disciple of Donne, with this curious flaw in his allegiance, that he has never cared greatly for Donne's poetry. Of Donne the divine Dr. Jessopp has been a student for fifty years. In 1855 he issued a reprint of Donne's *Essays in Divinity*, and

"the critics said that the volume was aburdly overloaded with foolish notes and an unnecessary display of learning. I think the critics were right. When young men are in the happy twenties they are apt to 'show off,' especially



if they are solitary students; and I confess that to this day, when I have occasion to look into the small pages of that little bantling of mine, I felt as Mr. Pendennis felt when recurring to one of his early reviews—nothing astonished him so much as the erudition which he found he had amassed in his first attempts in criticism."

It is startling to find Dr. Jessopp hereupon confessing that "since those days I have quite given up my old interest in the life and works of Dr. Donne." But this is only his way of indicating that he hopes to see an exhaustive Life (for preference, by Mr. Edmund Gosse) published at no distant date. Meanwhile—"I have been glad to draw up the following sketch." The volume has for its frontispiece the portrait of Donne prefixed to Izaak Walton's *Life*, of which composition Dr. Jessopp says: "It is a matchless work of art, which if you try to mend you can only spoil." But then Izaak was more picturesque than accurate; so that between the Life of Donne that Walton wrote and the Life of Donne that Mr. Gosse has not written, Dr. Jessopp takes leave to wedge this little book of nine chapters.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE and his daughter have compiled an anthology of *Poems of the Love and Pride of England*. The idea is happy, and this is what Mr. Wedmore writes about its inception:

"Some three or four years since, when—strange as it may appear in the light of those celebrations of loyalty and thanksgiving which have been witnessed in the summer that has just passed—there were still to be found in certain corners of England, either suburban or academic, superior persons who held that sentiments of pride and joy in the land were quite unworthy their intelligence, it occurred to me as curious that for a public on the whole duly instructed in Religion, and doubtless self-instructed in Love, there had not been provided any gentle body of teaching in Patriotic Virtue. . . . To my deep sense of that which was so singularly lacking is due this volume."

The volume comes in a dress of white and gold that is tasteful; but we should have expected something more robust. Miss Wedmore is solely responsible for the notes, which are placed, we think a little unfortunately, at the foot of the pages instead of at the end of the book.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE CRITICAL REVIEW. Vol. VII. T. & T. Clark. 7s.  
UNIVERSITY AND OTHER SERMONS. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 6s.  
LIGHT AND LEAVEN. By H. Hensley Henson. Methuen & Co. 6s.  
THE MYSTERIES, PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN: THE HULSWAN LECTURES. By S. Cheetham, D.D. Macmillan & Co. 5s.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- A SHORT HISTORY OF HAMPTON COURT. By Ernest Law, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d.  
INSPECTOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES RANALD MARTIN. By Surgeon-General Sir Joseph Fayer, Bart. A. D. Innes & Co. 6s.  
THE LIFE OF FREDERICK RICHARDS WYNN, D.D., BISHOP OF KILLALOE. By James Hannay, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.  
WELLINGTON: HIS COMRADES AND CONTEMPORARIES. By Major Arthur Griffiths. George Allen. 12s. 6d.  
AMERICAN LANDS AND LETTERS: THE "MAYFLOWER" TO RIP-VAN-WINKLE. By Donald G. Mitchell. J. M. Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY. By J. Holland Rose, M.A. Blackie & Son.

PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NELSON. By W. Clark Russell. James Bowden.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND. By John Henry Overton, D.D. 3 vols. Gardner, Darton & Co. 12s.

NEW LETTERS OF NAPOLEON I. From the French by Lady Mary Lloyd. William Heinemann.

A SHORT HISTORY OF BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY. By Hugh Edward Egerton. Methuen & Co. 12s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED. By T. D. Atkinson. Macmillan & Co. 21s.

CROWN JEWELS: A BRIEF RECORD OF THE WIVES OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS. With a Preface by Lady Herbert of Lea. Elliot Stock. 6s.

OLD HARROW DAYS. By J. G. Cotton Minchin. Methuen & Co. 5s.

TWELVE YEARS IN A MONASTERY. By Joseph McCabe. Smith, Elder & Co. 5s.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

BALLADS OF THE FLINT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Rennell Rodd. Edward Arnold.

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DRIFT WOOD: VERSES AND LYRICS. By Helen Marion Burnside. Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

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### SCIENCE.

THE HERBERTIAN PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED TO EDUCATION. By John Adams, M.A. Isbister & Co. 3s. 6d.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. By R. H. Adie, M.A., and T. B. Wood, M.A. 2 vols. Kegan Paul.

THE CONCISE KNOWLEDGE ASTRONOMY. By Agnes M. Clarke, A. Fowler, and J. Ellard Gore. Hutchinson & Co. 5s.

### ART BOOKS.

THE ART OF PAINTING IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN. By A. G. Temple, F.S.A. Chapman & Hall. 23 3s.

AQUATINTS: A TRAVELLER'S TALKS. By Wickham Flower, F.S.A. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Chapman & Hall. 23 3s.

AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION HELD AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1896. Compiled by John Fisher. Chapman & Hall. 21s.

### EDUCATIONAL.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. New cheap issue. TACITUS AND LUCIAN. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

HOW TO DRAW FROM MODELS AND COMMON OBJECTS: A PRACTICAL MANUAL. By W. E. Sparkes. Cassell & Co.

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THE LOST GOLD OF THE MONTEZUMAS. By W. O. Stoddard. Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.

THE DUMPIES. By Frank Ver-Beck and A. B. Paine. Kegan Paul.

CINDERELLA: A PLAY IN FOUR SCENES; and, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: IN FIVE SCENES. By "Santos." A. D. Innes & Co.

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FOR THE QUEEN'S SAKE. By K. Everett-Green. 2s. 6d.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY: THE ART OF DEER-STALKING. By William Scrope. Edward Arnold. 15s.

HASTINGS BY CAMERA AND IN CANTO. By John Morgan. Burfield & Pennells (Hastings).

WILD TRAITS IN TAME ANIMALS. By Louis Robinson. W. Blackwood & Sons.

THE AUTHORESS OF THE ODYSSEY. By Samuel Butler. 10s. 6d.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE. By Joseph William Reynolds. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

ANGLER'S LIBRARY: COARSE FISH. By Charles H. Wheeley. Sea Fish. By F. G. Afalo. Lawrence & Bullen. MEN OF

WAR NAMES: THEIR MEANING AND ORIGIN. By Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg. Edward Stanford. 6s.

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RACING AND CHASING: A COLLECTION OF SPORTING STORIES. By Alfred E. T. Watson. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

WITH NATURE AND A CAMERA. By Richard Kearton. Cassell & Co. 21s.

TO BE HAD IN REMEMBRANCE. Compiled by A. E. Chance. Elliot Stock.

A TEXT-BOOK OF GENERAL BOTANY. By Charlton C. Curtis. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE: A BOOK FOR ARCHITECTS AND THE PUBLIC. By H. H. Hoots Statham. Chapman & Hall.

RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION. By Clement Edwards. Methuen & Co. 2s. 6d.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' MEMORIAL TABLETS.

Author's Club, S.W.: Nov. 13.

A slight error has crept into your interesting list of medallions attached to London houses as mementoes of illustrious persons. Notwithstanding frequent agitation in the Press, there is now no tablet in Holles-street to mark the site of the birthplace of Lord Byron. Upon the walls of No. 24—originally No. 16, according to Mr. Laurence Hutton—a record did exist for many years; but it disappeared when the house was razed for the second time in 1892, and has never been reinstated. The present owner and occupier of the premises has more than once promised to do this. It was stated in April last that he was "only waiting to decide upon a suitable memorial to put one up to the late poet." Of course the fact of No. 24 Holles-street being only the site of where a notable event occurred detracts, in some measure, from its value as a literary landmark. Still it seems a pity no indication whatever should appear thereon. To extend your general list—to the outer wall of "Belmont," Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, has been affixed, by the Society of Arts, a tablet to Sir Harry Vane, statesman, and I believe it is in contemplation to add the name of Dr. Joseph Butler, the divine, who also resided there. A plaque is exhibited upon "Combe Edge," Frogna, in the same parish, where Mrs. Rundle Charles died last year. But this was the result of private appreciation and enterprise.

CECIL CLARKE.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for drawing our attention to the position of matters in Holles-street in regard to the Byron medallion. We agree with him in thinking that the medallion might be fixed to the house which has replaced Byron's residence. There is a precedent for this in Leicester-square, where a medallion to Hogarth is to be seen not upon the actual house he lived in, which has disappeared, but upon its successor, Archbishop Tennison's School. The tablet on Sir Harry Vane's house at Hampstead was mentioned by our contributor at the beginning of his article.]

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Style." THE critics join in a chorus of praise of this book. They agree that Mr. Raleigh's own style is too flowery; his metaphors too many and luxuriant. Yet the *Times* is not of this opinion; its critic thinks Mr. Raleigh's book of 129 pages contains "no superfluous line or word," and he describes it as "gay with quaintnesses and unexpected epigrams." Both the *Times* and the *Speaker* critics are struck by Mr. Raleigh's insight



into the individuality and living variable-ness of words. Says the *Speaker*:

"His theme is words, and for words Mr. Raleigh has a grand passion. . . . It is one of this author's great merits that the marvel and the mystery of words have been fully revealed to him."

The *St. James's Gazette* dwells rather on Mr. Raleigh's theory of style as a whole:

"But generally, what constitutes Mr. Raleigh's signal merit in his treatment of his difficult subject is his catholicity in the recognition of the different elements of style, and its diverse virtues and graces. He is not given over to any special school of 'stylists.' He knows there is music in style, but he knows also that there must be a great deal besides. He knows there is an architecture of style, yet knows, too, how small a part of the total effect can be compassed by the architecture of phrase and paragraph. He does not ignore the pictorial art in literary style, but he discerns how absurdly its range has in some epochs and by some schools been over-estimated. On a dozen well-worn topics—on slang, on archaism, on the trite antithesis of classic and romantic, on the doctrine of the *mot propre*, on quotation—Mr. Raleigh is as sensible as he is vivacious, and indeed his essay is as brimful of discerning criticism and fruitful suggestion as it is throughout lively and inspiring."

The *Chronicle* is more severe than the foregoing. This critic thinks the essay is "rather a brilliant enumeration of topics than a really helpful discussion of the subject." But Mr. Raleigh "has the root of the matter in him." The following passage of Mr. Raleigh's is quoted: "Words may safely veer to every wind that blows, so they keep within hail of their cardinal meanings, and drift not beyond the scope of their central employ, but when once they lose hold of that, then, indeed, the anchor has begun to drag, and the beach-comber may expect his harvest." On this the *Chronicle* remarks:

"This is not an image, but a nightmare. Words are ships; their cardinal meaning (literally their hinge-meaning) is something outside them, 'within hail' of which they must keep; when once they (ships) 'lose hold of' the 'scope' (aim or outlook) of their 'central employ,' the anchor has begun to drag, and the 'beach-comber' (apparently used, quite wrongly, in the sense of 'wrecker') may expect his harvest. Of course, we can see more or less clearly what the writer means, but it is in spite of his imagery, not by its aid. And even the intention of the last phrase eludes us entirely. Admitting that a word can lose hold of the scope of its employ, and drift on a lee-shore, what is the harvest the beach-comber can expect from its wreck? This beach-comber baffles us—'que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?'"

The *Chronicle's* review of this book, which it calls "A Master's Legacy," is a kind of farewell appreciation of Morris as a prose-writer. The reviewer thinks, moreover, that this tale is Mr. Morris's best romance:

"All the master's characteristics are here, and are at their best. We find in it the unconditioned imagination, calling up a succession of exact and detailed pictures of a life which never has been, nor ever could be, found, and yet in him appears as natural and inevitable as

the course of dreams to the dreamer. We find the intense love of pleasure and of beauty in all her forms, from the woods and white-walled cities down to the decoration and embroideries of a beautiful life, the stitching of ladies' shoes and smocks, all as exquisitely wrought as the armour of their knights."

The reviewer continues, with more feeling:

"And in his devotion to things of beauty and delight we find him also avoiding all the ugliness and commonplace of our common daily life under the daily sun; yet not so much avoiding them as writing as though they were not. Even on distress and noble sorrow and mourning he hardly brings himself to dwell, though there is plenty of cause for it in his tale. His ladies are exceeding pitiful indeed, their eyes are often full of tears, and well they know the pain of longing. His knights and craftsmen, and even priests, suffer almost to madness of the same. Yet all are too healthy a breed to spend much length of time in lamentation, and it is as the wise wood-mother says to the sweet lady of the book: 'I have noted in thee that Love is not so tyrannous a master but that his servants may whiles think of other matters, and so solace their souls, that they may live despite of all.'"

As to Mr. Morris's quaint English—that bugbear of the critics—the *Chronicle's* pronouncement is certainly unanswerable:

"From the master who has so enriched us we take it with hardly a smile. But should anyone seek to imitate the master in this, we do him to wit and give him rede, that be he quean or carle, we will take no naysay, but will seek catch of him with sax and sallet as the weird will, and between us and him shall ever be woodness and unpeace, so that should we light on him in cheaping—stead or haysel we will smite him well-favouredly into unwit and send him noseling to the earth in great dule and wanhope."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the other hand, cannot see the story for the medium:

"The strange tongue in which Mr. William Morris chose to clothe the later works of his fancy has been a mystery to some and a stumbling-block to others. It is not, as might be ignorantly supposed, Chaucerian English. It is not English at all; that is to say, it is not a tongue which was ever spoken or written by Englishmen, or, for the matter of that, by any one else. . . . His words are chosen not for their beauty, for many of them are uncouth and inexpressive. He seems to have collected words, as other men collect curios, for their age and for their dissociation from the life of our time—for their rarity, in fact. The value of Mr. Morris's pet words is like the value of the violet enamel of Japan, or of Bristol china, a scarcity value. And only those who share the collector's enthusiasm will find any real pleasure in Mr. Morris's collection. To these, perhaps, such words will add a charm to the story of *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*."

Literature, after sketching Mr. Morris's plot, says:

"Although despite all the combats and escapes one's blood does not run faster, and though it is never impossible for the story's sake to lay the book aside, it does exercise a strong spell by its unfailing witchery and its consistent and dignified beauty of phrase and thought. . . . The true keynotes of this romance are the vivid sense of beauty, and the calm melancholy. . . . It is this pity of the wide world and the desire to turn awhile from it, that has prompted the poet through-

THE *Athenæum* says of these poems, many of which have appeared in its own columns:

"Throughout the volume one is struck by the success with which the author, notoriously a master of the whole *corpus poetarum*, has contrived to maintain his own individuality alike in thought, feeling, imagination, and expression. The book is singularly free from echoes. Not only the matter, but the manner is the writer's own, and the manner is distinguished especially by directness and by vigour. Mr. Watts-Dunton has meditated, felt, and imagined for himself, and has expressed himself likewise in his own way."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* agrees that Mr. Watts-Dunton's poems have "the distinctive quality of not resembling the work of any other poet."

The *Chronicle* refines this thought to the following:

"To call him an echo of this poet or that would be manifestly unjust; it cannot even be said that his method is eclectic. Our meaning is rather that his thoughts and rhythms belong to the common stock, the inexhaustible heritage, of English poetry. He is far too good a critic to write ill—grotesquely, incongruously, or even flatly. His mind is full of excellent forms and phrases for the interpretation of what he sees in nature or feels in his soul; but his vision and his feeling are not usually intense enough to generate that electricity which gives to old rhythms a new resonance and makes words rush to group themselves in vital and inevitable relations. . . . There is no line, no cadence, no image in this volume that comes upon us with a sudden thrill,

"As when a great thought strikes along the brain  
And flushes all the cheek."

The *Daily News* has a very appreciative review, concluding as follows:

"As pure examples of the writer's art in colouring, structure, and all else that belongs to these gems of poetic workmanship, of which he so perfectly knows the laws, we could have nothing better than the 'Three Fausts,' which we are glad to find included in this volume. We have long regarded this as quite matchless in its way. It gives us in fine imitative verse the very qualities of the genius of three great composers—Berlioz, Gounod, and Schumann. The Faust of Berlioz is described as the Music of Hell:

"I had a dream of wizard harps of Hell  
Beating through starry worlds a pulse of pain  
That held them shuddering in a fiery spell,  
Yea, spite of all their songs—a fell refrain  
Which, leaping from some red orchestral sun,  
Through constellations and through eyeless space  
Sought some pure core of bale, and finding one  
(An orb whose shadows flickering on her face  
Seemed tragic shadows from some comic mine,  
Incarnate visions mouthing hopes and fears  
That Fate was playing to the Fiend of Time),  
Died in a laugh 'mid oceanic tears:  
'Berlioz,' I said, 'thy strong hand makes me weep,  
That God did ever wake a world from sleep.'

It is superb writing; and, though it may not be exactly the writing for our age, it has its chances for all time."

"The Water of the Wondrous Isles."  
By William Morris.

The *Chronicle's* review of this book, which it calls "A Master's Legacy," is a kind of farewell appreciation of Morris as a prose-writer. The reviewer thinks, moreover, that this tale is Mr. Morris's best romance:

"All the master's characteristics are here, and are at their best. We find in it the unconditioned imagination, calling up a succession of exact and detailed pictures of a life which never has been, nor ever could be, found, and yet in him appears as natural and inevitable as

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## NOTICE.

The issue of THE ACADEMY for next week, December 4th, will consist of a Double Number in a Coloured Cover. It will contain some further remarks on an Academy of Letters, a Review of Literature in 1897, a number of articles on Writers of younger reputation, Special Articles on literary subjects, and notices of Christmas and other New Books. Advertisements should reach this Office by next Thursday morning.

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tributed its non-appearance to the policy of the publishers. A long-suffering public, it was supposed, could not digest more than two new books from Mr. Gardiner in one year, and so students have been kept waiting while our author expounded to Father Gerard "What Gunpowder Plot was," and, for the benefit of the general reader, fitted Cromwell into his "Place in History." Rumour is notoriously "a false jade," and our consolation will be that the next instalment of the fascinating story should come all the more quickly.

There are probably only two or three men in England who are in the least degree qualified to sit in judgment on Mr. Gardiner's work, and of these the most competent rises in this volume almost to the dignity of a collaborateur. The generous appreciation accorded by the preface to the labours of Mr. C. H. Firth prepares us for the frequent mention of his name in the footnotes throughout the book. But the wealth of new material which his investigations have placed at Mr. Gardiner's disposal has in places combined with the author's own discoveries to upset a proportionate treatment of the many points which came under survey. Thus, one chapter suffices for the settlement of Ireland after Cromwell's departure—the material has been long accessible. But Mr. Firth's recent work for the Scottish Historical Society—which, to save Scotch pride, bears the vague titles of "Scotland and the Commonwealth" and "Scotland and the Protectorate"—has necessitated a long and, to speak truth, very wearisome account of the comparatively unimportant marchings and counter-marchings connected with the suppression of Glencairn's rising in 1654.

The fact is that, from an artistic point of view, Mr. Gardiner sticks too conscientiously to his theory of the chronological study of history. In such a treatment facts must needs lose much of their relative significance. Everything that is known has an equal right to a place in the narrative. The story will no doubt sometimes tell itself, but often it will not be worth the space devoted to it, and in any case it will lose much in the telling. At any rate, this will be the feeling of many readers as they work their way through Mr. Gardiner's new volume. They must have felt it in his previous books. Considering the interest of the narrative, this defect, if defect it is, will seem to many to reach its extremest form in the present volume. When Mr. Gardiner chooses, he can be simple and direct enough; it is not from confusion of thought in the writer that the narrative is allowed at times to meander through pages of continuous and seemingly endless detail. At times, no doubt, it is the wealth of available material which is the cause. Generally speaking, however, Mr. Gardiner is thinking of his subject rather than of his readers, and the fitting together of the Chinese puzzle into which history written from original materials too often resolves itself, becomes an exercise which is its own reward. Thus much as to the manner.

Despite all that has been written on the Great Rebellion, Mr. Gardiner is so far a pioneer in the thorny subject which he is

slowly traversing, that, even if he had a far less lucid style, it would be necessary to read his book. For he is gradually dissipating the fog (sometimes, it may be, the halo) in which strong party prejudice on one side or the other has wrapped the heroes of the age. We learn of Ireton's "incompetency as a commander," which was "displayed alike in his readiness to undertake more than he was able to accomplish and in his failure to proportion his means to the objects which he had in view." We can no longer treat Blake as the "seventeenth century Nelson"; nor had he any "of that innovating tactical skill which had enabled Cromwell to convert a mere success into a crushing victory." Tromp was the hero of the Dutch War: Blake was merely "a bold and inspiring commander." The ultimate success of the English fleet was due entirely to its superior equipment. Twice at least, in the course of the war, the Dutch admirals and sailors, as skilful and brave as their English rivals, had to retire from a drawn battle because of the failure of their ammunition and supplies through the carelessness of the responsible administration. Indeed, the whole account of the naval warfare is admirable, and worthy to be placed alongside of Mr. Gardiner's studies in military history. Captain Mahan himself could scarcely surpass them. Like one of the Commonwealth commanders of whom he speaks, Mr. Gardiner passes from the land to the sea, and, at any rate, to the amateur in such matters, he seems equally at home on either. And as the inherent superiority of the English sailors at all times has been an article of our patriotic creed, so has a sceptical age sneered with Macaulay at the Puritans who prohibited amusements such as bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it afforded pleasure to the spectators. We may no longer nurse this uncharitable belief. The benchers of the Middle Temple prefaced their masque with the singing of the Hundredth Psalm, but a masque included singing, and even dancing. The objections to "promiscuous dancing"—which we take to mean the dancing of the two sexes together—may have been objectionable to the more austere Puritans for the reason which led them to prohibit bear-baiting and bull-baiting, namely, "the immorality which these exhibitions fostered." But amusement of all kinds, even to the extent of practical joking, was not banished from England by the vehemence of a few morbid fanatics. "Oliver loved an innocent jest," and was a friend to outdoor sports and indoor amusements. After so great a disillusionment we shall not be surprised to learn that Barebones Parliament was not a contemporary nickname, nor—most cherished illusion of all—that Tromp's triumphant voyage down the Channel after the Dutch victory off Dungeness with the emblematical broom tied to his masthead, is based on no reliable evidence.

But, after all, for most of us the chief interest of the Commonwealth and Protectorate will centre round the revelation it affords of Cromwell's own character. To the ardent believer in the virtues of democracy it must ever be a source of bitter disappointment to discover how few great men

are thrown up by a revolution. The French Revolution produced none of first-rate capacity except Mirabeau and Danton. Cromwell was the sole giant of the English Rebellion. And Cromwell is the hero of Mr. Gardiner's great epic. But he is not drawn as Carlyle drew his heroes—in an idealised form. As the story unfolds itself, his limitations become increasingly clearer. To our thinking he is none the less hero because he is thereby made more of a man. We sometimes wonder whether in Mr. Gardiner's own case there has not been, in the course of his study of the period, something of a disillusionment regarding his own hero. Would he always have so frankly described him as "eager to make the best of both worlds"? And does he not almost contradict himself in the next sentence when he declares that "the tragedy of his (Cromwell's) career lies in the inevitable result that his efforts to establish religion and morality melted away as the morning mist, whilst his abiding influence was built upon the vigour with which he promoted the material aims of his countrymen"? Indeed, the characteristic of the whole period spanned by this volume is the gradual predominance in the minds of Englishmen in general, of material, mundane aims, as Mr. Gardiner seems to prefer to call them, over the religious ideals of the Rebellion itself:

"For a time after the outbreak of the Civil War there had been a tendency to subordinate all other considerations to spiritual and ideal aims; to advance the godly and depress the profane had been the aim of statesmen and soldiers. Now, as ever happens, the neglected body of man, with its material needs and passions, was beginning to assert itself. Though there had been an ideal element in the conquest of Ireland and Scotland, a desire to render the populations of those countries better and happier by forcing upon them in the one case English religion, in the other case English justice and toleration, there had been a painfully material side as well; a greed for land or power, and, at the best, a determination to impose the English yoke upon peoples firmly purposed to lead their own life in their own fashion. The new commercial policy (inaugurated by the Navigation Act) did not profess to have other than material aims. The intention of its framers, by the very nature of the case, was not to make England better or nobler, but to make her richer."

Cromwell himself passed through the same transition. In Mr. Gardiner's opinion, it is this combination of religious and mundane interests in his policy "which has raised Cromwell to the position of the national hero of the nineteenth century." But whereas before the Dutch War religious considerations held the first place in his mind, his determination to attack Spain in the West Indies, and yet to remain at peace with her in Europe, is interpreted by Mr. Gardiner as marking the time when the first place is given to "mundane endeavour." The conclusion which he draws—they are the closing words of the volume—is that

"if the Restoration is to be regarded as a return of a mode of thought anterior to Puritanism, it may fairly be said that the spirit of the Restoration had at last effected a lodgment within the bosom of Oliver himself."

The other prominent clue given by this volume to Mr. Gardiner's own interpreta-

tion of Cromwell's character calls for less comment, because it is the central feature of his recent lectures on "Cromwell's Place in History." Cromwell's claim to the character of a constructive statesman practically disappears in Mr. Gardiner's handling. Neither in home nor in foreign politics had he a programme of his own. He was a pure opportunist. It was for others to suggest; and to almost all suggestions, however wild, he would listen. It was enough for him to seize the moment for action, to cut the knot instead of making any attempt patiently to unloose it. This volume affords two admirable illustrations of the part which Cromwell played in the determination of events. In the controversy between Lambert desiring a freely elected successor to the effete Long Parliament, and Harrison who urged an assembly of the Godly, Cromwell's religious side came uppermost, and, after long controversy, he decided for Harrison. "It was," remarks Mr. Gardiner in passing, "the impossibility of reconciling these two views which ultimately wrecked the revolution and restored the monarchy." But the failure of the impracticable body taught him a lesson, and, as between France and Spain, the protracted negotiations ended at length in favour of France because Spain could not give the sum which Cromwell demanded as the price of English aid. The practical, mundane consideration outweighed all others in the ultimate decision.

Such are a few of the important topics treated in this volume. Its interest lies mainly in foreign policy. But the new constitution has been sketched. The "Instrument of Government" has established the Protectorate and has guaranteed a Parliament. We know already, from the Ford Lectures, that Mr. Gardiner has his own views on the causes of the dissolution of the first Parliament summoned under the Instrument. We must wait patiently for the volume which should take us almost within sight of Cromwell's death.

### THE NEW FRANKNESS.

*Studies in Frankness.* By Charles Whibley. (W. Heinemann.)

MR. WHIBLEY won and deserved much credit for these essays when they first appeared. One has but to turn to pages 118 and 119, and read his analysis of the style of Apuleius to see what a keen eye he has for some of the minor beauties of prose. Had he confined himself to such work he would have earned nothing but praise. A different complexion is, however, given to his object by the essay in which he introduces and links together the different papers. With this composition, as the newer and most important thing in the volume, we shall principally deal. Unfortunately Mr. Whibley does not attend to his own maxims. "There is not and there can never be," he writes, "any legitimate purpose in print save pleasure and delight." This is directed against such novelists as are buoyed up with a vain

hope of improving mankind. But he himself informs his essays with a purpose far other than pleasure and delight; it is to preach a gospel of license, and to show that it is proper to write "a thousand dishevelled words" that it is shameful to use in conversation.

Now, if this matter is to be discussed, it behoved Mr. Whibley to state his case with precision and clearness. Against whom is his railing directed? We are told that the Realist says this, the Puritan that, the Prude and the Pedant something else, but these are only different names for a stuffed figure who is put up merely to be knocked down. Apparently there is no critic of standing who has expressed the views that excite his anger, and his rage has to go back to Jeremy Collier—the "redoubtable enemy of stage-plays," as Matthew Arnold called him. What was the use of dragging Jeremy from his grave? He is clean forgotten by all but a few. The writer looks at life through the convention of his day and generation. You do not expect to find in Aristophanes the morality of the nineteenth century; you read him for his cleverness, his wit, and his fancy, and take the morality as part of the time and the man. It is the same with Boccaccio, with Cervantes, with Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Fielding. Can Mr. Whibley name any critic of repute who says of any masterpiece it should be a closed book because the author does not write for Exeter Hall? So far there is scarcely room for argument. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Whibley does not stop at this point. He is one of those who, once mounted on an idea, cannot draw rein till it is ridden to death, and who, by wild extravagance, do more harm than good to any cause they attempt to champion.

By dint of probably the worst logic that ever got into print, he seeks to convince the reader that this license ought to be exercised as freely to-day as it was a thousand years ago. The cardinal point of his argument, when shorn of its prolix setting, can be put into a nutshell. He admits that to the "privacies and restraints"—the absence of frankness—imposed by the need of purity "we owe our morals, our manners, the very elegancies of human conduct." To these he should have added vigour. Without purity, strength—physical and intellectual—is bound to decay; the ultimate and rational justification of purity is its necessity to a clean and wholesome mind in a clean and wholesome body. Whoever tampers with it is sinning against the birthright of men and women, for impurity is in itself decay. But this is not a proposition he seeks to controvert. Life and literature stand on a different footing, he argues. "Life is governed by the laws of habit and empire; literature bows only to its own dictates." But the inversion of this is equally true. Life has evolved its laws and habits out of its necessities, and may, with equal truth, be said to bow only to its own dictates; so that the sonorous platitude might, after all, have been uttered by a wisacre. If ever there was a truth at once simple and incontrovertible, it is that life includes literature, or, conversely, that literature is only a part (and not the largest part) of life. But Mr.



Whibley's whole case rests on the contention that the part is greater than the whole—in his own words, that "literature transcends the narrow world of life; knows not the limits which are set upon the hardest traveller." By what sense, we should like to ask, is Mr. Charles Whibley going to travel beyond what is included in life? Some years before his death we remember Mr. Louis Stevenson discussed the very point, and concluded that even the great world of Shakespeare was but made up of different embodiments of himself.

No doubt Mr. Whibley will have his answer pat. He could not have signed his name to so many contradictions but for a defect that bars the way to his becoming a great critic. It is the almost entire absence of imagination and sympathy which is manifest in every sentence. Words to him are but words and nothing more, and their value "does not depend upon the ideas they connote." Yes, but they will not obey him, and we judge a theory by its outcome. He asks light and colour and music from words, and they but rumble in a muddy stream. Let anyone who doubts it compare the worst page of *Gaston de Latour* with the best in the book before us; and Mr. Pater is the fount and origin of the philosophy, much as it has changed its complexion. When Mr. Whibley is most importunate in his demand for pictorial quality, the result is some such horror as this: "Their gulching bellies refuted the plea of hunger and beggary." In the second place, he has no eye for that hall-mark of imagination which marks the highest art; his chief delight is in the second-rate work of writers. For example, there is little room for argument about the merits of Poe's short stories; they are marvels of ingenious mechanism, but they have never got past the early stage of invention; you can tell by the very writing that Poe never reached the point of imagining them; hence their use has been only that of quarries to others. But invention is enough for Mr. Whibley; and Poe, we are gravely told, is still the "dominant influence of three literatures." In other words, it is raw material, not great and perfect art, that delights him. He grumbles at Adlington for glossing over the filthiest passages in the *Golden Ass*, and at Sterne for not being more plain-spoken. From the great pages of Rabelais he has learned nothing but this so-called frankness. We willingly admit the admirable perseverance with which he has worked out the personal history of the subjects of these essays; but there, again, the unimaginative man has halted where another would not have been content till he had realised for us period and environment. And, if one proof more be required, we may point to his contentment with minor beauties, his hunt after the small critic, his happiness with the small author.

Up to a certain point we have no fault to find with this. There is a place, and no dishonourable one, for Mr. Whibley in the field of letters; but let him stick to his last. When he comes forth to lay down the law about art and morals we can but answer "No; for a guide on these high matters we demand someone of wider outlook and broader sympathies, and a more liberal

mind." As to this question of morality, we know that literature is under the same great laws as life itself, and that from Homer to Walter Scott it has been a reflection of life, and that the greatest writers, those whose standing is unquestioned, and who have given us most pleasure, have not been ashamed to feel that mankind was the better of their having lived and written. It was a dying satisfaction to Scott that he had been on the side of goodness as it had been to Fielding before him, to Lord Tennyson as it was to Robert Browning, as it must be to every strong and healthy man. A retrogression of morals, a growth of that licentious frankness advocated by Mr. Whibley, ever has been in our own history and in that of other countries an infallible symptom of decay. Cant is bad, and the cant of morality is the most sickening of all, but cant itself is better than the new frankness.

#### WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor.*  
By Stephen Wheeler. (Bentley.)

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, though always regarded by a distinguished circle as a man of genius, has not until recently taken his place among the immortals, in general opinion. Mr. Sidney Colvin, probably more than anyone, has once and for all given Landor his due place in the popular sense. What Mr. Forster had attempted with labour, Mr. Colvin accomplished with ease, chiefly because he brought to bear on his subject not merely a fine scholarship and industry, but a remarkable insight into the humanity of the man of whom he wrote. We may take it, then, as beyond cavil that Landor will retain henceforward his due position among the great English writers. That any public recognition of him has been, to some extent, tardy is easily explained. Landor, with all his splendid intellectual gift, was greatly lacking in the emotional force which, when added to great mental power, makes an irresistible appeal. Not only this, but he rather courted a certain loneliness; indeed, he might even say that to some extent he assumed the attitude of one apart. Not that this would have made any very real difference, for the man was, in his nature, solitary; but we cannot help thinking that he rather emphasised in his writing and conversation a characteristic which was, in truth, inborn. Moreover, he was rarely in touch with his own time, at any rate, in his writings. By nature he was Roman, by intellect Athenian. Hence we find in him a certain superb scorn for the ill-considered and too emotional writing of the present day. How far, indeed, modern literature has a bias towards emotion and sentiment we have no space at present to discuss; but undoubtedly this tendency has been felt and attacked by such a really great writer as Mr. Meredith. In any case, the three reasons we have given will be enough to account for a certain delay in popular enthusiasm towards Walter Savage Landor.

The present book by Mr. Stephen Wheeler will not, we think, add greatly to the fame of Landor. Interesting much of it undoubtedly is; but we cannot conscientiously say that either by the prose or the poetry, here published for the first time, any real addition will be made to an already secure reputation. The countenance of Landor has an aspect original and powerful, though probably no really excellent portrait of him is to be found. He himself appeared to prefer the likeness of him by Sir William Boxall, which, however, Mr. Colvin considers benignant and feeble. Partly, however, because of Landor's own preference, and also because, in stating his preference, he makes an interesting self-revelation, we may quote what he says of the portrait:

"Perhaps, when I am in the grave, curiosity may be excited to know what kind of countenance that creature had who imitated nobody, and whom nobody imitated; the man who walked through the crowd of poets and prose-men and never was touched by anyone's skirts; who walked up to the ancients and talked with them familiarly, but never took a sup of wine or crust of bread in their houses. If this should happen, and it probably will within your lifetime, then let the good people see the old man's head by Boxall."

So far as we can gather, not merely by actual portraits, but by the personal description of the Countess of Blessington, Landor had a face of rugged intellectuality, with eyes of quick intelligence, and a mouth always on the edge of human kindness. Though in the opinion of the present writer Landor's fame rests as much on his poetry as his prose, and especially on the splendid poem of "Gebir," which was an especial favourite with Shelley, most readers will know him best by the "Imaginary Conversations." Three additions are here made, though one of them appears finally in verse form. The first here printed will undoubtedly be read with the greatest interest. This is an imaginary conversation between Savonarola and the Prior of San Marco. Unfortunately, this conversation is "imaginary" in the worst sense. In the other conversations Landor has never, so far as we are aware, outraged, at any rate, probabilities; and it is half the charm of these compositions that the author almost persuades us that they actually took place. It was impossible, however, that Savonarola could have had any such conversation with the Prior as is here described. Nor, as a matter of fact, was Savonarola, though put to the extreme of torture, actually burnt, as he is here represented to have been. He was hanged with two monks—Domenicho, of Padua, and Silvestro Maruti. The actual facts of that celebrated death being so well known, the force of the following passage is almost altogether lost:

SAVONAROLA.

"My Holy Father, the Father who is in heaven, has too often found me guilty, even from infancy. Nevertheless has He deigned to show me the light of His countenance, and to confer on me the office of proclaiming His will. And now His right hand guides me on the road to expiate my many sins."



PRIOR.

"Thy many sins? What mortal ever lived more chastely, more charitably, more devoutly? And to die so! Oh, God of Mercy! Can human flesh endure the surrounding flames?"

SAVONAROLA.

"Yes; that flesh which God has prepared for it."

If this passage suffers something from a perversion of actual fact, the concluding part of the dialogue is fine in the extreme. And here let us point out what has sometimes been ignored—the great dramatic faculty which Landor shows, quite apart from the beauty and reticence of his dialogue.

PRIOR.

"What noise is that I hear? Whither are coming those four carts? With what are they laden?"

SAVONAROLA.

"I will tell thee."

PRIOR.

"But why dost thou also rise from thy chair?"

SAVONAROLA.

"Those carts are laden with faggots and stakes; one of the stoutest is several ells long. What a number of poor starving creatures might be comforted at Christmas by such a quantity of materials!"

That one line, "But why dost thou also rise from thy chair?" gives us the authentic thrill which the great dramatists give. The second dialogue is not only greatly inferior to the first, but quite inferior to any other of the "Imaginary Conversations." It is supposed to take place between the Countess of Albany, the widow of the Young Pretender, who died so miserably after his splendid and forlorn expedition, and Alfieri, the lover of the Countess. There is nothing here that seems to call for any special comment, except that Landor was evidently not in the vein when he wrote it. A note, however, which he appends describing the death-bed of the heart-broken poet is decidedly interesting. Alfieri turns on his bed to the priest who has been sent to him, and says, "Who are you? I don't know you, and I don't want you, and I won't have you." The third conversation, which finally took verse form, is a description of the appearance of Joan of Arc before her judge, the bishop of Beauvais. Here, again, we are not greatly impressed. The whole scene has a frigid cleverness about it, which is never for a moment convincing. It is an interesting intellectual exercise, done into verse—correct, flat, and uninspired. As a specimen we may take some lines from the concluding speech of Joan of Arc:

JOAN.

"I am no sorceress, no prophetic;  
But this, O man in ermine, I foretell:  
Thou and those round thee shall ere long  
re-ve  
Your due reward. England shall rue the day  
She entered France—her empire totters. Pile,  
Ye sentinels, who guard those hundred heads  
Against a shepherdess in bonds—pile high  
The faggots round the stake that stands  
upright.  
And roll the barrel gently down the street,  
Let the pitch burst the hoops and mess the  
way."

This is a quite fair specimen of the whole scene, never for a moment charged with colour, or passion, or even vigour.

Coming to Landor's detached thoughts and writings by the way, it is interesting to know that he would sooner have written Gray's "The boast of heraldry," &c., and George Herbert's lovely verse, beginning "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," than any other verse ever penned; and that, perhaps, his favourite couplet was Tibullus'

"Te spectem, supremæ mihi cum venerit hora  
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."

The beauty of "deficiente manu" is probably impossible to translate into English; and Landor has certainly not done it in

"And hold your hand to the last clasp in mine."

The word "deficiente" gives the sense of a gradual failing and faltering of touch, which is quite missed in the commonplace "last clasp." It is curious to find emphasised here what is already known—Landor's preference of Ovid to Virgil. Undoubtedly the Ovidian elegiac is well-nigh perfect of its kind, but it is apt to pall with its repeated sweetness, and cannot for a moment be compared to the ever-varied, ever-sonorous music of the Virgilian hexameter. We are glad to find him attacking the absurdly inadequate

"Warble his native wood-notes wild,"

which Landor, by the way, ascribes to Ben Jonson. He has here such an excellent criticism on Shakespeare that it will bear quotation:

"Shakespeare was no warbler, nor were wood-notes his. . . . On the contrary, they were elaborate, and the thoughts were often far-sought and quaint. . . . Imagination, not fancy, possessed him when he made Caliban his slave, and when he possess the heart of Miranda."

As to Landor's feeling towards "Rose Aylmer," it is probable that it was not so much a deep emotion as an imaginative yearning. Poets love through their imagination, and the feeling is often very real; but it is not to be confounded with the affection of the average man. We have only to cite Dante's feeling towards Beatrice, or Shelley's as expressed in *Epipsychidion*, or that of Shakespeare in the *Sonnets*. Nor is it to the point to urge that Landor's tenderness lasted till death. It is precisely this kind of clarified devotion which is often the most durable. As to the identity of J. S., it seems to us something of an impertinence to inquire. This is precisely the kind of speculation which the late Lord Tennyson so rightly, if in somewhat morbid fashion, attacked. In one of his letters which are here quoted, Landor, in fact, makes an interesting reference to Tennyson: "I wish our present poets would pay more attention to immovable and solid models, and less to hollow and light plaster. . . . Do not think I undervalue this excellent man's poetry." With a little reflection, one must admit this to be a very sound criticism on much of Lord Tennyson's work. As to Landor's judgments, generally, on his contemporaries, they are far too biassed by personal matters. He thinks "The Curse of Kehama" one of our greatest poems. His

opinions are chiefly interesting as being those of one who spanned such a large period in our literature. But the fact is, that contemporary opinions of authors by authors are utterly misleading, fascinating as they may be to read. Here, for instance, we find Coleridge saying of Landor himself, "He has never learned, with all his energy, to write simple and lucid English." The following line by Landor, on the chief poets of his time, is, in a way, excellent:

"Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping hot."

Byron, however, wrote of Landor:

"That deep-mouthed Boetian Savage Landor  
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's  
gander."

It is curious to note that Landor foresaw the budding genius of Mrs. Browning, a writer in almost all respects the exact opposite of himself. Though we cannot think that the specimens of Landor here given will contribute greatly to his fame, this book is excellent reading throughout; and if it does not add a leaf to his laurel, it emphasises a great and lovable personality.

## WORDSWORTHIANA.

*A Primer of Wordsworth.* By Laurie Magnus. (Methuen.)

*Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth.* Edited by William Knight. (Macmillan & Co.)

*Poems in Two Volumes.* By William Wordsworth. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1807. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. (Nutt.)

*Four Poets: Selections from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.* Selected by Oswald Crawford. (Chapman & Hall.)

M. LEGG'S interesting study of Wordsworth seems to have given the signal for a whole number of works on the same inexhaustible subject. Here are four books within a week, wholly or in large part devoted to him. A fifth, Mr. Andrew Lang's anthology, is reserved for separate treatment.

We do not think that a primer of a poet's work is a very happy thing to write. Apart from the unpleasant associations of the name, it implies a formality and rigidity of treatment which does not lend itself to the most fruitful criticism. So long as facts are dealt with it is all right. Mr. Magnus's brief biography of Wordsworth and his bibliography of books by and about him are most useful; but when he comes to the discussion of the poems he is clearly hampered by having to arrange them under "Longer Poems," "Shorter Poems," "Memorials of Tours and Sonnets," and to write the orthodox little bit about each piece in turn. It is a pity, for both in these chapters and in the critical essay proper which Mr. Magnus appends to them there is some excellent appreciation—subtle, sympathetic, discriminating. And Mr. Magnus has the gift of putting his critical views effectively. Here are two telling sentences on Wordsworth's mistakes in revising some of his early poems:

"Form had misled his early genius into *bizarrerries* and conceits of style; in later life,

therefore, the mere presence of style, super-added as such, conveyed occasionally to his morbid remorse a feeling of distrust and suspicion. Often enough he sacrificed linguistic beauty, spontaneously attained in the glow of creation, to the chilling quality of logical precision, and, puzzled, as it were by his own excellence, exerted himself for a pedantic reconstruction of his musical thought."

Mr. Magnus's judgment frequently carries us with him, but we part company when he begins a polemic against *The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. He takes the line that it is not up to the level of modern psychology, which "discovers the child 'trailing' quite other and more definite qualities than 'clouds of glory' from its quadrumanous ancestors." This sort of thing—it is really a divergence from Mr. Magnus's normal manner—rather makes us gasp. And surely "Herbert's theory of the individual's life following the stages of the race's culture" is heavy artillery to bring up against a poem.

The journals of Dorothy Wordsworth now published by Prof. Knight are of two kinds: there are domestic journals, written at Alfoxden in 1798, and at Grasmere at various periods from 1800 to 1803, and there are journals of travel, recording tours undertaken at home and abroad up to 1828. With large portions of these writings Prof. Knight and other biographers have already familiarised the world; the majority of them have never hitherto been printed in full. Nor are they now so printed. This is Prof. Knight's *Apologia*:

"All the journals contain numerous trivial details, which bear ample witness to the 'plain living and high thinking' of the Wordsworth household; and in this edition samples of these details are given—but there is no need to record all the cases in which the sister wrote 'To-day I mended William's shirts,' or 'William gathered sticks,' or 'I went in search of eggs,' &c., &c."

It is churlish, perhaps, to look a gift-horse in the mouth; but, grateful as we are to Prof. Knight for what he has afforded us, we are bound to say that the value of the boon seems immensely diminished by the absence of just those "trivial details" which he has elected to suppress. Nothing is in reality "trivial" which throws the slightest light on such unique and fascinating personalities as those of the Wordsworths, and surely, from the "human document" point of view, these faithful records of the daily life which they actually lived are of far greater importance than the more deliberate and artificial accounts of holiday tours in unfamiliar surroundings. Nor is our confidence, that Prof. Knight was justified in disregarding what Dorothy Wordsworth thought fit to preserve, in any way increased by a consideration of the state in which this process has left his text. What are we to make of this, for instance: "A poor girl called to beg, who had no work, and was going in search of it to Kendal. She slept in Mr. Benson's . . . and went off after breakfast in the morning with 7d. and a letter to the Mayor of Kendal." Why are we supposed not to care whether the girl slept in Mr. Benson's guest-chamber or his barn? Two pages later comes the following: "A succession of delicious views

from . . . to Brathay. We met near . . . a pretty little boy with a wallet over his shoulder." Surely this again is an irritating and motiveless mutilation. After all deductions, however, the book is a most welcome one, and we regret the impossibility of according to it the space it deserves. It does not, of course, in any essential point, modify our notions of Dorothy Wordsworth, or of her great brother, or of their serene life in the little Grasmere cottage; but it fills in many outlines, and renews and deepens our knowledge of one of the most delightful relationships in all literature.

Mr. Hutchinson's elegant reprint of the Poems of 1807, together with that of the *Lyrical Ballads* issued by the same publisher some years ago, will be of considerable value to the critical student of Wordsworth, who above all things desires to trace the gradual changes in the poet's literary creed, as they declare themselves in the constant and careful revision of his work. The nature of this revision is indicated in the notes appended by the editor, who also furnishes a preface and an exceedingly interesting essay on the structure of the Wordsworthian sonnet. "Professor Schiffer," however, to whom Mr. Hutchinson refers as the author of a book on English metre, should surely be "Professor Schipper." All the editorial matter is good and to the point, and we owe Mr. Hutchinson a special debt of gratitude for the happy identification of Louisa, the "dear Child of Nature," with Wordsworth's sister-in-law, Joanna Hutchinson. In a sense, of course, and as a literary manifesto, the *Lyrical Ballads* is the most important of all the Wordsworthian issues; but in quality of work, whether in the realm of ethical inspiration or in that of natural magic, the volumes of 1807 stand far before all others. Mr. Hutchinson pertinently points out that they furnish more nearly a half than a third of the poems included in Matthew Arnold's admirable selection. On the whole, this is a useful, as well as an admirably printed, book.

Mr. Oswald Crawford's choice from Wordsworth for his "Four Poets" volume is, on the whole, a happy one. But it is one of the beauties of making anthologies that no two anthologists ever agree in their admissions and exclusions. Personally, we should have had no hesitation in omitting "The Brothers," and replacing it by some half-dozen of the very best of the shorter poems for which Mr. Crawford has found no room. Among them should have been the first poem to "The Daisy," the lines "To H. C.," the sonnet "Nuns fret not in their convent's narrow room," and that exquisite one "To Sleep," that begins, "A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by." With Shelley we think that Mr. Crawford is more completely successful, and, of course, with the easier problems afforded by Keats and Coleridge, although Coleridge's "Frost at Midnight" should not have been forgotten.

## GHOSTS: BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

*Studies in Psychical Research.* By Frank Podmore. (Kegan, Paul & Co.)

*Real Ghost Stories.* By W. T. Stead. (Grant Richards.)

It is about fifteen years since actual and alleged supernatural or supernormal phenomena were first studied in a serious scientific spirit. The pioneers of the movement are now beginning to think that it is time for an interim stock-taking of the results. Mr. Myers has delivered his soul in an elaborate speculation on *The Subliminal Consciousness*. The Egeria of the Psychical Research Society, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, whose conclusions we should study with great interest, is as yet silent. In the meantime comes Mr. Podmore, who may be said to represent the sceptical right wing of the society, as Mr. Myers represents its credulous left wing, with a lucid and luminous survey of the whole field of inquiry. No one is more qualified to speak. Mr. Podmore has been an active researcher from the beginning; he took part with Mr. Myers and the late Mr. Gurney in the publication of *Phantasms of the Living*, and he has already written a tentative study of *Apparitions and Thought-Transference*. The present book is singularly judicious and singularly convincing. He has a firm grip of the primal canon of all investigation, the scientific law of economy: he will not posit hitherto unknown causes for phenomena until the limits of the action of known causes have been demonstrably passed.

Two known causes explain satisfactorily a large proportion of the phenomena with which the Psychical Research Society has to deal: human fraud and human folly. Or, if folly is too hard a word, the ineradicable tendency of the human mind to magnify and misreport any unusual and disturbing event. A careful and most impartial analysis of the evidence enables Mr. Podmore to find the operation of these causes in most of the spiritualistic and mediumistic marvels, as well as in the already exploded feats of Mme. Blavatsky and Eusapia Palladino. Nor can he consider the hypothesis of trickery disposed of in the cases of Mr. Stainton Moses or of the medium Daniel Home, on both of whom Mr. Myers relies much. In these two cases, however, trickery has never been absolutely proved. The *poltergeists*, troublesome spirits which throw coal about houses, are also, according to Mr. Podmore, frauds, generally the frauds of hysterical girls. Then Mr. Podmore stops to establish the existence of what is known as telepathy, or the direct transference, otherwise than through the ordinary channels of perception, of ideas from mind to mind. This he does from the observed facts of experimental thought-transference. Telepathy, he proceeds to suggest, explains such hallucinations, apparitions, premonitions, and clairvoyance as a rigid application of the rules of evidence leaves still in need of explanation. Finally, of course, comes the question, whether when the action of fraud and folly, and the action of ordinary tele-

pathy from living consciousnesses has been exhausted, there is still any residuum of facts to be explained; whether, that is to say, there is any room for an hypothesis of telepathic communication from disembodied consciousnesses or spirits. As to this Mr. Podmore declines to commit himself: the material is far from complete, but he suggests that if any such facts at present survive investigation they must be looked for in the trance-utterances of that most remarkable of all mediums, Mrs. Piper. Mrs. Piper is, of course, still under observation, and this is how psychical research at present stands.

Mr. Stead's *Real Ghost Stories* is a book of little scientific value to the student of hallucinations. Many tales are of ancient occurrence, and, therefore, of dubious evidence. Others are not told at first hand, others have the stamp of the magazine yarn upon them. The best vouched for are selected from the store of the Society for Psychical Research. The whole collection, however, is good ghostly reading, and Mr. Stead disarms criticism by making no scientific pretensions. He is in favour of study and inquiry, or, at all events, is opposed to absolute denial without inquiry. He discourages the public from playing at spiritualism, and encourages people who have "spontaneous" experiences of hallucinations or odd dreams, and so forth, to record them at once; the public is not likely to take the trouble.

As matters stand, almost every one will admit that sane and healthy people are occasionally hallucinated. The question is, have we any grounds for the presumption that such experiences are, occasionally, due to the action of a distant mind on the mind of the seer or percipient? This supposed action, called "Telepathy," is an idea as old, at least, as the sixteenth century, and is formulated, conjecturally, by Kant. Mr. Stead writes much about "The Thought Body," which is another affair, not admitted as even a feasible guess by the author of *The Critique of Pure Reason*. Several of Mr. Stead's hallucinations here are "empty," coinciding with no crisis in the history of the person seemingly seen. We can never get statistics as to the proportion of "empty" and of veridical hallucinations, and we cannot go far without them.

About evidence Mr. Stead is light-hearted. He cites Miss Strickland for the wraith of Queen Elizabeth; but what was Miss Strickland's authority? Apparently it was a MS. at Stoneyhurst, but we have not succeeded in getting a copy of that MS. In any case, the hallucination was empty and of a common kind—the apparition of a person well known to the seer, when that person is really in another room in the house. Mr. Stead's historical bogies are either unsupported by evidence, or the evidence is cited thus—"d'Aubigné, *Histoire Universelle*." Agrippa d'Aubigné, by the way, has a very touching ghost story of his own in his *Memoirs*. The Villiers ghost is backed here by no reference at all; and Towse, not Towers, was the seer. "Pausanius" and *bond fides* are examples of Mr. Stead's

indifference to classical learning. The Lyttelton story has earlier evidence than the *Gentleman's Magazine*—namely, that of absolutely contemporary diaries. "Laird Bucconi" is not a Scottish name; but why ask Mr. Stead to be critical?

Under the head of clairvoyance, Mr. Stead touches lightly on crystal-gazing, which he illustrates correctly by *illusions hypnogogiques* of his own. He gives very few cases of clairvoyance in this form, yet these are probably the best accessible proofs of *vue à distance*. The oldest crystal-gazer, or, rather, water-gazer, is Numa Pompilius, as reported by Varro, cited by St. Augustine in his *Civitas Dei*. Perhaps no popular belief is at once so ancient, so widely diffused, and so capable of being tested in modern experience.

Mr. Stead is wrong in thinking that Highland "Second Sight" is "always scenic"; there are auditory as well as visual hallucinations in the Highlands: they are often combined, see *Journal of the Caledonian Medical Society* for this year. If anything usually described as "ghostly" is worthy of the attention of psychologists, pathologists, and anthropologists, the whole set of topics must be examined in a way very unlike Mr. Stead's way. He represents an advance on Mrs. Crowe and Mr. Dale Owen, but not a very marked advance. His collection, however, is full of such reading as parents (and Mr. Stead himself) would not "put into the hands" of the young and nervous. Seers who want to be taken seriously must "make a note of" their visions at once, with any corroborative evidence which can be procured, and then send it to the officers of the S.P.R., who will conscientiously make their lives a burden to them. "The subject," says Mr. Stead, "is one which every common man and woman can understand." This is flattering, but incorrect. At present nobody can understand the subject at all. "The latent possibilities of our complex personality are imperfectly understood," says Mr. Stead, on the next page but one, in a flash of right reason. We ought not to omit the circumstance that Mr. Stead's version of Willington Mill is probably the best extant. The troubles of the Proctor family obviously inspired Lord Lytton's tale of *The Hound of the Baskin's*, the best "fancy" ghost story in English literature. Mr. Stead's *Brook House* is also a noble case of haunting.

"But when the glum Researchers come,  
The brutes of bogies go!"

#### THE IRISH WONDERWORLD.

*The Fairy Changeling, with Other Poems.* By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter.) (John Lane.)

In 1893, Miss Dora Sigerson published a volume of "Verses," marked by characteristic and individual notes, which received something less than their due recognition: partly, may be, because they were accompanied by pieces, interesting indeed, but of less value. The book contained "All Souls' Night," "A Cry in the World," and "Cean

Duv Deelish"; which last, with one other, reappears in the writer's new volume. The later pieces are full of a wistful charm of imagination: witness this extract from "The Ballad of Maid Marjorie." She has lost her lover, and she meets a fisher, a "sad searcher of the sea," whom she questions upon his melancholy and his looks of fear. The sea had given up one of its dead into his net.

"And was he young, and was he fair?"  
"Oh, cruel to behold!  
In his white face the joy of life  
Not yet had grown a-cold."  
"Oh, pale you are, and full of prayer,  
For one who sails the sea."  
"Because the dead looked up and spoke,  
Poor maiden Marjorie."  
"What said he, that you seem so sad,  
O fisher of the sea?"  
(Alack, I knew it was my love,  
Who fain would speak to me!)"  
"He said, "Beware a woman's mouth—  
A rose that bears a thorn."  
"Ah, me! these lips shall smile no more  
That gave my lover scorn."  
"He said, "Beware a woman's eyes,  
They pierce you with their death."  
"Then falling tears shall make them blind  
That robbed my dear of breath."  
"He said, "Beware a woman's hair—  
A serpent's coil of gold."  
"Then will I shear the cruel locks  
That crushed him in their fold."  
"He said, "Beware a woman's heart,  
As you would shun the reef."  
"So let it break within my breast,  
And perish of my grief."  
"He raised his hands; a woman's name  
Thrice bitterly he cried:  
"My net had parted with the strain;  
He vanished in the tide."  
"A woman's name! What name but mine,  
O fisher of the sea?"  
"A woman's name, but not your name,  
Poor maiden Marjorie."

Another forcible poem is "The Suicide's Grave," with its questioning stanzas, as thus:

"What did you hear when you opened the  
doors of death?  
Was it the sob of a thrush, or a slow sweet  
breath  
Of the perfumed air that blew through the  
doors with you,  
That you fought so hard to regain the world  
you knew? . . . . .  
"Or was it in death's cold land there was no  
perfume  
Of the scented flowers, or lilt of a bird's gay  
tune?  
No sea there, or no cool of a wind's fresh  
breath,  
No woods, no plains, no dreams, and alas! no  
death?"

There are many poems in the volume, lyrical in many moods, and scarce one without its arresting image: but to many the most acceptable will be the legends, fairy tales, facts or fictions of the "Irish Wonderworld," from which the writer draws much of her inspiration. Such are "The Fairy Changeling," the fine "Ballad of the Little Black Hound," and that of the "Fairy Thorn-Tree," to name but these. Here is the sense of humanity "moving

about in worlds not realised." It is a sense variously felt in the poems and other work of such writers as Mr. Yeats, Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Nora Hopper, Miss Fiona Macleod, and "A. E." It were well, if such writers were left to do their work without let or hindrance from extreme criticism upon one hand and uncritical enthusiasm on the other. "I have a great *penchant*," writes Arnold in his Letters, "for the Celtic races with their melancholy and unprogressiveness." There is melancholy in Mrs. Shorter's poems, but certainly progressiveness and growth in her art.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Solomon Caesar Malan, D.D.: Memorials of his Life and Writings.* By the Rev. A. N. Malan. (Murray.)

DR. MALAN was a man of rare and remarkable learning. His library, now on the shelves of the Indian Institute at Oxford, is evidence of the width and variety of his acquaintance with Oriental tongues. On one occasion he performed the somewhat purposeless and irritating *tour-de-force* of translating the Lord's Prayer into seventy-one languages. Unfortunately this wealth of learning was largely rendered nugatory by an intellectual arrogance and a narrowness of view unexampled among Dryasdusts. Even his son and biographer writes:

"Complete reliance on self made him defiant of all opposition. He could not bear even the rebuff of a contrary opinion. He never would admit the possibility of two sides to a question. Those who ventured to disagree with him placed themselves beyond the pale of reason. Argument, as a rule, he disdained and eschewed. To him his conclusions were self-evident and unquestionable."

It is not in this temper that knowledge grows; nor will it be seriously advanced by the ripest scholar, who "for history generally professed contempt, declaring it to be based on 'lies.'" And so we find Dr. Malan fulminating to the last against the "higher criticism" of Drs. Driver and Cheyne, as in earlier years he had fulminated with Wilberforce against Evolution, and with Burgen against the Greek Text of Westcott and Hort, and the Revised translation of the New Testament. This, by the way, he had pledged himself never to use, *before it was published*. Into the private life of this extraordinary man, as revealed in his too voluminous biography, we have no space to go. He made close friendships, and was beloved in his parish. He liked birds, fishing, music, and painting. But he must have been difficult to live with. He required apologies if he was mistaken for Mr. Gladstone, whom he resembled. His sons looked upon his study with awe, and were reduced to hiding their undergraduate pipes in their mother's workbox. A friend became a Roman Catholic, and never afterwards would Dr. Malan speak to him. "Once, when they were brought face to face at the bend of a narrow lane, Mr. Malan turned abruptly, and retraced his steps at a rapid pace."

*The Legend of Sir Gawain.* By Jessie L. Weston. (Grimm Library: Nutt.)

GAWAIN, in later Arthurian romance, has sunk into a secondary position among the Knights of the Table Round. For Malory, Tennyson, and Morris he is an ungracious figure—irreverent, untrue, a light of love. But Malory's portrait is inconsistent, and in the earlier romances Gawain plays a much more prominent and sympathetic part. Miss Weston has made a gallant and learned attempt to disentangle the original Gawain myth from the general body of romance with which it has become complicated. She finds in him a solar culture-hero, at one time closely associated with Guinevere, but ousted from this position by Lancelot. These detailed studies, carried out with the fine scholarship shown by Miss Weston, are invaluable in clearing the path for the final survey of the tangled woods of Arthurian legend.

*English Masques.* With an Introduction by H. A. Evans. Warwick Library. (Blackie & Son.)

THE masque is a very definite literary form, with a beginning, middle, and end, and lends itself very neatly to such a volume as the present. It need hardly be added that, for essential purposes, the masque is also Ben Jonson. Of the sixteen pieces printed by Mr. Evans, ten are Ben Jonson's, and with these Daniel's *Twelve Goddesses*, Campion's *Lord's Masque*, Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, Shirley's *Triumph of Peace*, Davenant's *Salmacida Spolia*, and the pretty anonymous *Masque of Flowers* make up a very representative collection. Mr. Evans prefixes an excellent introduction, in which he expresses himself largely indebted to Dr. Sörge's valuable monograph on *Die Englischen Maskenspiele*. He traces the evolution of the masque from the "disguising" which formed part of the *ludi domini regis* far back in the Middle Ages; its popularity under the Tudors; its even greater popularity when James, who loved display, succeeded Elizabeth, who loved acting; its hey-day under Jonson and Inigo Jones; and its final extinction under the weight of Prynne's *Histriomastix* and of the mass of Puritan sentiment which Prynne represented. Mr. Evans has performed his task well, although we do not think he has quite exhausted all the available material. He does not seem, for instance, to have used the Revels Accounts printed by Brewer among the Henry VIII. papers, which throw a good deal of light on the Court entertainments of that period.

*The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome.* A Companion Book for Students and Travellers. By Rodolfo Lanciani. (Macmillan & Co.)

In the study of the ruins of Ancient Rome it is possible, as Dr. Lanciani points out in his preface, to approach them chronologically, topographically, or architecturally. Each of these methods presents certain advantages; but the author's objection to the architectural method applies equally to the chronological and topographical arrange-

ment. He says: "A method which may be useful for university work, and for a limited number of specialists, cannot also suit the student or the traveller who does not visit our ruins by regions, but according to the main centres of interest and of actual excavations." Dr. Lanciani, therefore, pursues a course of his own. In Book I. the fundamental lines of Roman topography are described. In Book II. the Palatine hill is dealt with. In Book III. a description of the Sacra Via is given, "from its origin near the Coliseum to its end near the Capitolium." The rest of the city is described in Book IV. by the regions of Augustus. For the benefit of students who wish to study the monuments in a different order, three indexes are given, "in the first of which they are named in topographical order, in the second according to their chronology, while in the third they are arranged (alphabetically) in architectural groups." As this book is not intended to be "a complete manual of Roman topography, but only a companion book for students and travellers, copious references are given to standard publications in each subject or part of a subject." In this way Dr. Lanciani has striven to meet the wants of all who are interested in the remains of Ancient Rome, with the result that he has compiled a book of interest for the traveller, and also for students who are eager for a more searching knowledge of the subjects touched upon. The book is copiously supplied with maps and illustrations, the latter "mostly original from drawings and photographs prepared expressly for this work."

*Renan's Life of Jesus.* Translated by William G. Hutchinson. (Walter Scott.)

THIS translation is opportune, and it has the advantage over existing ones of being made from a later French edition. Mr. Hutchinson supplies a useful Introduction, but we feel we cannot better occupy our space than by quoting his translation of Renan's well-known dedication, which tells so much about Renan, so much about the inception of his *Life of Jesus*:

"TO THE PURE SOUL OF MY SISTER HENRIETTE, WHO DIED AT BYBLOS, 24TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1861.—Do you remember, in the bosom of God, where you are now at rest, those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I wrote these pages which drew their inspiration from the places we had visited together? Sitting silently by my side, you read over every page, and copied it as soon as written; at our feet stretched the sea, the villages, the ravines, and the mountains. When the overpowering light of day had given place to the unnumbered army of the stars, your thoughtful doubts led me back to the sublime object of our common thoughts. One day you told me that you would love this book, because it had been written with you, and also because it was after your own heart. If, at times, you feared for it the narrow judgments of the man of frivolous mind, you were always full of assurance that truly religious souls would end by finding pleasure in it. In the midst of these sweet meditations the Angel of Death smote both of us with his pinion; the slumber of fever seized us at the self-same hour; I awakened alone. Now you sleep in the land of Adonis, near holy Byblos and the sacred waters whither the



women of the ancient mysteries were wont to come and mingle their tears. O, my good genius, reveal to me whom you loved these verities that have kingship over death, that shield us from the dread of it, that almost makes us love it!"

Truly, if literature is tested by translation, this is literature.

*Poems Now First Collected.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. (Gay & Bird.)

MR. STEDMAN is an American singer, whose verses have appeared in American magazines for a good many years. His poems make a pleasant sheaf, but they are so various in character that we can well believe the author found their arrangement, as he says, a difficult task. One group of these verses is evidently the offspring of a voyage in the Carib Seas. The magic of those waters have been truly felt, and are finely expressed, by Mr. Stedman. Sometimes we have a theme that Mr. Dobson might have made his own, as in "The Old Picture Dealer":

"Be the day's traffic more or less,  
Old Brian seeks his Leyden chair,  
Placed in the ante-room's recess,  
Our connoisseur's securest lair:  
Here, turning full the burner's rays,  
Holds long his treasure-trove in sight—  
Upon a painting sets his gaze  
Like some devoted hermit."

"The book-worms rummage as they will,  
Loud roars the wonted Broadway din,  
Life runs its hackneyed round—but still  
One tireless boon can Brian win—  
Can picture in this modern time  
A life no more the world shall know,  
And dream of Beauty at her prime  
In Parma, with Correggio."

Several of the poems owe their origin to "commemorations"; and there are poems of last farewell to Walt Whitman and Bryant.

*Men-of-War Names: their Meaning and Origin.* By Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg, R.N. (Edward Stanford.)

MANY people must have wished to know more about the origin of the names of our battle-ships. This book will satisfy their curiosity to a limited extent. We say to a limited extent; because the author has nothing to tell us about the manner in which names for war-ships are selected, and by whom, at the Admiralty. He runs through the list of ship-names alphabetically. Where a mythological origin exists he gives it, as in the case of the *Ajax*, the *Egeria*, and the *Pyramus*. He gives us plenty of Lemprière, but there is a dearth of anecdote. Names of birds and beasts given to ships, such as the *Hyena*, the *Buzzard*, and the *Raccoon* are dismissed thus: "RACCOON (5th since about 1780)—*Procyonotor*. A mammal of North America, allied to the bear family. This third-class cruiser was launched in 1887." This does not strike us as very enlightening, yet it is typical. It is surprising how few of our war vessels are the first of their name. Even the *Brisk* is the sixth of its name; and the *Swift* is the fifteenth since 1552. The oldest ship-name, however, is the *Royal Sovereign*, dating, as it does, from 1485. The book deals similarly with all the navies

of Europe and the United States, and, so far as it goes, it is interesting and authoritative.

*A Book of Thoughts.* Compiled by Mary B. Curry. (Headley Brothers.)

MRS. CURRY has compiled a number of passages in prose and verse which were a source of refreshment to her father, John Bright. Mr. Bright's literary tastes were simple and sincere, if they did not always reveal great critical insight. But he encouraged the reading of Milton. Indeed, he made it a point to read *Paradise Lost* through once a year. The extracts given in prose and verse are very numerous, and include favourite Psalms. Judging by the number assigned to Milton, Longfellow, Lowell, Richard C. Trench, Whittier, and Adelaide Procter, we imagine these were John Bright's favourite poets. The volume is neatly produced, and provides a budget of choice and elevating reading.

*Illustrated New Testament.* (Nelsons.)

THIS Testament is well printed on excellent paper, and contains two hundred illustrations of Bible scenes and sites. The views are chiefly from photographs, and are incorporated in the text. To those who are not familiar with the scenery and architecture of the Holy Land, these illustrations supply an accurate background to the Gospel story.

*When all Men Starve.* By Charles Gleig. (John Lane.)

ANOTHER forecast of war and defeat for England, put forth, of course, as a warning. Such narratives always strike us as profoundly unconvincing, and this is no exception. Trouble in the Transvaal, and the vacillation of the Cabinet in dealing with Germany, which sends 20,000 troops to Delagoa Bay, lead to a demand for the evacuation of Egypt by France and Russia; a naval war is precipitated; and the British Mediterranean Fleet is defeated. In the Strand a well-fed merchant is followed into an Aerated Bread shop by the unemployed, and is forced to stand on a table and read out the telegrams, whereupon the table is knocked from under him and the shop looted of its buns. Defeat and starvation go hand in hand, and the curtain falls on the burning of Buckingham Palace by the mob. Throughout, the author seems to have considered British patriotism and endurance to be negligible quantities.

*Ideals for Girls.* By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. (James Bowden.)

THIS book ought to go straight from Mr. Haweis to his girl readers, his "Untidy Girls," "Musical Girls," "Parochial Girls," "Engaged Girls," and "Brides." Reviewers and people who intercept it on the way will be provoked to smiles—one can hardly say why—but Mr. Haweis is so fatherly and so eager, and apparently so competent, to advise young girls how to shake and hang up their clothes, so that muslin will not be rumpled, or silk creased, or "the steels or bones in bodices bent or snapped." We live in wonderful times.

*The Homes and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* By George G. Napier, M.A., (Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.)

As a footnote to Lockhart's *Life* this luxurious volume, with its multitude of plates and engravings, will be heartily welcomed. The districts especially associated with Scott's life and work lie in the north-eastern part of Scotland. His movements are picturesquely traced from Edinburgh, "mine own romantic town," to the great house of Abbotsford, which Mr. Ruskin described as "perhaps the most incongruous pile that gentlemanly modernism ever designed," and of which Stanley declared dolefully that it was "a place to see once but never again." Mr. Napier has done his work thoroughly and adequately.

FORGET ME, DEATH!—O DEATH,  
FORGET ME NOT!

"FORGET me, Death, as from the meadow-land  
I rise with wayside song and bounding feet,  
While far below me fades the valley sweet  
And far above, the beckoning summits stand.  
Halt me not midway up, where the dim band  
Of those who watch below shall see us meet  
And mark Thee cut me down in the full heat  
Of my soul's mounting purpose. Stay Thy hand  
As I climb on, climb on—always more nigh  
The sacred heights where lovest Thou to be,  
My heart an eagle-brood of hopes that cry  
To those lone crags of storm and majesty.  
The eaglets gone, my heart their empty nest,  
Strike me, quick Death, into my warm deep rest!

"O Death, forget me not, till I descend!  
Take not Thy place behind me, as with slow  
And slower steps, a waning shape, I go  
Toward the silent valley and the end.  
Lest midway down I turn with rage and send  
A curse at Thee, nay, seize thy blade and mow  
Myself down at Thy feet, and with the snow  
Of those deep years let my heart's summer blend.  
O Mighty One! How were it meet for Thee  
To set Thy foot upon the vanquished head,  
To wrest from Age a stingless victory  
Whence Joy and Song and Love long, long have fled!  
Await me on the peaks of heavenward strife!  
Slay me, great Death, on the young peaks of Life!"

JAMES LANE ALLEN.  
*Mountains of West Virginia.*



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION. A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

DARTEL.

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

Mr. Blackmore gives this book—which has his old gifts of geniality and spaciousness—the sub-title “A Romance of Surrey.” Surrey, however, plays a part of less importance than the Caucasus. The nominal narrator of the story is a Winchester and Oxford man, but Mr. Blackmore’s own style is very evident. Possibly the Winchester and Oxford man had read *Lorna Doone* and absorbed the manner. The book is essentially and nobly English, and, once the digressions are overcome, as interesting, nay enthralling, as you can want. Readers of *Blackwood*—where it appeared—already know this. The illustrations are an excrescence. (Blackwood & Sons. 400 pp. 6s.)

THE OUTLAWS OF THE MARCHES. By LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.

This is a book rather for those that dearly love a lord than for those that dearly love good fiction. It is Scotch, and it is illustrated by photographs of actual scenery; but we are tired of Scotch romances, and photographs bore us. Moreover, the date of the story is the sixteenth century, and the first person singular is employed, and they say “Hech!” and “whigmaleeries” and “willidrag” and “cockle-cutit,” and we do not know what such words mean. It is true that there is a glossary; but who can consult a glossary at the end of a romance? Rather will we wait for a translation. (Fisher Unwin. 348 pp. 6s.)

HIS GRACE OF OSMONDE. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

A companion story to *A Lady of Quality*, or, in the author’s words, “the portion of the History of that Nobleman’s Life (the Duke of Osmonde) omitted in the relation of his Lady’s Story presented to the World of Fashion under the title of *A Lady of Quality*.” (F. Warne & Co. 484 pp. 6s.)

A MAN OF THE MOORS. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

A serious book by a writer who takes himself seriously, to wit, the author of *The Eleventh Commandment*. One of his characters is described as “of the fine moor breed, and she had grown up under the eye of the great God who dwells between the hill-summits and the clouds.” Griff Lomax was one of a family who “had grown to manhood with the taste of the peat in their mouths, and the quickening heath-winds in their veins.” The troubles, sorrows, joys, successes, and failures of his life are here set down. (Kegan Paul & Co. 299 pp. 6s.)

BUSHIGRAMS.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

The author of *Dr. Nikola* belongs to that class of authors who are called “readable.” Here is the opening sentence of one of the stories in this volume: “‘My dear,’ said pretty Mrs. Belverton, the third cleverest woman in Australia, as she lowered the window-blind of her brougham on the way home from the Bishop’s Court garden party, ‘I’ve been thinking.’” There are nineteen short stories in this volume. We presume *Bushigrams* means that. (Ward, Lock & Co. 293 pp. 5s.)

POOR LITTLE BELLA.

By F. C. PHILLIPS.

If you enjoy the attractive cynicism employed by the author of *As in a Looking-Glass* you will not be disappointed in this autobiography of a girl, who, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, is determined to tell the truth about herself. Mr. Phillips can suggest a character in two lines. Here is Bella’s mother: “She took in the *Morning Post* and enjoyed the *Family Herald*.” In the end Bella “got married like other girls”: just what mamma wanted. (Downey & Co. 318 pp. 6s.)

THIS LITTLE WORLD.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A novel of artistic life. The hero is Jack Cutler, a landscape painter. There is much “shop”; indeed, the story is almost all shop, with a *souçon* of love. Luckily the artistic life has its humours, and Mr. Christie Murray has an eye for them. The end is as it should be: Jack Cutler puts his arms around Hope’s waist, which is a very suitable place for them, and the Baroness smiles satisfaction. (Chatto & Windus. 378 pp. 6s.)

“AND SHALL TRELAWNEY DIE?”

By JOSEPH HOCKING.

The Trelawney of this story is not the bishop whose persecution in the seventeenth century roused intense feeling in Cornwall, but is one Hugh Trelawney, the last of his race, born in a workhouse, and fighting for his identity and his lands. The story is full of local colour, and of improbabilities which are not even local. But Mr. Hocking knows his public, and he certainly has the gift of “yarning.” A second story, *The Mist on the Moors*, occupies half the book, and is laid, like the first, among the Altarnun moors. (James Bowden. 345 pp. 6s.)

TO THE ANGEL’S CHAIR.

By JOHN THOMAS.

This story of Welsh life and Welsh village ideals tells how Gomer Williams rose from the mines to the ministry. *En route* we have a great strike of the miners, and scenes of deep spiritual emotion in the Ebenezer chapels. The love interest is strong and is concerned with the attachment between Gomer and Lucy Pennant, the daughter of a wealthy colliery owner. This brings into the story the further interest of a collision between Church and Dissent, and between social position and humble worth. Unfortunately Mr. Thomas makes his characters orate. Lucy rejects the proposal of Ned Wynne in a speech which would have been effective on a platform, though a little too well rounded even there. Finally, we see Gomer bearing off the honours in a surging Welsh crowd at the Risteddfod. The book is another sign of the growing specialisation of fiction. (Hodder & Stoughton. 403 pp. 6s.)

MIRIAM ROZELLA.

By B. L. FARJEON.

Appeared in the *Daily Mail*. It is extremely wordy, and in his attempt to depict the struggles of a young girl beset with temptation Mr. Farjeon has used up the stock phrases and situations and backgrounds of Surrey melodrama. Indeed, his statement that the dramatic rights of the story are fully protected seems to indicate a melodramatic intention. But we imagine no audience at the Surrey, or elsewhere, would stand Lord Laverock’s soliloquy uttered over his wife’s dead body. The book is too lurid for our taste, to say the least. (F. V. White & Co. 388 pp. 6s.)

THE BLUES AND THE BRIGANDS.

By M. M. BLAKE.

A novel founded on the events of the French Revolution. It is told in the first person and purports to relate the experiences of Etienne-Marie Carraud. The attack on the Bastille is described, as part of the story, in an early chapter; and the events of the Revolution go crashing through Miss Blake’s pages in the good old style, while a delicate love-story runs through all. (Jarrold & Sons. 306 pp. 5s.)

THE AMAZING JUDGMENT.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A strong story by the author of *The World’s Great Snare*, and other novels. It tells of a husband and wife’s separation during a long period of years, and their reconciliation. The characters are aristocratic, and they are all rather better people than they seem on first acquaintance. A yachting cruise and an island are used very effectively as backgrounds in alternation with London. A fascinating story for a couple of hours’ reading. (Downey & Co. 223 pp. 1s.)

## LOVE'S USURIES.

By LOUIS CRESWICKE.

Fourteen short stories, various in character, but generally passionate. "I wonder if the secret of orange blossom, warmed by the breath of the sea, is an intoxicant, if it soaks in at the pores and quickens the veins to madness?" says one figure. Of course, if you smell with your pores there is no saying what may happen. But some of these stories are good reading enough, though the abundance of "dictionary" words is rather bewildering—particularly as they are not always used in a dictionary sense. You are apt to find yourself, like one of Mr. Creswicke's characters, "plumbing exhaustion in a bottomless pit." (Henry J. Drane. 243 pp. 3s 6d.)

## AN AFTERNOON RIDE.

By ANNE PAGE.

A rather lurid story of a husband's straying love. The loss of the *Drummond Castle* is effectively introduced. (Roxburghe Press. 97 pp. 6d.)

## FOR PRINCE AND PEOPLE.

By E. K. SANDERS.

This fine story is laid in Old Genoa, and opens in a village of Ceriana in 1546. Oberto, a lad of sixteen, proud, and all the prouder from the fact that his parentage is unknown, enters the service of the Count Barnaba Adorno, and is sent to Genoa on a secret errand to Prince Fiesco, of the noble house of the Fieschi. The reader may then follow him through the tortuous events of a small Italian conspiracy, and the clashing interests of noble Genoese families. (Macmillan & Co. 327 pp. 6s.)

## THE MEDHURSTS OF MINDALA.

By MRS. WATERHOUSE.

Mindala is in Australia, and to take an interest in places in Australia, or the people who squat in them, is difficult. Once, however, this initial objection is overcome, the story is interesting, though not epoch-making. In its sub-title it claims to describe the development of a soul. That soul is a girl's. Indeed, it is to girls and women that the book appeals. (Elliot Stock. 250 pp. 6s.)

## HIGH PLAY.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

Mr. Manville Fenn has lately written only for boys, but here he approaches adults again with stronger meat. His new novel, which has the sub-title "A Comedy off the Stage," but is truly a tragedy, is written almost in dialogue form. It tells of Lord Braetoun, who gambled from Eton to the grave. The time is to-day, and we move among Corinthians. A brisk story. (Downey & Co. 381 pp. 6s.)

## IN DOUBLE HARNESS.

By ERNEST A. NEWTON.

We gather that the author is a clergyman, and that one purpose in writing these stories is to prove the superiority of the English to the Romish Church; while the intent of the whole book is sectarian. We do not like tracts in the guise of fiction; but if they are to be done, they may as well be done as neatly as this. (Wells, Gardner & Co. 71 pp. 1s.)

## A FOREST ORCHID.

By ELLA HIGGINSON.

American "Kailyard" stories. There is humour and true pathos in them; there is first-hand observation both of men (or, to be more precise, of women) and things; the style is direct and simple. (Macmillan & Co. 242 pp. 6s.)

## THE VICAR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

By RUBERT ALEXANDER.

This is not a good novel. It is jaunty and disjointed, and there are twins who say, "Oo doin' for a dwive?" and "Us only itty niggies, an' us berry hung'y." Books should have a little dignity—this has none. (Digby, Long. 303 pp. 6s.)

## A NOTE ON FICTION.

Until a few weeks ago I supposed it to be a platitude, or, at any rate, a truism, that in Fiction the essential interest is in the characters of the men and women of the story. I was undeceived by the ecstasies into which a certain accomplished critic was betrayed over Mr. Kipling's *Captains Courageous*. The astonishing detail, the extraordinary quantity of information, and the vigour and vividness of its presentment in that work were dwelt upon with such enthusiasm that the human element was allowed to pass almost unnoticed.

One cannot accuse Mr. Kipling of being guided by any mechanically-made theory; yet the criticism alluded to reminded me forcibly of a suggestion which Mr. Edmund Gosse once made in his *Questions at Issue*, to the effect that novelists should forsake the old themes and give us romances of trade and labour. So far as I know, the proposal was little heeded. For a time, indeed, the "kail-yard stories" of weavers or farmers seemed to be a step in that direction, and were welcomed by weary reviewers, sickening of the problem-novel; but almost simultaneously there set in a reaction in favour of the undiluted romance, which scorned all trade save that of *The Three Musketeers*. Looked at to-day, it would seem that the revival of the romance was a protest against the inevitable narrowness of specialised fiction, and that the novel dealing with trade or labour was doomed at the outset; nor is one quite convinced of the contrary even by the brilliancy of Mr. Kipling's latest achievement. I never heard that the most entertaining part of Homer was the catalogue of ships.

In fact, one must take a wider view than Mr. Gosse's; for business or labour, problem or romance, can never for long occupy the first place in our regard as subjects for art. They are of a quite secondary importance: the sole need for them in any book is accessory. As in a painting of men and women there must be shown ground for them to stand on, seats for them to sit on, and light to exhibit the colour and attitude of them on ground or seat, so in books the characters of the persons cannot be shown without the light of circumstance; and the incidents of the plot are merely the pedestals on which the men and women take up their mental and emotional attitudes. The interest is always in the human element.

From this point of view, the occasional clamour of the critics for some new setting is just a trifle absurd. To the novelist it can be only a nuisance to be asked to go out of his way and write of business, romance, politics, or what not, as if these mattered. They can be useful to him only in so far as by their aid he may present attitudes of man different from those of which the reviewers are weary. They are merely a change of raiment for the same creature. And although a change is welcome, the new is likely to be neither better nor worse than the old. This displays the limbs better; but in that the torso was seen to more advantage.

Of course the reviewer grows surfeited, because he reads too many books and digests none. Inasmuch as to do so is his living, the poor man deserves pity too; but when, instead of his gluttony, he blames the subject of it, his advice becomes of little worth, and may even be injurious to the novelist's art. Bilious criticism and the Nonconformist Conscience managed to kill the "problem-novel" of our own day; although the very subject that they found so sickening was almost as old as English literature, and inspired half of it. And already it seems that the new romance is to encounter the fate of the problem-novel.

But, are there then no quite new situations which Fiction might deal with? no attitudes of the souls of men and women but have already been treated? For really, when one thinks of it, the old are singularly few in species, if their varieties are legion. Generally we have, for the man in a book, devotion, faithfulness, masterful courage (and the opposites of these, of course, for a change); and for the woman (with a similar reservation) the heroism of self-sacrifice. Even Ibsen's Nora, and the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, like the hundreds of other heroines who of late have more or less failed in their conventional duty, did so in a spirit of immolation to some unrecognised duty that lay nearer to their souls. The heroine in fiction is almost always kneeling at some altar—Venus's or The Virgin's. And it is not easy to see what more ravishing attitude she could adopt. Only, is attitude everything? Certainly it is all that can be derived from situations, new or old; but are there no other characteristics of men and women that the artist in fiction might make use of?

In life, at least, there are minuter differences between the sexes: the contour of a cheek, the fold of a sleeve, blab of masculine sinews or soft bosoms. And, on the whole, these are dearer to us, they are also far more beautiful than any attitude. These are what we want in art: not so much men and women as man and woman—the essential male and female, with or without heroics.

We have hardly seen this done in literature yet. Hundreds of times the typical posture of the sexes has been rendered with surpassing beauty. No man, for instance, kneels through life so devoutly as does Lady Castlewood in *Esmond*. She is true woman:

you know it by her bowed head and clasped hands, just as you know Sir Willoughby Paterne for a man by his strut. But excepting by their general position, the men in books are hardly to be distinguished from the women. How many, even, of Rosalind's words might have come from Orlando's lips, and *vice versa*! Or take Elizabeth Bennett, in *Pride and Prejudice*. Is it not chiefly by hearsay that we are aware of her sex; because the author told us; and by inference from her name and from the fact of her being in love with a man? Certainly it is not present to us in the words she speaks. One almost forgets at times that she is a woman; she might be a boy playing a woman's part written for him.

In short, the men and women in fiction have been too, too similar to the saints in very early paintings. They have been mere attitudes—the women kneeling, the men strutting. Their faces, their movements, their talk, have failed to give us any indication as to their sex.

It must be humbly confessed that one would not have observed this characteristic of the old fiction had it not been for the contrast afforded, some years since, by a new order of work that set one's mouth watering for more, and especially for serious developments of it. When pictorial art was being revolutionised by the new methods of "black and white" draughtsmen, why was the art of fiction so little stirred by the new and startling work of Mr. Anthony Hope? Was it that the *Dolly Dialogues* were so unutterably frivolous that serious workmen overlooked them? Or was it not, rather, that their remarkable technique failed to be understood? It is, indeed, true, that the would-be imitations of them were not successful: and it may be also true that their method is not applicable to graver subject matter.

None the less, whatever may have been their defects, this cannot be denied, that just as, by a glance, you can distinguish a man's face from a woman's, so in half a page of these dialogues the man's mind and the woman's were quite separable. Turn up your old copies and judge for yourselves: my own impression is, that the secret lay in *good drawing*. The contour (apart from the attitude) of the mind seemed to have been observed at last, and there it was set down unmistakably. There was the male, plodding, often almost brutally logical form. It had little sentiment, was cheerfully hypocritical, callously insincere, yet had a grip. The woman, subtle, intriguing, by desire sincere, by habit shifty, is there too. She has her moments of frankness, of reservation; is impulsive, sentimental, mischievous, enthusiastic; limited in humour, illogical, but making up for the lack by intuition swift as lightning—a true woman in every word and gesture. There may be—of course there are—other varieties by the million; but Dolly Mickleham is none the less feminine; and we know that she is so, not by inference or at second hand, but because we see the feminine shape in her mind.

To Mr. Kipling, of course, no suggestions need be made; besides, it would be bootless to do so. But when one sees clever reviewers so glad to turn from humanity to cod-fish it does seem worth while to ask why they neglected to put a foot in the door that the *Dolly Dialogues* opened for a time? Had they but kept it open, there might have been such developments! The old attitudes might have been used again, but with infinite freshness of treatment: and, in fact, they will have to serve us yet, and we shall find them only the more beautiful when they are set-off by minuter and more exact drawing, instead of by new accessories of detail no better than the old were.

G. S.

## REVIEWS.

*Marietta's Marriage.* By W. E. Norris.  
(Heinemann.)

Why are Mr. Norris's novels all so dull? They are good enough stories, well written, well constructed; not without humour, not without observation: the characters are firmly conceived, and the evolution of them by no means slurred. Nevertheless, the books bore one. Why? Because they are almost entirely concerned with those narrowest and most provincial of all human types, men and women of the world. Mr. Norris' personages are all received in good houses; or, if there are exceptions, the salient thing about them generally is that they are not so received. Politics, entertainments, and country-house parties are their occupations. The

bottom interest of the men and women is sport. Of art or letters, or any of the things which make life liveable, they appear to be almost entirely unaware. Now such colourless existences are only material for comedy, and of comedy Mr. Norris has not the note. We cannot be persuaded to accept them as worth tragedy, or even melodrama. Take Lionel Mallet in *Marietta's Marriage*:

"This very handsome, broad-shouldered fellow, whose hair curled crisply over a well-shaped head, and whose profile had been pronounced almost perfect by more than one competent judge, was about to start in life with advantages far more substantial than those which are proverbially but skin-deep. Heir-apparent to an ancient title, and actual proprietor of an estate which had been carefully managed for him during a long minority, he was believed to possess, into the bargain, more than an average share of brains, while he was known to excel in every form of sport and pastime. When to all this is added the fact that his conduct at Eton and Oxford had been irreproachable, or nearly so, it will be perceived that he had some reason for sharing the apprehensions of Polycrates."

Well, Lionel Mallet foolishly marries a foolish woman, and mis-manages his marital relations foolishly, and she foolishly seeks consolation, or nearly seeks consolation, in a cad. But what does it all matter when, wise or foolish, the husband is uninteresting and the wife is uninteresting, and the *tertium quid*, if possible, the most uninteresting of all?

\* \* \* \* \*  
*The Fall of the Sparrow.* By M. C. Balfour.  
(Methuen.)

If this is a first book—and no other is named on the title-page—then it is distinctly a first book of promise. Three out of the four leading characters are, in one way or another, studies in weakness. Nathaniel Forster's is the weakness of the imaginative man, the man of subtle intellectual processes, the dreamer of dreams, cursed with the fatal indecision of a Hamlet:

"In the middle path of quiescence he found a certain peace; he looked on—and did nothing. There was nothing fine or strong about Nathaniel; he was very weak, very unsure of himself, very irresolute, unready when he was called upon, for good or evil; only, when it came to hurting others, he found it easier, always, to hurt himself. . . . And he thanked God that he could work."

Walter Borthwick has the weakness of the zealot. He is a popular and successful priest, buoyant in his pulpit eloquence, in the multitude of his parish workers, sniffing the heady incense of praise. These removed, he relapses into the ordinary animal man. The women of the book have been studied in greater detail; they endure analysis. One of these, too, is weak, weak in the excess of fruitless emotion; she burns with hectic religious fervour for the clergyman rather than the Church; she is oppressed with the sense of a duty to the poor, which nevertheless remains unfulfilled. Over against her stands Philippa, the one strong figure in the book, shrewd, original, firm-willed, sympathetic; quick to see the issue of events, bold to grasp an opportunity, she hides her real self in a shell of wilful charm, tenderness, and boyish good-fellowship. Miss Balfour, if Miss Balfour it be, has put together a well-knit, carefully wrought story. Though it close somewhat raggedly, that is all of a piece with life.

\* \* \* \* \*  
*The Duke and the Damsel.* By Richard Marsh.  
(C. Arthur Pearson.)

This story revolves round two girls fresh from a convent school, a duke who passes himself off as the owner of a wonderful patent ointment which he calls "Collestena," and a Mrs. Delancy-Fyfart, the mother of the two girls and the widow of General Delancy-Fyfart. As a sample of dialogue between Mrs. Delancy-Fyfart and the duke masquerading as Mr. Strophirah-Buggins, take the following:

"I tell you what, Mr. Buggins, you're either the most impertinent vagabond I ever encountered, or you're a blithering idiot—or else you're a mixture of both!"

"Ah, madam! we benefactors to humanity are apt to be regarded as a mixture of both, until the recording angel establishes our claim to honour by inscribing our names on the rolls of patent medicine in the skies, till a whole citiful is cured by one small tin of Collestena!—then!—ah, then we are regarded as something altogether different."

The characters are vulgar, and the whole situation is impossible.

# CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## KINDLY NOTE THESE FACTS.

1. More than 60,000 additional copies of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for last December were required to meet the increased demand.
2. The Sale is still Advancing month by month.
3. The NOVEMBER PART this year, notwithstanding the increased supply produced, was out of print within a few days of publication.
4. The special attractions of the DECEMBER PART, now ready, are quite exceptional.
5. Tens of thousands of additional copies have already been ordered by the trade, but they may prove insufficient to meet the demand; it is therefore requested that orders for the December Part may be given by the public forthwith.
6. Many Magazines double their prices at Christmas, but the Charge for CASSELL'S MAGAZINE remains unchanged.

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On page 1 of the cover of Cassell's Magazine for December appears the first of Two Coupons entitling the subscriber, for the sum of One Shilling, to a copy of

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following letter appeared in the *Times* this week:

SIR,—In this decadent month, after the great sea-serpent has usually risen once more to the surface of the Press—only, perhaps, to be choked in a far from unseasonable effort to emulate the digestion of other contributors by swallowing the gigantic gooseberry—no sensible man will feel and no honest man will affect surprise at the resurrection of a more ‘ridiculous monster’ than these. The notion of an English Academy is too seriously stupid for farce and too essentially vulgar for comedy. But that a man whose outspoken derision of the academic ideal or idea has stood on record for more than a few years, and given deep offence to nameless if high-minded censors by the frank expression of its contempt and the unqualified vehemence of its ridicule, should enjoy the unsolicited honour of nomination to a prominent place in so unimaginable a gathering—*colluvies literarum* it probably would turn out to be, if ever it slunk into shape and writhed into existence—well, it seems to me that the full and proper definition of so posterous an impertinence must be left to others than the bearer of the name selected for the adulation of such insult.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Mr. Swinburne, it is hardly necessary to state, was included in our suggested list of Academicians for his poetry, never for his prose.

MR. SWINBURNE is unfortunate. To be placed against one's will on a list of the first forty men of letters in the country is sufficiently annoying; but to be spoken of lightly in courts of law as a possible jurymen is worse. In a case heard this week an author claimed to be tried by a jury consisting of four fellow authors, four professors of Arabic, four publishers, and, “if possible, a Laureate.” This makes thirteen; but that apparently did not signify. When

asked what Laureate he would choose, the litigant replied—“Mr. Swinburne, perhaps.” The “perhaps” was wisely added.

THE week has been fruitful in invective. The lady who calls herself “Sarah Grand” ranges herself with Mr. Swinburne in the following letter to a critic in the *Daily Telegraph*:

“That you should insult Scott and Thackeray and Dickens with your approval pains me but little, since they will never hear of it; that you are so much cleverer than I am I must modestly accept your word for; that you strain yourself to be facetious and but prove yourself a dunce, I must attribute to your academic degree, and a course of the blighting wit of the common-room; that you should attack me with base misrepresentation I set down to some rag of chivalry that still clings to you; that you are of ancient lineage I am willing to admit, since your putting into my mouth words and sentiments which are not mine shows you infected with the blood of Ananias; that you should take yourself as a serious judge of art is a crime for which it is painful to think you must one day settle between you and your God; but that you should write yourself down an admirer of mine is the ugliest blow that my art has dealt me, and I take this opportunity to publicly apologise for it.”

Women when they incline to sarcasm are badly in need of a monitor borrowed from the inferior sex.

CONCERNING the completeness and honesty of FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyám, which lately have been called in question, we have received a letter from one of the first Persian scholars now living, from which we make an extract very much to the point. “Edward Fitz-Gerald,” he writes, “never intended his version of Omar Khayyám to be literal, and his readers will be inevitably disappointed if they expect to find in it an exact representation of the original. He frequently mixes up two or three quatrains into one; sometimes he puts in a line or two of his own; while the rest may be taken from the Persian. Thus the lines about

‘the seas that mourn  
In flowing purple for their Lord forlorn,’  
are not from Omar Khayyám at all, but from an apologue in Attar's “Bird-Parliament.” Fitz-Gerald followed Dryden, and even went beyond him in venturing to alter his original. I remember Dryden in his tenth Satire of Juvenal renders

‘Exitus ergo quis est, O gloria?’

by  
‘But what's his end, O charming Glory—say  
What rare fifth act to crown this huffing play?’  
This interpolated line is just in Fitz-Gerald's manner. Some quatrains are perfect as translations, others are really no translations at all.”

THE eternal low simmer in which the Junius question remains will be encouraged by the sale, to-day (Saturday), of a large number of letters addressed by Sir Philip Francis to various correspondents. But we are told that these letters afford no clue to the mystery of Junius. It is, perhaps, as well: a final fixing of the letters on any one of the persons to whom they are now

attributed would be heart-breaking to those Junius students who found themselves in the wrong. Hazlitt was almost killed by the news of Napoleon's fall, and there are gentlemen who would have to be sent home from their clubs in cabs if Francis were proved to be Junius—or if he proved not to be Junius.

THE chorus of praise which has greeted Mr. Walter Raleigh's book on *Style* is brusquely interrupted by the *Saturday Review*. Its critic thinks that Mr. Raleigh's work is

“the most intolerable piece of literary coxcombry which it has ever been our irritating ill-fortune to meet with. It may be described as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the preciosity of Pater and Stevenson. Every sentence seems to dance on a tight-rope.”

“Nonsense” and “twaddle” are epithets applied to the book.

MARK TWAIN's new book, *More Tramps Abroad*, is published. The dedication runs:

THIS BOOK  
is affectionately inscribed to my young friend  
HARRY ROGERS

with recognition  
of what he is, and apprehension of what he may become  
unless he form himself a little more closely  
upon the model of

THE AUTHOR

And there is a prefatory word concerning the Pudd'nhead maxims: “These wisdoms are for the luring of youth toward high moral altitudes. The author did not gather them from practice, but from observation. To be good is noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble.” A curious departure is the printing on the back of the title-page of the name and address of the lady who typed the original MS.

THE latest modern author to achieve the distinction of a popular sixpenny edition of a novel is Mr. Clark Russell, whose *Wreck of the “Grosvenor”* has just been issued in that form by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It is by many considered his best story, and it should widen his popularity considerably. Will not the same publishers try the effect of one of Mr. William Black's romances in this form? He is a charming writer, who, all undeservedly, seems to have fallen into neglect.

In a paragraph last week concerning illustrations for children we deplored the scarcity of artists whose leading ambition is to please the child; to make him, we said, “laugh or shout, or grow big-eyed with wonder or delight.” Since writing these words the work of an artist who to some extent fulfils these conditions has been published. It now lies before us—*Jumbles*, written and illustrated by Mr. Lewis Baumer (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.). Mr. Baumer is a clever and vigorous draughtsman, with a true gift of irresponsible fun—of nonsense, in fact—which he is able to express both with pencil and with pen. His verses are crisp and simple, and in no way self-conscious. They hardly bear quoting



apart from the picture, but here is one of the shortest :

"A silly sort of person went  
And sat up in a tree ;  
'What's good enough for birds,' he said,  
'Is good enough for me.'"

The verses, in short, serve to introduce the picture, and then their work is done. The pictures themselves, some in colours and some in monotint, are merry and sufficient. They teem with drollery of the requisite obvious variety. There is a scene of two lady pigs on bicycles, which may become a nursery classic. But all Mr. Baumer's pigs are a delight. He loves little pigs with a love not exceeded by Charles Lamb.

We wonder that none of our minor poets, who, alas ! seem to shirk concrete themes, have not found a subject in the recent City fire. Perhaps they will yet be inspired by the spectacle of the flames licking the church in which Milton sleeps. Meanwhile, we must be content with the following lines which an old woman was heard chanting in a street in Hackney last Tuesday :

"Good people, I'se a widder lone,  
To you my woes I'll tell,  
Though I 'umble ham an' werry pore,  
I'se most re-spect-i-bel.  
"But suddent I'se thrown hout on work,  
An' hincome lost hentire.  
I'se a pore, burned hout charwoman,  
Along hof the City fire.  
"I worked hin a City horfice long,  
None toiled as 'ard as me,  
But the burnin' flames took away the bread  
Hof me an' my childring three.  
"Then 'elp a burned hout charwoman  
To feed 'er familiee,  
Wot's ruined by the cruel City fire  
An' struck with poverttee."

The *Evening News*, which reports the incident, is scornful of the poor woman because a few weeks ago she was singing her woes as a "washed-out hop-picker." But surely such lyrical resource is to be encouraged.

THE Rev. George Paton, of Ramsey, Isle of Man, writes thus to a *Manx* paper: "I do not doubt that there will be more than one memorial to the memory of our greatest Manxman, the Rev. T. E. Brown, but we are very anxious that one should be placed here, in the town to which he was greatly attached, and in the church in which he was accustomed to worship. It is proposed that the memorial take the form of a stained glass window, in the only remaining unfilled light on the ground floor of St. Paul's." Mr. Paton expresses himself ready to receive subscriptions.

As specimens of unsuitable illustrations we have rarely seen anything to surpass Mr. Byam Shaw's drawings to accompany a selection from Browning's poems which Messrs. Bell & Sons have just published. The artist is Mr. Byam Shaw, and Dr. Garnett in his introduction says: "The accompanying illustrations, it is believed, will commend themselves to all as the production of an artist who has imbibed the spirit of Browning, and proved himself com-

petent to reproduce imaginative thought as visible form, with no loss of vigour or abatement of the sense of reality."

If Dr. Garnett had not saved himself by writing "it is believed," our opinion of him as an art critic would decrease. Mr. Shaw has certainly permitted no abatement of reality. He spares us nothing. The plate to "The Last Ride Together" shows us a young squire and the vicar's daughter in a squashed down sailor hat, each on a sorry nag. To turn from the picture to the poetry is ludicrous :

"My mistress bent that brow of hers,  
Those deep, dark eyes where pride demurs  
When pity would be softening through"—

and so on. In "The Grammarian's Funeral" we are offered the coffin itself; Pippa turns out to be an English maiden with a vacuous face; the Lost Mistress, the same girl, or just such another, standing by the fire, while her lover, who more than a little resembles Mr. Anthony Hope in faultless evening dress, sulks in the foreground. Altogether, a less desirable work we have rarely handled.

WHILE on the subject of illustrations we should like to give a word of praise to the graceful and winsome drawings of infants which figure in the modest little calendar for 1898 just published by Mr. George Allen. The artist, Miss Nellie Benson, has a clean line, a pleasing sense of form, and much charm.

THE current issue of the *Tablet* contains the following communication from a correspondent :

"These parallel passages, taken from the columns of the *Illustrated London News* at a twelvemonth's interval, are, I venture to think, worth reproducing as an object-lesson of the value (or otherwise) of a certain class of contemporary literary criticism :

"(October, 1896.)      "(November 13, 1897.)

"It is more or less authoritatively announced that the Very Rev. F. A. Gasquet is shortly to be raised to the purple. . . . Dr. Gasquet is one of the most able and distinguished of Roman Catholic writers. His researches and his learning have done more to clear up the difficult historical problems that circle around the suppression of the monasteries than those, probably, of any living writer. His ability has been widely recognised in quarters by no means friendly to the position of the Roman Catholic Church in England."

"The ACADEMY List [of proposed 'Academicians'] is an entirely hopeless one. It is only necessary to mention, for example, the name of Father Gasquet to indicate the absolute fatuousness of the selection. Gasquet is a Roman Catholic priest who has laboured diligently in the field of sixteenth century historical research. He has written without illumination, and with a prejudice as rampant as that which would have characterised a d'Aubigné on the other side. . . . He is a d'Aubigné without his learning. There are probably five or six hundred clergymen of the Church of England who have as great claims for consideration as Father Gasquet, &c."

A GLADSTONE Birthday Book was inevitable. It is now announced by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. Each day of the year will be accompanied by a quotation from Mr. Gladstone's writings or speeches. Mr. G. Barnett Smith will supply an introduction, although an introduction to Mr. Gladstone seems a little unnecessary. We trust that the selections are being made with care. The last thing, for example, that one wants to read on the First of May is a pronouncement on Home Rule.

At the same time comes the "Ian Maclaren Calendar" for 1898 (Hodder & Stoughton). Ian Maclaren is a Scotch writer from whose books three hundred and sixty-five lines, cruelly incomplete and often almost meaningless, or, at any rate, unco' ordinar' (as he would say), have been wrenched to accompany the dates. As a specimen of the result attained, we will give the texts for the week of 1898, corresponding to the week now before us :

Nov. 26 Sat.	The dog rose and laid his head on Drumshough's hand . . .
" 27 Sun.	For the first time a halo rests on gentleness, patience, kindness and sanctity . . .
" 28 Mon.	Weel dune, Jess. Weel dune, auld mare . . .
" 29 Tues.	It seemed, after our loss, as if life could never regain its buoyancy . . .
" 30 Wed.	The wind came in gusts, roaring in the chimney . . .
Dec. 1 Thurs.	A rough December night . . .
" 2 Fri.	Many were the myths that gathered round that coat.

They hardly seem needful, these extracts. To choose definitions from a dictionary would be more illuminating.

CONNOISSEURS of book-binding cannot do better than inspect the exhibition of Artistic Book-binding by Women which has been organised by Mr. Karlake in the Charing Cross-road. Mr. Karlake's attention was attracted to the exhibits of book-binding by women at the Victoria Era Exhibition; and with considerable enterprise he has again collected those exhibits at his book-shop in the above thoroughfare. The bindings shown are mostly in embossed leather, and they are the unfettered and artistic work of the hand, executed by gentlewomen in Edinburgh, Chiswick, Kirby Lonsdale, and other places.

MR. KARSLAKE is also showing a novelty in the form of illustrated books coloured by hand. In Miss Gloria Cardew, a young and clever lady, he has found a colourist capable of doing charming work in this direction. We have seen a copy of Messrs. Bell & Son's recently published edition of Keats, in which Mr. Anning Bell's line illustrations have been embellished by Miss Cardew with delicate tints. The effect is delightful. In these days, when the coloured print is so popular, we should not be surprised to find hand-coloured book illustrations rise into similar favour.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH  
CRITICISM.

THERE are few literary questions that have been debated with so much persistence as the definition and the province of true criticism. Even if the meaning of criticism be limited to a decision on the value or worthlessness of current literary productions, it becomes almost impossible to decide between the relative merits of the criticism enjoyed by writers of different nationalities. For further questions will inevitably arise as to the superiority of Form over Matter, as to the suitability of various languages as vehicles of thought.

But, after thus posing my little variation of the problem, "What is Truth?" I shall be following ancient precedent if I wait not for an answer. For, as between the United States and England, the question is considerably simplified by a presumed identity of language, and by the fact that criticism at the present day in America is to all intents and purposes non-existent. In England we can undoubtedly find more than twelve good men and true who may be depended upon for an impartial verdict in accordance with the facts; and even if the "summing up" take several pages of valuable space in the ACADEMY, it produces specimens of broad-minded toleration not unworthy the best examples of the Bench; but, whatever judges bless or ban us on this side, I am not able to discover one upon the other—no, not in Boston—who can either sentence an American literary criminal to death or even discharge him without a stain upon his character.

I have no desire in this place either to compare the text of English and American opinions on the same book, or even to compare the various organs which on either side of the Atlantic pose as the arbiters of literary taste. If I name one, it will be to name no more; but it is impossible to avoid in this connexion the remembrances of the good work in the pages of the *Nation* towards erecting some standard of intelligent and independent judgment which may influence American literature. But the example stands almost alone. For the American public prefers facts to any opinion save its own. It would be a fair statement to say that they like to read first newspapers, then magazines, and lastly books. Yet there is no doubt that though what stands there for criticism is very widely scattered, often very desultory, our Transatlantic readers give a good book a very fair chance of success. English authors have long ago realised that the public who will buy English books and read them has been more than tripled in the last quarter of a century. Piracies that were formerly of merely sentimental interest have now developed into serious questions of copyright and of pecuniary loss. It was America that sold *Trilby*, which is a typical example. For it showed very clearly that people to whom such phrases as the *dernier cri* or *fin de siècle* are treasured watchwords have, in reality, many generations to live through before they reach the modernity of our outworn creeds. To them the *Vie de Bohème* was unknown; the Quartier Latin was an undiscovered

country. I speak, of course, of the nation as a whole, for it is upon a far larger public than the merely literary that such a success as was *Trilby's* must depend. In that public one of the characteristics of the reader is to prefer his own judgment to that of any extraneous authority. It is, therefore, possible for a writer, in many cases, to appeal independently to his audience without any fear that they will be prejudiced by a cacophony of "general articles," or by the too easily accepted verdict of a few. After a recent visit to New York I asked Mr. W. D. Howells what he thought upon this very subject. "We have no one, I believe," he replied, "whose good opinion (like that of Mr. Gladstone with you) would make the future of a book. Lowell's opinion, in his closing years, would have done more in that way than any other." And, indeed, if any individual does influence the American public he neither obtains acknowledgment nor dares confession. For Lowell is dead. Curtis is dead. Others who followed less conspicuously in their footsteps have died, died from sheer inanition. No one read them. The critic is unable, like the Pelican of the story, to nourish a family with the blood of his own breast. He cannot sustain life by crying in the wilderness.

The problem is still unsolved of how to bring any art, or criticism of art, into touch with the intellectual needs and aspirations of that great democracy to which an American critic must vainly speak. Other countries have passed through such phases as the aristocratic energy of Greece, the monarchic centralisation of France, the national enthusiasm of Elizabethan England. Even the Republic of the United States, in the earlier years of the new Constitution, before ancestral influences had died away, showed full of possibilities. The worn-out methods of European classicism, invigorated by the birth of a new nation, seemed likely to produce a literature that should reflect the strength and youth of independent growths expanding on a virgin soil. But the "innate malignity of material things" has triumphed. The free democracy, which older nations have attained only through martyrdoms of oppression, was not thus to be created, full-fledged and perfect, from the theory of the Fathers of the Republic. Nay, these very efforts to ensure the political freedom of their people have but resulted (as we have seen so recently) in a greater thralldom to corruption, in far worse forms of despotism, than are known in countries which by nominal monarchy have achieved a real democracy. In literature and criticism Americans are suffering in the same way; because the problem of development has been offered to them in an unnatural form. Huge populations have sprung up, trained chiefly to money-making, spread over a vast area of country or aggregated in the mushroom growth of unformed cities. The idea of nationality, though blatantly proclaimed, has little real existence in the *colluvies omnium gentium* produced by constant immigration. This complex mass of hurrying, keenly trafficking personalities, bound together only by a superficial education in the elements of knowledge, is confronted by

an equally heterogeneous array of cosmopolitan men of letters, whose production is itself too hasty, whose audience have no time or care to take a trained opinion on the work presented. The voice of the leisurely and cultured critic has been drowned in the clamour of the stockbroker. He has not cared to speak again.

The "literary output" of Chicago for one week has just been chronicled by a correspondent. I need not reproduce the list. *Travels in Spain* (by a lady), *Theories of Life and Education* (by a bishop), *Studies in French Criticism* (by another lady), a volume on *Monticulture* (*sic*), and a monograph on *Marengo*, these are a few of the productions which this central city of the West is turning out so rapidly. And I have mentioned neither poetry nor fiction. But the mere record serves as a reminder of another differentiating phase of American intellectual life. That life has no centre, no metropolis of culture or of critical authority, which can claim to speak to the whole body of its citizens. For considerations of space affect the whole question. The greatest critic (whoever he may be) of the North Atlantic seaboard has but a slight chance of influencing Chicago, or even of arresting the attention of the West. This is one reason why a national school of literature cannot as yet be said to exist in the United States. Walt Whitman pointed out long ago the direction which such national endeavours might take. And we may well believe that the great Democracy ought to produce both a literature and a criticism differing in essential points from those of classical antiquity and romantic feudalism. Freed from the fetters of scholastic tradition, delivered both from pedantry and the inevitable reaction, the American author has a share in all that modern science can suggest or new political conceptions promise. He can get very near to nature and to truth. The very industries that surround him can reveal a store of beauty that it is the special mission of a democratic art to reproduce. But as a general rule he will have none of these things. The fine material that lies ready to his hand he will persist in dressing up in uncouth and incongruous trappings. Eager to produce, restive under authority, he proclaims aloud a spurious freedom that he has lost alike in literature and in citizenship. He must work out his own salvation; and in the process some school of criticism must inevitably arise that shall point him in the right path.

In the meantime, a defenceless American public is bombarded with trash of every kind. If, indeed, as the best of our own prophets has said, we are all living under the "tyranny of the novel," then English readers may at least be thankful for the cloud of literary sentinels who keep outside the lines all those who have not some semblance of credentials to admission. In a half-educated and still undeveloped country that portion of the philosophy of life which has come under the observation of the average reader is but the smallest fraction of the seductive whole laid light-heartedly before him by "the omniscient, omnipresent novelist." While a credulous public accepts as gospel all that is given; it under the

guise of "literature," there is very little chance that writers will improve their methods. The American critic is just now as necessary for the protection of the public as for the education of the author. The standard of excellence, in each case, needs far more rigorous application.

Mr. Howells's reference to Mr. Gladstone's influence in this country was no doubt suggested by the well-known instance of *Robert Elsmere*. But the change has come. We scarcely needed Sir Herbert Maxwell's letter to remind us that the *magni nominis umbra* has vanished, in this case at least. It only remains to ask whether any other individual expression of opinion can be regarded as a valuable element in English criticism. If no such personal authority exists at the present day in America, may it not be that a public which is troubled by no criticism at all is in better case than one which absorbs without reflection the judgment of its temporary favourites? The actual quantity of thoroughly sound criticism in England is now of such proportions, whether from the mere increase of "subject-matter" or from other reasons, that I hardly venture to suggest the danger of its becoming too authoritative. Not every critic is so receptive, so open-minded in considering fresh endeavour, as is necessary for continuous growth. If the follower of the old classical school would take no denial of his right to judge, still less could his successor of the romantic type divest himself of those subjective qualities which affected even the phrasing of his verdict. Among the best equipped of critics the element of personal taste in literature must remain inexplicable and irreducible. But the reaction may carry us too far. The modern scientific school which studies things in their historical connexions, and traces an organic development in literature analogous to that in the animal kingdom, seems more likely to provide us with handy guides to knowledge than with inspiration to the best creative work. It may be true, as De Quincey pointed out, that "authors have always been a dangerous class for any language." And we are well aware that the guardians of our national taste should be critical rather than creative. But is there not some slight risk that the guardianship is being rather overdone?

THEODORE COOK.

#### THE CASE FOR LATIN VERSES.

EVERY schoolmaster knows that the last quarter of a century has witnessed a strong reaction against the teaching of Latin verse. The demands of the science master, the mathematical master, the French master, and the German master, not to mention the requirements of the games' master, have made such inroads upon the time-table that a bare margin is left for the use of the classical master. A utilitarian age has regarded verse-making as merely an elegant way of wasting time; and whereas within the memory of living Etonians versification was practically the only test of scholarship,

to-day an Oxford man may win his First in classical "Mods" and his First in "Greats" without writing a single hexameter. It is, of course, unquestionable that the highest kind of scholarship, such as that of Prof. Jebb, is impossible without skill in the metres of Greece and Rome. This you may see in the case of the German commentators, who, not having learned to write verses at school, come not infrequently to dire grief when they try to emend the ancient poets. But it is not likely, it is not even desirable, that the majority of public school boys will grow up into commentators. The question which the modern headmaster has to decide is whether the boy who is destined for the Army, the Navy, the Church, or the Bar will be better fitted for his profession by a knowledge—and, as a rule, a very limited knowledge—of Latin verse writing. And this is a question which the Headmaster of Haileybury sets himself to answer frankly and fully in the carefully reasoned little book which he calls *Are We to go on with Latin Verses?* (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Mr. Lyttelton is quite ready to admit that the average schoolboy gets but a very little way towards the writing of original Latin verses. Indeed, he seldom gets much beyond the stage at which he is able to select from a certain number of possible words which he has in front of him sufficient words to dovetail into a passable rendering in hexameter or pentameter of an English line. Now the ordinary objection to the teaching of Latin verses is that not one boy in a hundred is ever taught to write Latin verses which would not set a scholar's teeth on edge. Mr. Lyttelton maintains that even in its elementary stages the study has special advantages over all other studies. Assuming, as he has every right to assume—that the study of Latin is of educational value, he maintains that the making of verses helps a boy to increase his vocabulary easily and almost unconsciously. The search for synonyms and the use of words with the ulterior object of clamping a verse must be a pleasanter way of getting a vocabulary than the learning of a page of the dictionary. Secondly, it is impossible to appreciate the "harmonies of the Latin Muse" without a knowledge of the metres in which that Muse sang. This point may, we think, be dismissed with the reflection that not one schoolboy in a hundred ever attains any appreciation of Virgil or Horace. "Automatic punishment of inaccuracy" is a third advantage of this scholastic pursuit. The boy who, writing Latin prose, translated "that dying soldier" by "ut infectus milites" involved his master in a very lengthy explanation. If he had had to put the same into a Latin verse, his efforts at dovetailing that preposterous combination of words would have failed, and the failure would have pointed to his mistake. On the other hand, most grown-up schoolboys will recall occasions when they strained the laws of grammar to meet those of rhythm, and that not infrequently the most ungrammatical lines scanned the best.

But these arguments have been heard again and again. Mr. Lyttelton bases his verdict in favour of Latin verses rather

upon the fact that they are more stimulating to the schoolboy than any other study. When a boy has written an English essay, or a French exercise, or a piece of Latin prose he cannot see with his own eyes, and at once, that he has done something as it ought to be done. But when he has pieced his pentameter together, and sees that it is true and taut, he feels the satisfaction of the desire for visible achievement. "To compare small things with great," writes Mr. Lyttelton, with the humour of a scholar who is also a cricketer, "the perfecting of a pentameter is, in this respect only, not wholly unlike the hitting of a half-volley to leg." Mr. Lyttelton knows as much as most men of the schoolboy in the class-room and in the cricket field. And if the schoolboy likes perfecting pentameters as well as placing a loose ball over the ropes, by all means let him perfect them. The more especially as they undoubtedly teach him Latin.

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON's book on dead lands—Thebes and Judæa—contains some very brilliant pages among quantities of very dull ones. There is not a lively passage in the whole volume, hardly a sketch or a figure, if we except the solitary instance of the hotel-keeper of Jaffa who, in laying the table and beating off the flies with his napkin, offered his guests one of his own books, a volume entitled *Pilules Bibliques*. There were 365 pills to be taken daily for an entire year, and if the patients refrain "from light reading, such as novels, &c., during the course of treatment," they are promised perfect moral health; cordial relations with one's neighbours are re-established, the intelligence is illumined, and the appetite for the Word of God restored. The pills consisted of 365 verses from the Bible, and the innkeeper was a German Protestant.

This is an unusual break in somewhat heavy and laboured descriptive writing. M. Chevrillon has systematically modelled himself, as an observer of lands and races, on his illustrious uncle, M. Taine; only he accentuates the defects of his model without brightening these by Taine's vivacity and vigour of style, which more than make amends. M. Chevrillon can be extremely picturesque, and he often reaches really beautiful effects of colour and form. But his psychology is in excessive evidence. He describes at a ruthless length, and crowded details, instead of painting a clear picture on the mind, confront the reader with a hopeless confusion of images and suggestions. The style lacks delicacy of touch, vividness of stroke, clearness of form, and the matter is treated from too dull and intellectual a point of view. To the general reader it presents too much of the features of a book of research, while this in turn is belied by its air of gathered impressions. Here, for instance, is a distinct echo of Taine in his *Carnets de Voyage*:

"That first evening was very fine: we had

left the region of big grey clouds, the great patches of autumn that the Mediterranean had blown as far as south of the Delta, and we had discovered the happy regions—a stirless world, where all in the pure light was enchanted. The arid chain eastward girdled the distant plain; it was a vague rose band scarce brushed with bluish shadows, and of such lightness that it did not even seem of vapour, but a simple play of light round the green terrestrial world, like certain mysterious rays of *aurora borealis* in the shadow of the evening."

These sort of descriptions abound, and are sometimes so prolonged that their effect is diminished. But in the chapters on Judæa, M. Chevrillon has said some things remarkably true and deep. Speaking of the disillusion of Jerusalem, he writes:

"The true Christmas, the true Holy Family, was dreamed of in Europe, in the Middle Ages, by monks and tender-hearted peasants: across the fields and through flowery woods, over a green country, a blue and radiant night, like those of our June, a marvellous star followed by mysterious kings, mailed like knights, laden with jewels, and coming one knows not whither, walking through the wheat by river meads towards the straw cradle where, not far from the sheep, in its dawn the little Child slept under the care of the good carpenter, beneath the profound and suave glance of a white and saintly Mary."

The Christian faith, he tells us, is nowhere so poor, so venal, so insincere as at Jerusalem, its cradle. The missionaries aver that they have to pay and feed their pupils to keep them in the church. "We keep them Christian through the mouth." Christianity, M. Chevrillon says, lies elsewhere. The Jews and the Arabs he describes as essentially alike, self-concentrated, poor from without. They possess the same inferiority of visual faculty, the same incapacity to get outside of self, to take the measure of things, the same predominance in lyrical and personal poetry. Neither race perceives the plastic or coloured details of reality. Their images in prose and poetry paint a moral condition. Form disappears, and the style of their writers is fierce and spasmodic, instead of flexible, wavering, delicate and subtle. Shades and complexities of meaning are unknown to both, while the brusque and jerky interpretation of strong and simple emotions of primitive feelings has all the shudder of life.

M. Pierre Loti forms a fine contrast with M. Chevrillon as a descriptive writer. Everything that the one is not the other is—and the reverse. Both address us simultaneously with their impressions of "far, fair, foreign lands." Only, alas! Loti is far from at his best. Nothing more thin and fugitive than these collected papers: "Figures et choses qui passaient." He has done the Basque country so beautifully in his enchanting novel *Ramuntcho* that one asks oneself in dismay why he should think fit to come forward now with a half-dozen worthless articles on the subject. And really the wizard is becoming too intolerably sentimental for a patient hearing. It has been said that sentimentality kills sentiment. This last dose of Loti-ism almost kills pity in us, so emasculate and long-drawn-out is the enervating pity of Pierre Loti. He weeps

over the death of children in a way to make one relish the contrary disposition of Herod. His attitude throughout this volume is that of the walrus who spoke "holding his pocket handkerchief before his streaming eyes."

We are very sorry for the untimely death of two-year-old little Roger, his servant's child, and are prepared to believe he was the blonde little angel Loti complacently describes him with the tears rolling down his cheeks; but when Loti has wept separately over the baby's curls, and eyes, and smile, and lisp, and his little pink gown, and then begins to weep anew over the thought of his embroidered cravat that was generally crooked, good heavens! we have had enough both of Loti and the baby. Could a sane man write more absurd stuff than this concluding pathetic cry: "*Mon Dieu*, behold my heart torn anew, so that I must weep again in thinking of that little cravat with the bow behind falling on the back of that pink gown!" Ah! Monsieur Loti, what a safe and pleasant thing is the vice of humour. It would save you from the dangerous pitfalls of your too tremulous sensibilities.

The *Mur d'en face*, however, reaches real pathos, and here we have the old touch of the charmer—the delicate, soft, enchanting touch that nobody alive possesses but Loti. In such moments he seems to get to the very heart of sadness—to reveal its full, unfathomable glance, the pathos of its tearlessness, its eternal, unbroken silence. This slight little sketch is the best of the collection, but most readers will prefer the pages on the war in Annam. But he lacks all grasp of his subject here. He delicately paints the surprise and gratitude of the Chinese wounded when their conquerors give them to drink instead of torturing them, and he feels finely for them.

H. L.

#### NEW BOOKS.

*L'Alliance Autrichienne.* Duc de Broglie.  
*Poèmes.* Stuart Mersil.

#### DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE FOR POSTERITY?

##### A NEW HYPOTHESIS.

It is a commonly received opinion that after his retirement to Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare gave no thought to the MSS. that he had left in the hands of the players, but treated them as so much waste paper, unworthy of preservation. As this implies an extraordinary lack of judgment on the part of the greatest poet, dramatist, and philosopher that the world has known, it is surprising that the meagre facts of the case should have been so little scrutinised by Halliwell-Phillipps, Karl Elze, and other latter-day commentators, because, it seems to me they point to a conclusion diametrically opposite to the one generally entertained. In support of the hypothesis of Shakespeare's indifference to the fate of his plays—for the quarto publications, besides being very

incomplete, were probably piratical, or at least unauthorised—there is but one single circumstance to allege—an important circumstance, no doubt—namely, that after his retirement, although nearly four years elapsed before his death, he did not, in fact, collect his papers and give them to the world in an authentic form. This omission may, of course, have been intentional; but in the absence of direct proof one way or the other, we can only infer why the greatest name in literature was in danger of being lost to us, and I propose to show that, inference for inference, it is more likely that Shakespeare was prevented from editing his plays, than that he wished them consigned to oblivion. Even in those remote days, when reading was the luxury of the few, men had "posterity" before their eyes. It was to posterity, it will be remembered, that Bacon (Shakespeare's greatest literary contemporary) entrusted the vindication of his character. Was posterity ever present to Shakespeare's mind? Once this question is asked, not one circumstance (as in the case of the negative proposition) but a multitude of circumstances point to an affirmative answer.

First, as regards the literary quality of his work. It is inconceivable that a man of Shakespeare's judgment should have been blind to his own merits in comparison with those of his contemporaries, and of the classic writers. His excellence was freely acknowledged in his own day—it is a mistake to suppose that it was not. Greene's spiteful reference, no less than Ben Jonson's flattering ode, attests it. Several contemporary poets praise Shakespeare, and, as early as 1600, the compilers of anthologies began to make free with his works. *England's Parnassus*, *The Garden of the Muses*, *England's Helicon*, and *The Wits' Treasury*, of that period, all accord a prominent place to Shakespeare. The compiler of the last-named, one Meres, "Master of Arts in both Universities," goes so far as to say that the "sweet-wittie soul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." If Shakespeare was not alive to his own genius, therefore, it was not for want of hearing it proclaimed. Besides, the success of his plays alone must have sufficed to convince him of the fact.

Secondly, there is very strong evidence in the plays themselves that they were written not solely with an eye to the two or three hours' traffic of the stage, which then, as now, was *réglementaire*. The probability is that Shakespeare had a reading public in his mind. In none of the plays is there anything which "dates"—any mention of a contemporary statesman, soldier, sailor, poet, priest, man of science, nobleman, king, or queen. Yet those were the days of great deeds by land and sea; the old faith and the new were striving for mastery, and science was changing men's conception of the universe. Shakespeare treated only of the stable facts of history and the enduring passions of men. The absence from his plays of any reference to his intellectual, moral, or political surroundings is very striking. Things could not have been better ordered in works designed to be "for all time." On the other hand, for



the mere catch-penny purposes with which Shakespeare has been credited even by the most reverent of his critics, contemporary allusions would have been valuable, and there are plenty of them in the literature of the period.

A more important consideration still, from our present point of view, is the length of the plays. It is notorious that the great tragedies and many of the comedies have to be cut down by one-half or two-thirds in order to be brought within the compass of a three hours' performance. Of course, modern *mise-en-scène* and the division of the play into acts, prolong the action a good deal beyond what the author may have intended. Whether any break was made in the course of the play in Shakespeare's time we do not know; but, certainly, his stage managers were not hampered with movable scenery. Still, all due allowance being made on this score, and also for a more rapid delivery than modern actors cultivate, the plays, almost without exception, are far too long for the stage. It is impossible to read "Hamlet" through in such a manner as to be intelligible to an audience in less than five hours; most of the other plays require four hours or four and a quarter, and that at a faster rate of delivery than, I think, any body of actors taking their cues from each other could adopt. With pauses such as probably were made even in the days of no scenery, the time occupied in the representation of a Shakespearean play in its entirety could not in the majority of cases have been less than five hours. The presumption, consequently, is that Shakespeare treated his subject with all the fulness of detail that suggested itself to his mind at the time of writing without regard to the technical requirements of acting. This is the more probable that many long passages consist of philosophical disquisitions or poetry that could not be regarded as dramatic or indispensable to the subject. Is it conceivable that Shakespeare, the practical dramatist, wrote these with no other object than that they should be cut and chopped about at the discretion of an ignorant stage-manager?

The third set of considerations bearing upon this question appear to me the weightiest of all. The preface of Hemyng and Condell, who printed the plays in the first folio edition, seven years after Shakespeare's death, contains the following:

"It has been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right," &c.

These words are not at variance with the hypothesis that Shakespeare had intended to publish his collected works. Rather they point to such a purpose; and Hemyng and Condell, be it remembered, were the poet's friends, and likely to be acquainted with his intentions. Why, then, did Shakespeare neglect the duty of collecting and publishing his works? Here we arrive at the crucial point. The common belief (started by Rowe, his first biographer, who wrote 100 years after Shakespeare's death) is that the poet retired to Stratford on a

competence to spend the latter portion of his life "in ease and the conversation of his friends the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." I venture to think the actual circumstances were very different. Shakespeare suddenly ceased work at the age of forty-eight. A few months previously he bought a dwelling-house in Blackfriars, presumably with the intention of living there. But towards the close of the year 1613 his plans were changed, and he buried himself alive in the remote, dull, unattractive town of Stratford. To suppose that he sought the society of the "gentlemen of the neighbourhood," with whom he could have had nothing in common, in preference to the merry gatherings in London in which Ben Jonson and other wits of the time took part, is absurd. Nor does the literary mind willingly cease producing at forty-eight. The most likely cause of Shakespeare's early and sudden withdrawal from the scene of his labours and literary interests was ill-health. He must have wished to be at home and to be nursed by his wife.

This is my assumption, and it will be found to be in sinister accord with the known facts. Shakespeare did not belong to a healthy stock. He was one of a family of eight, of whom seven, including himself, attained an average age of only twenty-one years, the one long-lived member being his sister Joan. With all the insanitary conditions of life in those days, this is an exceptionally low average, only explicable on the assumption that Shakespeare, like so many men of genius, sprang from a stock physically unsound. As to the cause of his death the only information extant is the famous entry in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, of Stratford, who wrote in 1663: "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted." Strange to say, this obviously spiteful piece of gossip has been accepted by all the biographers down to the present time. Medical science, however, rejects it. There is no fever properly so called which can be contracted by drinking, and Shakespeare's death, moreover, occurred two and a half months after the "merrie meeting." Halliwell-Phillips supposes the fever to have been typhus or typhoid; but in order to sustain this hypothesis he is obliged to tamper with the date of the signing of the poet's will on his deathbed. The dangerous seizure which caused the draft will to be signed, as it had stood for months in the lawyer's hand, took place on March 25, the original word January being struck out and March written in. But the patient did not die for four weeks and a day, which is not the usual course of typhus or typhoid fever; and for Halliwell-Phillips's suggestion that the melancholy gathering at New Place happened later than the 25th of March, the day of the month in the draft will being "left unchanged by an oversight," there is no warrant whatever.

The fever hypothesis being inadmissible, of what, then, did Shakespeare die? There are facts from which a plausible inference on this point may be drawn. According to Hemyng and Condell the poet must in his prime have written with great ease, since

there was "scarce a blot" in his papers. But all his unquestionable signatures that remain are shaky enough to denote some sort of paralysis. The early Florio signature, authentic or not, is free from this defect, but in the signature appended to the lease in 1613 the shakiness of the hand is evident; in the signatures to the will a month before his death it is such that the name is hardly legible. Another fact demonstrating the probability of some affection of the nervous system is that in dictating the draft will drawn up by his lawyer in January, 1616, Shakespeare failed to remember the Christian name of his nephew Thomas Hart, which accordingly remains blank to this day—a veritable oversight this! And failure of memory, together with unsteadiness of the hand, is, I need not add, the frequent precursor of a fatal paralytic or apoplectic attack. So far from passing the three and a half years of his retirement in pleasant intercourse with "the gentlemen of the neighbourhood" of Stratford therefore, Shakespeare, I feel justified in inferring, was a martyr to ill-health, the victim of some sort of nervous complaint which betrayed itself in his handwriting before his departure from London. If so, the amazing hypothesis that he was so indifferent to the "heirs of his invention" that he did not care to pass them on to posterity no longer holds water. That it should ever have found a moment's credence, indeed, is remarkable. How much more natural to suppose, in accordance with the above interpretation of the facts, that the same cause which impelled Shakespeare to throw down his pen at the early age of forty-eight prevented him from taking it up in his retirement! And how much more creditable to his judgment!

J. F. NISBET.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

#### SALES AND EDITIONS.

FOLLOWING our recent inquiry into the present sales of the Waverley Novels, and into the merits of the various editions now before the public, we have issued similar inquiries respecting the novels of Dickens and Thackeray. The following is the result of our investigation. A large London bookseller writes:

"We have no hesitation in saying that, in our experience, Dickens keeps his place at the head of the list of authors living or dead, although Thackeray and Scott come close enough to be associated with him. The trio stand quite alone. Among the editions of Dickens now available the preference must be given to the 'Gadshill' edition, now in course of publication. It is everything that could be desired in point of paper, print, illustrations, binding, and price, and it is making its way. Next to this we have the 'Crown,' which is the best popular edition published. The sales, however, are not confined to these two, as the 'Half-crown' edition has a large and increasing popularity; while even the 'One Shilling' edition is selling by hundreds.



"Of the older editions, the 'Household,' the 'Charles Dickens,' the 'Popular Library,' and the 'Illustrated Library' have all had to give way to more modern and better 'got-up' books. The very latest wonder is the set complete, well bound in cloth, for one guinea.

Thackeray is not so fortunate. The handiest set of his works is the 'Cheaper Illustrated Edition,' in twenty-six volumes, with nearly 2,000 illustrations. The 'Standard Edition,' in twenty-six volumes, is a large, heavy book, and sells little. The 'Popular Edition,' in thirteen volumes, is indifferently produced, and does not compare favourably with five-shilling books at the present time. The 'Pocket Edition' is good of its sort, and makes a very dainty set.

We are, however, promised a new edition of Thackeray, introduced by Mrs. Ritchie, and it is to be hoped that more attention will be given to print, paper, and binding than has hitherto been the case with the cheaper popular editions. The sure result of such attention will be much augmented sales."

## BRISTOL.

A Bristol correspondent sends us the following memorandum:

"The two authors have sold about equally with us for some years. The new 'Gadshill' Dickens is the first recognised one, and it sells; the 'Crown' is the next saleable (our buyers want good print). We believe a really attractive Thackeray would find a market, but it is useless to tempt the discriminating buyer with old stereotypes in new covers. The trail of the 'tail of copyright' is over both these authors; the effect of its absolute removal on Scott we know; probably the reprinters will not get the chance with Dickens. As to Thackeray?—we venture to think he will be still selling freely."

## BRIGHTON.

A Brighton bookseller reports as follows:

"The sale of Dickens's works seems to know no fluctuation; the 'Half-crown' and the 'Crown' editions both appeared opportunely, and supplied a felt want, being clearly printed and well illustrated at popular prices. The 'Crown' edition especially meets with general favour, and until the whole of the series are out of copyright, when competition will inevitably be stronger, we think no new edition is required, and we doubt its success if attempted, however taking in its style.

Nothing but praise can, of course, be said of the 'Gadshill' edition now appearing, and all admirers of Dickens would no doubt gladly be possessed of such a choice issue; but the price necessarily limits the sale.

As regards Thackeray, the sale is still steady, but the demand is not so large as for Dickens. The 'Cheaper Illustrated' edition (as it is called) is the one generally purchased, but there is room for a good illustrated issue, with the principal novels in single volumes, to correspond with the 'Crown' Dickens, more tastily got up than the present 5s. one, known as the 'Popular' edition."

## BIRMINGHAM.

It will be seen that the correspondents we have quoted above recognise no decline in the sale of Charles Dickens's novels, nor any serious faults in the editions of his works before the public. These views are not upheld by the two valued correspondents whose letters follow. A leading authority on bookselling in Birmingham writes:

"Our experience is that the sale of the

works of Dickens has been on the wane for a considerable time, but the works of Thackeray sell as freely as ever. For years we have hoped for a decent edition of Dickens—an edition on good paper with good print, without introductions, notes, or illustrations. We had hoped that the 'Gadshill' edition would satisfy us on all these points. We are grievously disappointed. The present generation dislike the reproductions of the original drawings—Cruikshank and 'Phiz' charm them not—in fact, there is a great aversion to these old illustrations.

The 'Crown' edition and the 'Gadshill' are the most saleable. We may state here that never have we sold a set of Dickens which has given real delight to the buyer. An edition worthy of Dickens has yet to appear. How different with Scott! From the first he has received such loving care. Has not this care rewarded all those who have striven to produce Scott in so many beautiful forms?

The sale of Thackeray is excellent; the cheaper illustrated edition in twenty-six volumes, and the popular edition in thirteen volumes, have a very large sale. Here too, there is room for improvement. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have a new edition in the press, to be in thirteen volumes. We trust no editor will be allowed to meddle with it, and that no introductions or notes will appear. The placing on the title-page of the editor's name in large print is becoming most offensive—it is almost a task to find a book free from the legend, 'With introduction and notes by —.'

With us the modern writers have made no difference to the sale of Thackeray and Dickens, and the sale of Scott increases a year on a year.

## CAMBRIDGE.

From Cambridge we have the following succinct report:

"Dickens and Thackeray are not holding their own with modern writers. There is a fair demand for Dickens, but not such a demand as might be expected in a University town. Thackeray is hardly sold at all, and seems to be dropping out altogether.

The 'Crown' edition of Dickens seems to sell best in this town, and the 'Popular' edition of Thackeray is generally sold to the few purchasers.

We do not consider that any new editions of these writers are called for."

## OXFORD.

In Oxford the sales of Thackeray's novels appear to exceed those of Dickens, a state of things not reported to us from any other centre. Our correspondent writes:

"Although the sale of Thackeray has for some years exceeded that of Dickens at Oxford, there has been a considerable falling off in both during the past two or three years. This is probably due to the immense number of new works which clamour for the attention of those who can turn aside for a while from the claims of the 'schools' and the lecture-room to read fiction.

As to editions, the ideal ones have not, to my thinking, been yet produced by either of the publishers whose names are intimately connected with Dickens and Thackeray; but whether or not there is room for further new editions is a point on which those could better speak whose experience of the demand for these authors far exceeds that of an Oxford University bookseller."

It is interesting and significant that in the two University cities of Oxford and Cambridge the popularity of Dickens and

Thackeray are on the wane. In the large centres, where the popular demand can be gauged, they hold their own against all comers. We commend our Birmingham correspondent's notes on "edited" editions to the attention of publishers.

## THE WEEK.

The publishing week has been a singularly quiet one.

Mr. James Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa* invites special mention. Mr. Bryce travelled across South Africa from Cape Town to Fort Salisbury, in Mashonaland, passing through Bechuanaland and Matabeleland. From Fort Salisbury he returned through Manicaland and the Portuguese territories to Beira. Thence, sailing to Delagoa Bay, Mr. Bryce proceeded through the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Basutoland, and the eastern province of Cape Colony. In these travels Mr. Bryce had no *arrière pensée*; but the political troubles which occurred immediately after his return prompted him to embody his notes and recollections in a book. Mr. Bryce says:

"I have called the book 'Impressions' lest it should be supposed that I have attempted to present a complete and minute account of the country. For this a long residence and a large volume would be required. It is the salient features that I wish to describe. These, after all, are what most readers desire to know; these are what the traveller of a few weeks or months can give, and can give all the better because the details have not become so familiar to him as to obscure the broad outlines.

Instead of narrating my journey, and weaving into the narrative observations on the country and people, I have tried to arrange the materials collected in a way better fitted to present to the reader, in their natural connexion, the facts he will desire to know. Those facts he will desire to have. Those facts would seem to be the following: (1) The physical character of the country, and the aspects of its scenery; (2) the characteristics of the native races that inhabit it; (3) the history of the natives and of the European settlers—that is to say, the chief events which have made the people what they now are; (4) the present condition of the several divisions of the country, and the aspects of life in it; (5) the economic resources of the country, and the characteristic features of its society and its politics."

The book is well produced in large octavo, with a map of South Africa. It contains 600 pages.

After South Africa—*Lullaby Land*. This is a book of selections from the children's songs of Eugene Field, illustrated by Charles Robinson, and introduced by Mr. Kenneth Grahame. A dainty dish to set before a child. Mr. Grahame writes of the No-Man's Land, or Nonsense Land, where "it is with no surprise at all that you greet the Lead Soldier strutting somewhat stiffly to meet you, the Dog with eyes as big as mill wheels following affably at his heel."

"Most people, at one time or another, have travelled in this delectable country, if only in young and irresponsible days. Certain unfortunate, unequipped by nature for a voyage in

such latitudes, have never visited it at all, and assuredly never will. A happy few never quit it entirely at any time. Domiciled in that pleasant atmosphere they peep into the world of facts but fitfully, at moments; and decline to sacrifice their high privilege of citizenship at any summons to a low conformity.

Of this fortunate band was Eugene Field. He knew the country thoroughly, its highways and its byways alike. Its language was the one he was fondest of talking; and he always refused to emigrate and to settle down anywhere else. As soon as he set himself to narrate the gossip on these, those of us who had been tourists in bygone days, but had lost our return-tickets, pricked up our ears, and listened, and remembered, and knew. The Dinkey-Bird, we recollected at once, had been singing, the day we left, in the amfalu tree; and there, of course, he must have been singing ever since, only we had forgotten the way to listen. Eugene Field gently reminded us, and the Dinkey-Bird was vocal once more, to be silent never again. Shut-Eye Train had been starting every night with the utmost punctuality; it was we who had long ago lost our way to the booking-office (I really do not know the American for booking-office). Now we can hurry up the platform whenever we please, and hear the doors slam and the whistle toot as we sink back on those first-class cushions. And the Chocolate Cat—why, of course the cat's were all chocolate then! And how pleasantly brittle their tails were, and how swiftly, though curled and sucked each day, they sprouted afresh!

It is thus that Mr. Graham invites old folks to share with young folks Eugene Field's verses, to which Mr. Charles Robinson adds a liberal sprinkling of dainty drawings.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- MUSIC FOR THE SOUL: DAILY READINGS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.  
 REKAM'S LIFE OF JESUS. Translated, with an Introduction, by William G. Hutchinson. Walter Scott, Ltd. 1s. 6d.  
 TRUE AND FALSE AIMS, AND OTHER SERMONS. By the late Rev. E. Herbert Evans, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.  
 THE EXPANSION OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By John M. Lang, D.D. W. Blackwood & Sons. 6s.  
 THE MINISTRY OF THE HOLY GHOST. By the Rev. John Morgan. Hodder & Stoughton.  
 THE PSALMS. Translated into Welsh by W. Morgan, D.D. Charles J. Clark.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- THE DUNGEONS OF OLD PARIS. By Tighe Hopkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 HEROES OF THE NATIONS: ROBERT E. LEE. By H. A. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS WOMEN. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 NIFFUR; OR, EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES OF THE EUPHRATES. By John Punnett Peters, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 B. J. BARBATO: A MEMOIR. By Harry Raymond. Iabister & Co. 6s.  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

Paris: Nov. 21.

I was very surprised to learn that Sardou, Sully, Prudhomme, and François Coppée are critics. It would astonish them just as much, and they would surely thank Mr. John E. Yerrbury for this new title.

The only two great critics who have a seat in the "Académie Française" are Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France.

These two members of the French Academy are also well-known novelists. No French novel can come up to *Les Rois* of Jules Lemaitre, and *Thais* of Anatole France is the purest and greatest picture of antique life.

### THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' MEMORIALS.

London: Nov. 19.

I was glad to find my communication on the subject of the S. A. memorials was welcome to your columns, though sorry for the slip on the Sir Harry Vane tablet. This was odd, as I read your article very attentively. A claim was put in for No. 6 (opposite No. 24) Holles-street as the real birthplace of Lord Byron. But upon investigation this proved to be only based upon hearsay. I ventured, some months back, to advocate the removal of the poet's statue from its obscure position in Hamilton-gardens, Hyde Park, to Cavendish-square. But I fear this was too bold a scheme to be allowed to catch on.

Cecil Clarke.

### MR. HENLEY'S ANTHOLOGY.

Bath: Nov. 20.

Your notice of this book, admirably done in other respects, is a little odd, to say the least, in its naïve comments upon the Old Testament lyrics which Mr. Henley has seen fit to include in his volume. "Let us thank Mr. Henley," writes your critic, "for his tremendous gift of lyrical passages from the Old Testament. He has arrayed each extract anew in rhythmical lines..." He then quotes Psalm cxxxvii., and adds: "Does it not gain—is not its beauty emphasised—by the new arrangement?"

From his ingenuous delight and from his reference, in a later part of his article, to Mr. Henley's "splendid contributions from the Authorised Version" one is almost driven to conclude that a Revised Version is unknown to your reviewer. For it is from the Revised Version that Mr. Henley's excerpts are directly taken; the "tremendous gift," the "new arrangement in rhythmical lines," are all due to the Revisers, and not in the least to Mr. Henley. It is rather humorous to find how many other reviewers like your own, apparently have realised for the first time on opening this anthology that there really is poetry to be found in the Book of Psalms. Let us hope that this startling discovery will induce them to read the poetical books in the Revised Version, where they will find that Mr. Henley has simply transcribed certain passages, and that the "new arrangement" is not so new after all.

Of course, the "rhythmical lines" are but an attempt to reproduce in English the beautiful parallelism of the Hebrew originals. Inasmuch as they may induce some persons to study the Bible with more care, the appearance of these extracts in Mr. Henley's volume may be welcomed. Otherwise, it is a little difficult to account for the presence of these Hebrew lyrics, exquisite as they are, in an anthology of English verse.

ANTHONY C. DEANE.

[Mr. Deane is mistaken. Mr. Henley has used not the Revised Version, but the old Authorised Version. The psalm which our reviewer quoted from Mr. Henley's collection is an example in point. In the Revised Version the poem begins:

"By the rivers of Babylon,  
 There we sat down, yea, we wept,  
 When we remembered Zion.  
 Upon the willows in the midst thereof  
 We hanged up our harps."

In Mr. Henley's volume the psalm begins thus:

"By the rivers of Babylon,  
 There we sat down, yea, we wept,  
 When we remembered Zion.  
 We hanged our harps  
 Upon the willows in the midst thereof."

Inasmuch as the old version prints the Psalms and other lyrical passages in verses, it was correct of our reviewer to state that Mr. Henley had arranged them anew in rhythmical lines.]

## A POETIC COINCIDENCE.

London: Nov. 22.

The *Quarterly* article on "Some Minor Poets" has supplied matter for copious reference, though no allusion, as far as I am aware, has been made to the similarity, not in rhythmic structure merely, but also in verbal expression, of the stanzas cited by the writer in his remarks on Rudyard Kipling's verse, from that poet's "Story of Uriah" to the poem "Shon Campbell," which appeared in a small booklet of verse published three years ago. The latter poem was characterised, shortly after its issue, as one of the finest ever written by a graduate of Aberdeen University. To those who discern its inwardness, "Shon Campbell" has a haunting quality, and this, with the fact that Kipling's "Story of Uriah" was new to me, may account for the discovery of what, from the corresponding lines of the two poems here placed in juxtaposition, will be regarded, I think, as a curious poetic parallel. Mr. W. A. Mackenzie, editor of *Black and White*, is, it should be stated, the author of "Shon Campbell":

KIPLING.	MACKENZIE.
Jack Barrett went to Quetta, Because they told him to, He left his wife in Simla On three-fourths his monthly screw.	Shon Campbell went to Col lege Because he wanted to; He left the croft in Gairloch To dive in Bain and Drew.
Jack Barrett died at Quetta Ere the next month's pay he drew.	Shon Campbell died at College When the sky of spring was blue.
And when the Last Great Bugle Call Adown the Hurri at throbs, When the last grim joke is entered In the big black book of jobs, At Quetta graveyards give Their victims to the air, I should not like to be the man Who sent Jack Barrett there.	But when the Last Great Roll is called, And Adams thunder loud, And when the Quad is cumbered With an eager jostling crowd, The Principal, who rules us all, Will say, "Shon Campbell! come! Your Alma Mater bails you Magister Artium!"

It should in fairness be stated that the last stanza of "Shon Campbell" is somewhat weakened by the necessary hiatus.

J. G.

[We print the above letter as a neat example of the mare's nest in literature. Mr. Mackenzie parodied "Jack Barrett went to Quetta" some years ago, and printed his avowed parody in *Alma Mater*, when he was editing that sprightly paper at Aberdeen University. It was copied into the newspapers, became popular, was set to music, and is about to be included in *The Students' Song Book*, a collection of songs common to the four Scots Universities. It is true, however, that "Shon Campbell" has been received as an original effort in many quarters.]

## "STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS."

Wimbledon: Nov. 22.

When a reviewer makes false statements his notice of a book ceases to be of any value. In the observations upon my *Stories of Famous Songs* in the *ACADEMY* of November 20, your reviewer says: "He" (meaning the author) "frankly admits that scores of favourite songs have been omitted, and a brief inspection of the index is enough to show that he has not exaggerated his own shortcomings." Now this is absolutely untrue. I make no such admission; and "a brief inspection of the index" will at once show that it is your reviewer who has wilfully exaggerated and not I. In the index there are no less than six hundred and sixty-five songs and ballads to which I refer in the body of my work; the histories and origins of which I tell, or about which I relate some-

thing new, or give particulars not generally known.

Now, as to his first misrepresentation of my words. This is what I say in my Introduction: "Of course there are dozens of songs—familiar friends to hundreds of people—that will not be found in this volume. If there is no history of any moment connected with the composition of any particular song, it is impossible to tell one." I think the truth is very different from your reviewer's presentation of the facts before him, which in his hurry he has failed to grasp. Every famous song with a history is included in *Stories of Famous Songs*.

As to my arrangement of the various chapters and their contents, which seems to disturb your reviewer, I beg to say that if he had read my book carefully, and not in "hot haste," he would have seen that I followed out the only serviceable plan in a work that was avowedly written for the general reader. I disclaim all intention to provide a reference guide. In his remarks, your reviewer more than once forgets what is due to himself and the honest labours he presumes to criticise, and grows impertinent. I deny that there is anything disorderly in my treatment of my self-imposed task. I chose my own methods and carried them through as consistently as the vastness of the subject and the material would admit of. I am accused, by this wonderful purist, of having a "vicious style." It seems to me that a reviewer who misrepresents the aim and object of the work he is supposed to digest and criticise, and who deliberately misquotes his author, should exercise more discretion in the choice of his words.

S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

[Our reviewer writes: "I am sorry that Mr. Fitz-Gerald supposes me to undervalue his contribution to the literature of the subject. But by 'confining himself to the pleasure of relating the stories of such lays and lyrics as were written under some romantic, pathetic, or entertaining circumstances,' and by omitting all mention of 'dozens' (not 'scores'): I apologise for the inaccuracy) of other 'celebrated effusions,' he has fallen short of what he should have striven after—finality: it was this that I regretted. I still believe, too, that the work might have been arranged upon some more evident principle of order without its being reduced to 'a pedantic reference guide or dictionary for the library.' As to Mr. Fitz-Gerald's literary style, I have the misfortune to dislike it. By the way, Mr. Fitz-Gerald uses my words, "hot-haste," in such a way that the reader might well suppose that it was I who had admitted reading his book in that manner, whereas it was my charge against the compiler. I, unhappily, had to read the book through with deliberation."]

## PERSIAN ROSE-LEAVES.

London: Nov. 21.

That dear old sceptic, Omar the Tentmaker, is once more the object of poetical manipulation, as I gather from a paragraph in your issue of the 13th inst. That he will look quite respectable in his Anglo-Saxon garb goes without saying. The English reader of to-day, like Boileau's French reader of yore, "means to be respected." It is, therefore, with a chastened voice that the gross Oriental sensualist draws out:

"When I am dead, wash my body in wine. Say no prayers over my grave, but sing a song in praise of the grape, and if, on Judgment-day, you wish to find me again, search for me in the dust under the tavern-door."

This quatrain, which has been much admired for its subtle mysticism, reminds me of a

Βαυχιδὸν in modern Greek, of which the following is a translation:

"When I am dead, remember  
To bury my immortal  
Remains in Yakoum's vineyard."

The poor fellow who wrote the song was anything but a follower of Bacchus. He was a classic scholar, well-known at Constantinople, who, when his eyesight failed him, took to rhyming anacreontics for his amusement. May not Omar Khayyām have been a reveler of the same Platonic kind? What little is known of his life points to the conclusion that he was not an idle debauchee, since, besides dabbling in astronomy, he is credited with having composed a treatise on algebra. He would have made a rare hash of his problems had he been addicted to the bottle. His bacchic effusions ought not to have been taken seriously. Who, then, and what was this Omar? It will be asked. The plain answer is, that he was one out of a host of versifiers, more or less known to fame, who flourished between the tenth and fourteenth centuries, and of whom Persia has some reason to be proud, inasmuch as no other literature in the world can boast of such giants in point of fecundity. To cite a few instances. Ferdusi's epic, the famous "Shahnameh," consists of no less than 120,000 metrical lines, nearly eight times the number of verses contained in Tasso's "Gerusalemme." The founder of the order of the Dancing Dervishes, Djelal-Eddin Roumy, runs Ferdusi hard with 40,000 rhymed distichs constituting his "Metsaveni," a moral poem, if you please, and exclusive of his "Divan." No less prolific were Saadi the Blessed, Enweri the Luminous, Hafiz the Preserver. Our friend Omar with his 467 quatrains is a perfect dwarf when compared to his brethren in Helicon, but though less voluminous than they, he is as outrageously improper as any of them. To the intense sorrow of his French translator, M. Nicolas was obliged to admit that Omar is but too often "d'un matérialisme repoussant." The fact is, that, apart from the indescribable obscenities with which it abounds, the poetry of all these turban'd and fur-cap'd worthies is no poetry at all in the true sense of the word, and one might look in vain in their rhymed farrago for a single trait, a single thought or image out of the common. The two principal characteristics of Persian poetry are uniform dullness and intolerable prolixity. It is quite refreshing to turn from those effete productions to Goethe's "Westöstlicher Divan." Hafiz has been styled the Anacreon of Persia. There is nothing, however, in his poetical baggage that comes up to the exquisite lyric,

"Dir mit Wohlgeruch zu kosen"

&c., addressed to Suleika, a perfect gem for delicacy of thought and structure, or to the charming duet between Suleika and her lover, Hatem, when she asks him to explain to her the dream that she has had about her ring.

"Sag Poet, sag Profete!

Was bedeutet dieser Traum?"

Indeed, it is marvellous what the plastic genius of the German bard managed to do with the disjointed, shapeless materials at his disposal. To revert to Omar. A literal prose translation of the "Rabayat" would, if conscientiously carried out, be a boon to the English reader. It would enable him to form an opinion and judge for himself as to the merits of its author, whether as a poet or a thinker. Not much reliance is to be placed on the French version mentioned in this letter. I have it on the authority of one of the best known Orientalists that M. Nicolas is only partially faithful—*assez fidèle*—to the Persian text, a doubtful recommendation at best. But it has hitherto been the fate of Omar to be presented with a mask upon his face.

THOMAS DELTA.

## INEDITED LEOPARDI MSS.

Rome: Oct. 25.

On June 29, 1898, occurs the centenary of the birth of Giacomo Leopardi, the poet of sadness, who has so many admirers in Italy and abroad. The date will be celebrated in Italy with some enthusiasm, the organisation of the festivities being entrusted to Senator Mariotti, a noted man of letters, and a conscientious student of Leopardi. Signor Mariotti conceived the design of making the date of the centenary rejoicings coincide with that of the publication of some inedited MSS of the poet. These are rather numerous, and are an heirloom of the State; but so strange have been the difficulties and complications that have arisen in their regard, that it may be well to here say a word or two about them.

On the death of Leopardi, Senator Ranieri, the friend who for seven years had harboured the poet in his own house, gathered the unpublished MSS., made some of them public property, and put away in a trunk those which, for one reason or another, he judged it just then injudicious to publish. The trunk was covered with green baize, placed inside a large wicker basket, and collocaded in a corner of the senator's sleeping apartment. It remained there from the year 1837 till Signor Ranieri's death in 1888. His servants tell how it was his custom every morning to strew flowers on the basket, the only relic of his friend. On Ranieri's death the *Odyssey* of the MSS. began.

The senator willed his own and all other MSS. in his house to the State, but he inserted in his testament the condition that nothing should be touched during the lifetime of his two female servants. As these servants absolutely refused permission for the baize-covered trunk to be taken away, the State resolved to wait patiently for the last end of two aged and obstinate females. But it had reckoned without the intervention of the poet's nephew, Count Giacomo Leopardi, who now stepped in and claimed the MSS. as his. Senator Ranieri, he contested, had merely been the depositary. Litigation commenced, and as it seemed likely to be of indefinite duration, it was agreed to entrust the MSS. to some uninterested person. Senator Santamaria Nicolini was chosen, but he being soon after named to a judgeship in Venice, handed them over to a charitable institution in Naples.

The public began to grow interested in the matter, and the scholars of the country thought it time something should be done to put an end to the interminable dispute. Senator Mariotti, on the 9th of last April, raised an interpellation in the Senate, and Giosuè Carducci rose to speak on behalf of the relics of his brother poet. In the name of European culture he demanded that the MSS. should be given to the State. Independently of testamentary equity, there was something that gave the State full rights: there was the sentiment of the nation, the prospect of doctrine, the certainty of art. The Minister for Public Instruction replied that everything possible would be done; but nothing was done, for the old women continued to live on, and to be stubborn as ever. Then, as the date of the centenary drew near, and no hope of amicable arrangements dawned, it fortunately occurred to someone that a law existed according to which expropriation of an author's rights was accorded to the State every time that it was a question of public utility. This providential law was as recent as 1882. It was at once availed of: public utility was declared, 500 francs was given as compensation to the two old servants, and a few days ago the wicker basket with its precious contents was escorted by carabinieri from Naples to Rome, and placed in the Casanatense Library of this city.

On Sunday last a Commission named by the Minister of Public Instruction, and of which Giosuè Carducci was president and Senator Mariotti vice-president, proceeded to open the trunk and examine the MSS.

They include letters between Leopardi and many illustrious Italians and foreigners; poems, both playful and satirical; a tragedy in verse, entitled *Marie Antoinette*, and dated July, 1816; philosophical disquisitions in prose; and, most curious of all, an address to the god of Evil—Arimane. The King of Things, the Master of the World—he of whom the poet declares he has himself been, by his very existence, the greatest preacher—is invoked to grant that the seventh *lustrum* of that existence will not be allowed to finish, for of life the poet can bear no more (*non posso più della vita!*).

These documents are regarded as precious. They will serve to complete the history of that life, which Leopardi himself describes as "a romance that relates few outward adventures, and these of the most ordinary description; but which is the record of the interior vicissitudes and struggles of a soul naturally noble and tender from the day of its first awaking to consciousness even till its end."

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Beth Book." By Sarah Grand.

THIS novel has had a mixed reception, all the more mixed because its gold and its alloy seem to be clearly defined and easily separable. Therefore, even admiring critics have found much to condemn in it, angry ones much to praise. The *Saturday Review* is so far divided that it prints two reviews of the book, embodying opinions widely, though not diametrically, opposed. F. H. sees no merit in the story of Beth's childhood. The three hundred pages in which it is developed are "irrelevant and foolish drivel." F. H.'s *confrère*, "Frank Danby," takes a widely different view of this part of the book. She finds in Beth a study of childhood, "sympathetic, convincing, and complete." The two critics are more in agreement about the later portions of the book. "Frank Danby," who is again the more merciful critic, writes:

"Unlike the majority of women who write on unsavoury subjects, Sarah Grand has immense talent, almost amounting to genius, and she is impelled to her theme by honest, if unreasonable, conviction. She is straightforward, has no private ends to serve, does not drag in vice to give herself or her book an advertisement, and shakes a wild head at the laurel leaves that might so easily be hers if she would abandon her vagaries. But apparently she *must* preach her wonderful doctrine of the equality of the sexes, she *must* jumble up medical and moral questions in one inharmonious whole, she *must* ruin her own works of art and deface them, with iconoclastic fervour, by all the refuse of the controversies that raged twenty years ago around the dead C. D. Acts. It is a strange and hideous obsession."

The *Daily News* thinks that Beth's childhood is "by far the most attractive and convincing part of the narrative," and the *Weekly Sun* is so much of this opinion that it confines its notice to these pages.

The *Spectator*, on the other hand, is scornful throughout. The story is, to this critic, only

"a prodigiously elaborate study of a tempera-

ment merging into an impassioned and polemical pamphlet on the marriage question. Lastly, the author's arguments have all been set forth in one of her previous novels. All that she has done is to give them a cruder and more livid setting."

The *Chronicle* brings us back to the divided judgment:

"To sum up—wherever Sarah Grand has worked according to the theories of novel-writing expressed by Beth, the literary aspirant, and by Sir George Galbraith, the pasteboard automation, the book fails; it even tires and irritates. . . . Whenever, on the other hand, she works within the accepted conventions and by the recognised canons of the novelist's art, she charms and interests us."

## MAY criticism be defined

"The Tormmentor," as one man one vote? We By Benjamin Swift. are often tempted to ask this question; but the opinions expressed by the *Chronicle* and the *British Weekly* on Mr. Swift's new story compel us to articulate it. Just read this. It is the *Chronicle* that speaks:

"When we read Mr. Benjamin Swift's *Nancy Noon* we saw, and said, that the author had a good deal to learn in the art of story-telling. We greatly feared (though this we did not say) that by the time he had learned this good deal he would have forgotten much of his originality, and that power would be sacrificed to artistry. We are extremely glad to own that we were mistaken. *The Tormmentor* is original from first word to last, original in conception, method, and in its very phrasing. Most of the blemishes and deficiencies which gravely marred the former work have here entirely, or almost entirely, disappeared. The construction is no longer chaotic, the movement of the story no longer spasmodic. In *Nancy Noon* Mr. Swift was very obviously of the school of George Meredith. In *The Tormmentor* he is of no school; he is himself. And we like the original much better than the derived Mr. Swift."

Now hear the *British Weekly*:

"No. This will not do. It is a feverish recital of a feverish, hag-ridden dream. I am referring to Mr. Benjamin Swift's new story, *The Tormmentor*, just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Few welcomed more warmly than I did the originality and power of his previous work, *Nancy Noon*. It had great faults, but it had merits so striking as to make it one of the most remarkable and promising books of the year. . . . On the whole, one might hope very much from it, but would not be inclined to prophesy. The whole question was whether the writer would take the path of his strength or the path of his weakness. Unfortunately, he has chosen the downward way."

Between these opposing views comes that of *Literature*, which gives the story a notice filling a column. This critic advises Mr. Swift to study Balzac:

"Nothing is in its way finer in literature than Balzac's treatment of the abnormal, and from it the author of *The Tormmentor* might draw valuable lessons of restraint and lucidity. It seems worth while to give this advice, for we feel that Mr. Swift possesses some power of penetrating below the commonplace surface of things, though he has yet to acquire the art of seizing only what is essential and of presenting it with clearness to the mind of the average cultivated reader."

"Jerome." This story has probably done as much to plant Miss Wilkins's fame in this country as any of her other works. The reviewers are very kind. Yet the *Spectator* is not alone in pointing out that Jerome "will hardly bear comparison in point of construction with some of Miss Wilkins's earlier and shorter stories." But, says the *Spectator*, "Miss Wilkins . . . shows us that in the qualities of artistic reticence, nobility of sentiment, and grace of treatment the Old World has nothing to teach, but rather something to learn from, the New Englander."

The *Daily News* says of the story: "It is a corner of life seen through the small end of a telescope, none the less vivid in its colouring, definite in lines, or complex in its manifestations because of the minuteness of its presentation." After noting the stern, Puritan milieu of the tale, and sketching a few of the characters, this reviewer says:

"The more attractive qualities nurtured by

Puritanism show themselves in Lucina, the dainty, pliant heroine, staunch to the core, and over whose personality, purity of soul lingers like a perfume. In Lucina's elderly maiden aunt, Camilla Meritt, we have the same crowning grace of exquisite purity, expressing itself in 'the grace and dignity of ineffable ladyhood.' Some of the most charming pages in the book describe this lady, 'who was old as a poem or an angel might be, with the lovely meaning of her still uppermost and most evident.' The story, if over long, is distinguished by Miss Wilkins's most delightful qualities, her extreme accuracy of touch, and delicate spiritual insight."

The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Manchester Guardian* agree with the *Spectator* in noting Miss Wilkins's inability to attain her usual measure of artistic success on a large canvas. Jerome, says the *Telegraph*,

"is an excellent novel of its kind, very graceful, artistic, pretty; but it would have been all the better for a little ruthless editing. If some faithful friend had told Miss Wilkins that her subject and her plot were too small for her five

hundred pages, it would not have done her any harm."

The *St. James's* critic has been thoroughly captivated by this story. He writes:

"It is difficult to avoid rhapsodising over the beauty of her style. She writes without passion, but with an extraordinary tenderness; never challenging our admiration with large effects and bold sweeps of the brush, but captivating us with her exquisite miniature-work, perfect in every detail yet with none of the severity of such perfection. *Le mot juste* is so happily hers in her every description that, in mentioning any of her characters, one is tempted to quote her own words about them. She has brought quite a crowd of people into the story and worked with equal conscientiousness at all of them. We were reluctant to find the central figures of Jerome and his Lucina the least interesting of any; but so it was. Many virtuous young men and harmless maidens might be given for such characters as Jerome's wonderful mother, the grim Paulina Maria, the simpering Belinda, Squire Eben, and Aunt Camilla. One remembers them as one remembers personal acquaintances."

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SOME years ago an enterprising magazine editor conceived the idea of asking a dozen popular novelists to describe the circumstances under which they came to write their first books. All gleefully accepted the invitation to this new kind of *symposium*, and in due time the account of the genesis of their earliest productions appeared in print. Most of these descriptions were more or less coloured by the artistic imagination—one lady confined herself, if we recollect rightly, almost entirely to abuse of the reviewers—and only Mr. Grant Allen insisted upon regarding the thing seriously. He informed his readers that at the outset of his career he had written over a hundred sketches, essays, and longer works on scientific subjects, but that all were rejected by publishers and editors. At last in despair he turned his attention to fiction, and thus attained the eminence which we all know.

A perusal of the book before us leads one to doubt whether the publishers and editors of his youth were, after all, so ignorant of their business as Mr. Grant Allen would have us believe, and whether he would not have done well to continue to leave science alone. Its title is rather misleading, for it goes a long way beyond "the idea of God" in the strict acceptance of the term, and attempts to show the growth or evolution of modern Christianity from the earliest religious ideas conceived by man. Now this, unless the book is to be taken as a mere polemic against Christianity—a view of it which Mr. Grant Allen expressly deprecates—is strictly an affair of science, that is, of positive and exact knowledge, and as such requires scientific treatment. There are, we believe, two ways in which a book on such a subject

may be effectively written. The first mode, which is the one dear to German and English scholars, is to rake together every discoverable scrap of evidence bearing upon it, and to publish this without too particular an inquiry as to its quality, but interspersed with more or less succinct statements of the conclusions which in the collector's view are to be drawn therefrom. A book written on this plan, though read by few, is consulted by many, and comes in time to be regarded as "a great storehouse of facts" for future writers. The other mode is to study the subject until one becomes thoroughly saturated with it, to sift and re-sift the evidence until only the most perfect proofs remain, and then to endeavour by rhetoric and lucid statement to impress the author's view of the matter upon every reader, whether previously interested in the subject or not. A book thus written, if successful, is read by thousands instead of by dozens; but it requires genius as well as industry to write it, and Renan's *Vie de Jésus* is perhaps the only perfect example extant. As for Mr. Grant Allen, he has adopted neither one method nor the other. He has produced a huge unhandy volume of some 450 pages, in which nearly all the main facts are borrowed, as he frankly admits, from books like Prof. Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, Mr. J. G. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, and Mr. Sidney Hartland's *Legend of Perseus*; while he has not (to use his own words) "thought it necessary to encumber his pages with frequent and pedantic footnotes" giving the provenance of the other supposed facts on which he relies. How much dependence can be placed on these by others we shall see later.

Now Mr. Grant Allen begins his book with Mr. Herbert Spencer's assertion that all religious ideas took their rise in the worship of dead men. But he does not seem to know, or at any rate gives us no hint, that this theory has been so signally refuted by Prof. Albert Réville and others, that no writer of authority on the history of religions now thinks it worth while even to refer to it. Mr. Herbert Spencer's position really carries its own refutation along with it; for in setting it up he has to avow his disbelief in the existence of animism, or the mental stage in which primitive folk believe every object in animate or inanimate nature to be possessed of a volition and passions like their own. And not only are savage races known who are confirmed animists, without in any way worshipping their dead, but we see the phenomenon of animism repeated in the strictly analogous case of our own children. The first baby who beats the table against which he has knocked his head demolishes Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory at one blow. Starting, then, with this sufficiently unstable foundation, Mr. Grant Allen gives a dissertation upon sacred stones, sacred stakes, and sacred trees. The exact bearing of these upon the issue is not at once apparent, until one sees it to be necessary to account for the Jewish worship of Jehovah, a deity who cannot by any possibility be twisted into a dead and deified man. Mr. Grant Allen gets over the difficulty by supposing that Jehovah "was in His origin nothing more or less than the ancestral sacred stone of the people

of Israel"; the chief evidence for which supposition he finds in the fact that the Ark of the Covenant is said to have contained the stone tables of the Law. Then follows another digression upon the gods of Egypt, the justification for which appears in the statement that the conception of the Christian Trinity was "influenced" by the Abydos triad of Osiris, Isis, and Horus. The author then returns to the Hebrew religion, in which he attempts to trace "the rise of monotheism," and the remaining half of the book is devoted to corn and wine gods, human sacrifice, the doctrine of atonement, and the origin of the Christian sacraments. The use which he makes of this can be guessed from what has gone before. Jesus, on whose existence as an historical personage he several times casts doubt, is "a survival of the corn-god." The Eucharist, with its bread and wine, is the descendant of the old custom by which "the priest who slew the slayer" of Mr. Frazer's theory becomes at once victim and deity; and all the accounts of the Passion are coloured, if not inspired, by these shadowy beliefs of primitive races. The book closes with the author's hope that he has made it "tolerably clear that the vast mass of existing gods, or divine persons, when we come to analyse them, do actually turn out to be dead and deified human beings."

Mr. Grant Allen has, of course, a perfect right thus to express his opinion; but when an author, not undistinguished in his own walk of literature, sets himself to run a tilt, even under the shield of Mr. Herbert Spencer's name, at the deliberate opinion of nearly every scientific writer on religions, from the President des Brosses down to his own witness Mr. Frazer, we think he may be fairly asked to play the game according to the rules. In other words, we have a right to require of him that his generalisations should be made with due deliberation, that his information should be carefully tested, and that his quotations from other authors, even if unsupported by "pedantic" footnotes, should fairly represent the opinion of the author quoted. We will take these requirements in their order, and see how far the present book complies with them.

Of Mr. Grant Allen's generalisations we choose the first four instances. "The existence of a priesthood," he tells us (p. 26), is "essential to religion"; "In the presents brought to the dead man's grave to appease the ghost we have the central elements of all worship, the practical key to all cults past and present" (p. 28); "The ceremonial and oracular (!) preservation of the head [of a corpse, *bien entendu*] is a common feature of all religious usages" (p. 66); and "all temples may be reduced in the last resort either into graves of the dead, or into places where worship is specially offered up to them" (p. 74). But none of these very distinct assertions can be accepted as literally true. Neither in Ancient Greece nor in any Mohammedan country has there ever existed a priesthood in the strict sense of the word; the presents brought to the dead man's grave are not the central element of the worship of (for instance) Quakers or Unitarians, nor is the preservation of a corpse's head a common feature of their religious usages; while the

examples of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem and the Caaba at Mecca are enough to destroy the theory that all temples are associated with the worship of the dead. All these exceptions to his rules must be perfectly familiar to Mr. Grant Allen, and we can therefore only suppose that he did not think it worth while to frame his sweeping generalisations correctly.

There are other instances where we are uncertain whether it is Mr. Grant Allen's want of care or of information which is at fault. "It is the oldest gods," he tells us, "that are always the most sacred" (p. 128); "Monotheism bases itself entirely upon the great God of the Hebrews" (p. 154); "Osiris is invariably represented as a mummy" (p. 166); "Nut and Seb as gods . . . are quite recent ideas in Egypt" (p. 177). But does Mr. Grant Allen really not know that in Greece some of the most ancient gods and heroes gradually fell so low in the estimation of their worshippers that they at last became, like the Bellerophon in Apuleius' *Metamorphosis*, the objects of popular derision; that monotheism, as Prof. Réville has shown in his *Religions des Peuples non-civilisés*, is the heritage of the African negro quite as much as of the Semite; that Osiris, as king of the underworld, is never represented as a mummy; and that Nut and Seb, the Egyptian sky-goddess and earth-god, were so far from being "recent" gods that Prof. Hommel has drawn from their early appearance in Egypt the conclusion that they are the equivalents of the (to him) yet older Babylonian deities who fulfil the same functions? After this, it hardly seems worth while to mention that Khons is not the "rising sun," but a moon-god, and that Byblos, and not "Bablos," is the town on the Phœnician coast which was associated with the legend of Osiris.

We have space for but two examples of Mr. Grant Allen's mode of quotation. The Pseudo-Plutarch, in his tract *De Iside et Osiride*, tells us that the Egyptians used at certain festivals to abuse red-haired men and to sacrifice red oxen because Typhon, the murderer of Osiris, was held to have red hair. Eusebius, writing hundreds of years later, says that Manetho says that in one city living men who were called "Typhonians" were burnt and their ashes scattered to the winds. Mr. Grant Allen alters this into the statement that the Egyptians "sacrificed red-haired men as the representatives of Osiris," whom he makes a corn-god, and afterwards amplifies it "on the direct authority of Manetho," the red oxen, he thinks, being used "to produce red wheat." The other instance is even more daring. Athenæus, quoting Berossus, says:

"In the eleventh month, called Loos, is celebrated in Babylon the feast of Sacæa, or Sacæa, for five days, in which it is the custom that the masters should obey their domestics, one of whom is led round the house, clothed in a royal garment, and him they call Zoganes."

This is Mr. Grant Allen's amplification of the passage:

"During the five days of the festival called the Sacæa, a prisoner, condemned to death, was dressed in the king's robes, seated on the king's

throne, allowed to eat, drink, and order whatever he chose, and even permitted to sleep with the king's concubines. But at the end of five days he was stripped of his royal insignia, scourged, and crucified."

And on this he founds a long argument about the "formation of a groundwork for the doctrines of Christianity."

We have dealt thus faithfully with Mr. Grant Allen, because his book is one of a class which has lately become unpleasantly common. In England, at any rate, few people trouble themselves with the comparative study of religions, and when a man becomes acquainted with other religious beliefs than those in which he was himself brought up he is therefore astonished at the many points which they appear to have in common. That the likeness is not entirely apparent it would be idle to deny, for the mind of the savage does not operate in a different way from that of the *savant*, but much of the illusion is produced by want of familiarity with the subject looked at. Thus the European thinks at first that the faces of all Chinamen are exactly alike, while to the Oriental all European nations have so many features in common that he classes them under the generic name of Franks. If the inquirer at this stage of his instruction rushes into print, he is sure to pitch upon some one feature which he thinks gives him the key to the religious history of the world. In this way the Jew is likely to exaggerate the part played in religion by Semitic ideas, the Phallicist that of the reproductive function, and persons like Mr. Grant Allen the importance of the worship of the dead. And, as persons of strong imagination generally manage to see what they wish to see, we soon find them discovering points of resemblance which do not exist, and even altering facts to support their theories. This it is, we suppose, which leads Mr. Grant Allen to talk such nonsense as that "it is by no mere accident" that our modern Guy Fawkes "is a man of straw"; and that "the copious libations of cider" drunk at the Ram Feast on Dartmoor show "a survival of primitive feeling . . . sacramental intoxication being the integral part of all these proceedings." We can assure Mr. Grant Allen, on our personal experience, that boys use straw in the manufacture of guys because it is cheap and inflammable, without any reference to the custom of making the last shock of corn into a "corn-baby"; and that agricultural labourers will get drunk on festive occasions without regarding their intoxication as "sacramental." We can tell him, too, that if he pursues his inquiry into the religions of the world in a more systematic manner, and gives some heed to the nature of the evidence from which he draws his conclusion, he will be relieved from the "*parallelomanie*" under which he at present suffers, and will find that "the practical key to all cults" is the unprejudiced and scientific study of them.

## DONNE.

*John Donne, Sometime Dean of St. Paul's.* By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. (Methuen & Co.)

DR. JESSOPP professes himself a life-long enthusiast on behalf of Donne—calling him "my great teacher, and master, and friend"—he has here written a biography of Donne, yet he declares himself no lover of Donne's poetry; and the mass of critics have agreed to consider Donne before all else a poet. More striking still, we feel little disposition to regret Dr. Jessopp's avowed limitation. It is well that Donne's other side, as one of the great seventeenth century preachers, should be brought before the public; and Dr. Jessopp has done it very pleasantly, with knowledge and enthusiasm. This volume is intended to supplement Walton's loving, but not always accurate, biography by the more modern information we possess about Donne; and it fulfils its purpose very excellently. Dr. Jessopp has forborne the characteristic temptation of the biographer—to draw out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument; and his account is short, compendious, yet entertaining.

A very singular, many-sided, complex personality is Donne. His complexity begins even in his parentage. On his father's side he was descended from a Welsh family numbering belted knights on its family tree—the Dwnns of Radnorshire. Remembering that the Welsh "w" is pronounced like "oo," one cannot resist the wonder whether these Dwnns were the ancestors (by some migratory process) of the Doones renowned in modern fiction through Lorna of lovable memory? On his mother's side he descended from the household of Sir Thomas More; and was himself educated a Catholic. This early education is traceable enough in his theological writings—anti-Catholic though they be. His history carries out the complexity. It suggests to us somewhat an Anglican à Becket, in its transit from worldly brilliancy to ecclesiastical strenuousness; though, unlike à Becket, he never held pre-eminent rank either in State or Church. He began as an attendant at the court of Elizabeth. He shared as a volunteer in the first expedition against Cadiz—which, curiously complementing his early Catholic associations, was commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham, the Catholic Lord High Admiral, who had led the victorious English fleet against the Spanish Armada. He shared in the same capacity the disastrous fortunes of the second expedition against Cadiz; but the results for him were fortunate, since he became the friend of his fellow-volunteer, the son of the Lord Keeper Egerton, and so became the secretary of the Lord Keeper himself.

Brilliant seemed then his prospects. His poems, passed from hand to hand in MS., were the admiration of all the young wits about court, and set the fashion of that literary seventeenth century which was beginning to succeed the sixteenth. The veteran Ben Jonson admired them, though he schooled the young poet upon his harsh form. The Lord Keeper's secretary, moreover, had among scholars the reputation of



the most versatile talents and encyclopædic learning; among courtiers and women the reputation of a seductively graceful person and irresistibly attractive manners. He read all night, and was the brilliant courtier by day. Truth to say, the youthful portrait of him here reproduced from Isaac Walton's *Life* is far from showing a handsome face. It may be libellous—the writers of that day had scant justice from portrait-painters. Yet the portrait of the aged Donne in his grave-clothes (for the truth of which his friend Sir Henry Wootton vouched) confirms it as to the chief structural details of the face. In both there is the same long nose and upper lip, the same pointed chin, the same high cheek-bones with hollows beneath—accentuated in the later portrait by age and disease. No doubt Donne's was a grace of expression and manner rather than of feature.

But here Donne's hasty gait on the road to advancement tripped disastrously. He fell in love with a lady who was staying in the Lord Keeper's house—the daughter of the Keeper's friend, Sir George More, and above Donne in fortune. Their commerce was discovered, and the angry father called his daughter home from London. After a period of separation relieved by stolen meetings, the lovers lost patience and married secretly. The enraged Sir George More had Donne dismissed from the Lord Keeper's service and thrown into prison. At last he relented; but the mischief was done. Donne was obliged to live away from court until Queen Elizabeth's death; and when he returned he had to push his fortunes afresh under a new sovereign. The stupid James I. made up his mind that Donne's acquirements in His Majesty's favourite science of theology marked him out for the Church, and he made the young poet's taking orders a *sine quâ non* of his advancement. Donne, to be plain, felt no call to ecclesiasticism, and for years he struggled against the Royal Solomon's wish, hoping—ever in vain—for secular advancement through the influence of this favourite and that. But the "most learned fool in Christendom" was dogged in the wrong—as usual—and at length the cares of increasing family forced Donne to yield. He was royally constrained into an ecclesiastical career, as Á Becket had been before him; resisting, like Becket, to the last; but, like Becket, resolving to play his new part thoroughly when he could resist no longer. From the time of his ordination he renounced poetry, and only returned to it in the ending of his days. But he did not renounce his desire for preferment, which, after some minor advancements, was gratified by his promotion to the Deanery of St. Paul's. He held also other livings; and was, in fact, an eminent pluralist, after the ill-fashion of the Anglican Church in those days. But a wife and family have to obtain provision; and to this, rather than to down-right ambition, may charitably be ascribed Donne's petitions for Church preferment. Otherwise, his life seems to have been almost ascetic, and it seems impossible to doubt the sincerity with which he followed the career into which he had reluctantly been driven. He became a great preacher,

outlived his first wife, and finally died with every sign of unaffected piety and resignation. In those last days he once more reconciled himself with his discarded mistress, Poetry; though his latter poems were all religious.

As a preacher, he displayed the qualities of his poetry. There were bursts of fine and manly eloquence; but in the main he was subtle and intellectual. There was a logical, constructive backbone in all his sermons, to a degree which may be called scholastic, which makes him difficult reading for lax moderns. In fact, he showed the influence of the early Catholic preachers. His style seems to us admirable, nay, classical, in regard to its purpose, rising and subsiding at will. Moderns call it "involved." But it is the involution of logical exactitude, not of slovenly confusion. It is apprehensible enough to a strenuous intelligence, though not to the average intellectual laziness of the present day. There can be no greater treat to an energetic and exact mind, which has also some share of imagination, for upon imagination, in its true and loftier sense, Donne's sermons make demand. Of his poetry, with which Dr. Jessopp deals little, something the same may be said. It might, we are convinced, have been better than it is, had the royal unintelligence not forced him chiefly to develop that theological side of his character, which by nature was only a subordinate side. For if it be true that the poet is not made, it is unfortunately true that he can be unmade—or at least baulked of his complete making; whether that unmaking take the form of compulsory ecclesiasticism, or of compulsory journalism. Such as we have been allowed to have it, Donne's poetry is frightfully, impermissibly rough in form and metre; it is intellectual in character, and subtilising to a pettifogging degree. At its best it demands the active co-operation of the reader.

The typical modern, who wants to lie and let the plums of poetry fall into his mouth, had better hold aloof from Donne. He throws out teeming suggestions of ideas, and expects the reader to pursue, amplify, and make them his own. He who is not prepared arduously to co-operate with his poet, had best (we repeat) let Donne go by. But for the few modern readers who have intellectual energy, Donne is a most stimulating poet.

Poets, especially, can receive from Donne's poetry abundant fertilisation. This was the case in his own day; he was the cause of indefinitely more poetry in others than he wrote himself. Crashaw, and Cowley, and the whole of the "Cavalier lyrists," drew directly or indirectly from Donne. It was he who sowed, it was they who reaped. We doubt whether he ever wrote a completely fine poem. Let him be on fire with emotion, his intellectual subtilising in small matters choked the fiery current with icy blocks.

Here, for instance, is the opening of a two-stanza poem which probably refers to one of his enforced separations from the girl he eventually married. He must have been fervid with feeling; and the opening is worthy to be ranked with the great

sonnet of Drayton, if not with the great sonnets of Shakespeare:

"So, go, break off this last lamenting kiss,  
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both  
away.  
Turn, thou ghost, that way, and let me turn  
this;  
And let ourselves benight our happiest day."

But this beautiful passionate commencement incontinently subsides into an arrangement of coldly ingenious conceits. When he felt deepest, Donne's intellect was an overpowering barrier against the impetuous current of feeling. Most happy lines and stanzas are to be cited from him; he is a poet to be read, and loved, and judiciously imitated; none can study without learning from him; he is, in our opinion (Milton, of course, excluded), the poet fullest of primal genius in his time, except Crashaw. Yet this admirable and many-sided genius is only for the judicious. He has, we must iterate, left not one completely happy poem behind him. But read him, read all he wrote, for he is a mine of rough but priceless ore.

#### OMAR AND OTHERS.

*Rubáiyât of Omar Khayyám.* A Paraphrase by Richard Le Gallienne. (Grant Richards.)

EARLY in the eleventh century of our era a rather curious compact was entered into by three youths who were attending lectures at the famous school of Nishápúr in Khórasan. Their understanding was that whichever of them attained to fortune should share it with the other two, and not preserve it for himself. This arrangement, in which the flippant will perceive only a kind of Persian edition of *The Three Musketeers*, was destined to have far-reaching consequences. These three schoolmates curiously enough were all fated to make a noise in the world; but the first of them to do so was Nizám ul Mulk, who became vizier to Sultan Alp Arslan. He kept his part of the agreement, and the two whom he assisted to name and fame are even better known, at any rate in Europe, than himself. One of them was Hasan bin Sabbáh, the founder of the sect of the Assassins. Nizám ul Mulk himself eventually fell a victim to a dagger directed by this terrible Old Man of the Mountain. The other was the subject of this article, the Hakim Omar Khayyám, more correctly Abul Fath Omar bin Ibrahim al Khayyám. The last part of his name (Mr. Le Gallienne, by the way, invariably accents it upon the wrong syllable) indicates his father's profession as having been that of a tent-maker, and Omar has more than one allusion to it in his poems—e.g.,

"*Khayyámi ki kháimahi hâkmat midúkht*";

or, as Mr. Le Gallienne has it:

"Khayyám who long at learning's tents hath  
sewn."

Until recently Omar's reputation in the West depended mainly upon his revision of

the Persian Calendar—in the words of Gibbon: "A computation of time which surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." We remember once seeing a German encyclopædia of fifty years ago or thereabouts, which, after devoting two long columns to an account of this feat, wound up with the remark: "Ist auch als Dichter bekannt." The whirligig of time has brought round its revenges, and nowadays, like Lewis Carroll, it is not for his works on algebra that Omar is known. They exist, nevertheless, and were published at Paris in 1851. In 1859 Edward FitzGerald gave the world his translation or paraphrase of the quatrains, a book which at first fell flat, but ultimately, by its four editions during the lifetime of its author, showed that the tide had turned. Henceforth Omar the mathematician and astronomer is swallowed up by Omar the pessimist, philosopher, and poet.

The rubái or quatrain, although associated in England exclusively with the name of Omar, is by no means an invention or monopoly of his, but on the contrary a favourite, and, indeed, a national metre added by the Persians to the sixteen which they borrowed from the Arab prosody. It contains four feet, and consequently four main accents: firstly, a foot of three syllables (an anti-bacchius or molossus) accented on the central one; secondly, two very irregular and variously accented feet of three or four syllables each; lastly, a foot of one or two syllables, one syllable if the final of the preceding foot is long, but an iambus if it is short, in either case the fourth ictus is upon the last syllable of the whole line. Altogether there are twenty-four different ways in which these elements may be varied, so that the quatrain is by no means a monotonous medium of expression. It will be perceived that a line may consist of as many as thirteen or as few as ten syllables. Graceful and musical as the rubái is, it has always seemed to us curious that none of the translators of Omar have made any attempt at reproducing these characteristic and varied rhythms. FitzGerald invented, or at any rate naturalised, the famous line of ten syllables, and his successors are alike in having slavishly kept to it. Whinfield admits that it does not exactly correspond to the original, but declares that it very clearly suggests it, and to this opinion Mr. Le Gallienne presumably refers when he says that "it is accounted by those able to judge a beautiful echo of the old Persian music. There appears to be this difference," he adds, "that the rhymes in the Persian are trisyllabic," whereas, of course, they may consist, and do consist, of almost any number of syllables. We must confess that as regards ourselves, with the best will in the world, we have been unable to detect in the decasyllabic line the slightest movement of the Persian. Indeed, it is difficult to see how a line of five regular feet could suggest one of four feet, which are never all alike, and frequently all differ. However, we should be the last to deny the intrinsic beauty of FitzGerald's line, once it is admitted to be his and not Omar's. His

was the true Midas touch. His subtle alchemy turned all to gold, and we have not the heart to say more in complaint of either his decasyllables or what we may call the cento method which he inaugurated, and in which Mr. Le Gallienne has followed closely in his footsteps. No one knows how many of the quatrains ascribed to Omar are really his or how they should be arranged, so if the English translators choose to depart from the non-committal alphabetic order of the Persian editions, and classify them according to their own sweet will, there is no harm done, if only the effect produced be good. The following trilogy from Mr. Le Gallienne is fine, though we should be sorry to say that every line of it originated in Omar's brain:

"Spring, with the cuckoo-sob deep in his throat,  
O'er all the land his thrilling whispers float,  
Old earth believes his ancient lies once more,  
And runs to meet him in a golden coat.

And many a lovely girl that long hath lain  
Beneath the grass, out in the sun and rain,  
Lifts up a daisied head to hear him sing,  
Hearkens a little, smiles, and sleeps again.

Yea, love, this very ground you lightly tread,  
Who knows! is pillow to some maiden's head,  
Ah! tread upon it lightly, lest you wake  
The sacred slumber of the happy dead."

Death, according to Poe, is most poetical when it most closely allies itself to beauty. The death of a beautiful woman is the most poetical topic in the world, and we find in Omar the use again and again of that art which intensifies the throb of love poetry by keeping ever in mind the precariousness of the tenure by which we hold love from death. Thus FitzGerald:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows!  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!"

The first of the above two is much better rendered by Whinfield, who in 1883 published a version of 500 of the quatrains with the Persian text adjacent (Trubner's Oriental Series) a book which next to FitzGerald should be the most prized possession of every lover of Omar:

"Where'er you see a rose or tulip bed,  
Know that a mighty monarch's blood was shed;  
And where the violet rears her purple tuft,  
Be sure a black-moled girl hath laid her head."

The second is much better rendered by Garner, an American who published a translation of some of the quatrains in a book little known in this country, in 1888:

"The violets that by this river grow  
Sprang from some lip here buried long ago;  
And tread thou lightly on this tender green,  
Who sleepeth here so still thou ne'er wilt know."

On the other hand, Mr. Johnson (1887), another translator little known, has undoubtedly improved upon Whinfield in another

instance. We refer to the quatrain which Whinfield has as follows:

"Heaven's wheel has made full many a heart  
to moan,  
And many a budding rose to earth has  
thrown,  
Plume thee not on thy youth and lusty  
strength,  
Full many a bud is blasted ere 'tis blown."

The following is the form which it assumes under Mr. Johnson's pen:

"Lo! blood of men, slain by the stroke of doom  
Lo! dust of men strewn on the face of  
earth,  
Oh, take what life may give of youth or  
mirth,  
Full many an opening bud shall never bloom."

But let it be remembered always that FitzGerald came first.

Of the three translators we have principally in our eye—FitzGerald, Whinfield, and Mr. Le Gallienne (the order of date is the order of merit)—Whinfield has by far the largest number of quatrains. He, so far as we know, is the only writer who gives a rendering of an extremely beautiful and melodious quatrain which is quoted (by no less an authority than the King of Oude) as a model of a quatrain should be, in the Fifth Stream of the Second Sea in the Haft Kalzum (first line, "*As bád i sabd dilam chu buyi tu girift*"): "

"The zephyrs waft thy fragrance, and it takes  
My heart, and me, his Master, he forsakes;  
Careless of me he pants and leaps to thee,  
And thee his pattern and ensample makes!"

Omar's work has from the first been like the Song of Songs, in the fact that it has been interpreted by one school literally, but by the mystics each according to his own mysticism. FitzGerald discards the latter in favour of the former, and refuses to read for "wine" "*Dieu or La Divinité*," as suggested by a French translator, or to see in the lover and his goddess but a parable of the worshipper and his God. Altogether quite a lover's breviary or handbook of the tender passion can then be culled by judicious selection from numerous quatrains, such as the following:

"Oh! love, chief record of the realm of truth,  
The chiefest couplet in the ode of youth.  
Oh! thou who knowest not the world of  
love,  
Learn this that life is love, and love is truth."  
Johnson.

"Long have I sought, but seldom found a lover;  
To love aright is to be nought but lover;  
He who would love, yet eat and rest him  
too,  
Is still an animal, and not a lover.

For love is a great sleepless, foodless fire,  
Love never moves his eyes from his desire;  
Were love to sleep—awakening, love were  
gone,  
And what gross sustenance should love  
require?"  
Le Gallienne.

"This worldly love of yours is counterfeit,  
And, like a half-spent blaze, lacks light and  
heat;  
True love is his, who for days, months, and  
years,  
Rests not, nor sleeps, nor craves for drink or  
meat.

Who so aspires to gain a rose-cheeked fair,  
Sharp pricks from fortune's thorns must learn  
to bear,

See! till this comb was cleft by cruel cuts,  
It never dared to touch my lady's hair.

My love shone forth, and I was overcome,  
My heart was speaking, but my tongue was  
dumb;

Beside the water-brooks I died of thirst,  
Was ever known so strange a martyrdom?"

Whinfield.

Omar's views upon religion, judging from his poems, veered at one time or another to every point of the theological compass. It is an experience many another has lived through, and as he himself says:

"From doubt to clear assurance is a breath,  
A breath from infidelity to faith;  
Oh, precious breath! enjoy it while you may,  
'Tis all that life can give, and then comes  
death."

Whinfield.

"In my left hand I hold the Koran tight,  
And grasp the wine-cup firmly in my right—  
Thus do I stand beneath the eye of heaven,  
Not quite a saint, nor yet a sinner quite."

Le Gallienne.

Or, as Mr. Le Gallienne more tersely expresses it, Omar is always ready to curse God with one cup and love Him with the next. There can be no doubt that FitzGerald frequently improved considerably upon his author; to use the eloquent words of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton: "Made richer still his opulent epigram"; witness the following:

"Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with  
Gin  
Beset the road I was to wander in!  
Thou wilt not with Predestination round  
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?"

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst  
make!  
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd, Man's forgiveness give—and  
take!"

These are what Mr. Swinburne called the "crowning stanzas" of all FitzGerald wrote, but the following is the literal version from Whinfield:

"With many a snare Thou didst beset my way,  
And threatenest, if I fall therein, to slay;  
Thy rule resistless sways the world, yet  
Thou  
Impute'st sin, when I do but obey!"

Oh, Thou! who know'st the secret thoughts  
of all,  
In time of sorest need who aidest all,  
Grant me repentance, and accept my plea,  
O, Thou, who dost accept the pleas of all!"

The sense of fatality, "Kismet," to be dimly read, indeed, in the magician's mirror of ink, or in the geomancer's bowl of sand, but in no wise to be put aside, is not often absent from Omar. But Black Care does not always occupy the crupper; "Eternal Hope" succeeds "Divine Despair":

"Our wildest wrong is part of His great Right,  
Our weakness is the shadow of His Might,  
Our sins are His, forgiven long ago,  
To make His mercy more exceeding bright."

Le Gallienne.

To sum up, and leaving out of the question the prose versions, as we have throughout this article, FitzGerald's "Rose of the

Hundred and One Petals" will remain the Omar *par excellence* to all who do not desire an absolutely literal translation. Those who do, can fall back on Whinfield, and check him by his own (the best) edition of the Persian text. The Villon Society promises us, at no distant date, a rendering by Mr. John Payne, which will be different from all others, in that it is to reproduce the rhythms of the original, to which we referred above. This should be a boon. It is heartening to find that someone is going to make a fresh start, instead of merely publishing another variation on FitzGerald.

#### IN PRAISE OF JONES AND WREN.

*A History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500—1800.* By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. (George Bell & Sons.)

THIS book is a chronicle and a criticism; in both aspects it is complete. In these days of facile production it is a compensation to meet with a work wherein intelligence, zeal, and labour have joined to make a success. The research of the antiquary and the knowledge of the specialist have ranged far and near for subjects worthy to be catalogued and to be analysed. Neither patriotic predilection nor reverence for the past has prevented Mr. Blomfield from being impartial in his judgments; the pathos of age does not soften him, traditional reputation does not make him afraid; in appraising the work of men who are dead he is no less vivacious than if he were scourging a contemporary, or apologising for an R.A. On well-defined issues come forth his praise or his blame: the excuse is weighed against the blunder, the good points against the bad, the rare perfection receives a mural crown of praise.

Behind the judge is nevertheless the man; the human fibre shows itself in his personal and unstinted admiration for the two men of the English Renaissance, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. To Inigo he attributes the greater gifts, but of both his appreciation is enthusiastic and just. The bays always to the originator. Mr. Blomfield says that Jones "showed his extraordinary capacity" by starting English architecture "on a line of fresh development, which was followed by the best intelligence of the country for one hundred and fifty years." When Jones, shortly after the beginning of the seventeenth century, began to design, the world of building was in a bad way. The Gothic style, which sometimes seems to have been almost as much the result of an instinct as of an art, had been dying, or dead, for more than a century. During that time as much destroying as building had probably been going on; but whatever new buildings sprang up were composed by men who had lost their native notes, and who had only heard distorted echoes of the sensuous music of the Renaissance. Elizabethan discords, harmonised now only by time, were the results. These Inigo set himself the task of abolishing. For his own and

for a much later time he succeeded; but that tidal wave has spent itself, and many things have of late been done which would cause the judicious Jones to grieve. Fortunately the fantastic aberrations of our own day do not come within the scope of this history; the inspiration of the seventeenth century and the sanity of the eighteenth make subjects less contentious and more given to edification.

Gay invention flowered under the Stuarts; the music of Purcell, the songs of Herrick and his peers, the architecture of Jones and Wren, added lustre for more than a century to the luckless dynasty. When, in a monarchical country, the court has the artistic temperament, the plastic and all the other arts begin to flourish. The cynic will not deny that the Stuarts loved beauty. Therefore, the artists of the Netherlands gathered in London; the magnificent design for Whitehall was projected by Inigo Jones. It is true that the first Charles was beheaded in front of one of its few completed windows, but this disaster did not prevent his son from enacting the Coal and Wine Dues—recently pedantically abolished—for the raising up of the only great cathedral since the Reformation. Under the dull Hanoverians Art began to languish, and but for the phenomenal outburst of portrait-painting towards the end of the eighteenth century, little beyond a quiet approval could be extended to the product of the cycle; while, even taken at its best, portrait-painting is not the crown of a high ideal. Under the Georges the outward signs of all the more graceful arts were absence of imaginative-ness, intention most clearly expressed and generally realised, together with that sense of order and balance which should be common to us all, but is not. It might be said of the Pegasus of the eighteenth century, that he had turned pack-horse; in the seventeenth century his wings were there.

Historically, this book of Mr. Blomfield begins with the architectural break-up of the sixteenth century; that being the time of the master masons who had lost their tradition and had found nothing to take its place. Then came the scholastic invasion inspired by the genius of Inigo; the period, therefore, of the advent in England of the architect as now understood. The next era was that of Wren, who continued the academic method; but a method still flushed with the life-blood of brain power and high invention—witness his London spires. Wren found London a charred acreage; he left it a garden of tall white flowers. With Wren much of the glory of the English Renaissance departed. Mr. Blomfield says:

"The men who succeeded him were undoubtedly able, but they lacked the warm humanity of Wren. Their work was not spontaneous, and their inferiority appears in their conscious effort after academical correctness, and their attempts to systematise architecture into a mere grammar of ornament."

Still, we all agree that to the eighteenth century we owe thanks for some good things. St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Somerset House, we should not care to lose. Sir John Vanbrugh, Hawks-

moor, Gibbs, Dance, Sir William Chambers, and the Adamsons are men who have not been accounted failures. The planning was often ingenious, and the execution of their buildings was almost invariably good. Vanbrugh, who was owned by two centuries, and died in 1726—only three years after the death of Wren—was dramatist, architect, a foreigner—and above all a portent. He did not aim at the English sobriety of design; he loved the bizarre; he seemed to make possible in massive stonework the loaded-brush impossibilities of the scene painter. By his fierce financial quarrels with his client Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and friend of Queen Anne, he added a semi-historic dignity to the misfortunes of practise. His opportunities, however, were splendid and not unworthy of a man of wit.

To write a book on architecture without illustrations would be to serve a banquet without salt. But Mr. Blomfield is above all an architect, and probably prefers to draw his buildings than to write about them; he certainly shows his love for the work of his second greatest hero in his drawing of the steeple of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and the other drawings have much interest and character; the reproductions from various sources are garnered from as far and are as necessary as his own sketches; in particular the photograph of the Porch of St. Mary's, Oxford, well displays the breadth of treatment and the masculine force of the work of his treasured Inigo Jones. Plans, elevations, and sketches of many other men, who are not as these giants, abound; they go to complete a volume which, from an English standpoint, is searching as a criticism, and exhaustive as a history, of the architectural Renaissance.

#### A FREAK.

*The Authoress of the Odyssey.* By Samuel Butler. (Longmans & Co.)

MR. BUTLER is always amusing, especially when he writes about Mr. Darwin. But he has not influenced scientific opinion, one fears, and his proofs that the *Odyssey* was "written" by a woman, in Sicily, will not influence scholars. In fact, Mr. Butler's own confessions prove that scholars are bored by his treatment of the subject. In Germany they might take up his paradox, but they are in bondage to the other paradox—that the *Odyssey* was composed by nobody in particular. They "specks it growed," like Topsy. Women are more frequently on the scene in *Odyssey* than *Iliad*. Domestic life and romantic adventure are its themes. This everyone admits. That the author did not know all about rudders we do not admit (p. 9). If she did not how did she acquire the technical terminology of ship-building? As to the axes through which Odysseus shoots, Mr. Butler will find sketches of ancient axes through which anyone could shoot in the notes to a prose translation. It is not a case of female ignorance. As to the *a priori* difficulty of a lady poet Mr. Butler cites several in later

Greece. But a poet in heroic Greece—whether he or she "wrote" or not—did not write for a reading public. The profit came from the author's oral recitations. There is no lady reciter in the *Odyssey*, any more than in the *Iliad*. Demodocus recites, not Nausicaa.

After a sketch of his general ideas, Mr. Butler gives his theory of the Homeric house. It is rather like Mr. Lang's conjecture, but Mr. Butler thinks that the Megaron was unroofed. Else how could Athena fly up out of it into air? On one occasion she was not under a roof, on the other there is a *crux* in the Greek; nor are Mr. Butler's other arguments more convincing on this point. Mr. Butler next abridges the story, in language grotesquely commonplace and of the modern suburb. He then comes to the "Preponderance of Women," who "run" the men, as he says. Thus the returned Odysseus will on no account entrust his secret to a woman. "The men are mechanical." Odysseus is mechanical! "Men cannot draw women without laughing at them." Witness Helen, Andromache, Hecuba, Lady Macbeth, Imogen, Amelia, and so on. Brides come first in Hades, not men, and women play a great part in Hades, therefore a woman is the author. Was *The Eoiai* written by a woman? "Ulysses, Alcinoos, Menelaus, and Nestor are all so like one another." There is no use in arguing against such criticism as this.

"Let them have it as they please,  
Geese are swans and swans are geese."

The *Iliad* "was written with an eye to money." There is no mention of money in either poem. Why are the wooers not jealous of each other? Because their real aim is "thigging and sorning." Helen is penitent in the *Odyssey*. So she also is in the *Iliad*, which is not by a woman. There is "jealousy for a wife's rights" in the *Odyssey*, though Penelope does not complain of Circe and Calypso. There is also "jealousy for a wife's rights" in the *Iliad*, in the story of Phoenix. "The Cyclops incident" is "impossible as a man's or a matron's writing." It is, of course, merely a dateless world-wide *Märchen*. Most of the *aporiai* apply as well to a man's as to a woman's work. The Sun left his cattle to the care of his daughters; so did Jacques d'Arc; so do Highlanders often. "Ulysses should have hugged Argus"—so a woman would think. Odysseus, however, was not minded to reveal his identity. The author of the *Odyssey* is not "a great poet" (p. 153). In Book XX. the sympathy with "a poor weakly woman" "suggests a female hand." Precisely the same sympathy occurs in the *Iliad*, and Mr. Butler may look for a similar passage in Barbour's *Brave*. Only a woman would make the wooers fail to use the axes in the hall at the massacre. The wooers had swords, and did not need axes. Nor could they come to close quarters. This kind of argument might be produced endlessly.

In comparing Iliadic with Odyssean passages—to prove that the author of the *Odyssey* knew the *Iliad*—it is necessary not to reckon the "runs" (as they are called in Gaelic poetry) which are common to, and

probably much older than, either poem. "Runs" describe incidents of common occurrence, common modes of address. They are found in Maori, as in Greek and Gaelic narratives, and are adapted to various occasions. Perhaps Mr. Butler has no great comparative knowledge of the subject. Putting the *Odyssey* in the eleventh century, Mr. Butler credits the author with knowing the Cyclic poems, usually dated much later. Obviously the author of the *Odyssey* may have known, not the Cyclic poems, but the traditions on which these were based. Mr. Butler does not know whence his own grandfather (in 1813) got the idea of the *Chorizontes*. Why not from the *Chorizontes*?

Into Mr. Butler's topography about Trapani we do not enter; there are interesting points, but Trapani has no river, as Phaeacia had. His "authoress" lived in Sicily. Be it so; if it pleases him. His *aporiai* are his best things, and show in him a truly Teutonic taste and humour. We do not gather that he knows Willamowitz Möllendorf at first hand. He will find him eminently sympathetic. But the learned German is no master of the New Humour, and does not render the immortal words of Homer into the English of Bayswater. "Calypso wanted to marry him"—pray compare the liquid words of the Greek. "The Ethiopians lie in two halves, one half looking on to the Atlantic, and the other on to the Indian Ocean." Homer mentions neither of these seas; Mr. Butler might as well write "looking on to Margate Harbour and Pegwell Bay." The book is a freak, and a freak not in the best taste. Mr. Butler had better finish his "secular oratorio" (or comic opera?) of Ulysses; or if he must write about Homer, he should acquire more knowledge of the early epics of the world, and *un peu de goût*.

#### CHARLES THE GREAT.

*Charles the Great.* By Thomas Hodgkin. "Foreign Statesmen" Series. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE rapid manufacture of new "series" sometimes looks too much like a publisher's attempt to palm off on an easily gullible public a number of indifferent books by tempting it with a few that are sure to be of considerable merit. But a series may be held to justify itself if it is the means whereby a writer of acknowledged authority is induced to popularise the subject of his study. Now, the period of Charlemagne is slightly later than the period which we have hitherto associated with Dr. Hodgkin's name; but this little book must only be an anticipation of what the author intends to tell the world in due course at greater length. It is doubtful whether the publishers or the editor of this particular series of "Foreign Statesmen" had sufficiently made up their minds as to the exact class of readers for whom they were catering. History is not systematically taught at English schools; but the outlines of English history are now demanded for so many examinations that a smattering of it may be



presupposed in any reader of intelligence. But the history of foreign countries stands on quite a different footing, and, although the names of the statesmen comprised in this series are familiar enough—Richelieu, William the Silent, Charles the Great—no sufficient outline knowledge of the times in which they lived can be taken for granted. Of such a series, then, simplicity should be the general note; and the more remote from our own day lies the subject of any particular volume in the series, the more incumbent is it on the author to handle it with a directness that should leave no essential point unexplained. But Dr. Hodgkin writes far too much as a student for other students. The casual reader who has once read his Gibbon will lay down this *Life of Charlemagne* with a sense of the confusion rather than of the greatness of the subject with which it has essayed to deal. In a certain sense it is a good and careful piece of work, written from a knowledge both of the original authorities and of the chief modern writers. No side of the subject is left untouched, and a very fair proportion is preserved between its several parts. Moreover, there is an elaborate introduction of some eighty pages, for which in his preface Dr. Hodgkin rightly pleads justification. But he has not sufficiently remembered that his book is bound to fall into the hands of many who are not systematic students of history. For such, the few pages of introductory matter devoted to the general features of the situation should have been many: the purely historical part should have been dismissed in the briefest possible space. In fact, the preliminary matter, which, in the case of such a period, was necessarily large, should have taken the form of an essay. The four chapters into which it is thrown choke us with details before we reach the subject of the book.

The forms of Charlemagne's activity were so numerous, that when we reach his life we must expect to be immersed in details. Separate chapters are devoted to his relations with the Saxons, the Saracens, the Avars. The fall of the Lombard monarchy, the relations with the Eastern Empire, and the assumption of the Western Empire form the subjects of three other chapters. In scarcely any other way is it possible to set forth the many-sided work of the great Charles. But Dr. Hodgkin writes far too much with his eyes fixed on the page of the chronicler. We miss that grasp of the whole situation, that subtle connexion of cause and effect, that interpretation of actions and unravelling of motives, which make us feel the permanent importance of the subject we are studying and the reality of the characters, whether they happen to have lived in the ninth century or in the nineteenth.

For the general reader, then, this volume will probably be too hard a nut to crack. On the other hand, the historical student of the eighth and ninth centuries will find much real help. The author takes us not infrequently to the very words of his authority: he makes us feel the confused nature of the period and its imperfect civilisation. We are given just enough of the contemporary legends to enable us to understand something of the prevailing in-

tellectual atmosphere. On one or two of the most disputed historical questions Dr. Hodgkin expresses an opinion of his own. Thus, instead of explaining away the words of Charles's celebrated confirmation of Pippin's grant to the Pope in 774, he declares his own impression to be, "that at least the hand of the interpolator, if not that of the wholesale fabricator, must have been at work in the passage" on which the Papal advocates rely. Again, with regard to the attitude of Charles towards his own imperial coronation, Dr. Hodgkin's conclusion is, "that Charles, though he accepted the imperial crown, accepted it with genuine reluctance, and that he was the passive approver rather than the active and ambitious contriver of the great revolution of 800." The account of the literary coterie at Charles's court is interesting—it could hardly be otherwise; and the well-known picture which Eginhard draws of his master's appearance and habits is reproduced in full. There is an interesting note at the end of the book, dealing approvingly with the doubt which has been thrown upon Otto III.'s alleged opening of the tomb of Charlemagne. There are also two useful genealogies of Charles's ancestors and of his family. Far more indispensable to our mind is a map, and for that we look in vain. Few libraries possess a reliable historical atlas. Until the issue of Mr. Poole's maps is completed, there is no English atlas that can be recommended. On the whole, then, while Dr. Hodgkin has done a good piece of work, the ordinary reader will still go for his knowledge of the "Dark Ages" to Dean Church's admirable "Beginning of the Middle Ages," or to Mr. Oman's succinct study of Europe between 476—918. But although the English life of Charles the Great still remains to be written, the careful student will be glad of Dr. Hodgkin's help.

#### VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

*The Masters of Victorian Literature, 1837-1897.* By Richard D. Graham. (Edinburgh: Thin.)

THE following extract is from Mr. Graham's Introductory Retrospect:

"To an extent never before known in its history, there is manifest a tendency to judge literary productions not so much by their intrinsic value, as by the pecuniary possibilities involved in them. . . . But it may be hoped that somehow, before the degradation of letters goes too far, it may be found possible, if not by an English Academy of Letters, then by some other device, for works of the highest genius, made to live and not to sell, to receive the stamp of national approval or reward."

After this devout expression of faith the reader turns with zest to the succeeding pages, glad to hope that here at last is a historian of literature who is going to apply a higher test than that of the market-place. But he finds an extraordinary contrast between profession and performance. A

single fact will at once illuminate Mr. Graham's theory of letters and indicate the nature of the book. To Walter Pater—that master of so many disciples—six words are devoted; to Mr. Hall Caine nearly as many pages. Perhaps we may best indicate what are Mr. Graham's real tests of merit by quoting three typical pieces of information given about one who is evidently his favourite novelist:

1. "As a novelist Mr. Hall Caine has known few, if any, of the difficulties and pangs of publication. Almost from the first it has been his good fortune to have rival publishers bidding against each other for the privilege of producing his works. [So much for Mr. Graham's contempt of pecuniary possibilities.]

2. "It was in the early part of his career, while he was still pruning his wings for flight, that he made the acquaintance of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. At a time when he was fast losing his hold on life, Mr. Hall Caine was one of several who gave him the benefit of their sympathy and companionship. [There is more in the same strain—not a syllable to indicate Rossetti's generous patronage of the youth whom he took to be his private secretary.]

3. "The work upon which Mr. Hall Caine is understood to have spent the greatest amount of pains and labour is a *Life of Christ*, which still, however, remains unfinished because it has hitherto failed to attain the high standard of excellence at which the author has aimed."

Comment upon this would be superfluous, but there are a few more facts that only need setting down to make the nature of this book fully apparent. Among poets Mr. Robert Buchanan figures as a master, and has a long notice all to himself. Other masters include Lord de Tabley, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Mr. J. Davidson; let it not be thought we are denying genuine merit by instancing them thus, but we venture to think not one of those enumerated would countenance the attempt to rank them as masters, while singers at least as great and genuine as themselves—Coventry Patmore, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Henley, Mr. George Meredith, Sir Edwin Arnold—are dumped into one paragraph as "other poets." Our wonder is that Martin Tupper does not appear. It seems that he is neither a master nor one of the "other poets."

But the omissions in this book are astonishing. Miss Corelli has a place, but Mrs. Henry Wood is forgotten; here is Miss Braddon, but not "Ouida." Laurence Oliphant is ignored and also Mrs. Norton. Not once does the author fix on a little-known book and say, "Here is a work that was neglected, but that approached genius." We might give "A Trivial Woman's Misfortune" as an example. All the members of the new Scotch school appear as masters, but Captain Marryat, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Baring-Gould, and Mrs. F. A. Steel—to take but a few names—are only "other novelists." Surely, in face of these facts, we need not accentuate the contrast between Mr. Graham's actual history and the profession of faith by which it is prefaced.



## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*Sir Toady Lion.* By S. R. Crockett. (Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.)

MR. CROCKETT has made here a small kailyard for children. When we say small we do not refer to bulk. It is a story of nearly four hundred large pages, or rather above the size of an ordinary six-shilling novel. But the scenes and figures of his other stories are all reduced to miniature size here. Instead of bearded warriors, there are children and "smutchies," and gipsies; instead of carnage, battles of boys. The thing is interesting as an exhibition, alike of the merits and demerits, of Mr. Crockett. It has the briskness and energy and story-telling faculty that made his work always interesting to look at, and it has the imitative quality to which his early success was due. Not only "The Gospel of Dasht-mean," but the whole of the "business" it leads up to, is pure Barrie. *Sir Toady Lion*—the name is a child's mispronunciation of *Cœur de Lion*—is very obviously one of Helen's babies. All the same, he is a charming little chap—the best in the book—and would have been excellent but that the author persists in filling his mouth with witticisms that belong to mature age. For example, the following moralisation—and there are heaps like it—would be more natural in the mouth of Alfred Jingle, Esq., than in that of a child of five:

"'Money,' said Toady Lion thoughtfully, 'well, dere's the money that you get gived you, and wot Janet says you muss put all in your money-box. That's no good! Money-box locked! Janet keeps money-box. "Get money when you are big," she sez—rubbage, I fink—shan't want it then; lots and lots in trouser pocket then—gold and sixpences and fings."

That is neither childish thought nor childish language. But all the characters are precocious. It seems to us a pity that Mr. Crockett could not get through without making his boys and girls fall in love and kiss and languish just as the heroes and heroines of his ordinary novels do. Sound, healthy-minded boys and girls can play together without thinking of anything of the kind. For that matter, we hope they would not deliberately set to work reading a novel of this immense size. At any rate, those fathers and mothers who know the importance of cultivating taste in reading will reject *Sir Toady*. The dialect is not so coarse as Mr. Crockett can produce, but the glittering English between is full of those faults one would teach them to avoid.

*Aaron in the Wildwoods.* By Joel Chandler Harris. (Harper & Brothers.)

FROM internal evidence we judge this book to be a sequel or companion volume to another work called *The Story of Aaron*. This we have not read, but hope to; for Aaron is a treasure. He knew the language of beasts, and could tame a wild stallion

with a word, and when the bloodhounds were after him—Aaron being a runaway slave—the swamp wherein he dwelt in hiding rose to the occasion and preserved him. The White Grunter and the Brindled Steer behaved perfectly. Mr. Harris's ambition seems to have been the provision of a "Jungle Book" for American children—hence the swamp. Instead of Mowgli, we have Aaron the Arab. But though Mr. Harris has made a good story he has not made so good a one as he might have done. There is a tiresome Abolitionist tutor, and there is negro talk which is not funny (which coming from the author of *Uncle Remus* is almost a criminal offence), and there are tantalising references to Brer Rabbit and Brer Coon which lead to nothing—all of which means that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is not quite the whole-hearted writer for children that he ought to be. None the less, we like *Aaron in the Wildwoods* a good deal; but we like the illustrations to it (with the exception of the Pain Goblin) not at all.

*Red Apple and Silver Bells.* By Hamish Hendry. (Blackie.)

MR. HAMISH HENDRY writes the very daintiest and simplest of child-verse, so dainty and so simple that we know not whether parents or children will like the book best. Perhaps this is for the parents:

"It was a little Child  
Who from her cot had crept,  
And in the dawn she smiled,  
While yet her mother slept.

Smiled at the curtained chink  
To see the wondrous Snow;  
Her widened Eyes a-wink,  
Her morning Face aglow.

"Breathless she gazed upon  
This Magic of the night;  
Her old black World had gone  
And sent this World of white."

And this for the children:

Have you met Sammie,  
Sammie the sly?  
He is the Lad who can prowl and pry;  
He prowls for the Pudding, peeps for the Pie—  
Sammie the sly!

Have you met Tammie,  
Tammie the sleek?  
He is the Lad who can play the Sneak;  
He plots all the Mischief and looks so meek—  
Tammie the sleek!

"Sammie and Tammie  
Are always Twins;  
One in their nature, two in their sins;  
Where the one stops, there the other begins—  
The ugly Twins!"

Miss Alice Woodward's illustrations are very unequal. Those to the two poems quoted are charming. So are the little boy and girl who dance over hearts at the beginning. But many of her more ambitious designs are strangely ill-composed, full of crudely simplified or unexplained detail, and of tortured decoration. And the curious granular shadows which she affects are a very unpleasing convention.

*Fairy Tales from the Far North.* By P. C. Asbjørnsen. Translated by H. L. Brækstad. (Nutt.)

THE children are likely to give this book a very hearty welcome. It consists of a series of the most delightful fairy tales from Norway, that land where the supernatural still lingers. Some, of course, are very old friends, and have been read in the pages of Hans Andersen, Grimm, and Perrault; but even they have a flavour of the North, as if the author had gathered the variants from the lips of his neighbours. And the translator deserves congratulation on the success with which his work is done. He does not always attain the same level, but more than once his rendering is divinely felicitous. We might take "The Lad with the Beer Keg" as an example, and but for its length would quote it in justification of praise that may seem extravagant. The subject itself is a singular mixture of the gruesome, the humorous, and the fantastical. But the story is related, as all fairy tales should be, in the matter-of-fact, unconcerned, supremely natural style that pays no heed to the auditor's reflection any more than to the credibility of the story. God, the Devil, and Death come after the beer in the intimate and familiar, yet not irreverent, manner in which we can imagine they used to figure in an Easter play or a Christmas mumming. And the racy colloquialism is maintained without recourse to slang or its equivalent. The English is very pure as well as being simple and familiar. We have alluded only to one story, but dozens might be quoted. In many the usages of modern life are introduced into the stories in a manner that seems to show that the Norwegians believe as sincerely in trolls and fairies as ever they did. Nor would it be fair to omit from mention the very clever illustrations. They are the original pictures made by three Norwegian artists—E. Weren-skiöld, T. Kittelsen, and O. Sinding. It might perhaps be objected that they are too clever and original for children; but the book is likely to be often referred to, and a picture is none the worse for being able to bear a third or a fourth scrutiny. Nor does it after all demand a very mature judgment to recognise the character that beams from the three troll faces on p. 15, or the brightness and humour in nearly every cut. The book deserves the very highest recommendation.

*The Wallypug in London.* By G. E. Farrow. (Methuen & Co.)

THE publishers describe this as an "Extravaganza for Children, written with great charm and vivacity," but it begins soberly enough with a Jubilee Poem, which the author calls a "Chant Royal." After that we come to a medley of prose and verse in the style of *Alice in Wonderland*. It seems intended to cheer the homes of ill-prospering literary men. At all events, no children, except those of a downtrodden author, could understand Mr. Farrow's witty mockery of the publisher, the "publishes" and the half-profits system. We hope that not even they are so preternaturally clever and

up-to-date as to be able to feel the point of the other satire—that, for instance, which is directed against strikes and labour movements. Luckily, it is not all so very “topical.” Of the pure fun, or what is meant for fun, the following is a brilliant example:

“’Twill be the truth, for man and wife  
Are one, I beg to state;  
This fact’s as clear as 4/4,  
Or 2/6 make eight.”

On the whole, we imagine that it would be possible to devise a more screaming amusement for Christmas than that of reading the adventures of the Wallypug. Mr. Farrow is too clever for the bairns, not quite clever enough for their elders.

“DUMPY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.” — *The Flamp, the Ameliorator, and the Schoolboy’s Apprentice*. By E. V. Lucas. (Grant Richards.)

MR. LUCAS is evidently fond of children, and he has taken great pains to please them. There is much, both of humour and fancy, in this tiny volume that they will enjoy; but also, alas! there is a good deal that they will not appreciate, and something that they will fight shy of. Mr. Lucas seems to have set out with the double purpose of writing delightful nonsense after the fashion of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, and of insinuating, in the garb of fiction, wholesome truth. Possibly he has a theory that children do not, after all, mind a moral so much as they are supposed to, and possibly he is right. In any case, in two, at least, of these stories the moral is rampant; and, in certain passages, Mr. Lucas forgets his audience. “The Flamp” collects the poisoned meat spread for its destruction and deposits it upon the doorstep of the sanitary inspector. Surely this is meaningless to the child mind, for which the official responsible for the cleanliness of the town is not the sanitary inspector, but the visible dustman. Nevertheless, this story of “The Flamp,” which Tilas and Tobene pursue with sympathy, is an original and pleasing fiction. It is much the best thing in the book.

*More Beasts (for Worse Children)*. By H. B. and B. T. B. (Edward Arnold.)

THE full significance of this title will be apparent only to those that remember *The Bad Child’s Book of Beasts*, a work of humour, by the same gentlemen, to which the ACADEMY gave a welcome last winter. This is a sequel. We cannot praise it as we praised its fore-runner: the fun is less effervescent; the versification is more elaborate and self-conscious; while the drawings have lost in drollery, although B. T. B., the artistic member of the firm, is conspicuously the better man this year. Again, the shape of the book is less interesting: it has become long and unwieldy, whereas the earlier volume was compact and upright. The new Beasts are the Python and the Welsh Mutton, the Porcupine and the Crocodile, the Vulture and the Bison, the Viper and the Llama, the Mammoth, the Chamœis, and the Microbe. The only verses worthy to rank with those in *The Bad*

*Child’s Book of Beasts* are those appertaining to the Python (which contains the matchless line—

“I had an Aunt in Yucatan”)

and the Welsh Mutton. We quote the latter in full:

“The Cambrian Welsh or Mountain Sheep  
Is of the Ovine race,  
His conversation is not deep,  
But then—observe his face!”

Incidentally, we would remind H. B. that it is no fun to a child to have new words like Tuptophilist, one that loves to strike (from *τυπτω* = I strike, and *φίλω-ω* = I love), invented for it.

*Cherriwink: A Fairy Story*. By Rachel Penn. (John Macqueen.)

RACHEL PENN—it is not safe to say Miss or Mrs. Penn—allegorises us thus into her narrative:

“One lovely summer day, not so many years ago, a Pen went out for a walk in this England of ours, which the fairies call the other side of Fairy Land. . . . The Pen had not gone far down the lane when he saw a harvest-mouse sitting on a toadstool nibbling a nut.”

This mouse is Cherriwink, whose adventures form the story. We wish for our part that Rachel Penn had not been so self-conscious, and let it out so plainly that conversing mice and good fairies and her supernatural machinery are plain make-believe. Why could she not begin in the ancient way—“Long, long ago, my dears, there lived a harvest-mouse, and his name was Cherriwink”? But she fears the miraculous more than a little, and the interest of her story lies mainly in the very realistic studies introduced sideways, such, for example, as the sketch of the miserly cheesemonger and his wife. Rachel Penn has a lively fancy when she gives us a bit of elfdom, a keen eye when she paints the manners of grocers. But her book would have been more agreeable if she had stuck more rigidly to one side or the other, given fairy-lore for the children or a novel for the elders. It is so good, one is vexed that it is not better.

*The Garden of Delight*. By Netta Syrett. Illustrated by Nellie Syrett. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE frontispiece of the book, you find after reading it, is typical of the contents. It represents a fair and stately prince with an equally fair and stately princess, and both clothed æsthetically in mediæval garments (though the gentleman has a very modern walking-stick), and they pass a lawn, whereon are peacocks and well-clipped bushes and a regular row of tree-trunks and steps ascending to a terrace. The tale that follows appears to be partly, or wholly, symbolical—though we stayed not to puzzle out the meaning—and has the aroma of roses, the atmosphere of the forest, though the scene is laid in fairydom. There are nine other tales very like *The Garden of Delight*, nine other full-page illustrations wherein the figures have features very similar to those of the lady and gentleman in the frontispiece. Taken altogether, the

book is a pleasant one, without being extraordinary. The authoress writes well, and has a lively imagination, and her inclination to over-stateliness and austerity is held in check by an evident aim at being natural, and a certain humour that, without being pronounced, is genuine and attractive.

*Nursery Rhymes*. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. (Methuen & Co.)

MR. BEDFORD is a decorative artist, gifted with a delicate colour-sense and a quaint and pretty fancy; but we cannot consider that he is in his right place as an illustrator for children. The child world which he offers us between these covers—the world of his own invention—will have for some adult minds fascination enough, but we fail quite to see children themselves interested in it. Children want a more dramatic, more humorous, draughtsman. Mr. Bedford’s imagination is, in these pictures, at once too quiet and too serious. He has been more eager to make a picture than to amuse the young critic. For example, in his drawing of Miss Muffet the spider is almost invisible; his Little Boy Blue has no horn to blow; his blacksmith’s smithy is without sparks. The child must have either drama or fun. We can imagine that many parents will wish to frame Mr. Bedford’s pictures, but that should not be the end of a book issued nominally for children.

*The First Book of Krab*. By His Honour Judge Parry. (David Nutt.)

To the friends of *Katawampus* and *Butter Scotia*, the two high-spirited, mirthful works with which Judge Parry has already enriched the nursery libraries of England, *The First Book of Krab* will be welcome. Our old acquaintances—Tomakin and his sisters—appear again; while the excellent Pater again offers selections from his Book of Rhymes, which some day Sir John Bridge should set to music as a companion volume to his songs from *Katawampus*. *The First Book of Krab* consists of five short stories, strung upon one thread; best of which we like “Butterwops,” the tale of a beetle. Beetles make very suitable actors in a whimsical story for children. We quite agree with Jimmy, the youthful cockroach, who describes the narrative of Butterwops and the Hedgehog as being “fit to be written in letters of treacle on the skirting-boards of Time.”

*Zig-Zag Fables*. Pictured by J. A. Shepherd. (Gardner, Darton & Co.)

MR. SHEPHERD’S drawings are well known. The inimitable “Barn Dance,” which he once contributed to *Punch*, is historic, and his grotesques to accompany Mr. Morrison’s “Zig-Zags at the Zoo” found many admirers. In this book we are offered colours (printed, of course, abroad), but Mr. Shepherd’s work gains nothing thereby. He is as droll in line as he can be in any medium. The accompanying fables serve to suggest subjects, but beyond that we cannot esteem them. The superior efforts of Mr. George Washington Esop recur ever to mind. None the less, *Zig-Zag Fables* is a treasury of comic invention.

*The Revelations of a Sprite.* By A. M. Jackson. (Fisher Unwin.)

*The Revelations of a Sprite* were made to Lily Neville, with a note-book in her hand, at twelve o'clock. Lily's father was a journalist, and she had the instinct. The revelations comprised a brief natural history of elves, trolls, and fairies, and several illustrative stories. Mr. Jackson has a graceful fancy; but, to our mind, invented fairy tales, that were made instead of growing, are but insipid things.

*Miss Mouse and her Boys.* By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan & Co.)

MRS. MOLESWORTH has long been a favourite in the schoolroom. *Miss Mouse and her Boys*, in which an unruly male family is tamed by the advent of an unselfish little girl, has all the old charm, the wholesome moral tone, the delicacy of art. The three boys—Justin, Pat, and Archie—as well as Miss Mouse herself, are capitally done.

*The Giant Crab, and Other Tales from Old India.* Retold by W. H. D. Rouse. (David Nutt.)

THESE stories, which bear a suspicious resemblance to fables, or gilded pills, have been adapted by their author from the *Fāṭuḥa*—that curious collection of Buddhist lore. Mr. Rouse, who is a Pāli scholar of repute, is to be thanked for rescuing so much for the benefit of children; although, as we have said, the bulk of this book is a shade too didactic to be received with unmixed enthusiasm. Mr. Rouse's narrative style has, however, plenty of vivacity, and Mr. W. Robinson's drawings are always simple and pertinent, and often exceedingly droll.

*Various.*—The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge is sending out prize books and children's story books in battalions. Following a large batch of notices by us last week, we have *Mr. Merriman's Godchild*, by H. Louisa Bedford, a story laid in a country village and ending with wedding-bells; *Beside the Guns*, by May E. Shipley, a tale of Christian life with a bearing on the African mission-field; and *Goals and Tries*, by V. Brooke-Hunt. The last is a football story, written in the interests of the purity and manliness of English games. *The Homeward Voyage* is a boys' book of adventure, by Harry Collingwood, and concerns the voyage of *The Fiery Cross* from Melbourne to London, laden with gold, and carrying passengers whose true character comes out on the voyage with startling results.

Other books for the young worthy of mention are: *The Story of Edison*, by Frank Mundell (Jarrold & Son), a brightly written sketch of Edison's life and his inventions. *Wee Doggie*, by Elizabeth C. Traice (Nelson & Sons), is the biography of a little Irish terrier who is thrown over a garden wall at Hampstead, and falls metaphorically, if not literally, "on his feet." His adventures are many; he is

stolen and dyed, is recovered, and again lost and found; but he redeems the follies of his youth by a noble act, and settles down to a quiet life—an example of fidelity to his friends. *Three Comely Maids and their Affairs*, by Mary L. Pendred (Hutchinson & Co.), is a pleasantly written account of the struggles of three girls. We fear, however, that the editor who offers Chris Payne a permanent place on his staff of writers, apparently on the strength of a single contribution, is not often found in real life.

#### FOR THE BOY.

PICTURESQUE titles and eloquent covers are an aid to classification. First, in the shiny gilt-edged group before us, comes, of course, the class

#### MARITIME.

With the exception of handsome reprints of those always delightful books, *The Three Commanders* and *The Three Admirals* (Griffith, Farran, & Browne), this batch has treasure for its objective. None of them falls below a reasonable standard of workmanship. Here are their names: *The Island of Gold*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Nelson); *The Vanished Yacht*, by E. Harcourt Burrage (Nelson); *The Gold Ship*, by F. M. Holmes (Sampson Low); and *For Treasure Bound*, by Harry Collingwood (Griffith, Farran, & Browne).

Mr. Collingwood's seems to me the best; but, like the others, it is overcrowded with incident—the like of which is familiar to every reading boy before Confirmation. What lays hold upon the imagination particularly is a delightfully incomprehensible description of the lines and fittings of a dear little schooner in which a nice lad, with only one sailor for a crew, sailed everywhere in search of treasure and his father. There is a splendid running fight with a pirate, and many other adventures. The end of the story is marred by the entry of a quite superfluous girl.

#### THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF SPIRIT

has his fling in *Dr. Burleigh's Boys*, by Charles Edwardes (Griffith, Farran, & Browne). "Visions of burning Calcutta House and putting Dr. Burleigh on the rack" inspired them, and they came surprisingly near to the fulfilment of their dreams. Mr. Avory calls his *Soldiers of the Queen* (Nelson) "a story of the dash to Khartoum," but in reality it belongs to the same category. Schooldays are the important part of it, and he pays more attention to the development of character than is usual in books of this class. The principal boy falls into unmerited dishonour, and goes to Khartoum as a private. The story seems quite spirited and readable. *The Battledown Twins* are two pairs and an odd one, and Mrs. Everett-Green is responsible for them. They are extraordinarily good boys who masquerade as villains. They have two lovely ponies and such perfectly buttoned gaiters as, alas! one has

never seen at home. The same indefatigable writer gives us two "Costume" stories—*A Clerk of Oxford* (Nelson) and *Tom Tufston's Travels* (same publisher). The former is a tale of the Barons' War; the second, the adventures of a young county squire in the London of Queen Anne. Three books in one year! The first time that Miss Green produces one book that represents three years' work we shall examine it very hopefully. As to these books, they are good, but not good enough. Here is a nice phrase upon which we opened Mr. Manville Fenn's *Frank and Saxon* (S.P.C.K.), a story of the days of Queen Elizabeth: "'I never think about' my hurts 'at all,' said the boy proudly. 'It is only like having a big cut finger somewhere else.'" It is full of fighting, and the fighting is various and comprehensive. *The Golden Galleon* (Blackie), by Robert Leighton, comprises an account of Lord Thomas Howard's expedition against the West India treasure-ships, in which the author follows Sir Walter Raleigh's report closely, and it might be expected to make a fellow hold his breath; besides, there is plenty of rattling adventure ashore. In the same period is set Mr. Bennett's story, *Master Skylark* (Macmillan), but the atmosphere is more peaceful. The boy hero, for the sake of his sweet voice, is stolen from his home at Stratford by the master-player of the Lord High Admiral's players. Mr. Bennett tells of his adventures in this merry company, of how he sings before the Queen, and of how, forsaking his triumphs, he wanders home to Stratford. There is some sort of literary conscience about Mr. Bennett, and he has contrived to write a story that is picturesque and charming beyond what is common. Mr. Griffith, in his *Knights of the White Rose* (White), brings us down to a later era—to the scene of the last serious effort of the last Stuart king to win back his own. The scene is Ireland, and the Battle of the Boyne is the pivot of the story. The hero comes at last into contact with the Stadtholder, and the figure of William is touched in rather skilfully. With this batch it is somewhat of a licence, perhaps, to class *The King's Story Book* (Constable). It is a sort of anthology of historical romance and drama, comprising passages from Shakespeare, Scott, Lytton, Ainsworth, Kingsley, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, among others. The passages are arranged in chronological order, so as to form a sort of literary cinematograph, and among them are many passages which thrilled us in the days when such an experience was more frequent. The book is 500 pages long, and is rather nicely illustrated.

*With Crockett and Bowie*, by Kirk Munro (Blackie), is a story of the Texan war of independence, which seems to have been decided principally by the prowess of a youth named Rex and the preternatural sagacity of his horse. It is the kind of story that the next generation probably will see turned out by machinery. Very much better is Mr. Whishaw's *White Witch of the Matabele* (Griffith, Farran, & Browne)—a story of an English boy who grows to manhood among a tribe of natives.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS."

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

This is a book for men. It is about the crew of the *Narcissus*, and what happened to that crew during a certain cruise. Nothing is slurred. The characters are presented ruthlessly, vigorously. They speak sailor's speech. As thus: "Donkin said, 'You put no more weight on the rope than a bloody sparrer.'" The action passes at sea. There is not so much as the hint of a petticoat in the pages. When all is over the author apostrophises the crew thus: "As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale." (Heinemann. 259 pp. 6s.)

AMONG THORNS.

BY NOEL AINSLIE.

An earlier work of this author is *An Erring Pilgrimage*. In this book we are in the thick of modern life, in what now passes for Bohemia. Some of the characters: Peggy, who begins by being simply a landlady's daughter and ends—differently; Paul Eden, an engineer; Jack Graham, an artist; Miss Meynell, who writes for the *Decade*. This lady, whose Christian name is Lesbia, is the central figure. People who care for a study of the temperament of a woman-journalist should like the story, but it has too many unsatisfied lovers for some tastes. (Lawrence & Bullen. 319 pp. 6s.)

DEBORAH OF TOD'S.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

Deborah is a beautiful Devonshire farmer, and Tod's is the name of her farm, and the story is of her adventures in London and in love. Deborah's aunt, says Deborah, once "did beg me never to buy novels and such trash"; and we honour the old lady for it. Mrs. De La Pasture's story does not, however, come under that heading: for it is bright and entertaining, and Deborah is a fine creation, finely drawn. Her simplicity in the midst of artificiality and insincerity is most winning. (Smith, Elder & Co. 392 pp. 6s.)

SOME WESTERN FOLK.

BY MABEL QUILLER-COUCH.

Fifteen short stories of Cornish people. Miss Quiller-Couch might be called the Cornish Miss Wilkins. She has skill in treating a pathetic or lowly subject, also a pretty gift of tenderness and an acceptable sense of humour. This is a quiet and charming book. (Horace Marshall & Son. 200 pp. 3s. 6d.)

FLORA MACDONALD.

BY J. GORDON PHILLIPS.

The testimony of the title-page establishes Mr. Phillips as the author of five novels and "&c., &c." We know them not. Their names suggest that they, like the book before us, are Caledonian. *Flora Macdonald* is "a romance of the '45," and it is long and tedious. The author should know that it is not enough in a romance of the '45 to say that a thing happened—we must see the thing happening. A less dramatic story one could hardly imagine. (Digby, Long & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

A MODERN MERIBALE.

BY GERALDINE KEMP.

This is an awful book. It means so well and is so terrible. The hero is a perfect man—Salvator—"as powerful in stature as in character," and he wears "a kingly look about him," and the face of one who had been permitted to lift the veil from some of the mysteries of God. Rites and ceremonies follow, and a novice is initiated, and Salvator prays in capital letters, and—well—the more one reads the more one is bemused. The writer should write no more. (Skeffington & Son. 216 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS.

*Dariel*. By R. D. Blackmore.  
(Blackwood & Sons.)

Writers of romance who choose to tell their stories vicariously, in the person of another, should be watchful to make their spokesman attractive. If we do not like the wielder of the first-person-singular it is almost certain that we shall not like his narrative. *Dariel* is a proof of this remark. Mr. Blackmore has invented for his hero and mouthpiece a young man, George Cranleigh, who is almost always objectionable and often unbearable. Not that he transgresses laws of decency: on the contrary, he is a model of the virtues; but, alas! he is also a prig. A smuggler youth has rarely put pen to paper. Whether Mr. Blackmore thinks him an ideal Briton or is conscious of his shortcomings, we are not prepared to say. Nor does it matter. The serious thing is that the fellow's personality is stamped on nearly every page of *Dariel*, and we do not care for it.

It is ungracious to say hard things of Mr. Blackmore, and we are loth to do so; but he sometimes exasperates us beyond words. He so persistently plays about on the road instead of walking straightforwardly. In a romance we want deeds, and instead we are here put off with jocosities and irrelevant personal opinions and hints of entertainment that will arrive a chapter or so ahead. The story is of royal refugees from the Caucasus, who are plotting in a Surrey mill; of the love of a young English squireen for the daughter of Súr Imar, the Leeghian prince aforesaid; and of the campaign against Súr Imar's enemies, and the restitution of his rights—yet this kind of thing occurs and recurs:

"I followed him, for he was a leading man; and in little matters I submit my steps to theirs. Verily, on this occasion I did not walk amiss. For when we were in Jackson Stoneman's little crib, such a—any man of nous, with a big roof over his head, is fain to keep for his own better moments, there was something which no magnificence can bring home into the simple human breast. Who is the most delightful writer of our race, since Heaven took Shakespeare away in hot haste, when his hand was too close on the Tree of Life? The answer, although so long in coming, comes louder, as every year adds to the echo—'William Makepeace Thackeray.'"

That man of vast brain, with the fresh heart of a child, would have been pleased to see what I beheld; and his tender touch only could have touched it off. . . . Peeping in over the lid of the alcove, which had an enamel lining, I saw four partridges hung skilfully from hooks, with a swivel to each; so that every bird might revolve with zeal, or pause with proper feeling, as his sense of perfection and of duty bade him. While in the tray beneath them some clear brown gravy was simmering, with a beaded eddy where the basting touched. In and out among them the silver spoon was gliding, most skilfully and impartially administering a drop to each, as sweetly and fairly as their own dear mother did it in their happy nest."

The incident of the partridges is nothing in the story. But Mr. Blackmore, it may be objected, has earned the right to digress. True; but there is no harm in saying that we find the habit distressing. A book which bears the words *Dariel: A Romance of Surrey* on its title-page should be business-like.

Mr. Blackmore is forced into relevance towards the close, and we there have something brisker and more spirited; but he never seems to be quite in earnest. The sense of verisimilitude which John Ridd communicated is quite out of the reach of George Cranleigh. Here is the one stirring incident of the book. Súr Imar, bound a prisoner, is confronted by his long lost son:

"But betwixt their gaze a dark form leaped, quivering with fury, wild for blood, too ravenous for slaughter to have formed a proper plan of it. An this was a very lucky thing for me."

For while he danced between them thus, with his hateful face on fire, in the voluptuous choice of murder, there was time for me to leap out of my hole, and get my cramped limbs flexible; not a moment, however, for any kind of thought, and whatever I did was of instinct. What it was I know not, nor does anybody else; it can only be told in a whirl as it befell.

Hisar, I think, made a jump at Hafer, before he saw me, and smacked his face (as if he had been a child), and tried to snatch his sword, but was thrust back, and then drew his own, and flew with it at the shackled Imar's heart. But another was there—thank the Lord in Heaven—I caught the flame of Hisar's eyes on mine, as his blade went straight for Imar's breast, and dashed it into splinters with my *toorak*. Then he hurled the stump at me, drew his *kinjal*, and sprung, as if he were made of wings, at my breast. I stepped aside quicker than I ever moved at cricket, and as he passed me he ran against so hearty a whack upon his wicked temples that no more sin was concocted there.

Down he went, like a thistle at a ploughshare, and threw up his long legs, and lay dead, with a tuft of bloody moss between his teeth. I took the stump of his sword, which had struck me in the breast, and cut Sûr Imar free, and hurried him inside (for he was lost as in a vision), and stood with my revolver in the doorway, ready for the onset of the fighting men."

There is some good writing in the book, there is the old zest for the open air, for England's rural beauty, for strength and simplicity; but the reader must be endowed with more leisure and patience than has ever fallen to our lot, admirers and lovers of Mr. Blackmore though we be. The 505 pages of the story might well be 250.

\* \* \* \*

*Secretary to Bayne, M.P.* By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen.)

This is a novel of incident rather than of character; but the incidents are amusing enough, and occasionally exciting. For Mr. Herbert Prince, who is really the heir to a potentate of the near East, comes to London with a view of investigating the life of the poorer classes of the still nearer East. To this end he becomes secretary to Bayne, M.P., and has many stirring adventures with Anarchists, with Netroff, an admirable scoundrel, and with a straw-hatted cockney blackmailer of a class which Mr. Pett Ridge knows to the finger-tips. Young women flit across the page—Jennie Maxwell and Olga Netroff—and love interest is not wanting to lighten the dark plots of Anarchic conspirators. But those who have followed Mr. Pett Ridge's work will look for their amusement to the comic relief, and that is plentiful. Herbert Prince, for example, knowing but one man in London, and dining at a small restaurant in Wardour-street, asks for a directory.

"A youth at the next table, who was diverting his companion to such an extent that she had had to loosen her jacket, remarked that the young gent apparently couldn't find the text he wanted.

"Oh, dear!" cried the amused young lady exhaustedly, "pon me word you are too setirical for anything. You take everybody off before any one else has time to think."

The directory contained a good many facts, but apparently not the information he desired. So he closed the huge red book, and, resting one elbow upon it, gazed steadily at the mirror before him.

"Thus endeth," said the humorous youth at the next table, "the first lesson."

"If you make me laugh any more," declared the young lady despairingly, "I shall have the heecups."

Mr. Pett Ridge has written so much of such dialogue, and written it so well, that he appears to have forgotten that it is not the universal speech of educated people. The speech of Jennie Maxwell's aunts—women of position—differs only in spelling from that of the young lady who feared the "heecups." For all that, *Secretary to Bayne, M.P.* is a brisk, entertaining book.

\* \* \* \*

*Paul Mercer.* By James Adderley.

(Arnold.)

Mr. Adderley has a wholesome dislike of the new-rich, the humbug, and the superior fool; moreover he has a theory of social reform to preach; so the 200 pages which make this book are scarcely quiet and sober reading. Paul Mercer is a millionaire, the grandson of a tramp, and the son of a soap-boiler, who is brought up on the marrow of Nonconformist divinity. After some

really remarkable years at Eton and Oxford, he embarks—an atheist and a spendthrift—on a life of fashion. In a sort of haphazard way he drifts through Church congresses, slumming expeditions and revival meetings to the bosom of Christian Socialism. When his father dies, Paul, so to speak, upsets the whole apple-cart by turning the soap works into a sort of Cistercian brotherhood, where the operatives gallop about on horseback by way of recreation or dance round the maypole, have holidays five days a week, and fill up their scanty remaining time by attending the frequent services of the Cistercians. When the soap is made does not quite appear. Paul is undoubtedly a remarkable character, for he was in the habit of "fixing two beautiful sad eyes on his father, grasping the chair with one hand, crunching up the bank-notes with the other, and then beginning," &c. The lady he marries is no less noteworthy. This, for example, is one of the questions by which she showed her sense of the realities of life, when travelling on the Underground Railway. "Do you consider, Lucy, that one in every five of us here in this carriage will die in a prison, a workhouse, or a lunatic asylum?" We cordially agree with her, but we should have thought the proportion higher.

The author has so much that is honest and true in his purpose that one is loth to be severe. But, indeed, the book is not good, whatever way one looks at it. Its two main features are a chirpy facetiousness and a robustious sermonising, and it is hard to tell which is the more objectionable. The characterisation is grotesquely unreal. Paul, we are told, was a young man of enormous intellect, yet his purpose in life and his general style of argument suggest a softening brain. Father Bax, as obviously based on a well-known philanthropist, seems to us indefensible. Finally, Mr. Adderley's rhetorical solution of social difficulties appears in the highest degree crude and facile. Of course he may very well reply that our opinion is due to our hardness of heart, which answer is at least final and closes the discussion.

\* \* \* \*

*A Daughter of Strife.* By Jane Helen Findlater. (Methuen & Co.)

The success of Miss Findlater's book, *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*, made me turn to this book with considerable interest, but, alas! only to be disappointed. *A Daughter of Strife* is an incoherent book, loosely constructed, without form and void. It begins with the story of Anne Champion's mock marriage with Richard Meadows—an old theme, but one which may usually be expected to lead to exciting incidents. For a while all goes as one expects. Anne finds out that she has been tricked, and leaves Meadows. Her old lover, Sebastian Shepley, returns from the wars, learns how he has been betrayed, and vows vengeance. He and Meadows fight, and

"the whole had been ended, and ended with it there would also have been the larger half of this story, if an unaccountable impulse had not moved Sebastian Shepley to mercy. . . . 'There,' he said, 'you have your life at my hand, for all it may be worth,' and he turned away as if to leave the house."

This ends the first stage of Miss Findlater's story, and wipes out one of the principal characters—viz., Annie Champion. The rest is occupied with the loves of Meadows's illegitimate son by her and of Caroline Shepley, Sebastian's daughter. But Miss Findlater displays a fatal inability to distinguish between what is essential and what is incidental in her book. For example, a great many pages are wasted in the description of Sebastian's wife, whose character has no bearing whatever upon the story, and who dies, indeed, while its chief character—Caroline, "the daughter of strife"—is still in infancy. Nor is the story she has to tell in itself a very interesting one. There is no logical sequence in the events. Richard Meadows (the father) is murdered, and Philip (the son by Anne Champion) is accused of the murder, tried somewhat cursorily, and convicted. He escapes the hangman by consenting to submit to a surgical operation at the hands of Sebastian Shepley. This is a sufficiently gruesome termination to a story, but it is also a somewhat futile one; for, after Philip's hand has been amputated, the real murderer, being in *extremis*, confesses his guilt. There is a specious affectation of realistic methods about this which is quite out of place in a romance.



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## NOTES AND NEWS.

WE take the following from *Le Journal des Débats*. Mr. Swinburne may care to see how his letter looks in French, and how it strikes Frenchmen:

"En cette fin de mois, dit-il, après que le grand serpent de mer eut une fois encore, comme de coutume, émergé à la surface de la presse, — peut-être seulement pour s'y étouffer dans l'effort nullement inopportun de rivaliser avec les prodiges de digestion des autres contributeurs en avalant le canard géant, — aucun homme sensé n'approuvera et aucun homme honnête n'affectera la moindre surprise en constatant la résurrection d'un monstre ridicule plus authentique que ces deux-là.

La notion d'une Académie anglaise est trop sérieusement stupide pour valoir comme farce et trop essentiellement vulgaire pour paraître comique. Mais qu'un homme, qui n'a cessé pendant des années de proclamer son dédain pour l'idéal ou l'idée académique et qui a offensé des censeurs innombrables, mais bien pensants, en exprimant franchement son mépris et en ridiculisant cette notion avec une véhémence sans réserve, jouisse de l'honneur non sollicité d'être nommé en bon rang dans une Assemblée tellement inimaginable qu'elle serait sans doute, *colluvies litterarum*, si jamais elle prenait corps et advenait à l'existence, — réellement, il me semble que le soin de donner la définition complète et adéquate d'une impertinence si démente doit être laissé à d'autres qu'à celui qui porte le nom choisi pour l'auréole d'un tel outrage."

*L'Écho de Paris* also translates Mr. Swinburne's letter for the benefit of Frenchmen, with this comment: "Quel style, *bone Deus!*"

WITH the present number Mr. W. E. Henley resigns his editorship of the *New Review*. This step is forced upon him by uncertain health and the necessities of his own literary work. In consequence of his retirement, it is not intended to continue the

publication of the *Review* in its present form. An entire break will be made with the past. Shape, price, style, mode of publication—all will be changed. There will be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of this last number and the appearance of the next, which will start as a weekly journal instead of a monthly magazine. Although the editorship and control are in new hands, Mr. Henley has kindly consented to give, for a while at least, the new venture his advice and help. The price will be three-pence.

IN connexion with Mr. Kipling's eloquent tribute to the average tenacity of purpose displayed so often and so nobly by doctors, especially in India during times of plague, it may not be inappropriate to quote the testimony of a brother novelist. In the dedication to *Underwoods*, Mr. Stevenson wrote:

"There are men, classes of men that stand above the common herd: the soldier, the sailor, and the shepherd not unfrequently; the artist rarely; rarer still, the clergyman; the physician almost as a rule. He is the flower (such as it is) of our civilisation; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marvelled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race. Generosity he has, such as is possible to those who practise an art, never to those who drive a trade; discretion, tested by a hundred secrets; tact, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and what are more important, Herculean cheerfulness and courage. So it is that he brings air and cheer into the sick room, and often enough, though not so often as he wishes, brings healing."

Mr. Kipling's confession that he once played about the outskirts of St. Mary's Hospital at Paddington, with the idea of becoming a doctor, will be news to most.

MR. NICHOLSON'S *Almanack of Twelve Sports* (W. Heinemann) is not, we think, the equal of his *Alphabet*. The delineation of single types seems to be a task better suited to his genius. None the less it is a work containing more force and originality than scores of kindred publications. For Mr. Rudyard Kipling's accompanying verses we find it hard to say a good word; they are often obscure, and never in the least worthy of him. Mr. Kipling obviously should not write to order. This, for example, is the best that that strong Pen can do for cricket:

"Thank God who made the British Isles,  
And taught me how to play,  
I do not worship crocodiles,  
Or bow the knee to clay!  
Give me a willow wand and I,  
With hide, and cork, and twine,  
From century to century,  
Will gambol round my shrine."

AND this, to face a superb drawing of skaters by Mr. Nicholson, is in a manner foreign to Mr. Kipling's wont. We expect it in the comic papers, but not from him:

"Over the ice she flies,  
Perfect, and poised, and fair;  
Stars in my true lover's eyes,  
Teach me to do and to dare."

Now will I fly as she flies . . .  
Woe for the stars that misled!  
Stars that I saw in her eyes,  
Now do I see in my head!"

The best of the scraps is that on "Coaching:"

"The Pious Horse to church may trot,  
A maid may work a man's salvation.  
Four horses and a girl are not,  
However, aids to reformation."

BUT it is needless to dally with Mr. Kipling in one of his rare poverty-stricken moods. Let us just remark that to no man falls so few, and pass to his song of the go-fever in *Scribner's Magazine*. The "Feet of the Young Men" is the title, and the stanzas, which have a fine swinging lilt, set forth the joys of the adventurous. Thus:

"So for one the wet sail arching through the  
rainbow round the bow,  
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the  
crust;  
And for one the lakeside vigil where the bull-  
moose leads the cow,  
And for one the mule-train coughing in  
the dust.  
Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight?  
Who hath heard the birch-log burning?  
Who is quick to read the noises of the  
night?  
Let him follow with the others, for the young  
men's feet are turning  
To the camps of proved desire and known  
delight!"

And thus:

"Do you know the shallow Baltic, where the  
seas are quick and short,  
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing luggers  
ride?  
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to  
leeward of your port  
On a coast you've lost the chart of over-  
side?  
It is there that I am going, with an extra  
hand to bale her—  
Just one single 'long-shore loafer that I  
know.  
He can take his chance of drowning, while I  
sail and sail and sail her,  
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!"

THE refrain runs:

"And we go—go—go away from here!  
On the other side the world we're overdue!  
Send the road is clear before you when the  
old spring-fret comes o'er you,  
And the Red Gods call for you."

While Mr. Kipling can write such verse as this he may well leave others to trifle with sports.

ONE more paragraph about Mr. Kipling, and we are done. We take the following from an American contemporary, *Current Literature*. The poems are placed in parallel columns under the heading, "Kipling's Echo of Emerson."

BRAHMA.

By Emerson.

If the red slayer think  
he slays,  
Or if the slain think  
he is slain,  
They know not well the  
subtle ways,  
I keep, and pass, and  
turn again.

AN AMERICAN.

By Rudyard Kipling.

If the led striker call  
it a strike,  
Or the papers call it  
a war,  
They know not much  
what I am like.  
Nor what he is, my  
Avatar.

They reckon ill who leave me out,  
When me they fly I am the wings;  
I am the doubter and the doubt  
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

Through many roads by me possessed  
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;  
He is the jester and the jest  
And he the text himself applies.

There is, of course, no plagiarism here, as the American periodical angrily suggests. Emerson's poem is so well known that a satirist has no call to apologise for borrowing its formula to lend point to an inquiry into the American character.

THE discount question persists like a tooth-ache, and like the tooth-ache it roves—now perceptible in one part of the press, now in another. Thus in the current *Chapman's Magazine* we find a symposium on the subject formed of contributions from Mr. Frankfort Moore, from a publisher, and from Mr. Frederick Evans of the bookselling firm of Jones & Evans. Mr. Moore draws a graphic picture of the low estate to which the book-selling shop of his childhood had fallen when he went back to it. It had dropped books altogether, and in the place where Mr. Moore sought *The Amazing Marriage* he bought a greenhouse thermometer. Mr. Moore is, of course, in favour of the proposal to reduce booksellers' discount to 2d.; but he thinks that "unless complete unanimity prevails among publishers, unless complete unanimity prevails among booksellers, enterprising as well as unenterprising, nothing will be accomplished in the way of removing one anomaly from a business that is furrowed with anomalies."

THE publisher tells us that fifteen or twenty years ago a well-known London publishing firm had on its books the names of over a thousand booksellers, each of whom dealt exclusively in books; to-day—such has been the blighting effect of a 3d. discount—the same firm knows of only 245 such booksellers! This writer states the issues clearly, and shows that the publishers and booksellers are agreed, and the authors wavering.

WHAT of the fourth party to the transaction—the public? Mr. Evans, who ought to know, answers this question as follows: "The real reading, book-loving, book-buying public will never grudge the extra penny in the shilling; it is a mere trifle on their occasional, scattered purchases, not felt in any appreciable degree, or sufficiently to deter them from having a book they may really want." The solution, you see, looks near and simple, but that is just what it is not. You can get any number of people to talk reasonably and blandly about book discount; but if it takes a threat of Holloway to get twelve men into a box, it will take force of some kind to unite the book-dealing world on this subject. That force doth not yet appear.

THE dinner given to Mr. Sidney Low on his retirement from the editorial chair of the *St. James's Gazette* was a scene of good humour. Mr. Gosse presided; Mr. Kipling made a speech; Mr. Henley sent a rhymed message; Mr. Alfred Austin offered a set

of verses; Mr. Low surveyed modern journalism and read two stanzas of Mr. Kipling's "Galley Slave," which were calculated to strike a chill into Mr. Chisholm, the *St. James's* new chief. Mr. Chisholm should make an excellent editor; but none the less Mr. Low will be missed. He was a good editor of a good paper, ever watchful for merit and fearless in the expression of opinion. On his return from a trip to India Mr. Low will join the staff of the *Standard*.

ON another page will be found an article upon Omar Khayyam and his English translators. The writer's remarks upon the reluctance of these experimentalists to endeavour to reproduce the metres of the original may to some extent be illustrated by the following stray quatrains which appeared anonymously in *Cornhill* some few years ago. The translator has attempted to rhyme and accentuate the lines just as in the Persian.

*Ya rabb, tu karimi va karimi karam ast.*  
Thou art gracious, Lord!—The Gracious by his grace is known.  
Why from Iram's bower is he, whom sin abases, thrown?  
I obey, and Thou forgivest: grace is none therein.  
I rebel, and Thou forgivest: thus Thy grace is shown!

*Ya rabb, ba-dil asir man rahmat kun.*  
Lord! to my heart trepanned, be merciful!  
Lord! to my breast grief-spanned, be merciful!  
—Pity, oh Lord, this tavern-haunting foot!  
To this goblet-snatching hand, be merciful!

*Khush bash, kih alami guzrân kha'ahad bud.*  
Be gay! for the world will onward plod in time to come;  
The soul still cry for its fleshy pod, in time to come;  
This skull thou seest so sprightly will be lying  
Under the foot of the potter trod, in time to come!

*Maksud zi-jumla-i afrinish ma'im.*  
Creation's perfect plan and muster we are.  
In the eye of Heaven, its pearl of lustre we are.  
The world's great orb is like a ring; and, doubtless,  
The graven gem of its bezelled cluster we are!

The English poet whose work is suggested by the foregoing—at least by their technique—is William Barnes. His casual readers are unaware of the intricacy of his measures and the mastery he exerted over them.

WITH reference to Maltus Q. Holyoake's "Memories of Charles Dickens" in the December number of *Chambers's Journal*, Mr. Gladstone writes: "I recognise Dickens as a great fact in the literature of the century. But it made me angry to read somewhere that Dante was as familiar a name in Florence as Dickens in London." Mr. Gladstone will find many persons to agree with him.

MR. LANE is about to publish, under the simple title *Poems*, a volume containing

all the work of Mr. Stephen Phillips to the present time. Mr. Lane has arranged with Mr. Elkin Mathews for the inclusion of the little *Christ in Hades* book. The admirers of Mr. Phillips are a growing band, owing in some measure to some exquisite verses which have recently appeared in the *Spectator*, notably the pieces, "Old Age" and "Youth and Sorrow."

AT the close of a review of the late Mrs. Oliphant's history of the House of Blackwood, in the current number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, there is a touching reference to the valued contributor who will write no more "We must go back," says the critic, "to the days of Wilson and Lockhart and Aytoun for any parallel to the brilliancy and loyalty and unwavering devotion of Margaret Oliphant."

MR. HENLEY's prologue to *Admiral Guinea*, most musically recited by Miss Elizabeth Robins, had the following passage:

"Once was a pair of Friends, who loved to chance  
Their feet in any by-way of Romance.  
They, like two vagabond schoolboys, unafraid  
Of stark impossibilities, essayed  
To make these Penitent and Impenitent Thieves,  
These PEWS and GAUNTS, each man of them  
with his sheaves  
Of humour, passion, cruelty, tyranny, life,  
Fit shadows for the boards; till in the strife  
Of dream with dream, their Slaver-Saint came true,  
And their Blind Pirate, their resurgent PEW  
(A figure of deadly farce in his new birth),  
Tap-tapped his way from Orcus back to earth;  
And so, their Lover and his Lass made one,  
In their best prose this *Admiral* here was done."

MISS ROBINS, however, missed the point of the last two couplets in the following final sextet:

"One of this Pair sleeps till the crack of doom  
Where the great ocean-rollers plunge and boom.  
The other waits and wonders what his Friend,  
Dead now, and deaf, and silent, were the end  
Revealed to his rare spirit, would find to say  
If you, his lovers, loved him for this Play."

It is not to be fantastic to assume that Mr. Henley's intention was not over complimentary to *Admiral Guinea* nor to those that rave of its merits. But Miss Robins gave the lines a pathetic note which probably pleased the audience quite as well.

LAST week we drew attention to a curious development of Ian Maclarenism—a Calendar for 1898. Now arrives *The Ian Maclaren Year Book* (Hodder & Stoughton), which differs from the Calendar mainly in the length of its extracts. Each day has one—but they extend commonly to more than half a page instead of to a single line. But it is a queer, inconclusive, scrappy work.

LITERARY matters make such demands upon our space that we cannot devote as much attention as we should like to Art; but we really must find space for these simple rules for telling to what school a

painter belongs. They were published first, we believe, in the *Boston Transcript*.

"If he paints the sky gray and grass brown, he belongs to the Old School.

If he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he belongs to the Realistic School.

If he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he belongs to the Impressionist School.

If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a Colourist.

If he paints the sky black and the grass red, he is an artist of great decorative talent—great enough to make posters."

MR. W. J. STILLMAN's bright book of essays, *The Old Rome and the New, and Other Studies* (Grant Richards), ranges over many subjects and people, including Mr. Ruskin and his art teaching. Incidentally, Mr. Stillman quotes a letter he received from Mr. Ruskin in 1851, containing the following counsel on reading: "You should read much—and generally old books; but, above all, avoid German books—and all Germanists, except Carlyle, whom read as much as you can or like: read George Herbert and Spenser and Wordsworth and Homer, all constantly; Young's *Night Thoughts*, Crabbe, and, of course, Shakespeare, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan; do not smile if I mention also *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights*, for standard places on your shelves."

BESIDES the books already announced—namely, *Sigurd the Volsung*, *Love is Enough* and *The Sundering Flood*, only two other books will be printed at the Kelmscott Press. These are *Some German Woodcuts of the Fifteenth Century*, being thirty-five reproductions from books that were in the library at Kelmscott House, together with a list of the principal woodcut books in that library; and *A Note by William Morris*, being the account of his aims in starting the Kelmscott Press, together with facts concerning the Press, and an annotated list of all the books there printed, compiled by Mr. S. O. Cockerell. These will be the last books printed at the Kelmscott Press, which will close early in the New Year. The type will remain in the hands of the trustees for future use, but all the special ornament will be discontinued, and the woodblocks deposited in the British Museum.

BOTH editions of Mr. Andrew Tuer's recently published *History of the Horn-Book* are out of print. The author informs us that neither will be reprinted and that the types have been distributed.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which he calls *Rupert of Hentzau*, begins in the December *Pall Mall Magazine*. The opening chapters are rich in the promise of good intrigue. The historian is Fritz. The King has become fretful, and continually suspicious both of his enemy Rupert and his friend Rudolf Rassendyll. The Queen is unhappy. The only man who retains his old calm is Colonel Sapt, now Constable of Zenda. On the threshold of the story Fritz is despatched by the Queen with a letter to Rassendyll, and straightway the brave business of romance begins. We will not say more than this.

A NEW story by Dr. Weir Mitchell, the author of *Hugh Wynne*, will run through the *Century*. Its title is *The Adventures of François: a Story of the French Revolution*.

MR. F. E. ROBINSON, M.A. Cantab., announces that he is about to publish two series of Oxford and Cambridge College Histories. The "Oxford Series" will consist of twenty-one, and the "Cambridge Series" of eighteen volumes. Each volume will be written by some one officially connected with the college of which it treats, or at least by some member of that college who is specially qualified for the task. The two series will extend over a period of about two years, and no particular order will be observed in the publication of the volumes. It is hoped that the first volume will be ready early in the New Year.

A RUMOUR, to which the *Daily News* gave currency, that Wentworth House at Hampstead is about to be pulled down, and the fear that "Lawn Bank," where Keats lived, is likely to go too, is vigorously contradicted by the *Highgate and Hampstead Express*, and we prefer to believe the contradiction.

OUR notice of Mr. Jacobi's amusing book, *Gesta Typographica*, in our issue of November 20, anticipated some of the stories told in the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine*; but, of course, not all. The writer revives the old newspaper report which said that "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, was shooting peasants in Ireland." Landor once found a curious error in a proof of a set of verses he had written for the *Keepsake*. The last stanza was made to end:

" 'Yes,' you shall say when once the dream  
(So hard to break) is o'er,  
'My love was very dear to him,  
My farm and peace no more.' "

It should have been *fame*; well might Landor exclaim: "Pity it was not printed my farm and peas!"

THE error by mis-punctuation is illustrated by several good instances. In the Poet's Corner of a provincial newspaper the following note was appended to some verses: "These lines were written nearly fifty years ago, by a gentleman who has for several years lain in the grave for his own amusement." Soon after the last Egyptian campaign the following curiously arranged and punctuated sentence appeared in a London evening paper: "To show the enthusiasm with which our troops have been received, we may mention that we have been told of several instances where cabmen have driven soldiers from Egypt to the barracks without charge."

A VOLUME called *Fidelis, and Other Poems*, which was reviewed in a recent ACADEMY, has for title-poem a eulogy of a favourite dog. Curiously enough, another volume of poetry simultaneously published—*Lays of Iona, and Other Poems*, by the Rev. S. J. Stone (Longmans & Co.), a thoughtful,

reverent book—contains a sonnet inspired by precisely similar feelings.

"SANCHO: AN OLD FRIEND.

"A large brown Irish retriever, buried in the Vicarage garden of St. Paul's, Haggerston. A stone to his memory is on the school wall, with this inscription:

" 'In the centre of this lawn lies

SANCHO,

a gentleman in all but humanity; thoroughbred, single in mind, true of heart; for seventeen years the faithful and affectionate friend of his master, who loved him, and now for him 'faintly trusts the Larger Hope' contained, it may be, in Romans viii. 19-21.

He died April 26, 1883."

"Not sparse of friends the world has been to me,

By grace of God; sweetness and light to life

Their love has given; many a stormy strife,  
Many a pulseless torpor, on my sea,  
Through them—their presence or their memory—

Have been or stilled or quickened; and to thee,

My Dog, the tribute, as the term, is due,  
My Friend! not least of all dear, near and true

These seventeen years—and through the years to be,

Sure in my heart of immortality,

Must this be all? 'I' the great Day of the Lord,

Shall aught that is of good and beauty now

Be missing? Shall not each gift be restored?

Paul says 'the whole creation'—why not thou?"

A collection of poems in honour of pets would make an interesting book.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"Miss Ellen Nussey, the lifelong friend of 'Currier Bell,' has passed away at the age of eighty, at her home in Gomersal, and was laid to rest in Birstall Churchyard (the 'Briarfield' of *Shirley*) on November 30. The friendship between Charlotte and her schoolmate bids fair to remain for long noteworthy in the history of literature. The little, forlorn, motherless child of alien race, pining in the rarefied atmosphere of Roehead School, opened her heart to the warm-hearted and kind English friend. Her common sense and strong, purposeful, motherly nature invited confidence and offered rest, and it is to Charlotte's letters to her that we owe most of what we know of the self-revelation of the eldest of the three gifted sisters. Miss Nussey remained loyal and true to the memory of her well-loved and famous friend, and the letters she furnished to Mr. Wemyss Reid for his monograph, and later to Mr. Clement Shorter for his last work on *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, form the most authentic staple for our later knowledge of her character, as earlier a selection from them made by Mrs. Gaskell, contributed much to the 'classical' life of Charlotte which she published. There is little doubt that Miss Nussey served, at any rate in part, as the original model for the portrait of Caroline Helstone in *Shirley*; and many of the traits with which Charlotte endued that character are those which in Ellen Nussey drew forth her love, and maintained it unshaken to the last. If Miss Nussey goes down to posterity as the friend of the foremost woman writer of the time, it will be a deserved honour, for in her counsel and affection Charlotte found much solace in her troubled pilgrimage."



## 1897 : A RETROSPECT.

EARLY in the year the publishers came to the conclusion that the public was reading less than usual. The absorbing interest of foreign politics, and, later, the patriotic and expensive delights of the Jubilee, were rightly or wrongly held responsible for this disinclination towards literature; and many publications believed to be of importance were deferred to a more convenient season. The result has been a tempestuous autumn. For three long months the tide of books has beaten about the doors of the ACADEMY office. Its impetus is not yet exhausted; but, at least, the ebb has set in, and the opportunity seems a favourable one to pause for a retrospect, and to attempt some summing-up of the total achievement, since last Christmas, of so many pens.

The first thing which strikes the candid and judicious observer of current literature must be, we think, that, where so much is good, so little is, or even aims at being, of the very best. A considerable proportion of English brain-power is devoted, year by year, to the business of writing, but of this proportion a very insignificant fraction is spent even in the attempt at creating masterpieces. It goes in the pursuit of what are, in most cases, consciously ephemeral ends; in the service not of art, but of bookmaking. Excellent and entertaining bookmaking it is, very often, but none the less bookmaking. The great bulk of modern literature may reasonably be divided under two heads. There is the literature of commerce, written by men who make a profession of writing for a livelihood. By the very law of its being, this literature has to consult the taste of that strange creature, the public. The taste of the public is subject to fits and eddies; it is swayed by fashion; and so schools of writing arise and vanish. A book makes a lucky hit; it catches the ear of the public; the public clamours for something more of the same kind; and, in accordance with the economic law of supply and demand, a host of clever imitators come forward to provide what is wanted. The "Keynotes" school has its vogue, the "Kailyard" school, the school of saddle and spur romance: they come and go, hailed and unregretted. With much of this literature the ACADEMY has nothing to do: such books enjoy a vast subterranean circulation, and do not rise to the light of day. Much, on the other hand, is aimed at that section of the public which takes in the literary papers. This from week to week we sedulously review: but the standard of criticism applied is not an absolute one; it is relative to the aims of the book and the needs of its probable reader. "Good" means "good, upon a certain level," and "bad," that even that level is not attained. With all of this we have no quarrel. It is an excellent thing that a public which is ready to pay should have plenty of entertaining books to read, and it is an excellent thing that quick wits should be able to make an honest livelihood out of supplying them. Both readers and writers

might be much worse employed. Nor do we suggest that art is altogether disregarded. It is not so. Most successful authors, we suppose, patch up some sort of a compromise between their consciences and their pockets. They write as well as they can afford, as well as the public will let them; and in many cases, no doubt, they write their best, and their best happens to be just what the public likes. But, of course, this is not the way that masterpieces are made. It were idle and probably priggish to cry aloud in the market-place because men prefer supporting a wife and family in comfort to the pursuit of so elusive a will o' the wisp as art. We take what we can get, and do not pretend to find no pleasure in the capital reading our talented novelists provide for us. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, art is still art, and not commerce, and our whole-souled admiration is reserved for the few who, through good report and evil report, manage to keep their artistic conscience pure and undefiled.

The literature of commerce, then, accounts for nine-tenths of the books that come in such profusion. To some of its triumphs during the past year we shall briefly allude in the course of this review. Of the remaining tenth a large part is claimed by another form of literature, which, valuable and important as it is, is yet in our eyes not quite the highest. This is the literature of knowledge. It would be difficult to over-estimate the amount of serious work which is now being done by Englishmen in almost every branch of scholarship and science. The catalogues of the leading publishers, and, still more, the transactions of innumerable learned societies, bear witness to the fact. This literature we are rarely able to notice in detail in these columns, but we are not unconscious of its existence, or of its value. Nevertheless, we make no apology for calling it not quite the highest. For the literature of knowledge, like the literature of commerce, contains, of its very essence, the seeds of impermanence. Knowledge is progressive, while art is stationary; and the hardly won learning of one generation is inevitably refuted by, or absorbed into, that of the next. The highest literature, then, because the only lasting literature, is the literature of art, established upon the universally beautiful and the universally true; and in surveying the writing of our day we are obliged to make this our central question. How far is the highest type of literature, this permanent and disinterested literature, represented?

We cannot profess to be much encouraged by the answer which we are going to give. It is ill speaking for posterity, and we do not suppose that any year, since literature began to be, has produced more than two or three books which have kept their savour for a century. But a decade is no extravagant length of life for a book, and how many out of all the hundreds of books printed in 1897 can we imagine as enduring and claiming attention in a decade's time? Some poor dozen, surely, at most, and the rest, save for their ironical appeal to the student, will have gone the way of the snows of yesterday.

## POETRY.

The vintage of poetry has been an especially scanty one. Of the Jubilee odes, the less said the better; the more official, the more exiguous in inspiration were they. The most successful was Mr. Francis Thompson's; while one of the most considerable poetic achievements of the year is to be found in the same writer's *New Poems*. Less amazing, perhaps, than the author's earlier work, the book represents a notable advance in craftsmanship. Mr. Thompson has much to learn still, affectations to dismiss, harshnesses to slough off, obscurities to elucidate; but the critic must be strangely blind who does not see that he has the root of the whole matter in him, the divine gift of song, the sincere impulse and the authentic thrill. Brain and soul in no small degree have gone to the making of these strange, difficult poems, with their tangled conceits, their subtle introspection, their lofty and penetrating spirituality.

There are five other volumes which seem to us, in their own degree, of no inconsiderable merit. There is Mr. Lionel Johnson's *Ireland*, learned, meditative, dignified, full of fine thought and fine feeling. There is Mr. Arthur Symonds's *Amoris Victima*, delicately wrought, and free from the offence of his *London Nights*, but too insubstantial, too much lacking in the inspiration of a broad humanity, to be quite great poetry.

There is the slender but exquisite verse of *The Earth-Breath*, so modestly put forward by the secluded Irish writer who calls himself "A. E." This is genuine, if little regarded poetry, in which the natural magic of the Celt and the mysticism of the Platonist join in a wistful music which no other writer, except, perhaps, Mr. Yeats, has quite caught.

Finally, there is the long-expected volume, the contents of which have already enjoyed an esoteric reputation, of that critic, scholar, and friend of poets, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. We must own that to us *The Coming of Love* is something of a disappointment. Mr. Watts-Dunton has absorbed so much poetry that he could hardly help writing some now and then. And it is a curious thing that under these circumstances his verse should be so much his own, so little an echo of that of other men. He has a great command of technical expedient, a facility and a smooth flow of rhythm. But with all this it is but only too rarely that he strikes us as inspired, or if inspired it is an inspiration born only of the desire, and not the need, to write poetry. New volumes by Mr. William Watson and Mr. Stephen Phillips are promised before the close of the year.

Mr. Le Gallienne's "paraphrase" of Omar Khayyam, from a language which he does not understand, into a metre appropriated by Fitz-Gerald, Mr. Alfred Austin's commonplace *Conversion of Winckelmann*, Mr. Benson's *Lord Vyet*, Mr. Bourdillon's *Minuscule*, Mrs. Fuller Maitland's *Song-Book of Bethia Hardacre*, make up, perhaps, all that call for mention, save that a word of praise is due to the stirringly patriotic *Admirals All*, of a

nearly new writer, Mr. Henry Newbolt. A single fine poem by Mr. Kipling attracted much attention when it appeared in a daily paper, and in the absence of new verse, the wise reader may console himself with the *Select Poems* of Mr. Meredith, and with the one-volume editions of Mrs. Browning and of Mr. Austin Dobson.

#### CRITICISM.

Of first-rate criticism there is even less to record than of first-rate poetry. The one book that stands out is Mr. Henley's brilliant and thorough study of Robert Burns. Those who most disagree with Mr. Henley's conclusions are bound to admit the extraordinary energy and vividness with which they are put and enforced. It is criticism of a very high order, genuinely creative criticism, in the sense that it creates, fixes a presentment of its subject which is salient, consistent, permanent. Unless, and until, some equally potent critic give us an equally luminous counter portrait, Burns must remain to the imagination, if not to the reason, Burns as he is interpreted by Mr. Henley. Next to Mr. Henley's work we place Mr. Walter Raleigh's elaborate and somewhat antastatic essay on *Style*. Mr. Raleigh has undeniable things to say, and he says them in a manner full of epigram and metaphor, a deliberate, highly wrought, highly self-conscious manner, which will attract some as much as it will inevitably repel others. If you like it, it is a fine; if you dislike it, it is at least a remarkably suggestive book. And in it we seem to detect the influence of Mr. Meredith—a reprint of whose long-buried essay on *The Comic Spirit* has given great joy alike to those who knew it and to those who knew it not. A privately printed selection of Mr. Pater's contributions to the *Guardian* is probably the last legacy we shall have from a man who more than any other has left his mark upon modern criticism. These reviews are the very genius of reviewing. In the second flight of critical work we put some half-dozen books—Mr. Symons's *Essays in Two Literatures*, Mr. Traill's *The New Fiction*, Mr. Robertson's *New Essays Towards a Method in Criticism*, Mr. Whibley's *Studies in Frankness*. And of these we venture to pick out that of Mr. Symons, in whom the influence of Mr. Pater is very strong, as showing at once the finer art and the rarer sensitiveness. Of essays in the older and wider sense there are none worth mention of native growth. Matthew Arnold's *Friendship's Garland* has been reprinted, and a translation of M. Maeterlinck's *Tresor des Humbles*, together with one of his *Aglavaine et Selysette*, has made a profound impression. M. Maeterlinck is rapidly becoming one of the few living foreigners who can be regarded as a force in English letters.

#### FICTION.

We pass now to the novel, admittedly the characteristic art of our age, as the drama was the characteristic art of the Elizabethan age; less potent in its hold upon the mind and heart of the few than poetry, but more universal in its appeal, more catholic in its comprehensiveness. In

the novel, we venture to think, the outlook is one for moderate and chastened hope. Of the two acknowledged masters of prose fiction, Mr. Meredith has, this year again, given us nothing. Mr. Hardy has given us *The Well-Beloved*, a book which represents a return to the happier pre-Judean period of his development, but which, nevertheless, cannot be regarded as an unqualified success. Mr. Stevenson might possibly have hammered *St. Ives* into a romance worthy to rank with *Catriona*. Possibly, but not certainly, for the *Vailima Letters* show that he was profoundly dissatisfied with it. But as he left it it is incomplete, ragged, lacking in unity. Upon Mr. Kipling's second attempt to write a long book, *Captains Courageous*, we have spoken recently. In *The Spoils of Poynton* and *What Maisie Knew* Mr. Henry James's hand is, perhaps, surer, his art more subtle than ever before. To his unexampled mastery of words, to his profound psychological analysis, he adds a new idealism, and paints the victory of beauty, the beauty here of inanimate things, there of the unspotted soul, triumphing over the sordid and vulgar in its surroundings. Another honest and imperfectly appreciated workman is Mr. Gissing. *The Whirlpool* lacks the distinction of Mr. James's books, for style was the gift left out by the fairies at Mr. Gissing's christening. But, for all that, it is a powerful novel, well constructed, informed with moral ideas, interesting from beginning to end. And if it paints life in lurid colours upon a background of drab, it is none the less true to that side of life which catches Mr. Gissing's vision. In *Human Odds and Ends*, Mr. Gissing develops some qualities of humour and irony which are not so conspicuous in his longer works. *The School for Saints* is a far more important book than any which John Oliver Hobbes has hitherto essayed. It is a remarkable advance. The fantastic has given way to the human. In a less measure, this is true also of Mr. Benjamin Swift. The people in *The Tormentor* are at least partly human. They have elements of the fantastic, the grotesque; but they have human qualities also, very closely and acutely studied. In other respects, *The Tormentor* compares favourably with *Nancy Noon*. The construction is more orderly, the style less coruscating, more Mr. Swift's own; at moments it attains a rare beauty. These are, we think, the conspicuous successes of the year, and to them should, perhaps, be added, for its distinction of style and its touch upon character, Mr. G. S. Street's *The Wise and the Wayward*.

Mr. Morris's archaic romance, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, has a beauty, a recondite artificial beauty, of its own; and the same may be said of Mr. Yeats' *The Secret Rose*. Mr. Wells, in *The Invisible Man* and *The Plattner Story*, pursues the vein of scientific marvel which he has found so rich. Miss Wilkins' admirable *Jerome* heads a train of sojourners from over the Atlantic, among which Mr. Allen's *The Choir Invisible* and Mrs. Atherton's *Patience Sparhawk* are the most noteworthy. A few other books have struck us as having real artistic accomplishment, or,

at the least, intention; it is sufficient to enumerate Mr. Sturgis's *The Folly of Pen Harrington*, Miss Schreiner's *Peter Halkett*, Miss Sinclair's *Audrey Craven*, Miss Violet Hunt's *Unkist*, *Unkind*, Mr. Voynich's *Gad-Fly*, Mr. Pain's *Octave of Claudius*, Mr. Jacobs's *The Skipper's Wooing*, Mrs. Fleming's *A Pinchbeck Goddess*, Miss Harraden's *Hilda Strafford*, Mr. Algernon Gissing's *A Scholar of Bygones*, Mr. Prevost's *False Dawn*, Mr. Brewer's *Speculators*, Mr. Burrow's *The Way of the Wind*. The list, no doubt, might bear expansion from others that we have overlooked. Several books have, naturally enough, received attention out of all proportion to their intrinsic merits. Among these we should class Mme. Sarah Grand's *Beth Book*, Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl*, and Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*. So far as popularity goes, romance is in the ascendant; the problem novel and the idyll languish, while our young men and maidens pore over thrilling tales of clattering spurs and "hairbreadth escapes i' th' imminent deadly breach." The leader, after Stevenson, of this school, Mr. Anthony Hope, maintains his place. In *Phroso* all his old fertility of invention is combined with a certain originality of setting. Mr. Crockett, on the other hand, seems to falter. But a score of youthful aspirants crowd up to take his place. The recipe is an easy one: a chivalrous gentleman, a dash of historic colour, an eyebrow, a mouthful of strange oaths, and the trick is done. But the repetition will pall, and in a year or two we shall all be writing novels on politics or religion or spiritualism again. The present fashion is at least a wholesome one, and in Scott and Dumas its followers have excellent models to work from.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Other branches of literature claim all too brief consideration. The mania for biography shows no signs of abatement. Of the most trivial people, upon the slightest excuse, voluminous and, as a rule, ill-edited lives are thrust before a reluctant public. Few of these productions, we should imagine, pay the cost of printing. They are published to gratify the monstrous vanity of relatives and friends, a class of people singularly inept to see the subjects of them in their true proportions. Even in the case of those whose biographies might reasonably be written, we have again and again to complain of too great diffuseness, of too ardent a desire to gather up the last shred of unimportant or uncharacteristic detail. The biography which makes any claim to be a work of art is the rarest of things. Madame Darmesteter's *Renan*, Captain Mahan's *Nelson* are welcome exceptions. So far as subject-matter is concerned, the *Memoir of Lord Tennyson*, by his son, is of the first importance. It is an official biography, somewhat grudgingly given, in which the traditional presentment of Tennyson is elaborated with extreme fidelity and reticence. The *Autobiographies* of Gibbon, Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, the *Life of Jowett*, the *Letters of Mrs. Browning*, stand out from the ruck as of exceptional interest.

## ANTHOLOGIES.

The reprinting of old poets goes on apace, and still more the making of anthologies. Amongst such Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind* and Mr. Henley's *English Lyrics* come in the very front rank. A second series of the *Golden Treasury* does not reach the level of that earlier volume, to which so many gratefully owe their first introduction to the joys of English literature. Less comprehensive are the aims of Mr. E. V. Lucas's *Book of Verses for Children*, Mr. Sayle's *In Praise of Music*, Mr. Couch's *English Sonnets*, Mr. Aubrey Stewart's *Epigrams and Epitaphs*, Mr. Crawford's *Four Poets*; all are carried out with knowledge and discrimination.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Scholarship appears to us to be suffering under the dominion of the series. On every conceivable subject some publisher or other has started a collection of manuals or handbooks. Few of these profess to make any real addition to knowledge; they are but rival attempts at mincing learning up small for weak digestions. That this should be done once is well enough; it does not seem necessary that it should be done over and over again. The publisher probably finds that one volume of a series sells another. From a less commercial point of view the disadvantages of the system are apparent. Scholars are called from their independent tasks to serve up once more the funeral baked meats, and the exasperating uniformity of the series drives them into a groove, and robs their work of any originality it might otherwise have possessed. Nevertheless some good books have appeared during the year; so many, in fact, that only a representative few can find mention here. Under the head of literary history we note the second volume of Prof. Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, Prof. Ker's *Epic and Romance*, Dr. Hill's *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, Dr. Gasquet's *Old English Bible*, and a whole host of writings upon Shakespeare, of which Mr. Lee's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Mr. Madden's *Diary of William Silence*, Mr. Carter's *Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant*, are the most important. A cheap reprint of some of the volumes of Dr. Furness's *New Variorum Shakespeares* is a welcome boon. So is the section of the new British Museum Catalogue dealing with Shakespeare. The old controversy as to the *Sonnets* has revived gaily in consequence of Lady Newdegate-Newdigate's *Gossip from a Muniment Room*. General history yields new volumes of the well-known works by Prof. Gardiner and Mr. Justin McCarthy, and among special studies Prof. Maitland's *Domesday Book and Beyond*, Mr. Lang's *Pickle the Spy*, Mr. Leach's *English Schools at the Reformation*, Mr. Morley's *Macchiavelli*, Major Hume's *Raleigh* and his *Philip II. of Spain*, Father Taunton's *Black Monks of St. Benedict in England*, Canon Jessopp's *St. William of Norwich* and his *Life of Donne*, Mr. J. W. Clark's *Observances of Barnwell*, Canon Knox Little's *St. Francis of Assisi*,

Mr. Beazley's *Dawn of Modern Geography*. In Philosophy we have Frazer's *Philosophy of Theism* and R. L. Nettleship's *Lectures and Remains*; in theology Archbishop Benson's posthumous study of *St. Cyprian*; in anthropology and folk-lore Mr. Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God*, Mr. Borlase's *Irish Dolmens*, Mr. Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*; in Economics Mr. Charles Booth's *Life and Labour in East London*, a monumental work now at last complete. In classical scholarship the signal things are Prof. Jebb's *Ajax* and the coming edition of the newly discovered fragments of *Bacchylides*. It need hardly be said that this list is representative rather than exhaustive. To it may be appended the names of two books which have had a popular rather than a literary or academic success. These are Dr. Nansen's *Farthest North* and Mr. Steevens's *Land of the Dollar*.

And so we come back to the point from which we started, that while the literature of commerce and the literature of knowledge are flourishing, that highest type of literature, which we ventured to call the literature of art, finds relatively but few adherents. And the question suggests itself whether anything can be done to remedy this disproportion. At bottom, perhaps, it is partly a matter of stimulus. Men must have something tangible to work for: the popular novelist finds his reward in the cheques of his agent, the literary student in the distant beckoning of a professorship. The artist alone works for nothing but the satisfaction of his own conscience and the silent esteem of those who respect art.

## AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

OUR suggested list of names for an ACADEMY OF LETTERS aroused considerable interest, to which our columns and the columns of the London, provincial, and French presses have testified. We do not propose to make any change in our selection; but if it were desired to increase the number of Academicians from forty to fifty, the suggestions of our correspondents would indicate the following additional names:

James Martineau.	Frederic Harrison.
Edward Caird.	William Watson.
Henry Sidgwick.	Sir Walter Besant.
Lord Acton.	Edward Dowden.
F. Max Müller.	T. Watts-Dunton.

A glance at the article on page 497, with the long list of awards, shows the power of such a body as the French Academy to assist merit. It was with the idea of encouraging authors of younger reputation that we decided to crown two books each year with awards of one hundred guineas and fifty guineas.

In reply to many enquiries, we may add that we hope to announce the names of the authors whose books have been "crowned" in our issue of January 15.

SOME  
YOUNGER REPUTATIONS.

## MR. W. B. YEATS.

MR. YEATS, born near Dublin in 1866, has done much work as an anthologist and critic, to which we need not here allude, nor even to his labours of love in connexion with the mystic Blake. His highest and finest work is to be found in his collected *Poems*, which comprise the best of his previously published verse; in *John Sherman and Dhoya*, a little volume of the Pseudonym Series; in *The Celtic Twilight*, a medley of legend and reverie; and in *The Secret Rose*, a collection of imaginative tales. All these are steeped in a magic which makes them too aerial and unsubstantial for some readers, too dreamy and dim; and yet they are wonderfully concrete and close to earth as well. This writer is emphatically one of those who have an abiding vision of beauty and truth, embracing all things, since all things are but the immortal moods of an immortal imagination. He finds

"In all poor foolish things that live a day,  
Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

So to him the old Irish mythology, and the visible world of nature, and the set schemes of the mystics, and the daily life of man, are equally charged with an equal meaning, than which he can see and sing nothing else, whether he take romance, or drama, or lyric, or short story for his chosen method of expression. And he is not a misty, turbid writer, with flashes of beautiful light: he is far too pure and passionate an artist, a craftsman, for that. He has written lyrics of lovely simplicity and pathetic music, which a child could feel; and at his farthest flights toward the ultimate and the primal verities he remains clear and definite. His gift of words, wonderfully fresh and moving, his command over the sights and sounds of nature, his penetrating observation, while they make his poetry and his prose full of colour and cadence, full of romantic charm, are yet turned by him to the service of a higher imagination, which apprehends life *sub specie eternitatis*; but of didacticism, allegory, moralising, he has no trace. He does not make Oisín, and the whole vast Celtic world of wonder and enchantment, so variously presented in his writings, mere vehicles of an unearthly creed: they are real to him, because they are ideal: not more so the living creatures of the fields and waters, whom he shows to us with so faithful and apt a touch. A pre-historic myth, a peasant poet of the last century, a mediæval mystic, a London suburb—they tell him the same tale of a divine imagination envisaging itself in moods of life: whence a kind of compassionate exultation in his presentments of passions and emotions, be they personal or dramatic. So, he has humour, that precious possession inseparable from true art and spirituality; humour of a gently ironical and sympathetic sort. He suffers, doubtless, somewhat from his English readers' unfamiliarity with his Irish themes and interests, as also from his "transcendental-

ism"; but no one has questioned the technical side of his excellence; the wistful solemnity and lyrical melody of his verse, the musical rhythm of his prose, his mastery of the proper arresting word, the striking, unaffected epithet. And he has never condescended to inferior stuff, never squandered his talent upon poor matter; his work is always ardent and fine, respecting itself. To Mr. Yeats we look for a masterpiece, since his imagination is of the highest quality, and his execution not far beneath it.

#### MR. GEORGE GISSING.

THE discriminating have had their eyes upon Mr. Gissing since first, in *Demos*, he showed what stuff he was of; the popular success which he has never courted he has never won. He is handicapped by the fact that, though an excellent craftsman, he has not style—has not, that is to say, distinction, finish, beauty of style. Yet from first to last, from *Eve's Ransom* to *The Whirlpool*, he has written a round dozen of admirable novels—solid, honest, patient novels, such as but few men, in the face of comparative neglect, have the grit to turn out. And they are novels full of ideas. No one works more under the domination of the idea than Mr. Gissing. In *New Grub Street*, that remorseless analysis and indictment of Mr. Gissing's own profession, Harold Biffen, the realist, who lives on bread and dripping in a garret and rejoices in the Greek choric metres, thus expounds his theory of the art of fiction:

"What I really aim at is an absolute realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent. The field, as I understand it, is a new one. I don't know any writer who has treated ordinary vulgar life with fidelity and seriousness. Zola writes deliberate tragedies; his vilest figures become heroic from the place they fill in a strongly imagined drama. I want to deal with the essentially unheroic, with the day-to-day life of that vast majority of people who are at the mercy of paltry circumstance. Dickens understood the possibility of such work, but his tendency to melodrama on the one hand, and his humour on the other, prevented him from thinking of it. An instance, now. As I came along by Regent's Park, half an hour ago, a man and a girl were walking close in front of me, love-making. I passed them slowly and heard a good deal of their talk—it was part of the situation that they should pay no heed to a stranger's proximity. Now, such a love scene as that has absolutely never been written down; it was entirely decent, yet vulgar to the *n*th power. Dickens would have made it ludicrous—a gross injustice. Other men who deal with low-class life would perhaps have preferred idealising it—an absurdity. For my own part, I am going to reproduce it *verbatim*, without one single impertinent suggestion of any point of view save that of honest reporting. The result will be something unutterably tedious. Precisely. That is the stamp of the ignobly decent life. If it were anything *but* tedious, it would be untrue."

In part, Harold Biffen's theory is Mr. Gissing's also. In part, and not entirely, because Mr. Gissing is not a pure realist. The "ignobly decent" is his subject; he observes it laboriously, minutely, from every conceivable point of view. But he does not merely observe it—he condemns. And that

makes all the difference; it turns Mr. Gissing from a realist into a pessimist. A pessimist he is, deliberately. He lays his finger, here and there, on every condition of our middle-class life; and points out how each in turn operates to degrade and ruin the humanity which it controls. His books are crowded with failures, failures that might so easily have been successes. He shows you idealism thwarted by the pettiest of barriers, by imperfect education, by imagined social requirements, by natural instinct prompting to foolish marriage, oftenest of all, by just the hundred-a-year too little; ambitions warped, the joy of life crushed. Only once does the idealist get the best of it, in *Thyrza*. Here Mr. Gissing has given wing to the poetry that is in his soul; therefore, you admire the other books, but you love *Thyrza*. The middle-class, with its infinitesimal grades, is Mr. Gissing's field of study. His gentle folk do not convince; on the other hand, he can venture into the slums, and in *The Nether World* has anticipated alike Mr. Morrison and Mr. Maugham, and painted a Bank Holiday in all its Bank Holidayness.

#### MR. "ANTHONY HOPE."

IF the circulation of Mr. Anthony Hope's books exceeds that of novelists of higher rank, it is no matter of reproach against him: it is neither to puffery nor to vulgarity that he owes his success. The extremes of his field are marked, on the one hand, by *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*; on the other, by *The Dolly Dialogues*. The former is his most deliberate effort after effect in style. Probably, also, none of his creations has fallen so perilously near to failure. It is a book, indeed, that one has read with pleasure and with admiration; only, having once closed it, straightway one forgets what manner of book it was. From beginning to end it contains no bungled sentence or discordant collocation; it is not confused or diffuse; it is singularly free from definite defect: only it is lacking, too, in that unspeakable quality which can make a story or a character or a phrase to shine out from its neighbourhood and live in the memory. Yet it is by a kindred work that Mr. Hope is best known; and if one asks why *The Prisoner of Zenda* has captured the fancy and imagination of so great a company, no other reason suggests itself than that mere suspicion of modern cynicism which imparts to the whole a vague twang of burlesque. To what extent *Rupert of Hentzau* will preserve this strain it is too early to conjecture. *Phroso*, in the same species, marks a decline; but the air of Ruritania is invigorating.

As the amused watcher of his own London, Mr. Hope appears at his most considerable stature in *The God in the Car*. The picture of the "magerful man" is almost too definitely drawn from life to rank among creations; nevertheless, so convincingly to portray the Titan, with his gift of overwhelming vitality and his unconscious power of domination, is no petty feat. It is bright, too, with that illuminative see-saw of dialogue which is characteristic

of Mr. Hope on his most modern and frivolous side—the side, that is, which appeals most directly to whatever there is of frivolous in the reader—and which is the essence of the charming *Dolly Dialogues*. Across the Channel the thing has been done before; and Mr. Hope is not Gyp; and, for the matter of that, English is not French. Anyway, the *Dialogues* are very clever, and, at points, even brilliant.

His smart dialogue is sometimes held up as a matter of reproach against him; and we acknowledge, thankfully, that the conversations of the people in *A Man of Mark*, *Mr. Witt's Widow*, and *The Comedies of Courtship*, are more amusing than the greater number of those at which, in real life, we are privileged to assist. But it is not always their wit from which the reader derives the most pleasure; more often it is their aptness. The average man speaks 12,000 words a day, the average woman half as many again. Out of the 30,000 words launched between sleep and sleep by, say, a betrothed couple, Mr. Hope has a happy knack of arresting the half-dozen winged sentences that have a real bearing upon the true lives of them. Divorce them from their context, or in anywise modify the circumstances, and these same words that seem so "smart" become as futile as an electro-magnet when the circuit is broken. It is *Comedies of Courtship* that we have particularly in our mind.

It must be confessed that the man who wrote these books knows his world more than calf-skin deep, that he is detached enough to watch it steadily, and clever enough to read it. We credit him with a modesty that recognises his limitations, and we earnestly entreat him not to be seduced by the critics who worry him to take himself more seriously. He is not a Thackeray or a Stevenson, but he is eminently refreshing; a cynic indeed, but a cynic with a sound digestion and a shapely style.

#### MR. JOHN DAVIDSON.

IN the seventies and eighties Mr. John Davidson was writing romantic farces and pastorals. These have no dramatic qualities, but they bloom with fantastic humour and fresh poetry, wild-wood notes. Mr. Davidson came from Scotland to London, went through the furnace, and found his living in journalism. In 1890 he published *Perseverid*; or, *the Career of Ninian Jamieson*, a fascinating study of the *perseveridum ingenium Scotorum*. It was little regarded, but, nevertheless, it had, and has, its warm admirers. Mr. Davidson has not ceased to write fiction, but it is in poetry that he has achieved most. Take a sample of his early verse, from *In a Music-Hall*:

##### THE SWING.

"We sat on the swing together;  
At the end of the orchard-close,  
A hill with its budding heather  
Like a purple dome arose.

On the heavily ivied chapel  
The sun for the windows sought;  
In the shadows of pear-tree and apple  
The daisies were crowded and ca ght.



And this was her thirteenth summer,  
And I was as old as she;  
But love is an early comer:  
He came to her and me.

O, silently, slowly swinging,  
Till a star peered half-afraid,  
And the chapel-bell was ringing,  
And the shadows were lost in shade."

Fame came to Mr. Davidson with his *Fleet-street Eclogues*, and was confirmed by his *Ballads and Songs*. The ballad form suits him admirably. He has not the genius for finish, but he has an impetuous movement, an astonishing vigour. He is a born singer, he carries you off your legs with magnificent stanzas.

"The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm;  
Clouds scattered largesses of rain;  
The sounding cities, rich and warm,  
Smouldered and glittered in the plain."

It has a swing, an *entrain*.

But the "fundamental brainwork" of Mr. Davidson's poems will rarely bear analysis. He has emotions and instincts, but he has no philosophy—he does not think things out. His ethics are somewhat antinomian, his social fervour vague and rhetorical: he lends himself cruelly to caricature. It is in the pastoral mood that he satisfies most and offends least. Always a sojourner in Fleet-street, he brings thither the smell of the heather and the dew of the morning upon the meadows. Town and country jostle each other throughout the *Eclogues*, the human impulses and the fascination of Pan. He has breathed a new life into the somewhat worn form which he affects. Outdoor sights and sounds he renders with the eye of a master and the passion of a lover; he renders the atmosphere and the feel of the wind. What a large airiness there is in these two stanzas from *In Romney Marsh*:

"As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,  
I saw above the Downs' low crest  
The crimson brands of sunset fall,  
Flicker and fade from the West.

Night sank: like flakes of silver fire,  
The stars in one great shower came down;  
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire  
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town."

Were he less a child of nature, Mr. Davidson might sing less; upon a broader intellectual basis he might sing more wisely.

#### MR. HENRY "SETON MERRIMAN."

Is Mr. Merriman one of the great, or only one of the second-rate? That interesting question cannot yet receive a conclusive answer, but the fact that it can be seriously propounded shows that its subject has already gone far, and may go farther. In fact, Mr. Merriman writes so well that one is disappointed that he does not write better. He has nearly all the necessary qualities for his art. His characters—particularly his men—are real flesh-and-blood creations; his scenery—whether it be the Russian steppes in *The Sowers* or the tangled jungle of Africa in *With Edged Tools*—is vividly photographed upon the mind's eye of the reader; his dialogue is concise and occasionally witty. Unlike a good many modern novelists, he

can construct a plot, as he shows us in *From One Generation to Another*, of which the *dénouement* is at once extremely powerful and perfectly natural. He is intensely patriotic. Not quite so patently as Mr. Kipling, but quite as plainly to those who will read between the lines, he shows us that in his opinion the well-bred young Englishman can go anywhere and do anything. His heroes are just as much at home in Buluwayo as in Bond-street; we find them philandering in a Belgravian drawing-room one week, and tending the fever-stricken in a Russian village the next. Then he is clean. He writes as an English gentleman talks in a mixed company, with a careful choice of topics as well as of language. With all this in his favour, it may be wondered why there should be any doubt as to the answer to our original question. Unfortunately, a novelist may have all these admirable qualities, and yet remain essentially second-rate. So far, Mr. Merriman has not given many indications of deep thought on the great problems of human existence. As a substitute, he is rather too fond of taking the reader aside for a moment, in the manner of Thackeray, in order to make some slightly cynical and occasionally rather trite comment on the situation at which his story has arrived. These remarks come much better from the mouth of one of the characters—for example, that most astute of good fellows, Karl Steinmetz in *The Sowers*—than from the author in a parenthesis. If the importunity of publishers and editors will only give Mr. Merriman time to think over his stories a little longer before writing them, and to edit them a little more severely after they are written, we believe that he will justify the great promise of some of his early stories, and achieve a work which will take rank as literature. Otherwise, he will merely remain one of the most agreeable of our many ephemeral romancers.

#### MR. A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH is thirty-four, a scholar and a Cornishman. Those seem to be the main facts which bear upon his literary work. He was educated at Clifton, where the late Mr. T. E. Brown was among the masters. From Clifton Mr. Couch went to Oxford, where he took a scholarship at Trinity, but distinguished himself chiefly by contributions to the Oxford Magazine. More than that, he actually started an undergraduate paper—*The Rattle*—which had a brief existence for the Eights week, and seemed at the moment a marvel of brilliancy. Whether Mr. Couch could read over those early efforts without a cold shudder is another question; but his talent was undoubtedly precocious. *Dead Man's Rock*, by "Q.," appeared before its author had taken his degree, and there is a tradition that he sent it in among his credentials when applying for a fellowship at Magdalen. *Troy Town* followed at no long interval, and this book revealed, although in a very imperfect form, the true bent of Mr. Couch's genius. For Troy Town, as most people know, is Fowey,

where "Q." lives, and this was only the beginning of a long series of Cornish studies. Mr. Couch is one of those writers who find their best inspiration in the air of their native county, and, unlike so many of them, he seems to feel that influence more strongly when he is living on the spot. Mr. Barrie, if we mistake not, was in England when he wrote the *Window in Thrums*, and Stevenson seemed to experience the fascination of Scotland most intensely when it was heightened by contrast with his Samoan abode; but Mr. Couch always has been at his best when writing of the sights and the people who were actually about him. After he left Oxford, and before he settled down in Fowey, there was a period of literary work and journalism in London which resulted in a temporary breakdown of his health. One journalistic connexion he took with him to Cornwall, where he has written for several years weekly causeries in the *Speaker*. He has indeed all the equipment of a critic—sound scholarship, keen relish for literature, and a generous readiness to welcome new talent. His interest in the technical business of authorship—what one may call the mechanism of style—has shown itself in an unusually protracted period of discipleship. No author has laid to heart more closely Stevenson's advice to imitate the procedure of greater men; and Mr. Couch's latest published work has been a *tour de force* in this kind—the completion of *St. Ives*. Yet not even that is so close a reproduction of Stevenson's manner as the story, "Gabriel Foot, Highwayman," which was included in *Noughts and Crosses*. In the same volume were several studies after Daudet, paraphrased rather than translated from the *Lettres de Mon Moulin* and elsewhere. But the best things were those for which one could adduce no original—the story of the mad Mayor of Gantick, or the story of the engine-driver for whom the soul of his burnt wife incarnated itself in butterflies, and who was a peaceable madman, hostile only to entomologists, till the tragic day when a moth fluttered into the flame of altar tapers in the church, and he rushed out a blaspheming and raving maniac. Better still, perhaps, than the best of these admirable short stories is the tale, "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing," with its vision of tempest on the Cornish coast, and ships appearing for an instant out of the mist before they dash upon the reef. Mr. Couch has hardly surpassed that story yet: *la*, admirable and pathetic novel though it was, suggested Mr. Barrie's influence too strongly. However, "Q." is young still; and time, compared to the life of man, is long.

#### MR. "BENJAMIN SWIFT."

MR. BENJAMIN SWIFT published last year a novel, *Nancy Noon*, which had considerable vogue, and won an amount of more or less injudicious praise. The book was full of a certain moral fervour gone wrong, which appealed to the "great heart," the "Non-conformist conscience," or whatever is the proper name of the turbid popular mind.



We do not wish to be rude to Mr. Swift, but his position is precisely that which once was filled by the gifted author of *Festus*. Spasms and contortions are always marketable, and he may rest assured that the praise which the book received was not due to its sparse fragments of literary worth. But this year he has given us a new novel, *The Tormentor*, which doubtless surprised some of the amiable gentlemen who admired its predecessor. Yet the book is a real advance, and it is just because of the good stuff which Mr. Swift has in him that these notes are written.

On a hasty glance both the books seem amazingly bad. A turgid, explosive style, a pretentiousness of language covering a very real triviality of thought, seems at first the only feature. Form, design, there is none. Throughout one catches a glimmer of a conception, but irrelevant rhapsodies rob it of all effect. The characters are in the main ludicrous, for the author has shirked his proper work, and, instead of an honest attempt at adequate characterisation, has fled to the ugly fervours of incompetence. It is a sort of new Byronism, to our mind infinitely less virile and promising than the old. If we are compelled to decide between the rococo and the *schwärmerisch* we choose the rococo. His ignorance of the little things which give verisimilitude is amazing even in a very young man; his lack of good breeding is incomprehensible in a man of culture. The books are in a way utterly repulsive, and the repulsive feature is not a strength and passion which we fear, but a fictional weakness which we can only deplore. His one apparent gift—a sense, somewhat distorted to be sure, of the dramatic—is made of no avail by his tangled method, and the ordinary reader, with any love of the great things in literature, is moved to wholesale condemnation.

And yet such a condemnation is unjust. For by and by we begin to see that Mr. Swift is not like other men, that he has a theory of art all his own, and that there is really a method in his madness. He does not know the common meaning of the word art. He is obviously familiar with much foreign literature, but he has no trace of the austere ideals of a Balzac, a Flaubert, or a Turgenev. Nor has he anything of the scholar's temper, for though he has clearly dabbled to some extent in philosophy, there is none of the exactness, method, love of "justice and chastity in form" which is the nature of a scholar. But he is very emphatically a moralist and a rhetorician. More: in his own way, he is a stylist and a fine one. He seems to work habitually on a gross theory of the use of words. When he touches scenery or the human form—those most delicate matters—he is often flat, stale and undistinguished. Cheap phrases of rhetoric are always in his ears, and he cannot get rid of them. But now and then in these turgid wastes a word, a chain of words, will flash into poetry, the overlaid sentences will take fire, and we are entranced—for a moment. Again, he has the stylist's most excellent dower, the sense of metaphor. Utterly uncritical, he never knows when he is fine and when he is merely silly, but delivers all with an air of

inspiration. Still the jewels are there, and it is a fact to remember.

This, then, is the advance of the second story upon the first—that Mr. Swift gives fuller play to the rhetoric and less painfully strives after the unattainable. In *Nancy Noon* he was fresh from the influence of great fictional models, and aimed at a fictional success. He failed, not having it in him to succeed, and he wisely turned to work where, with mere skeletons of characters, he could work out his moral problem and give rein to his fervours. It is, perhaps, not a very high gift, this of rhetoric, but it is a real one, and there is room in letters for the moralist. The man who can go mad over what Dr. Johnson called "metaphysical distresses," and feel passionately about "infinities" and "grey-haired eternal ironies," is not to be ignored. Moreover, there is much in that rude style of his which might yet be turned to nobler uses. Now and then there is a note which argues the lyrical gift, and once he gives us a little jingle of unforgettable verse:

"My love, I hear him  
Reaping the ripe barley,  
Poppy heads near him!  
Drowsy poppies, fear him!  
Death, they say, is a mower,  
Aye, and love too,  
And seed comes back to the sower,  
And the blush of the rose to the grower."

The man who can write like this may yet take high rank in poetry.

Finally, let this be our advice to Mr. Swift. He has shown no conception of art—nay, he has given positive indications of the absence of all artistic capacity. Nor is he in any way a thinker, even in the limited sense in which one uses the word in fiction. Nowhere in him do we find those profound lantern-flashings into the depths of the human heart which open up long avenues of thought. The very lack of critical power is a sign of the absence of any talent for high intellectual achievement. But he has passion, emotion, and a style, and he may in time be a famous moralist, and so end where great men begin. But let him definitely choose his course, for if he be perpetually going up and down, between the Jerusalem of the artist and the Jericho of the rhetorician, he must sooner or later fall among thieves.

#### MR. OWEN SEAMAN.

If Mr. Seaman reads the reviews of his books—especially his *Battle of the Bays*—he must be familiar with the fact that certain critics have declared him the equal, if not the superior, of Calverley. In these days any man who combines rhymes playfully is in danger of being called greater than Calverley. But fortunately Mr. Seaman has shown himself possessed of too much good sense to believe such rubbish. Indeed, that Mr. Seaman must have a very remarkable store of good sense is one of the first reflections which follows a perusal of his work. When it comes to hard fact, he is, of course, no Calverley at all. His aims are different, his equipment is different, although his

methods are similar. Calverley's verse was the product of high spirits and the sense of fun. Mr. Seaman has not much fun: he is a castigator. He shoots folly as it flies. Calverley did so too in his song of the Prince of Wales's cherry-stones, and in one or two of his parodies; but apart from the satirical intention, these pieces have independent life. Mr. Seaman is wholly satirist. He is critical and destructive where Calverley laughed and invented. But we ought to be proud of Mr. Seaman. His dexterity sometimes is almost uncanny, and his wit glitters like a stiletto. He hits every time. Despite the cleverness of much of the *Tillers of the Sand*, and the address to the Emperor of Germany—

"Nor were you meant to solve the nation's knots,  
Or be the Earth's Protector, willy-nilly;  
You only make yourself and royal Pots-  
-dam silly"—

we consider Mr. Seaman at his best when his subject is literary. In political satire, both Mr. Traill and Mr. C. L. Graves are his masters. In his happiest moments Mr. Traill is superb, and the well-nigh diabolical wit of Mr. Graves's *Hawarden Horace* has never been sufficiently recognised. But as a parodist, and, what is rarer and better, a satirist of literary fads and fashions, Mr. Seaman has no serious rival. His sympathies lie in the direction of literature. Once or twice a week he is engaged in lecturing on Browning to Extension students, and his early rhyming work at Cambridge took the form of a burlesque of *Edipus Rex*. He is doomed, we suppose, to turn out a mass of political rhyme in his position as poet-in-chief to Mr. *Punch*; but let him consider that taskwork. Let him keep his leisure for literary satire. He does it to perfection. His "Ballad of a Bun" and his "Ballad of Resurrection," after Mr. Davidson, and his treatment of Mr. Watson, stamp him master.

#### MR. H. G. WELLS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Cust's editorship was remarkable for its occasional articles. They were by various hands, but readers of that brilliant sheet soon began to discover a congruity in certain of them. Clearly they came from one brain. Nobody knew the author: no member of the staff had ever seen him. They only knew that the articles came in, with unflinching regularity, at the rate of a couple a week, and that they were always acceptable. The Unknown was never declined with thanks. Soon the editor of the *Pall Mall Budget*, prospecting for talent, tapped this spring. He made the acquaintance of the Unknown, to discover that he was a Mr. H. G. Wells, that he had some figure in the scientific world, that he had helped to edit an educational paper, and that he was willing to try his hand at short stories. He tried, to considerable effect. The stories, like the articles, came into the *Budget* office at the rate of about a couple a week, and they were also very welcome. These articles and stories may now be found between the covers of *Certain*

*Personal Matters* and *The Stolen Bacillus*. About this time Mr. Henley, casting about for a serial for *The New Review*, heard of *The Time Machine* that Mr. Wells was writing, his first long attempt in that blend of science and fiction which he has made peculiarly his own. The publication of *The Time Machine* brings us down to 1894, his second year as a writer of acceptable fiction.

Then, so we read his career, Mr. Wells set himself to gain the public ear. That he succeeded we all know. That he worked too quickly most agree. To write *The Wonderful Visit*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Wheels of Chance*, and *The Plattner Story* in one year was to bustle a loyal and willing brain. *The Wonderful Visit* is fantasy, fantasy of a delightful and radiant kind, and in our opinion the best thing Mr. Wells has done. Others incline to that lively open-air piece, *The Wheels of Chance*. *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, although a *tour de force* of bizarre imagination, is a shade too horrid for most readers. *The Invisible Man* was written before 1896, but it was carefully revised in the early spring of this year. Mr. Wells is now re-writing part of the *War of the Worlds*, that admirable and stirring Martian romance which has just come to an end in *Pearson's Magazine*. This instinct for revising and improving his work augurs well for Mr. Wells's future. The hot, early fit of production is over. He has won not only the ear of the public, but the encouragement of those whose approval is hard to gain, and still harder to keep. His future rests with himself. If he can forget the popular magazine; if he continues to assimilate; if he is content to live solitary; if he can escape, by some means or another, from that driving necessity to make a certain income—a necessity which has killed the artist in so many—all will be well with him. Mr. Wells is at the parting of the ways. He must choose; only himself can make the choice; only something within himself can guide him to that choice. It would hardly be fair to ask for evidence of it in the two books upon which he is now at work. *Love and Mr. Lewisham* promises well. It is a novel of human sympathy rather than sensation. *When the Sleeper Wakes* is a tale of 200 years hence. We give him time in which to make decision.

#### MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

THERE was once a man in Devon who met Wilkie in a coach and who thanked God that the painter he admired was so young. In the poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips is a note of maturity; yet biographical notices attribute to him a juvenility that ought to rejoice the reader who believes the battle to be with the young. Still no one would say that *Christ in Hades* is a "promising" poem. It is performance, and a very complete performance, or it is nothing. It covers only twelve short pages; and the various verses that are bound with it, in the "Shilling Garland" series do not make a larger show. But the little book has gone into many hands; made true

friends, had the praise of critics for its rare quality as well as their respect for its limited quantity; and has prepared the way for Mr. Phillips's publication of some singularly fine verses, from time to time, in the columns of the *Spectator*.

The dominant note of Mr. Phillips might be deduced from the very title of his book. He strives to give a bygone calm to thoughts and feelings that are still in ferment in most minds. He has the old dignity in union with the modern intimacy:

"Teach how the crucifix may be  
Carven from the laurel tree,  
Fruit of the Hesperides  
Burnish take on Eden trees;  
The Muses' sacred grove be wet  
With the red dew of Olivet,  
And Sappho lay her burning brow  
In white Cecilia's lap of Snow."

To that alluring invitation of another young poet, Mr. Phillips, in a measure, makes response; not, indeed, as an enthusiast of the Cross, but as one who beckons to dead deities from within its shadow. Christianity is too personal to be spoken of impartially. It is precisely this unusual impersonality, this missing moderation, that Mr. Phillips supplies to modern verse. Even in his *Hades*, when the Saviour descends thither, the attitude of those whom He is to deliver, is one of human hesitation, a hope that has in it the lurking fear of disappointment, according to canons of human experience, not those of Heavenly optimism:

"Yet how shall we in Thy tormented face  
Believe? Thou comest from the glistening sun  
As out of some great battle, nor hast Thou  
The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods.  
Most strong are they, for they are joyous cold.  
Thou art not happy! We can trust Thee not.  
How wilt Thou lead with feet already pierced?  
And if we ask Thy hand, see it is torn."

The handful of "Lyrics" at the end of the book, above all the little series of verses called "The Apparition," contain Mr. Phillips's strongest cry to the reader:

"Nine nights she did not come to me:  
The heaven was filled with rain;  
And as it fell and fell, I said:  
'She will not come again.'

Last night she came, not as before,  
But in a strange attire;  
Weary she seemed, and very faint,  
As though she came from fire."

And again:

"She is not happy! It was morn;  
The sun fell on my head:  
And it was not an hour in which  
We think upon the dead.

She is not happy! As I walked,  
Of her I was aware:  
She cried out, like a creature hurt,  
Close by me in the air."

Poignant as these verses and others of the series are, they lack a sequence of arrangement which could have been easily theirs. Yet so fine a poet, and we use the words advisedly, as Mr. Phillips here proves himself, must needs be a well-grounded philosopher at root; and it is in the power of expressing himself accordingly that we look for new increase in the volume he is now preparing for the press.

#### MR. CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THOSE who have followed the career of Mr. Charles Whibley cannot fail to have noticed the vast improvement in his style since the time when he began to write slashing articles for the *National Observer*. This is the pleasantest and most promising trait of his writing. It means that he is taking pains and giving thought to his craft and frankly criticising himself. Also it encourages us in the belief that his efforts will not cease, that he will not fall into a rut and become utterly hopeless. Looking at the progress made it is reasonable to believe that he still has an interesting career before him. Yet one cannot disguise the fact that there are great obstacles to surmount. In a critic the first requisite is style, and of that Mr. Whibley has only the beginnings. He has gained in clearness and accuracy; he is less addicted to the brusque forcible-feeble of his early efforts, when his language was generally so very much more violent than was warranted by any vigour in his thought. But even yet the style is too bookish and Johnsonese, reminding one of a Quarterly Reviewer in a bad moment. The cadences fall so mechanically that one cannot read a page aloud without falling into sing-song as though it were pointed for chanting. Worst of all, the words seem to grow dead in his hands—he has not the art of making them glow with life, colour, music, and picture. It is this verbal lifelessness he must now contend with if his ambition be to write really noble prose. We would rather convince than dogmatise, and to any one desirous of testing the truth of this a simple experiment may be suggested. First read a page or two of the *Book of Scoundrels* and then open *Jonathan Wild*, its model and inspiration. What we mean will then require no words to explain. And doing that will suggest a thought or two about Mr. Whibley's matter. He does some things very well indeed, but he never seems to have defined his own borders. The slating, slashing, bull-baiting style of rhetoric in which he used to write his art criticisms defeated its own object. "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill," and he was much more interesting when expounding the merits of Mr. Whistler than when belabouring the Royal Academy. In the best work he has achieved—introducing some of the Tudor Translations—the value lies wholly in the exposition. When he stops to fling defiance at the Puritan or a gibe at the middle-classes, to ridicule Clapham or jeer at the Realist, the only effect produced is that of making the reader see that he is uncomfortable himself and engendering discomfort in others. A man with a worthy task in hand does not stop every ten minutes to defy the passer-by—he goes fearlessly on with it and trusts to winning the approbation of the few for whom he is working. This task of explaining and elucidating books that have been stranded or half-forgotten really seems to be that for which Mr. Whibley is best equipped by scholarship and temperament. He might perform a valuable service by sticking to it. But in his critical essays

you see him straining a paradox beyond its natural limits, as if he had too literally accepted those wild sayings (not without a grain of truth in them, but never meant seriously) in which genius will occasionally indulge; he lacks urbanity and that dexterous lightness which made Arnold so formidable. He is too ambitious of earning the praise of Bungay: "For a slashing article, sir, there is nobody like the Captive—nobody like him."

#### MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.

MR. MORRISON appears to have arrived at a very interesting and critical stage of his career, for no one can say whether promise is going to ripen into performance or not. He is of the French school; Daudet might have taught him his method, and Zola selected his subjects. In his *Jago* he trusted little or nothing to imagination, but a great deal to his notebook. Ever seeking the clean-cut picturesque phrase and the vivid word, he produced a very striking picture of the East End. But, nevertheless, it was not quite satisfactory and convincing. Human nature does not alter so much with conditions as he seems to think. A little less or a little more morality does not affect its elements. The conventions of Mayfair or the conventions of Poplar touch nothing but environment. Mr. Albert Chevalier made his early success by recognising this fact; the coster of his songs is recognisably alive and human. The coster of Mr. Morrison does not seem to be a man, but only a stuffed figure carrying a blotch of horrible characteristics. One feels this the more because Mr. Morrison's strongest gift in writing is a cynicism that is almost brutal. With it he elaborates the features of all his characters till the impression is produced that one savage, hideous, ugly coster and one gaudy-feathered, bedizened "donah" have acted as models for all his studies of Jagodom. Moreover, his success has been achieved in pictures of the brutal. There are times when he seems to reflect that, after all, passion and hatred and love and tears and sorrow and forgiveness, if he could but see them, play the same part in the slum that they do in Piccadilly; but so far this discernment has resulted in no more than the reproduction of some of the worst faults of Charles Dickens, catch-penny pathos, and weak sentimentality where he intended real feeling. Mr. Morrison never will do first-rate work till he shuts up his Dickens, a writer who had no command of the harsh, bitter cynicism in which Mr. Morrison excels, and whose sunny love of what was bright and cheerful is inimitable.

To pronounce any final judgment upon Mr. Morrison's writing would be absurd. The truth is, he has not yet found himself; he has not searched his mind so thoroughly as to be able to say how much of it is second-hand Kipling, second-hand Daudet, Dickens, Zola, and what remnant is pure Morrison. We do not urge this in a spirit of blame or fault-finding. Every young writer does well to study carefully the technique of his predecessors, and in doing so much that is foreign will be sure to get encrusted

on what is his own. The very best way to get rid of such accretion is to throw it off in writing. But, and this is to be carefully noted, the imitation that is freely pardoned at the beginning of a career is not to be so easily forgiven in more ambitious tasks. So, also, the lack of sympathy—we do not mean pity or compassion so much as the power to enter into and share another's views and thoughts and passions—may be passed by once, but without it there can be no really great imaginative writing. Thus it happens that those who have watched Mr. Morrison's career with attention await his next work with unusual interest. He has great merit and very grave faults. The question is really whether he has sufficient frankness of self-criticism to know the one from the other, to develop the former and pare down the latter. He has already made a good impression, and that is more than half the battle.

#### MR. KENNETH GRAHAME.

IN Mr. Kenneth Grahame we have a clear thinker and an exuberant prose artist who is content to wait for the visitations of the muse. The business of his life is not writing. We know not what it is, but have heard that the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street is pleased to number him among her servants. If this truly be so, we may be thankful that she asks not all his time and energy, thankful that she allowed Mr. Henley the use of some. It may be that when the history of the *Scots* and *National Observer* is written—and it would make, with selections, a most agreeable and invigorating book—we shall be told to what extent Mr. Henley supplied not only a haven for young writers, but also an impulse and momentum. We shall then know whether Mr. Grahame wrote his stirring essay on Orion—The Hunter—from within or without, whether it was his own idea to continue the diverting narrative of the childhood of Harold and Edward, Charlotte and Selina. As the cause of wit in others Mr. Henley holds a very high position. One charm of *The Golden Age* is its felicity in combining the philosophy of a man of the world, blessed with more than a dash of poetry and romance in him and a pretty taste for paganism, with the philosophy of the thoughtful boy. By a remarkable feat Mr. Grahame has been able to remember his childhood, and preserve it sweet and unsullied alongside his maturer wisdom. The first-person-singular of *The Golden Age* is charming and unique in its mixture of grave juvenility and whimsical humorous manhood. We never confuse the dual character of the historian: we see him as boy and listen to him as man, and both boy and man are a delight; one for his boyishness, his mischief, and his proprietary sense (common to all adventurous boys) with respect to the world; the other for his humour, his sympathy, his literary distinction. All the children are life-like. By a thousand minute touches Mr. Grahame establishes their reality. So typical are their thoughts and actions, misgivings and ambitions, that *The Golden Age* is to come

extent every reader's autobiography. Everything is slightly "toned up"—the duty of the romanist as opposed to the realist—but truth is never violated. Mr. Grahame's deftness in selection is remarkable. As a short story "The Burglars," for example, is truly excellent. And his style is so fresh and buoyant. "The masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning"—how strong and communicative, this opening sentence! The joy of living has at the moment in Mr. Grahame an exponent of rare sympathy. His essays—in the *Pagan Papers*—are devoted to it, with that on Orion ever at their head. But there he is sometimes too conscious a phrase-maker. It is *The Golden Age* that is written with the golden pen. After all, it matters very little whether or not Mr. Grahame writes any more. In *The Golden Age* he has given us a book, a four-square piece of literature, complete in itself. Many a literary man writes hard all his life, and never a book—in the best sense of the word—is forthcoming. Mr. Grahame made one the first time.

#### MR. ROBERT HICHENS.

THREE years ago Mr. Hichens made his splash with a book described at the time, by a leading weekly, as "the most impudent work of fiction we have ever met with"—*The Green Carnation*. It is probable that a natural hesitancy to endorse so direct an attack upon a living author of the first rank, and a prominent figure in society, did dispose critics rather to underrate the promise of its writer; but the splash was none the less effective. And the reputation for quite uncommon cleverness won by his first audacious venture Mr. Hichens has not forfeited by his subsequent work. This comprises two novels—*An Imaginative Man* and *Flames*—and two volumes of short stories, of which the second has appeared within the last few weeks. From the eccentric—from Eustace, the man who lived to be original—to the abnormal is but a step, and in *An Imaginative Man* you have an exercise in mental analysis which is more nearly akin to the work of M. Huysmans in his *A Rebours* period than may be found elsewhere in contemporary English literature. It is the study of a mind touched with incipient mania—a mind of considerable native vigour, which, for lack of stimulus, whether of lawful ambition or of external necessity, is running to seed. Harry Denison was intended by nature to be the reformer of Scotland Yard. By an oversight he was left master of a sufficient private income, and so must amuse himself by dogging the thoughts and motives of his acquaintance. He passes the border of insanity (one conjectures) at the moment when the secret, which for many months had held him at fault, is disclosed; it is mere simplicity; and at the last he batters his jaded brains out against the adamant mystery of the sphynx. "The Folly of Eustace" and many another of Mr. Hichens's short stories are based upon similar cases. From the study of the abnormal he

passes, in *Flames* and in such short stories as "The Return of the Soul," to the fantastic and terrific, upon the further side of nature. His preternatural element he takes from the common storehouse for such wares: in *Flames* it is nothing more recondite than Spiritualism in combination with the frenzy of soul-transference; and it says much for his mastery of the details that with material so generally discredited, by virtue of skilful handling, he has contrived a very successful illusion. With soul-transference, hypnotism, a trifle of diabolism, telepathy and the like, for his corner-stones, he has constructed a host of short stories, and is likely, for he is young enough, to write a multitude more. His new collection shows a growing mastery of technique; he commands a style that is something more than tolerable; he has wit, and now and then, as in "The Tee-to-tum," permits us to see that he is not destitute of a sense of humour. In the case of an author who does well the kind of work he has made his own, the suggestion may seem ungracious; but if, in the years to come, Mr. Hichens should chance to find himself interested in a group of quite sane and wholesome-minded people—why, we shall be curious to see the portrait of that group when it shall have passed through the camera that developed *The Green Carnation* and *Flames*.

#### MR. BARRY PAIN.

THERE are some writers to whom one cannot be otherwise than friendly. Give us a young man, neither prig nor pedant, who delights in the oddities of life and has a gift for neatly setting them down, and we are ready to shake hands. For to-day our young men are so owlishly inclined, so flown with the cheap wine of theory, that we can get few words of comfort. Doubtless they will come all right in the end, but meantime the praise is greater for one who has never gone wrong. In a certain kind of humorous verse Mr. Barry Pain is unexcelled, and he has a serious vein too, more or less unworked, but of rich promise. What, then, is this quality of his which wins our liking and often our hearty approval?

In the first place he is honestly open to the eternal comic aspect of the world. He follows the comic muse—which is not to say that he has either wit or humour. Wit, indeed, he has shown little of, and this is the fault which spoiled so much of his "Smoking-room" journalism. What is wanted is a sparkling nicety of language, a sense of the needle-points of the ridiculous. Mr. Pain, having little of this, gives us rollicking fooling, mixed with some real wisdom and a certain vulgarity, and we are not satisfied. Humour, too, in its special sense, is scarcely his, for his fun is got less from the ordinary side of life than from certain freakish, though possible, aspects. But the comic, the farcical, are his in a very high degree. His *Daily Chronicle* verses, besides showing a remarkable gift for metre, are full of this extravagant fun. It does not penetrate gently by way of the intellect like a cul-

tured wit, nor like humour affect one with a cheerfulness not far from sorrow, but it commits the rudest assault and battery upon the feelings by its incongruous and absurd suggestion. Would that we had space for illustration! Would, also, that we had space for parallels, for it is a gift which Mr. Pain shares with great masters! In his work in *To-Day* (we like Mr. Pain so well that we follow him even there) he uses the gift in prose with much success. At his best what strikes one most is his extreme naturalness. There is nothing laboured. You feel that this is exactly what would have been said and done had the thing really happened, and you bless the writer for conceiving the delightful improbability.

But such work has a danger of its own, which Mr. Pain does not always avoid. In a deliberate hunt for the extravagant one may find an easy success in a simple harping upon trivialities, where the sole point lies in the fact that the trivial is so identified with the normal that the exaggeration seems grotesque. We cannot honestly say that Mr. Pain is always free from the domestic funniness of some of his contemporaries. The earlier part of the *Canadian Canoe* seemed to us simply wearisome and ill-bred. The stuff was unworthy of so genuine an artist. For surely it is a man's duty, if he have the priceless gift of fun, to concentrate it in the striking and the memorable, and not spread it out thin on something which is very near twaddle.

Then there is his gift as a prose parodist—again slightly marred by an obtuseness and lack of subtlety. He aims at broad effects, and does it with immense gusto; but this is not the whole work of parody. The finer nuances of style he does not catch; his is always rather the heavy bludgeoning of a harlequin than the polished thrust of a master of wit.

But in all this we are only speaking of one side of our author. He has another, though he is in no hurry to impress the world with the fact. The connexion of a broad humour with a sense of the uncanny has been often remarked, and Mr. H. G. Wells, in our own day, is a shining example. And Mr. Pain, in a high degree, has this gift of "wide imagining," the poetry of the prosaic. The reader who stumbled upon the *Canadian Canoe* might miss the last stories, but they are the best of the book. "The Celestial Grocery" and "The Girl and the Beetle" have just the mystery, joined with a vivid realism and a hint of allegory, which belonged to Poe and Hawthorne. Here a humorist has a clear advantage. For by the use of this gift he can link his fancy with the real in a way which no elaboration of detail can achieve. So far, then, we looked on Mr. Pain as a young man of curious gifts, but we waited for his first achievement.

Then came the *Octave of Claudius*, which surprised many of us. To begin with, the first chapter and scraps of dialogue throughout showed a wit, which was just what we thought the author did not possess. There was the old humour, the cheerful, farcical view of the world, but it was joined with a new shrewdness, and a gift for charac-

terisation we had not suspected. The construction of the tale is skilful enough, and the interest goes breathlessly. The main incident produces its full emotional effect, and the vague horror of the unknown is never absent. At the same time, there is no extravagance. Dr. Lamb is not a monster, and the consummation works itself out smoothly and clearly. Half a dozen of the people could scarcely be better—Claudius himself, Mrs. Wycherley, Sir Christopher, the atrocious Burrage. But yet they are only thumb-nail sketches. The book is still a humorist's story; less a presentment of life than a *tour de force* to show the author's neatness of construction, curious fancy, and unflagging humour. Good as it is, Mr. Pain can do better still; and—well, some day we shall see.

#### MR. G. W. STEEVENS.

Of the potentialities of Mr. Steevens we know less than of any man on our list. Once we might have said he was capable of everything except sentimentality, but our recollection of certain articles descriptive of the Diamond Jubilee is too lively. As a shrewd observer who sees straight and sets down an honest tale of what he sees he is not surpassed. Already, although still in the twenties, he has done enough to make impossible a revival of the tortuous verbosity of the late Mr. Sala; at any rate, as a serviceable asset with which to begin a journalistic career. His achievement is to lay before his readers whatever, in his capacity as special correspondent, comes before his eyes and is interesting—and to lay it before his readers with as many of the hues of life upon it as may possibly be retained. The spectacle of a brilliant Balliol man and Fellow of Exeter travelling with a note-book for the amusement of readers of a half-penny morning paper is testimony both to the good sense of democracy and to the acumen of Mr. Harmsworth. We are grateful to the controller of the *Daily Mail* for many benefits, but most for his encouragement of Mr. Steevens. He found Mr. Steevens at the right moment and gave him his opportunity. Mr. Steevens took it. Hitherto he had shouldered it with the other gay subalterns who gathered around Mr. Cust at the *Pall Mall Gazette*: he had been witty at the expense of Jane Cakebread, the minor poets, and the Radical party; he had had no "show," as the saying is, for his rare talents. For one man who can see straight and write sense, there are thirty who can be witty at the expense of Jane Cakebread. The universities are full of them. That is why those persons who watched the recent war between Turkey and Greece through Mr. Steevens' eyes, who have lately followed him to Germany, and who, last year, accompanied him to the "Land of the Dollar," should be grateful to Mr. Harmsworth. Mr. Steevens' chief gift is self-possession. He always keeps his head, he allows nothing to blur his vision, and he brings to whatever subject he is studying always the same personality, the same



English sense of superiority, of amused but concealed interest, alertness for incongruity, and all the time we are made aware, as we read, that our informant is not merely a journalist earning his daily bread, but a young man of unusual attainments progressing towards the fulfilment of himself. What his next stage will be we cannot say. Hitherto Mr. Steevens has done brilliantly in whatever he has essayed. His *Monologues of the Dead* are treasures of robust humour. It is cheering to come upon so full-blooded an imagination as that which gives us "Alcibiades" and "Xanthippe," "Augustus" and "Constantine the Great." Mr. Steevens has also shown a mastery of imperial questions, and we have heard that he is contemplating a historical romance of a fantastic order. A man at once so young and so various in accomplishment eludes prophecy. We can but confidently wish Mr. Steevens well.

#### MISS WINIFRED LUCAS.

THE easy way to a poetical renown is the way of rhetoric. It was so in Byron's case; but the fate of Byron is an abiding warning to the young poets who carry the position by a rush of words, by a storm of literary passion. Not of their ranks is Miss Winifred Lucas, a young poet whose appeal to the public has been made in one slender volume, *Units*, published a year ago. When she enters she will enter by way of the intellect, and where she enters there she will abide. She is a poet of thoughts rather than of words. Her expression is sometimes cramped and often difficult; at times, again, it is at perfection. She is always brief, and in being so she spares the reader's time, but makes demands upon his attention. No merely idle reader should seek her acquaintance. No industrious one, having made it, will ever allow himself to lose it.

Who, for instance, that once has felt will lightly forget the pity, not short of passion, that pervades the lines addressed to one who is sleepless? All the poets have been at work on that theme, but they left a new situation for Miss Lucas, who has no reproaches for Sleep, and only the tenderest and most soothing ones for Sleep's refractory children disobedient to its spells:

"With downward lashes veiling deep  
Soft stars of pain,  
The troubled angel of thy sleep  
Is here in vain,  
Sad with the wasted dreams that he  
Had brought for thee.

O hush then, only for his sake!  
In pity go  
With him a little, who would make  
Thee happy so,  
Away from sorrow, hand in hand,  
As he had planned."

Another of Miss Lucas's sleep poems offers itself to our memory for quotation, not for the sake of its opening lines, with their rather commonly prosaic vocabulary, but for the flight of tenderness that takes

it to its close. It is called "Night Thoughts":

"For thoughts of good or thoughts of ill,  
I have the whole still night to spare.  
Whom shall I summon forward there?  
No lack of scenes the stage to fill,  
No want of players thronging still  
From casts of many a bygone year,  
Since the first day they did appear,  
The shadowy creatures of my will.

Oh child, the night is wild for thee!  
Her loftiest lights announce from far  
Their tremulous importunity  
About thy young soft ways to be,  
Sweet lamb of all the flocks that are  
Penned in my folds of memory!"

Equally near to the heart go some of the lines in the poem called "Drought." In time of drought, says the lover, a flood is rather to be feared; life, unready to quench its thirst, might perish of the flood. So he, fainting for sight and sound of the beloved, finds the channels of his joy run dry:

"Yet, were they flooded, love might perish too,  
That lives so much on what the heavens deny."

Equally memorable, in thought and in expression, are the lines headed "A Question":

"Poor body, sinking ever toward the grave  
Death keeps for you; poor heart; uneven  
beat  
Of countless petty pulses; wave on wave  
Of blood now cold, and now at fever heat!

"Out of you all, what profits now, or ails  
Where fall at last the deathly cypress shades?  
How comes the love of such another one  
To seem an immortality begun?"

Miss Lucas must take herself as the answer to her own question. It is because such women as Emily Brontë have suffered and sung—Emily Brontë, who would recognise a sister in the author of the lines just quoted—that men can and do lose sight of the merely mortal in woman. The profound feeling that goes into noble literature can never fade away, and it is more than a personal belonging. It passes into the general treasury of womanhood, from the hands of women of genius; and in that common possession every woman, as she is regarded by man, has her proper share.

#### MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

IT is puzzling to write judicially of Mr. Max Beerbohm. During the trial he is so certain to commit contempt of court and so equally certain to escape punishment. But the attempt ought to be made. At the present moment he enjoys the felicity of playing juvenile lead among English critics; or, if you prefer it, he is the spoilt child in the critical family. The world lies like a ball at his feet—and he kicks it. What the future has in store for him we cannot even conjecture. It may be that he will make more literature; it may be that he has already done his best work, that his career is over—a *succès de jeunesse*. With all our heart we trust not, because life is the gayer, the more frolicsome, for him, and writers are for the most part dull and one-

ideated; but on Mr. Beerbohm's present "form" one cannot hope too confidently. During 1897 he has written much, but nothing compares with the earlier essays collected in the *Works of Max Beerbohm*. To ridicule *The Christian*, to assail Mr. Clement Scott—this is no employment for the brain that devised "Diminuendo" and the history of "1880." There is enough wit in the *Works* to furnish forth a score of ordinarily smart journalistic privateers, together with imagination far beyond them, and a genuine feeling for style. Besides, the man can laugh. He is the merry foe of pretentiousness and big-wiggery: he has written sensibly and wittily of Pater, and what is part of the fun, he went to Chicago to do it. For a wise laughter we ought to be on our knees day and night. For the sake of those that love him, Mr. Beerbohm ought to be prevented from engaging in weekly journalism. His path lies before him: he is the heaven-born historian of remote yesterdays and the Houses of Hanover and Guelph. He might even go farther afield and trifle with William of Hohenzollern. But he ought not to contribute to any paper more than once a year, and he should eschew stories: *The Happy Hypocrite* was not the equal of the essays. These, however, are counsels of perfection. Our own persistent fear is that Mr. Beerbohm's work is over. He is no longer young: he is twenty-five. Rumour has it that he is to marry soon; his *mots* are reported, and already gossips are attributing Sydney Smith's best things to him. Signs of decadence!

#### MR. G. S. STREET.

MR. STREET, although he has written also short stories, critical essays, and *The Wise and the Wayward*, a novel of modern life, remains none the less a single-book man, and that book *The Autobiography of a Boy*. His essays are ingenious and witty, and, to the unsympathetic reader, as intensely irritating as the author must have wished them to be; his short stories are crisp and workmanlike; his novel is well considered and incisively written; but beside the *Autobiography* they are unimportant. In each department other men can do better. Mr. Street's glory is to have invented Tubby and made him credible and unforgettable. No man is to be considered lightly who can set on paper a type so firmly and unmistakably as this. Everyone with eyes had been aware that Tubbies were "about"; but Mr. Street was the first writer to turn the type to artistic account. Adrian Harley, the wise youth, is distinctly Tubby's ancestor; but Adrian was a wit and a philosopher, and Tubby was not: Tubby was a product of the decadent movement. How brilliantly Mr. Street presents him, the readers of *The Autobiography of a Boy* know. The autobiographical method is, perhaps, a difficulty: it may justly be objected that so lazy a boy would not have kept a diary with such precision; but once that fence is cleared all is easy running. Mr. Street never loses sight of his hero, never nods, never permits himself



liberties. Few authors have more discretion than he. To what extent he has employed self-revelation we cannot say—there is something of Tubby in most of us. Meanwhile it is stated that Mr. Street, who has, as readers of the ACADEMY know, tried his hand at criticism of the drama, intends henceforth to employ the dramatic method for the presentation of his ideas. His plays are likely to be more interesting than “successful.” He lacks so many qualities needful to the all-round dramatist: sympathy first of all. A play requires also a broader treatment of life than Mr. Street has yet given or shown signs of being able to give. On the stage everything must be highly coloured and everything must be said. Mr. Street is too clever to be tolerant of the average man’s intelligence, yet it is the average man’s intelligence at which the dramatist must aim. We wish him as much success as he desires on the boards; but before he decides to give up all his time to stagecraft will not Mr. Street finish Tubby? The initial chapter of the *Autobiography*—“The Editor’s Apology”—condenses so much of Tubby’s life that ought to be amplified in diary form: his quarrel with his father, growing from a remark made at the dinner table to a bishop (what did Tubby say to the bishop? we have a right to know); his removal to town; his experiences in Canada; his return (for surely he is here again now); his vicissitudes in a garret; his interviews with publishers concerning the “Ballad of Shameful Kisses.” Mr. Street should give us these further chapters. The history of Tubby is not complete. A time comes when such boys pass from boyhood one way or another, and we are entitled to be taken to the turning-point.

#### MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

MR. HOUSMAN is one of a remarkable family. His elder brother wrote *A Shropshire Lad*; his sister, who lives with him in London, has published a book called *The Were Wolf*, which is said to be full of imaginative quality, but her main occupation is wood-engraving after her brother’s designs, for he insists that his work shall be reproduced by this process. Mr. Housman’s labour is also rather with the artist’s pen than the writer’s; his reputation, and presumably his professional income, are derived rather from his drawings than from his books, though with a natural perverseness he values himself on the less appreciated of his talents. Art was the profession for which he was educated; he received an elaborate training from South Kensington, and though he is sometimes at pains to conceal the fact, is a master of formal draughtsmanship. The object with him, as with the rest of the school to which he belongs, is to draw not so much things as the spirit of things; and if in his compositions a leg is occasionally twisted into impossible shape, that is because he wishes to suggest the contortion, rather than the anatomy. One naturally connects him with Rossetti, whose technique in verse he has imitated; but there is a broad distinction. The element of mysticism which

is present in both, as it was present in the earlier artist-poet Blake, is with Rossetti allied to a very sensuous imagination. Mr. Housman’s temperament is opposed to this. He uses forms, indeed, in his drawing to suggest ideas and emotions not merely of beauty; but he seldom uses words as Rossetti so often did—for instance, in the *Song of the Bower*—to suggest visual images. The sensuous charm of strange and decorative words appeals to him, but what is best and most characteristic in his prose and poetry is simple, even to baldness.

His books are not many. *A Farm in Fairyland* is a volume of fairy stories marked by that quaintness which, taken together with his name, makes one suspect a German strain in Mr. Housman. *Green Arras* is a volume of verses, mostly very imitative and often very obscure, which was commended by good judges in the reviews. His last published book, *Gods and Their Makers*, was an early piece of his work: a curious parable, farcically told in prose, of an island where the people created gods whom they endowed with their own worst attributes; and the gods survived their makers. We ourselves should base our admiration of Mr. Housman, as a writer, on a single book—*All Fellows*—a collection of short stories which are described as “Legends of the Lower Redemption.” One, for instance, is the story of the Merciful Drought which God sends once in seven years, letting the souls in hell suck down all the water that is on the face of the earth. But the beasts of the forest were kept alive because a saint allowed them to drink of his holy well, whose water might not be tasted by the wicked. Then a lost soul, wandering on earth, came to the saint and begged to drink of it, but the saint denied him, being the keeper of the well; and next day the well was dried up, and the saint thought that the coming of an evil soul had destroyed its springs, and the animals were dying of thirst. The night after, therefore, he drove away the lost soul again, and the well was still dry; and the saint, seeing the people of his woodland perishing, and being himself tormented with thirst, felt the humiliation of punishment, and knew that he had sinned in turning away God’s poor; till, as he was at the point of death, a stag came, wearing the cross of St. Hubert between his horns, and dropped tears into the well, and water began to bubble up. The lost soul came again, and “Drink,” said the saint, “for now I know your sorrow”; and so the well was again filled, and there was peace in the forest.

This rough outline will give an idea of Mr. Housman’s invention, although it cannot suggest his singular charm of phrase. But beside the stories, the book contains “insets” of verse; short poems, connected in subject, interspersed between the stories. They are the dramatic utterance of a man who has loved a woman, but for the sake of her peace refrained from making her return his love; who has been content to wear a mask, and seem simply to be the friend whom she needed, not the lover whom it was forbidden her to have. The verse is of the very simplest, but the situa-

tion is suggested with, one must suppose, a deliberate obscurity. This wilful hiding of a meaning is a current affectation of the moment. Some day Mr. Housman, it is to be hoped, will republish this series of verses, as a sequence, and with such others added as are needful to elucidate his general drift. A quotation should show that such poetry is too rare to be hidden; it has the authentic note of passion and the free utterance of song:

“You, the dear trouble of my days,  
When life shall let me cease,  
Turn once aside from kinder ways  
And look upon my peace.  
Let your feet rest upon my roof,  
And for the love we bore,  
Forgive the heart so far aloof;  
You cannot trouble more.  
For if the dead man had his will,  
Doubt not that he would rise  
And waste his soul in passion still  
With looking in your eyes.  
So come when you have lost your power,  
And pardon my release,  
And set your feet to rest an hour,  
Ayeal upon my peace.”

#### MR. W. W. JACOBS.

MR. JACOBS came exactly when he was wanted. There was a vacancy for a robust laughter-maker. We had no lack of cultured humorists who provoke to smiles, but there was no one to elicit the precious guffaw. Mr. Jerome, who tickled folk straightforwardly enough with his *Three Men in a Boat*, had taken to pulpsteering in his weekly paper; Mr. Barry Pain was writing a serious novel and squandering his stores of fun in dribbles for the journals; Mr. Anstey had resorted to the study of the Baboo barrister. We were without a masterly comic writer. Then appeared *Many Cargoes*, and we laughed again; and later, *The Skipper’s Wooing*, and over the episodes of Sam with the crust of bread and the cook in the cottager’s chair we became hysterical. But Mr. Jacobs is not merely a funny man. He has observation. Hitherto the Thames below London had been sadly neglected. Dickens went thither in *Our Mutual Friend*, and occasionally a novelist has resorted to Margate by steamer in search of a background; but of the life of the little craft that ply up and down, and around the coast, we had no delineator from within until Mr. Jacobs came. Mr. Jacobs has enlightened us. He tells us what humour prevails on the lower Thames; what the captains of barges and little schooners are like, what the mates are like, what the cooks are like, what the boys are like, and what the female relations of them all are like. We must take his information with a grain of salt, because he is a humorist, and humorists are entitled to mould facts to suit their own ends; but we are conscious the while that Mr. Jacobs has observed. It is not probable that every mate is a master of sardonic comment, every captain an expert ironist, every boy a mine of ingenious invention, every skipper’s daughter a pert mistress of coquetry and

repartee; but Mr. Jacobs is entitled to pick the best. We trust that he will continue to do so, and relate their adventures with the spirit he displays in *Many Cargoes*. Our advice to him is to stick to the short story and to be as funny as he can. Londoners, in particular, should hail him with applause, for he has done more than make them laugh; he has added character to their river. Henceforward no one who has read *Many Cargoes* will look at a passing barge with an apathetic gaze. He will see before him not merely a vehicle of portage, but a hotbed of liquorish and acceptable sarcasm.

#### MR. A. C. BENSON.

THERE is, somewhere in the interior, as it were, of Mr. Benson's poetry, a point of life—a *plexus* of nerves—a very sensitive place indeed, where thought and feeling are "quick." Poetry and prose both have the power to touch that exceedingly intimate region of human thought and emotion, which lies somewhat at the back of what is generally said and sung; but poetry has the best right to be there. The unanswerable or unanswered questions, with the beauty of their mystery, are most fitly reserved for the exaltations and the restraints of song; and those questions are touched whenever that point of life—that *plexus* of nerves—is reached. Mr. Benson reaches it in the first and fourth of the sonnets on "Self," and (less penetratingly, but still unmistakably) in "The Artist in Church." These are specimen poems, and others might be cited to the same effect. Verse that achieves these secrets is instantly distinguished, proved, sealed, and signed. It is at once intellectual and passionate, and poetry is, rightly considered, both these things; it is intellectual, not reasoning. Those Elizabethan and Caroline singers who were fond of arguing in verse confused the two things. Here is the last of the "Self" sonnets. The writer has begun by confessing the dark, melancholy, unmanly, lurking *self*—the essential self—sitting "in a cell of pain" in the centre of life, while imagination and passion range abroad:

"Or I can trace the cycles that have been,  
See silent priests, dead Cæsars, face to face;  
Laugh with old wits, with serious statesmen pace,  
Peep unobserved at many a secret scene.  
Thence through wild woods my dreaming way I take,  
Through ancient cities piled of ponderous stones,  
Or dripping caverns carpeted with bones,  
To wattled huts isled in a mountain lake.  
Backwards, still backwards, till the glowing earth  
Lose beast and tree, and show her haggard scars;  
To chaos, and the chill sun's nebulous birth:  
Above, beneath, the flaming æons roll:  
Still in its cold cell sits the brooding soul,  
More to itself than thirty thousand stars."

Except only that "peep unobserved" is rather cheap and poor, this sonnet is fine throughout, and deep. Besides these altogether exceptional poems, Mr. Benson

has a secondary class, full of charm, within the more accessible regions of poetic feeling. Among these is that delightful lyric, "Punctual Dawn":

"And patient sheep from folded feet  
Rose one by one, alert for food;  
And one by one, so small and sweet,  
The flattened grass-stems stirred and stood."

Nothing could be better of the delicately observant kind than this; every line is the sign of fresh experience. "The Shepherd" is another of this class, even though it is a poem of mental instead of physical observation. This shepherd is a little less mechanical than the "mechanical old man," immortally silent, hungry, intent, and aloof in the pages of *Rhoda Fleming*; he seems more aware of his own pastoral world, he even makes "some muttering" in the village church, albeit

"He doth not struggle to o'ertake  
The hurrying litanies.

The shadow and what lies behind  
He doth not greatly heed."

"Lord Vyet" is the solemn poem of death as the sincere mind of Romance viewed it, with dignity, resignation, and dismay.

Mr. Benson has published three slender volumes of verse—*Poems*, *Lyrics*, and *Lord Vyet, and Other Poems*, which last is chiefly the subject of this brief but cordially congratulatory note. He has not only a future, but his own quite separate and distinct future, before him.

#### R. H. D. LOWRY.

MR. H. D. LOWRY has been something of a disappointment to his early admirers, who, detecting the imaginative power and, at times, real beauty of his work, had expected that he might do considerable things. But his range, unhappily, appears to be somewhat straitly limited. Both his themes and his characters lack variety, and his work with its consistent minor key carries gloom to the verge of monotony. It may of course be urged, with some show of justice, that Mr. Lowry is concerned almost wholly with the tragedies of life, and that the tragedian cannot fairly be blamed because he does not attempt comic opera; but this does not altogether meet our objection. Mr. Lowry in his serious work seems to us not merely to keep his eye remorselessly fixed on the gloomy side of life, but to keep to one little department of that gloomy side. Life is no doubt tragic enough, to some of us; but Mr. Lowry, for his own sake, should for a time at least divert his attention from his sombre cottagers in Cornwall and his sombre young men in London and turn to some wider field. His stories at present are studies in monochrome, and monochrome, always a depressing medium, may one day grow tedious.

But, with these limitations, no one can deny that Mr. Lowry has very considerable gifts. It is of course a disadvantage to him that a greater than he, Mr. Quiller-Couch,

has taken Cornwall and, as it were, appropriated it to himself as a literary domain; but though Q's stories of his *Delectable Duchy* show a wider range of subject, a deeper insight and a stronger hand, Mr. Lowry's have much of his power and charm. *Women's Tragedies* (1895), the volume which made his name to most people, contains more than one tale written with a tragic intensity that is not often found in short story writers. If any one doubts this let him read "The Torque" in that volume. Better still, if he wishes to gauge Mr. Lowry's powers correctly, let him read his earlier volume of stories, *Wreckers and Methodists* (1893), a stronger book in some ways than the more popular volume which succeeded it.

Mr. Lowry has written only one story of any length—*A Man of Moods*, which appeared in 1896. The plot is of the slightest, and the interest of the volume depends on two things: first and chiefest, on the love of the country, of nature and its beauties, which breathes through its descriptions of the Scilly Islands; and, next, on the analysis of the central character, the "man of moods." The book is not altogether a success, but only a clever man could have written it. Two slighter books of Mr. Lowry's remain to be mentioned—*The Happy Exile* and *Make Believe*. The latter is a volume nominally for children, touched with pleasant fancy. *The Happy Exile* is a collection of fugitive papers, contributed to various journals, inspired by that passionate feeling for the country, and more particularly the West Country, which we have noted above as the distinguishing feature of *A Man of Moods* and its author. Mr. Lowry is a slow writer, which is in his favour. With his grasp of character and strong poetic feeling he may one day turn out a really good book.

#### THE FRENCH ACADEMY:

##### THIS YEAR'S AWARDS.

THE duties and labour of the French Academy are varied and considerable. The Academicians pay for their glory by an amount of responsibility that can neither be shirked nor diminished, and must frequently prove disagreeable. Every form of contemporary talent is submitted to their judgment, and virtue itself, thanks to donations, claims reward at their hands.

Let us examine the programme of the last sitting—Thursday, November 18, 1897—and some measure of its work may be taken. First, there was to be considered the prize poem on Salamis, the subject previously given by the Academy. No prize was awarded, for lack of first-rate qualities; but three *accessits*, valuing £40 each, were adjudged to MM. Leconte, Gaston Schefer, and Philippe Dufour, so that the prize for poetry has not been taken this year. Next comes the Prix Montyon, the prize for moral and useful works. The Abbé Alphonse Fabier obtained £80 for his work on Peking, and Mme. Bentzon received the prize of £60 for her collected articles from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "Les Américaines chez elles."

Prizes of £40 were distributed to each of the following works:

*Tombocou la Mystérieuse.* By M. Felix Dubois.  
*Remords d'Avocat.* By M. Masson-Forestier.  
*Les Derniers Mois de Murat.* By the Marquis de Sassenay.  
*Officier et Soldat.* By M. Georges de Lys.  
*Les Actes de Diotime.* By Mlle. Juliette Huzey.

£20 was awarded to each of the following works:

*Au Printemps de la Vie.* By Jean Sigaux.  
*De Soussa à Lassa.* By Edouard Céalès.  
*Les Tragédies et les Théories Dramatiques de Voltaire.* By Henri Lion.  
*Le Royaume d'Etrurie.* By Paul Marmottan.  
*La Soif du Juste.* By Edmond Thiaudière.  
*Le Livre d'Or du Diocèse de Reims.* By l'Abbé Cerf.  
*L'Ecole Saint-Simonienne.* By Georges Weill.  
*Alexis de Tocqueville.* By Eugène d'Eichthal.  
*Grandmère et Petit-fils.* By Albert Cim.  
*De Paris au Volga.* By Henry Lapauze.  
*Nos Amis les Bêtes.* By Charles Diguët.  
*Un peu beaucoup, Passionnément.* By Mme. Lescot.  
*Adolphe Baudon.* By the Abbé Schall.  
*L'Armée de Condé pendant la Révolution française.* By Bittard des Portes.  
*A Travers le Salz Kammergut.* By Auguste Marquillier.  
*Histoire du Corps des Gardiens de la Paix.* By MM. Rey and Féron.  
*Ninette Buraton.* By Mlle. Ferrier.  
*Du Cap au Lac Nyassa.* By Edouard Foa.  
*L'Auvergne.* By M. J. Ajalbert.  
*La Hongrie Littéraire et Scientifique.* By Kont.  
*Aile des Saints.* By Alfred Poizat.

The prize Narcisse Michaut, value £80 was divided between M. Emile Bourgeois for his *Grand Siècle*, and Marie-Paul Guiraud, for *Fustel de Coulanges*. The prize Sobrier-Arnould, of the same value, was divided between Emile Legouis, for his *Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*, and M. Capus, for a volume on Bosnia and Herzegovina. The important prize Jobert was awarded to M. Charles de Lacombe, for his *Vie de Berryer*; while M. Dognon carried off the prize of £160 for *Les Institutions Politiques* of Languedoc in the thirteenth century. The Bordin prize, value £120, was unevenly divided between three competitors: M. Francis de Pressensé, who obtained £60 for his *Cardinal Manning*; M. Eugène Ritter, who obtained £40 for his *Famille et Jeunesse de Rousseau*; and M. Bordeaux, who was awarded £20 for *La Vie et l'Art*. The Marcelin Guérin prize was distributed between the authors of *La Maison de Savoie*, Carlo Goldini, *Histoire des Relations Littéraires entre la France et l'Allemagne*, and others. M. Hérèle was awarded £28 for his admirable translation of Annunzio's *Vièrges aux Rochers*. M. Gregh received £80 for his delightful volume of poetry, *La Maison de l'Enfance*. The dramatist M. Brioux carried off the Prix Toriac (£160) for *L'Evasion*, played at the Théâtre Français in 1896. The prize of £80 was allotted to the *Cours Historique de la Langue Française*, by the late Arsène Darmesteter; and Mistral received £200 for his poem, *Le Rhône*. The biggest prize fell to M. Duquet for *Le Siège de Paris* (£480=12,000 francs). Many other more or less insignificant books—poems, novels,

and studies that nobody but the authors and the committee will ever read—were crowned, receiving from £20 to £40 each. Except for this pecuniary gratification, and the futile glory of seeing on the title-page of one's book the legend "Crowned by the Academy," this official recognition has no significance whatever. It is well known that intrigue, favour, push, and relations will obtain the crowning of any worthless trash, but the big prizes count, for these are honourably won, and carry weight and honour with them.

All these prizes are not distributed each year. Some are biennial, some triennial and some even quinquennial. In the case of the ordinary prizes, the authors intending to compete should send in five copies of their books before December 31. The committee is formed of four or five members of the Academy, and each receives his copy. Suppose the number of competitors to be thirty or forty: their books will be equally apportioned among the committee. In April the committee is convened to meet and discuss the merits of the books sent in for competition. It is rare that the Academy rejects a book recommended by one of its committees. In the case of the more important prizes, the number of the committee is raised to ten.

Here is the list of the conditions of competition:

1. The works rejected by a commission or by the Academy cannot be presented a second time for the same competition.

2. New editions are not allowed to compete a second time, except when the work has been notably modified by the author.

3. The works destined for the various competitions of the Academy should be directly addressed by the authors to the Secretariate of the Institute, to the amount of five copies, with a letter stating the envoi and indicating the competition for which they are presented.

4. The competitors are to understand that the Academy returns no books presented for its competitions.

5. The same work may not be presented at the same time for two competitions of the Institute.

6. For the *Vitet*, Jean Reynaud, Botta, Monbinne, Lambert, Maille-Latour, Laudry, Calmann-Lévy, Kastner-Boursault, Estrade, Délcro Née, and Berger prizes the authors cannot offer their candidature, and should not send in their works.

From which it will be seen that intrigue and favours can have nothing to do with the distribution of these prizes, since the authors are debarred from any personal effort to procure them. Here the Academy must justify its existence as a responsible discoverer of merit, and impartially bestow reward where it is neither clamoured for nor sought by means of trickery or favour.

After the report of the annual meeting for the award of prizes, the programme for the next competitions is drawn up and announced. In 1898 a prize will be offered for eloquence. The sum is £160, and the subject *Michélet*, comprised in thirty printed pages. The prize for poetry will be given in 1899; subject, a legend of the Table Round, within 300 lines. For these prizes a single MS. copy must be addressed to the Secretariate of the Institute before the prescribed term, with a *device* or an *epigraph*,

which must be repeated in a sealed letter containing the name and address of the author, who must not reveal his identity beforehand. On this condition alone is he admitted for competition. The MSS. are not returned by the Academy, but the authors are free to have copies made.

The testators founding Academy prizes decide upon the conditions. For instance, the Baron Gobert willed that the works crowned for historical eloquence, with which object he founded the annual Gobert prize of 10,000 francs, shall maintain their right to the prize until better works appear; so that if nothing better than M. de Lacombe's *Vie de Berryer* appears next year, that lucky author will carry off the big Gobert prize a second time. The Thiers prize (£120) is given for the best historical work of the three preceding years. The annual Marcelin Guérin prize (£200) is destined to reward books best calculated "to honour France, to raise ideas, morals, and character, and bring society back to principles the most salutary for the future." The Prix Langlois, carried off this year by Annunzio's excellent translation, M. Hérèle, is exclusively reserved for the best translation of the year. The Prix Jean Reynaud will be awarded in 1899, being quinquennial. The members of the Institute may compete for this prize, which is £400, awarded for the best work of the past five years. "The work must be original, elevated, having the features of invention and novelty." The prize is given whole, and in the event of no work being entirely worthy of it, its value is spent on some literary charity. To obtain this prize is a signal honour. The Jules Favre prize (£40) is destined for the best work in prose or verse of a woman.

The Institute of France is a wealthy institution, and, it must be admitted, considerably alleviates the trials of the literary career.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### VI.—A PUBLISHER.

WE were talking after dinner of current literature; and I noticed that the publisher, who was pensively smoking a cigarette, did not offer a single opinion upon any one of the books that were mentioned. Nevertheless, he seemed to be keeping an eye open to the trend of popular taste, which, after all, is the business of a publisher. Presently someone turned to him, and asked what he thought of a novel which had come from his own firm.

"I only know," said the publisher, "that we have sold just over 3,000 copies; and it has made an excellent start in Australia."

"But haven't you read it?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he replied.

"But you published it."

"Quite true. But you don't expect me to read all the books I publish? As a matter of fact, I never read any of them. Indeed, I very seldom read anything at all. There are so many things that I find more interesting than books—conversation, for instance, and billiards and gardening and looking at the sea. Whenever I read a

book it is to amuse myself. And the sort of book that I like—and you like—is not the sort of book I should care to publish. There's Kipling, for instance; I've just finished *Captains Courageous*, because everything Kipling writes interests me."

"But wouldn't you like to be Kipling's publisher?" He shook his head.

"Not now," he replied. "You see, as soon as a man writes a book that you would like to read, or I should like to read—a man such as Anthony Hope, Wells, or Jacobs—he is spotted at once by the critics, and written up. Then the publisher has to give a big sum to get his work. Generally, he has to give so big a sum that there is no possibility of getting it back again on the sale of his books. Because the public which is composed of people like ourselves, who read only what we consider really fine work, is a very small one indeed. Anyhow, it isn't big enough to carry a circulation. And, after all, what a publisher lives on is his circulation."

"Then why do publishers give big sums to writers who don't bring them a profit?"

"It's quite worth a man's while," he replied, "to throw away money over a big name. You may lose a little every year by publishing Tennyson's poems or Meredith's novels; but the mere fact that you are a Tennyson's or Meredith's publisher brings you a lot of smaller people, out of whom you can recoup your losses. You would be astounded to hear the names of the people who have a really big circulation, and amply repay their publisher. You probably have never heard of them; and you certainly wouldn't read their books. Nor would I. But the big bulk of the novel-reading public is quite uncritical. And so, you see," continued the publisher, after a pause, "literature is exactly like commerce. The market is shaped like a pyramid, of which the base is formed by the mass of average scribblers, and the apex is Kipling."

"But," I asked, "if you never read the books you publish, how do you determine what books to accept?"

"Now and again," he replied, "I pay a big price to a well-known and first-rate man; and then, of course, I publish his book, whether I read it or not. If I do read it, that is only for my own pleasure. But I only want his name on my list. In other cases I turn over all the MSS. that are offered me to one or two people of average common sense, who have no literary fads. If I read any of them myself and liked them, I should feel pretty sure that they would not be popular. But from the notes that my readers send in I can generally tell if the stories have enough stuff in them to sell. For you see, it is the average half-educated woman who is the chief supporter of the novel; not people like you and me. You never bought a novel?"

"Never," I said. "Never in my life, except a shilling shocker off a railway book-stall. But speaking as a man, and not as a publisher, what sort of book do you choose as an amusement?"

"Well, I want a good story, and also a style that doesn't offend me. The average novel reader doesn't care twopence about style, you know. Now I have just read

Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* for the second time. And I'm just going to read *The Potter's Thumb* again. Stevenson, too—Stevenson was popular with the many because he had uncommonly good stories to tell, and with the critics because he knew how to tell them. There isn't a better book going than *Treasure Island*—unless it's *Kidnapped*. But, really, I read very little, except when there's absolutely nothing else to do. Sarah Grand says in the *Both Book*—yes, I've looked at that—that novel reading is a form of opium taking. I think she's right."

C. R.

### THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

HABITUAL misconduct with the English tongue is an offence which cannot be attributed in any special measure to the outlying regions of the United Kingdom. The Queen's English suffers as much at the lips and at the pens of Englishmen as it suffers at those of any other tribe with whom it is a heritage. Dr. Gerald Molloy does not agree with us. He is an Irishman who has spent years in sorrow over his country's ways with auxiliary verbs. These ways have long been shocking to him. That is because, instead of being those of the uneducated classes, they are the ways of the Irish at large. Dr. Molloy is serious in his vexation. "If you take a cab in Dublin," he writes, "the cabman, when you arrive at your destination, comes to the door of the cab, and says, very politely, 'Will I knock, your honour?'" If you fared any better in the Irish *salon*, your honour might overlook that little slip; but the speech of the *salon* is just as bad. "Coming out from a concert," Dr. Molloy "heard a gentleman in evening-dress say to a friend, 'What train will we catch?'" That settled the matter. The evening-dress of Ireland having a frayed hem in the view of grammarians, it behoved Dr. Molloy to instruct his countrymen in the idiom of England. Therefore, he has written a book on *Shall and Will* (Blackie & Son); and is confident that if his teaching is taken to heart by the rising generation in Ireland, that country will deserve equality with England in the Imperial Confederation which Mr. Chamberlain is establishing. The compliment implicit in the Doctor's gravity is almost disarming. We in London have heard for so many years, from the provinces, of the superiority of the provinces in all respects, that this message from Ireland is a message of peace indeed. So ingenuously is it so, that we will, without delay, wave a flag of truce in the face of will-and-shall-outraging Ireland, and own to worse outrage, in many usages, with an open heart. We might take them from —, but we will not. That way would lie a dangerous invasion of our space. We will take them from Dr. Molloy's book itself. That procedure is in strict accord with the spirit in which the Doctor approaches us. His suzerainty to English authorities such as we have named is quite faithful. He has adopted a representative assortment of their errors.

On his first page, he writes: "And yet, strange to say, there is no book in which the subject is treated with any approach to completeness." Could not he have done without the *And*? *And* is a copulative conjunction; *yet* is an antithetical conjunction. To make a locution of the two words is like unto mixing oil and water, which, even when a storm is going on, is a ridiculous act. It does not save the craft. Besides, if Dr. Molloy sent the *And* about its business, we should have a word to offer about the *yet*. That, too, is wrong. Copulative or antithetical, a conjunction has the duty of joining. The *Yet*, did it stand, would disjoin. Neither that word, then, nor any other, is the right word. The right word is *Still*, an adverb which, if only they would make its acquaintance in an intelligent spirit, would be of much avail to our contemporaries when, in a tangle, they do not know where to seek an outlet. One must not, however, be too exacting. Our contemporaries find themselves in tangles so various that the children would be heart-broken if we were unsparing of the rod. Take Dr. Molloy's second error. "The student," the Doctor writes, "is left to decide for himself not only on points of special difficulty or delicacy, but on broad general questions of everyday occurrence." There should have been *also* after the *but*. The antithetical aspect of the sentence is the result of the Doctor having taken contemporary English models unquestioningly. *Also* was necessary in the intention of synthesis. Lest the learned Doctor should be tempted to kick against the pricks, we make haste to justify ourselves from his own scriptures. "They seem to me eminently fitted not only to impress these rules on the memory, but also to impress the idiom upon the ear." That sentence is correct; but the assertion which it makes is dubious. There is no use in impressing an idiom upon the ear if the idiom is vicious. Many of the English idioms are open to that charge. There is, for example, *takes place*. That phrase, which comes from France, is almost invariably incorrect. It is a mode of expressing *happens*. If the writer intended to call attention to the place of the happening, the phrase might be passed. It could be passed when the *Times* stated that "the Parliamentary point-to-point steeplechase will take place on Saturday, April 9, near Warwick"; though even there its fortune is probably due to good luck more than to good guiding. It might also be passed in the sentence in which Macaulay remarked that "no transaction in history ought to be more accurately known to us than those which took place round the death-bed of Charles the Second." It cannot be approved when used by Dr. Molloy. "If we pass over two centuries, and come down to the Elizabethan age of English literature, we find," he writes, "that a great change has taken place in the use of *will* and *shall*." There the phrase is absurd. It is the resource of a writer who, not knowing the correct method of stating a simple idea, becomes a sloven with the Queen's words. When they write *takes place*, or *took place*, or *is to take place*, nearly all men, English as well as Irish and Scots, are slovenly. They are



not concerned with the place of an event. They are concerned only with its date. Mr. Delane, editor of the *Times*, perceived that fact with such conscientiousness that in his day contributors to the leading journal were not allowed to use the word on any occasion whatever.

It were well if other editors found it in their hearts to be equally scrupulous. One cannot easily endure *and which*. Some pundits say that, whilst it is incorrect in certain cases, there are cases in which it is justifiable. They say that it is incorrect in a complex sentence the first clause of which does not contain the relative pronoun. They add that if the pronoun has a place in the first clause the phrase may be used in the second, and in any other clauses beyond. They cite Mr. Benjamin Disraeli as being a typical wrong-doer. So he was. He would not have hesitated to say: "The house I entered last year, and which is now in much better order"; and in that case the very butler might have been conscious that the language was most 'orrible. We cannot allow that the speech of the pundits is any less so. Take an excerpt from the writings of Dr. Molloy. He refers to "certain questions of literary interest, which were suggested to my mind in the course of my inquiry, and which are concerned chiefly about the origin and history of the idiom." The pundits would seek to justify that *and which*. They could not justify it. It is unjustifiable. There is not a sentence in which relative pronouns can be properly copulated. That is, first, because in all sentences in which they seem to be so they are the same pronoun repeated, and a unity copulated with itself is unthinkable; and, second, because the ideas, or the perceptions, which the writers of the sentences wish to connect are not the ideas, or the perceptions, expressed by the repeated pronoun, but those expressed by the verbs. This will become clear when we have written Dr. Molloy's sentence correctly. It should run thus: In the second part I consider "certain questions of literary interest, which were suggested to my mind in the course of my inquiry, and are chiefly concerned about the origin and history of the idiom." The principle which we have stated renders *and who* as well as *and which* unjustifiable. Dr. Molloy writes: "Accordingly, I consulted two distinguished scholars, who have devoted a great deal of time to the study of the English language, and who have lived for the greater part of their lives in England." The second *who* should have been cut out. As the meaning of the sentence is clear without the word, one is astonished that Dr. Molloy put it in. *And which*, and *who*, has the sanction of usage by English writers; but that does not matter. There are in the English idiom many phrases which are abominable. Dr. Molloy seems willing to adopt them all. There is, for example, that bad word *feature*. "By the middle of the seventeenth century," the Doctor writes, "the modern idiom, in its more essential features, was firmly fixed, recognised by grammarians, and reduced to rule." One must strive to unfix it and to set it right. Excepting when one is giving the reading public an idea of the beauty of

a heroine, *features* is always the wrong word. It is not easy to have patience with it. The usage which is its sanction is the usage of the stupid. *Later on* is another of the horrors which Dr. Molloy cheerfully adopts. We are surprised that he never speaks of "a new departure." It would have been pleasant to throw stones at that pompous vulgarism. Still, Dr. Molloy is generous in the supply of idioms to cavil at. Probably because he has studied the works of Mr. Edmund Gosse, he cannot write *is* when he has an opportunity to write *exists*. Once, he tells us, he sought, in vain, "for a plain, thorough, straightforward account of the English idiom as it actually exists." Similarly, he "commences" to do things. To say that he begins would, he feels, be a tame statement of his emprise. Likewise, of course, he finds "phases" in things other than the moon; and the phases give forth sounds. He "made a small collection of extracts, to illustrate the use of *should* and *would*, and familiarise the ear with this phase of the idiom." Behold that word *extracts*. *Excerpts* would have been correct; but it would not have fallen in with the design of Dr. Molloy, who, with all the other pundits seeking rest under the authority of usage, falsifies our language because he lacks the gift of thinking accurately. We must stop now.

"The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will be well again: if you note him  
You shall offend him and extend his passion."

These lines are quoted in order that Dr. Molloy may be consoled. They show that Shakespeare was as Irish as the gentleman who, being inadvertently in the sea, remarked, "I will be drowned, and nobody shall save me."

W. EARL HODGSON.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THE BOOKS I DID NOT BUY.

THE books I have not bought this year number, I suppose, some scores. Mr. Temple Scott in his *Book Sales of 1897* (G. Bell & Sons), has kindly catalogued a few of them for me—just the books, moreover, which I could have bought if—well, there are several *ifs* involved. Still, it is pleasant to look through my might-have-beens. Mr. Scott has thoughtfully added the prices my selections fetched in the London sale-rooms. He has even specified the buyer of each. It sounds like a knell to read: "*Maggs*, £2 8s.," or "*Quaritch*, £4 15s.," or "*James*, £10." That is the way book sales are recorded. These buyers, whose surnames recur like cannon-shots, are no occasional visitors, migrants attracted by some unwonted bait, but mighty dealers whose *sotto voce* bids are heard above the shouts of new-comers, and to whom an auctioneer's wink is as good as his most emphatic nod. Well, as I say, I did not buy. But last night I piled high my fire, and made soft my arm-chair, and played at buying books with the

aid of Mr. Temple Scott's excellent annual. The game was to see what appetites I could have gratified if during this year of Jubilee I had been able to spend a poor hundred pounds in the sale-rooms. The year covered by Mr. Scott really begins in last December, and with the sale by Messrs. Sotheby of "The Library of H. T. Coghlan, Esq." I should have contested lot 45 in this sale—Mme. D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, in seven volumes, 1842. It is one of those books that one often misses on one's shelves, and it is a little treasure-house of London and biographical lore. I see that Roche snapped it up for £1 19s. A large-paper copy of Mr. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, extra-illustrated with ninety-two portraits and two letters from Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Barbauld, was offered a few minutes later and fetched £7 5s.; a pretty purchase, but I should have let Maggs have it. I have quarrels enough with Maggs. For instance, he took the first edition of Gay's *Trivia* for £2 6s. I would have run him up to £3, perhaps £4. Maggs should not have had that *Trivia*—Barnard Lintot's imprint, too! Nor should Ridler have paid only £1 16s. for D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*; and I would have bought the *Newgate Calendar, or Villainy Displayed in all its Branches* over Karslake's head. He got the six volumes for £1 15s. My only other purchase at this sale would have been Lyson's *Environs of London* at £2 10s. These books cost their purchasers £10 6s. I will suppose that I should have got them for £12. That leaves me £88 to continue the fight with Maggs and Quaritch. *Nil desperandum*.

On December 18 there was a sale at Sotheby's of "Books from Various Libraries." I should have wrested Hamerton's *Etching and Etchers* from the hands of Young; and Tregaskis should certainly not have had two copies of Parker's *Glossary of Architecture*, with its delightful wood-cuts. These cost their buyers £5 8s.

On January 11, at Puttick & Simpson's, I should have been a force. One hundred and ninety-two volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, commencing in 1731, went to Tregaskis for £9. I would have given £10. I know a man who would have run Robson hard for Lillywhite's *Cricketer Scores and Biographies from 1724-1848*. Robson got them for £7 7s.—a bargain! Herrick's *Poetical Works* in two volumes, uncut, Pickering, 1825, must have been a sweet item, and I should have forestalled Russell, who got it for £1 4s.

On January 29 there was another festivity at Puttick & Simpson's. I should have spoiled it for Maggs, by insisting on having John Florio's *Queen Anna's New World of Words*. Maggs gave only £1 18s. for it. I see that a first edition of Gray's *Elegy* fetched at this sale £74 10s.; Sabin the purchaser. There was a time when I should have wanted Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1632) for £1 7s.; but, being no longer young, I am cheerful, and Pickering should have had his book.

On February 19 I should have begun operations by disputing Ackermann's *Microcosm of London* with James; and he should not have taken it at £10, as he did. Sotherean



would have been my first victim, for I would have given a little more than 19s. for Howitt's *Northern Heights of London*.

There was a fine sale on February 22 and following days, when the libraries of Sir Charles Forbes and other gentlemen were dispersed. I should not have made much trouble. But I should have disputed with Wood for the possession of old Thomas Dekker's *The Bellman of London*. "Bringing to light," says the continued title, "the most notorious Villainies that are now practised in the Kingdome, profitable for Gentlemen, Lawyers, Merchants, Citizens, Farmers, Masters of Householders, and all sorts of Servants to marke, and delightfull for all men to reade." Black letter, 1616. Wood paid £2 8s. It must have been interesting to see a copy of the first edition of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* fetch £60. Maggs carried it off. Sixty pounds is just what Noll got for the manuscript! A first edition of *Paradise Lost* was offered, and Maggs gave £80 for it. A first edition of John Florio's *Montaigne*, the edition that Shakespeare studied, was put on the table; and while Maggs was bidding £12 5s. for it, I made a rapid calculation that I was now £30 to the bad.

That left me with £70 when I went to Sotheby's on March 4 to see what I could do among the books of the Rev. M. A. Atkinson and others. I see that my visit resolved itself into a short, sharp tussel with Ellis, who paid £16 10s. for a fine extra-illustrated copy of Nelson's *History and Antiquities of Islington*. I should have surrendered Nelson.

On the 8th I should have outbid Bumpus, at the Beresford Heaton sale, for Archer's *Vestiges of Old London*, which he got for £1 3s. This would have proved a serious day for me. Constable's *English Landscape*, large paper, with its eighteen mezzotint plates by David Lucas, "chiefly India proofs before letters," was offered, and I should have been its purchaser. That would have meant defeating Tucker, who gave £24 10s. for the volume. After this I should have stayed only long enough to see Pearson give £695 for Keats's manuscript of *Endymion* and £305 for the manuscript of *Lamia*, and to see a first edition of Lamb's *Elia and Last Essays of Elia* fall to Bumpus for £23.

On March 10, at Sotheby's, I should have given more than Ellis for Gerarde's *Herball*, folio, old calf, 1597. He gave £4 8s. I am no herbalist, but Gerarde lived in Holborn, and his book is full of curious references to London gardens and rambles.

At Sotheby's, a full month later, I should have bought Jesse's *Literary and Historical Memorials of London*, disappointing Dobell, who gave £1 12s.; and at the Sir Augustus Harris sale I, not Maggs, would have bought Coryat's *Crudities*. As I was not there, Maggs got the book for £2 8s.

On May 6 I should have bought Brayley's *Descriptive Accounts of Theatres of London*. Samuels had it for £3. On the 21st, I, not Pearson, would have bought from "the Library of a Gentleman" Brathwait's *The English Gentleman*, with Vaughan's frontispiece, and the folding explanatory broadside. I think I could have had it for £6

Also, for a little more than Maggs gave for it (£1 18s.), I should have been the owner of *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, containing the mad, merry Prankes she played in her life time*.

On June 10, at the Bruton sale, one of only four known copies of *London Characters* (1827), with twenty-four coloured plates, came up for sale. I should have bought it; but Sabin did—for £8 2s. 6d.

I confess that I should have been no more than a spectator at the Ashburnham sale; one excellent reason being that my £100 would then have dwindled to £10. But at the sale of Mr. T. C. Jack's books at Sotheby's, in July—the last sale but one that Mr. Scott records—I should have disputed Stow's *Survey of London*, 2 volumes, with Quaritch. Quaritch paid £5. Add to the above books a copy of the first edition of Fitz-Gerald's *Omar Khayyam*. And now, poking the fire, I light my pipe, a happy bankrupt.

W. W.

## NEW CENTURY THEATRE.

### "ADMIRAL GUINEA."

THE unfortunate effect of all performances undertaken for a purpose other than that of pleasing the general public, performances like those of the late Independent Theatre, or the recently formed New Century Theatre, is that a spirit of insincerity pervades the audience. The cant of culture is abroad. It is known or suspected that the play in question would have no chance in an ordinary theatre. But certain master minds are understood to have detected genius in it, and it becomes a mark of superiority to be able to appreciate literary and dramatic beauties that are caviare to the general. Hence the futility of the flattering verdict passed at the instance of the New Century Theatre upon "Admiral Guinea," one of the several plays written by Mr. W. E. Henley and the late Robert Louis Stevenson in collaboration. The prime movers in our latest Society of *Précieux Ridicules*—for the underlying motive of the New Century Theatre is as old as the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*—say in effect to their fellow-members: "Admire this, which we have agreed to call a very fine sample of the literary but misunderstood drama." And admired it is accordingly. For over thirteen years "Admiral Guinea" has remained unacted. No theatre-manager anxious to make his fortune has seen "money in it." During a goodly portion of its existence it has been in print and, according to our copyright laws, unprotected, but no plagiarising adapter has stolen it. So far, however, from this circumstance being regarded as condemnatory of the play, it constitutes its chief recommendation in the eyes of a literary clique who fail to realise that literature and drama, though sometimes combined, are essentially distinct in their methods, and that style divorced from action becomes on the stage a mere weariness of the flesh. By the laws of its being, a play, unlike a book, must appeal to a popular assemblage. It may be over their heads or underneath their feet, but unless it holds

their attention by the force and variety of the emotions it excites, it can only be described as a failure. Presumably the object that every dramatist sets before him is to stir pleasurable emotions in the breast of the public—the common public, for whose tastes and instincts the commercial-minded manager caters. If he writes for an audience of demi-gods, or for a theatre that is not run upon commercial lines, he should say so in order to save his well-wishers from disappointment.

As the authors of "Admiral Guinea" have neglected this obvious precaution, it is to be inferred that they wrote with the public, and not the New Century Theatre, in their eye. One is bound consequently to look at this *chef d'œuvre* from the same point of view as the untutored manager, and so regarding it one is no longer surprised at the indifference shown to the work of two writers of so much distinction in their own sphere. Many excellent novelists and poets have also been successful dramatists—the two Dumas, Bulwer Lytton, Octave Feuillet, Ohnet, Coppée, J. M. Barrie, and others—but the literary style is not necessarily the dramatic style; and the polish of the dialogue in "Admiral Guinea" does not save the play from appearing stunted and meagre in performance. A disproportion between word and deed is not felt in a novel. On the stage it is fatal, as Shakespeare himself very well knew, seeing that with all his beauty of language he took care that his plays should abound in incident. What has failed the authors of "Admiral Guinea" is neither invention nor power of expression, nor sense of character, but the intuition of the born dramatist, who feels how a theme will shape on the stage exactly as a painter does with a subject on his canvas. The mere novelist writing for the stage gropes like a man in the dark; it is chance rather than instinct that saves him from disaster. Take one of the printed plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones or Mr. Pinero! It is scrappy reading compared with "Admiral Guinea." But how every word tells when spoken across the footlights! The very qualities that make the style of a novel attractive may be detrimental to a play. Almost the only feature common to the art of the novelist and that of the dramatist is conception of character, and it is naturally in respect of character that the Henley-Stevenson play excels.

Of story there is so little that one is surprised at the confidence of the authors in extending it over four acts, and what there is of it seems scarcely worth so much expenditure of literary workmanship. There are but four working characters in all. A fifth, being purely incidental, hardly counts. The period chosen is that of the slave trade when fortunes were made by shipping "ebony" cargoes from the coast of Guinea to the plantations of America; but little of that is seen save in the costume of the *dramatis personæ*, the action passing exclusively inside the humble cottage of John Gaunt, the retired and reformed slaver, nicknamed Admiral Guinea, or in the public room of a neighbouring tavern. Accidentally

John Gaunt and his former "bo'sun," the terrible blind ruffian David Pew, come together—for the Henley-Stevensonian drama is as full of coincidences and conventionalities as the work of any Adelphi playwright. Very different have been their paths in life since they sailed together in the slave trade, and both reveal their characters quickly. In remorse for his crimes, the admiral has taken to piety and puritanism as we learn from the sternness of the maxims with which he preaches down the heart of his daughter Arethusa who has allowed her fancy to light upon a manly young sailor. The unregenerate "bo'sun," for his part, is, if possible, more callous and ruffianly than ever. Both these characters are sketched with a masterly hand. There is less to be said for Arethusa and her breezy sailor lad, Kit French, who are conventional sweethearts of the "Black-Eyed Susan" period. If only the play, as a whole, had been constructed to the measure of those two admirably drawn types, the "admiral" and his "bo'sun," what a different tale there would have been to tell!

Considering the literary pretensions of this play, it would be hard to guess its motive. It is an attempted burglary—nothing more—the burglary of the admiral's sea-chest by his old partner in crime, the blind sailor-man. In the dramatic scheme of the ordinary playwright this would rank as a mere episode. Here it is the only question before the house, and four acts are devoted to its elucidation. Such a lack of dramatic proportion and perspective would hardly be credible, were we not dealing with the work of men who, as playwrights, can only rank as amateurs, however distinguished. Moreover, this burglary is handled with a crudity which, from an ordinary theatrical audience, would probably have evoked a smile. Not once or twice, but thrice does the villainous Pew grope about the admiral's cottage in quest of the fateful sea-chest, which in the end is discovered to contain, not a store of ill-gotten gold, but merely a few sentimental relics of the ex-slaver's sainted wife, whom his crimes had sent to her grave long ago. In his second attempt Pew obtains, under false representations, the help of Arethusa's sweetheart, now drowning his love troubles in rum, and promptly rounds upon the luckless youth when the "gaff is blown." The third attempt is made while the admiral himself is stalking round the room in a state of somnambulism—a scene which the "gods" of the Adelphi would have delighted in guying; and on the top of this comes the purely conventional ending of Pew's death and the bestowal of the admiral's blessing on the young couple.

"Admiral Guinea" is the mere rough draft of a play. It is not a play complete. With two such characters in hand as Gaunt and Pew a practical dramatist would have been able to set to work upon the story with fair prospects of success. He would have relegated the burglary to a secondary place, and woven a new fabric of incident for Gaunt. He would have held up the mirror to the period, and shown us, in Hamlet's

phrase, its "form and pressure." He would have given his story atmosphere and perspective. Of such qualities, so essential to the drama, we have none in "Admiral Guinea," which is a prolonged duologue with no background. That the two chief characters should have been so graphically portrayed as they were by Mr. Mollison and Mr. Sydney Valentine was its salvation, even with the select public of the Avenue Theatre *matinée*. In less skilful hands the story would speedily have lost its grip. Miss Cissie Loftus, an excellent mimic of acting, lacks power when required to act upon her own account; but as Arethusa she was sympathetic and interesting, and she had a fine, high-spirited, young salt for a sweetheart in Mr. Robert Loraine, the son of a once popular tragedian. The New Century Theatre chooses its actors well.

J. F. N.

## THE WEEK.

A HANDSOME book is the English translation of Viullier's *History of Dancing*. Dancing is surveyed from the earliest times to which our knowledge of it extends down to the present day. We quote the following passage from the introduction:

"Dancing, a flower of night, is said to have germinated under the skies of the Pharaohs; tradition speaks of rounds, symbolic of sidereal motive, circling beneath the stars on the august soil of Egypt, mighty mother of the world. It manifested itself first in sacred sciences, severe and hieratic; yet even then it babbled brokenly of joy and grief in the processions of Apis. Later on, in the course of ages, it became interwoven with all the manifestations of popular life, reflecting the passions of man, and translating the most secret movements of the soul into physical action. From the solemnity of religious rites, from the fury of warfare, it passed to the gaiety of pastoral sports, the dignity and grace of polished society. It took on the splendour of social festivities, the caressing and voluptuous languour of love, and even dolefully followed the funeral train."

The book is in folio size, with abundant illustrations, and is at once a serious treatise and a delightful gift-book. Many beautiful engravings and drawings are reproduced by permission of the owners of the copyrights.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill has edited a collection of *Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham*, written between 1854 and 1870. Some of these letters appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* last year. In republishing these letters in volume form Dr. Hill writes:

"Though the editor of the American magazine was liberal in the space which he allowed me, nevertheless in my former papers it was only a selection, though a large selection, that I was able to give. In reading through the original letters a second time this summer I was surprised to find how much of necessity had been omitted that in point of interest was scarcely inferior to what had been inserted. All these passages I am including in the present volume, with the exception of one or two which might, it was thought, give pain either to those criticised by Rossetti or to their surviving friends. Were I, however, to print all that he wrote little fault could be found with it on the score of severity. In these letters, at all events,

the writer was not often harsh in his judgment of his fellow-men."

The book is handsomely produced, and is embellished with about a dozen illustrations, mostly portraits and designs pertinent to the Letters.

Mr. Andrew Lang adds another volume to his nursery series. It is *The Nursery Rhyme Book*, and, of course, it has a preface. Mr. Lang begins it thus:

"To read the old Nursery Rhymes brings back queer lost memories of a man's own childhood. One seems to see the loose, floppy picture-books of long ago, with their boldly coloured pictures. The books were tattered and worn, and my first library consisted of a wooden box of these volumes. And I can remember being imprisoned for some crime in the closet where the box was, and how my gaolers found me, happy and impenitent, sitting on the box, with its contents all round me, reading."

There was 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' which I knew by heart before I could read, and I learned to read (entirely 'without tears') by picking out the letters in the familiar words. I remember the lark dressed as a clerk, but what a clerk might be I did not ask. Other children, who are little now, will read this book, and remember it well when they have forgotten a great deal of history and geography. We do not know what poets wrote the old Nursery Rhymes, but certainly some of them were written down, or even printed, three hundred years ago. Grandmothers have sung them to their grandchildren, and they again to theirs, for many centuries. In Scotland an old fellow will take a child on his knee for a ride, and sing:

'This is the way the ladies ride,  
Jimp and sma'

—smooth ride, then a rough trot:

'This is the way the cadgers ride,  
Creels and a'

Such songs are sometimes not printed, but they are never forgotten."

Mr. Lang then launches into pleasant explanations of the characters mentioned in the rhymes, telling his young readers who Old King Cole was; who Simple Simon was (he was not, it seems, Simon Fraser, of Lovat—"that Simon was not simple"); who Tom the Piper's Son was, and Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. The book is charmingly produced, and is full of clever pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE HOLY BIBLE. With an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. "Everaley" Series. Vol. III. Macmillan & Co.  
WORKDAY SERMONS. By the Rev. F. B. Meyer. James Bowden. 2s. 6d.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE DAWN OF CIVILISATION: EGYPT AND CHALDEA. By G. Maspero. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Third Edition. S.P.C.K. 2s.  
RAMSES BOUND MY LIFE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Newton Croeland. E. W. Allen.  
LETTERS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI TO WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, 1854-1870. By George Birkbeck Hill. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s.  
A HISTORY OF DANCING FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO OUR OWN TIMES. From the French of Gaston Viullier. Wm. Heinemann.  
THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY. By William Edward Collins. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.  
A BENEVOLENT MASTERY IN ENGLAND: BEING THE LAST AND TIMES OF DON JOHN ROBERTS, O.S.B. By Don Bede Cann, O.S.B. Bliss, Sands & Co.

OUR ENGLISH MINISTERS. Edited by the Very Rev. A. P. Purey-Cust. Second Series. Isbister & Co. 7s. 6d.  
THE LIFE OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES. By Demetrius Charles Boulger. Horace Marshall & Son. 21s.

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

MEDITATIONS IN THE TEA ROOM. By M.P. New edition. Pickering & Co.  
SPECIMENS OF THE PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA. Edited by John Matthews Manly. Vol. I. Ginn & Co. (Boston, U.S.A.)  
SONGS FROM PRUDENTIUS. By Ernest Gilliat Smith. John Lane. 5s.  
THE TEMPLE Waverley Novels: GUY MANSFELD. 2 vols. J. M. Dent & Co.  
SKETCHES OF RURAL LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Francis Lucas. Macmillan & Co. 5s.  
THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART: A STUDY OF HIS SONNETS AND POEMS. By Edwin James Dunning. Lee & Shephard (Boston, U.S.A.)  
A MEDIEVAL GARLAND. By Madame James Darmesteter. Translated into English by May Tomlinson. Lawrence. & Bullen.  
A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF MATHILDE BLIND. Edited by Arthur Symonds. T. Fisher Unwin.  
SONGS OF LIBERTY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Underwood Johnson. The Century Co. (New York).  
THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated by J. G. Cordery. Methuen & Co.  
LEISURE HOURS IN THE STUDY. By James Mackinnon. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.  
POEMS. By Henry D. Muir (Chicago).

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF PLATO'S LOGIC. By Wincenty Lutoslawski. Longmans, Green & Co. 21s.  
THE SECRET OF HSEEL. By James Hutchison Stirling. Oliver & Boyd (Edinburgh).  
STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICISM AND CONSTRUCTION. By Sydney Herbert Malone. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

## PHILOLOGY.

EUR-ARYAN ROOTS, WITH THEIR ENGLISH DERIVATIVES. By J. Baly, M.A. Kegan Paul. 50s.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

SERBIA: THE POOR MAN'S PARADISE. By Herbert Vivian. Longmans, Green & Co.  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## FRENCH CRITICS.

St. Margaret's Lodge, Kilburn: Nov. 29.

"J. C." is quite right in his letter, dated November 21, from Paris.

Sardou, Sully-Prudhomme, and François Coppée "would be quite as much astonished, as they would surely thank me," for the title of critic; and they would not thank me at all.

The dogmatic statements made in other portions of "J. C.'s" letter I shall not notice, but I fancy that others beside myself will not entirely agree with him. "J. C." I fear, has a very much more limited conception of what a critic really is than I have; and from his own point of view, no doubt, he is right in saying Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France are the only two great critics in the "Académie Française"; but I do not agree with him, and I am not alone in thinking "Rabagas" and "Daniel Rochate" perfect specimens of criticism of their kind.

For criticisms of men and things from the pens of Sully-Prudhomme and François Coppée, I can only refer "J. C." to the daily papers of Paris, where he will surely find some at least twice a week.

JOHN E. YERBURY.

## "A POETIC COINCIDENCE."

London: Nov. 29.

Since you have accorded the information it was as much the purpose of my communication headed as above to evoke, as it was to announce a discovery, you will, perhaps, allow me to say, with respect to the last sentence of the appended note to my letter—viz., "that 'Shon Campbell' has been received as an original effort in many quarters," that allusion was made to Mr. Mackenzie's lines in the *British Weekly* in January, 1894, in the following terms: "This week I [unquestionably Dr. Robertson Nicoll] am in the happy position to be able to present you with a perfect gem—the best verses, I think, ever written by an Aberdeen student, George MacDonald always excepted. I found it in a little pamphlet, entitled 'Rosemary,' of which a hundred copies were printed at Christmas." At a later date Mr. Morrison Davidson bestowed, in another place, an equally high eulogy on the "uniquely graphic, grimly pathetic lines," as he termed them, of Mr. Mackenzie. Neither Dr. Nicoll nor Mr. Morrison Davidson, however, made any allusion to the lines being a parody of Kipling's verses, a circumstance which doubtless accounts, though I do not excuse my ignorance on this ground, for "Shon Campbell" being accepted in some quarters as an "original effort."

J. G.

## THREATENED VANDALISM AT HAMFSTEAD.

Hampstead: Nov. 27.

This northern suburb seems fated to encounter more than its just share of difficulties in a laudable effort to preserve the many literary landmarks in which the parish abounds. For example, it was hoped that the wide protest aroused by the contemplated demolition of Church-row had effectually stayed the irreverent hand of the despoiler. From a paragraph in a contemporary, the attack upon our unique and treasured Row has been by no means abandoned. We are informed that "old houses associated with the careers of men like Johnson and Arbuthnot are to disappear, and flats are to be erected in their place." After which we are invited to accept such cold comfort as we may from an assurance how the original design of

the buildings has been altered to one "more in harmony with the historic locality."

It is difficult to conceive how any "harmony" of elevation which the subtlest architect can devise will ever accord with those delightful structures which, let it be well borne in mind, have not reached their period of decay. Is it too late for a final attempt to save this spot? Or must healthy sentiment own itself routed by the speculative builder with his cry of "flats, flats, flats," effacing, disturbing on all sides in a hitherto, alas! triumphant march? Trusts, vestries, private enterprise, all seem powerless to intervene. The horizon looks gloomy, and we northern dwellers are sad in consequence.

Nor is this our only trial. The house now known as Lawn Bank, on the south side of John-street, Downshire Hill, where, as a tablet testifies, poor, unappreciated Keats lived for awhile with his friend, Charles Brown, is, it is rumoured, also marked for destruction, along with its neighbour, Wentworth House. Of course the same demon, Flats, would be again answerable for any sacrilege inflicted upon this coveted space. Happily, a local newspaper, most reliable as to its topography, states emphatically that such a dismal report is groundless. May this, indeed, be so. There is prospective pain in the bare thought of finding some cherished medallions reinstated upon the walls of—a flat!

CECIL CLARK.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Last Studies." It seems to be generally admitted that this volume makes clear the loss which modern literature suffered by the death of Mr. Crackanthorpe. The *Standard*, commenting on Mr. Henry James's introduction to the volume, says that these "studies" show that

"Mr. Crackanthorpe was slowly broadening down to a cooler and more catholic survey of a world which, after all, is only three parts grimy, and in which there is still room for a little healthy laughter, a few simple tears, and enough romance to keep the records of Vine-street out of sight. Mr. Henry James, in a task of delicacy, has acquitted himself with great tact. He is puzzled, as everyone must have been puzzled, to account for what he discreetly calls in Mr. Crackanthorpe's work 'the juvenility of his candour.' . . . Unfortunately, the test of an artist must remain one of act rather than of intention. It may be true that Mr. Crackanthorpe had 'an almost precocious glimpse of the charm of the technical problem'; he had a literary sense, it is clear; an impossible subject may have appealed to him by its very impossibility. If his publication had been less precocious than his glimpse it would have been better for him, for Mr. James, and for us. These *Last Studies*, however, are, as we have already hinted, saner and better work than *Wreckage*."

The *Scotsman's* critic, in a short notice, writes:

"These themes are treated as near as may be in the manner of De Maupassant. Mr. James hits the keynote of them all when he uses the phrase, 'an excellent felicity of dreariness.' Men who want to be cheered by a book must needs take up with some other author, yet no one could read works so well observed, so frankly written, and so accomplished in the more modern arts of literature, without being moved by admiration and regret."

The *Athenæum* notes carefully Mr. Crackanthorpe's method:

"It seems but a short time ago that we welcomed his first remarkable little book, *Wreckage*, and though he has never surpassed the best things in that volume, these three stories show no diminution in his special power. As Mr. Henry James notices in his essay, Crackanthorpe seems to have found a peculiar delight in fixing on a sordid or commonplace incident and drawing out of it the interest to be found in its exhibition of humanity. He never in his most successful stories—of which 'Trevor Perkins' in this volume is certainly one—cared to put a whole life into the glare of daylight, but was content to send a momentary flashlight, as it were, on one incident of it, and so suggest what the whole life would be like. In 'Trevor Perkins,' for example, little more is vouchsafed than a bare conversation one evening in the park between a City clerk and a waiting-girl of a cheap coffee-house. But from this one conversation the whole tragedy of his life and the emptiness of hers are suggested in a far more effective way than if their whole lives had been duly chronicled."

"Finally," says *Literature*, in a review of generous length, "the real achievement of Hubert Crackanthorpe is in having built so well that, despite his too early removal from among us, we realise that we lost a notable, possibly an eminent, writer."

"Corleone." "To the professional local colourist," says the *Saturday Review*, "a plot is an untoward thing, and it is with detail that he charms." While heartily praising Mr. Crawford's book, this critic says:

"It has been easy to scrape away enough local colour to lay bare the beauties and defects of Mr. Crawford's work, but what shall we say of the local colour itself? How the peasants talk, what they eat, the colour of the melons they only sell to tourists, the shape of the knives with which they kill each other, are all here. The Aspinall of literature, Mr. Crawford blithely attempts to combine the art of the novelist with the functions of the gazetteer. We feel as we gaze upon his glowing palette that a story is superfluous. Rather, in the search for a medium, let him become a pastelist of the Glasgow school, or, at least, confine his ardours to the writing of 'impressions.'"

And Mr. W. L. Courtney, writing in the *Daily Chronicle*, has the same thought, when he writes: "It is, indeed, abundantly clear that Mr. Crawford does not always carry through his highly-coloured romance with quite so sure a hand as he manages the analysis of some of his characters, and the pictures which he draws for us of Italian life."

*Literature* awards high praise both to the story and the execution:

"Those who wish for excitement will find it in abundance; but there is another class of readers who will be pleased also—namely, those who find enjoyment not so much in the tale as in the telling. Their interest in the plot may be languid, especially after a reference to the last page of the book, and they may not greatly care whether the Pagliuca kill the Saracinesca or vice versa. They will, however, relish Mr. Crawford's style and his grave narrative, which, being wholly without an element of comedy, gains immensely in plausibility."

This critic makes the following interesting minor observations on Mr. Crawford's execution:

"A single comic incident or personage would have ruined the whole. As things are, these solemn Romans and these treacherous Sicilians form a gallery of living portraits, and one feels that their adventures either are true or might easily be so. And sometimes one comes across little observations which show the author's careful study of human nature: 'A woman's faculty for finding out that a man has a secret of some sort is generally far beyond her capacity for discovering what that secret is.' That is true enough. We quote it only to show—perhaps superfluously—that there is sense and philosophy, besides dramatic art, in Mr. Crawford's work."

A Short History of Modern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse.

REFERRING to the scope of this book the *Times* remarks that it is a sign of the triumph of the antiquarian that the term

"modern" should be assigned to literature which begins as far back as Chaucer. Of Mr. Gosse's performance,

"it may be said at once that this is Mr. Gosse's most ambitious book, and probably his best. It bears on every page the traces, if not of that degree of accurate research which some of his exacting critics have asked for and missed in his writings, at all events of wide reading, of a genuine love for his subject, and of a lively critical intelligence."

Concluding a very favourable review the *Times* critic remarks:

"We like him less, as was perhaps inevitable, when he comes down to recent times; we think that he is too patronising to Macaulay, too scornful towards Carlyle; that he overhaunts the mark in speaking of *Shirley* as 'a stupendous book,' and that some of his estimates of quite modern writers, such as J. R. Green, are wrong."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives Mr. Gosse credit for "a somewhat dilettante but extensive knowledge of our post-mediæval poetry, particularly of our minor poetry, and of what is ordinarily comprised under the title of *belles lettres*." With Mr. Gosse's treatment of serious writers such as Hobbes, Bacon, and Hooker, this reviewer is by no means pleased; he writes:

"Nothing could be more inadequate and often misleading than the accounts given of the historians, theologians, philosophers, and critics, many of whom—nay, whole schools of whom—are not noticed at all. Sidney's epoch-making little treatise is dismissed in four lines. Ben Jonson's *Discoveries* are not even mentioned. . . . In conclusion—for we have not space to enter into further details—we must do Mr. Gosse the justice to say that he has produced with some skill what many will no doubt find a readable book, but he has undertaken a task much, and very much, beyond his powers."

The *Daily News* thinks that Mr. Gosse's vision is clear only when applied to poetry and *belles lettres*; and

"even within these restricted limits there are some noteworthy omissions. Perhaps the most remarkable is the almost total absence of any reference to the dramatic literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of Goldsmith it is, indeed, observed that 'as a dramatist he succeeded brilliantly in an age of failures'; but of the author of 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal'—comedies which still hold

the stage after considerably more than a century's existence—we have not found a mention."

The *Saturday Review* is glad to overlook minor faults. It says:

"It is difficult to be too thankful to a historian who, at all events, judges everything from the strictly literary point of view (even if at times it may seem to us that his conception of literature has its limitations of temperament), to whom the word history really means a tracing of the continuous life of literature, not a collection of little essays on individual writers, and to whom the historian himself is a person to be kept rigorously out of sight."

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## REVIEWS.

## THE ARNOLDS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

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SIR JOSHUA FITCH was well qualified by official position and long experience to write an excellent book upon these famous educationalists, father and son, and he has done so: his study is amply appreciative and impartially critical. The only positive error occurs in his brief eulogy of Winchester, where Thomas Arnold passed the whole, and Matthew a part, of his public school life. He numbers among great Wykehamical ecclesiastics Waynflete, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the famous preacher South. Not Winchester, but Westminster, boasts of South: and there is no evidence, beyond late and inconclusive tradition, for Waynflete's Wykehamical education. He was Headmaster of Winchester and first Headmaster of Eton, as also Provost: he died Bishop of Winchester. But he is not upon the roll of Winchester Scholars. And Sir Joshua uses an unnecessary *meiosis* when he assigns to Winchester an age of "more than four centuries": the oldest of the great public schools celebrated its five hundredth anniversary in 1893. But a Wykehamist reviewer may be allowed to thank the writer for his cordial eulogy of the venerable and illustrious College, so dear to both the Arnolds, and so proud of both.

Both have had an influence wide and profound; and yet the influence of either has not been so greatly felt in matters immediately educational as in matters incidental to education. Neither was a theorist in pedagogy of the German type; neither has bequeathed us treatises upon methods of teaching, nor so much as wished to revolutionise the systems which they found prevailing. But both were men of ideals, who valued education less for the sake of "useful knowledge" than for its work in the formation of character, its

spiritual relations with life. When critics wished to describe unfavourably a disciple of Dr. Arnold they described an "earnest" youth, precociously alive to his "responsibilities," and prematurely absorbed in the "problems of life." When they wished to do the same by a follower of Matthew Arnold, they spoke of "supercilious culture," and "dilettante trifling," and a sense of superiority to the mass of men. The caricatures are not so extravagant as to defeat their own object: and they bear testimony to the truth, that both father and son, in their various works and ways, did aim at influencing the character, at training the disposition, at opening the mind's eye, rather than at cramming the mind. But such work as that is of necessity indirect, and has little connexion with scholastic method. As educationalists, in the narrower sense of the term, the Arnolds were largely Conservative. Liberals as they were, neither had a particle of sympathy with Benthamism and Broughamism and the "common sense" of the "practical man." They were idealists, even Utopians at times. Consider their views of Church and State. Dr. Arnold advocated an Established Church embracing all Christian sects, with their distinctive beliefs and rituals. His son dreamed of an undogmatic Anglican Church, enriched with the "poetry," the imaginative appeal of Catholicism. And who shall say which of these fancies be the wilder, the more impossible, the more unthinkable? Both men were reformers by nature: the one enthusiastic and ardent, the other contemplative and ironical; and so the father was something of a Savonarola, the son much of an Erasmus—natures foredoomed to a certain beautiful failure, despite their plentiful success. They cared for the things of the spirit, and such men are never quite victorious.

Hawkins, the great Provost of Oriel, prophesied that Dr. Arnold, if elected to Rugby, "would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." If that be taken to mean that he would raise the standard of scholarship, as Butler of Shrewsbury raised it, or make large innovations in the quantity and quality of subjects taught, the prophecy was unfulfilled. Dr. Arnold was a good, but not a great, scholar, nor was he a fervent advocate of "the modern side." But if it means that he brought a new spirit and a quickening life into the work of the public schools, the Provost was a true prophet. Arnold, with his historical imagination and sympathies, his vital sense of citizenship and social life, his vivid apprehension of moral law revealed in past and present, made school work educative rather than, as heretofore, almost wholly instructive. His conception was that of Milton, of Coleridge, of his friend and foe, Newman: a large and, in the classical sense, a generous training, which should awaken the faculties, and fit them for a due and right discharge of life's duties and obligations, by contact with the best thought, the best beauty, the best experience of mankind. He had a thoroughly Greek sense of education as a preparation for citizenship, first and foremost: and for

citizenship, as he understood it in the light of Christianity. To him Christianity had no other aspect or meaning than the social; and to work for the well-being of society in the Christian spirit was the whole duty of man. For such boys as those who came under his charge at Rugby he believed that a classical training, liberally and livingly given, was the best possible, in view of their future positions in the body politic, the English Christian commonwealth. So, while far from neglecting the more technical and ornamental side of classical education, he cared supremely for its awakening influence, its appeal to the imagination and the mind. He was well aware of the truth of Coleridge's saying against the utilitarian school of Brougham: "One constant blunder of these New Broomers, these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their views to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves—with more geniality even *because* it is not a part of their compelled school knowledge." Arnold welcomed and encouraged all such self-education and self-culture not merely for its own sake, but for the zest and interest which it adds to the school work proper. In all this he was a pioneer, though schoolmasters before him had not entirely kept to the dryas dust track; and if, as is the case, there is to-day no public school in which lessons are divorced from life, and the various branches of learning are kept apart from each other in watertight compartments, the credit is Dr. Arnold's. Rugby was his kingdom, and he strove to bring all parts of it to perfection and into harmony; his letters, essays, and sermons are full of that ideal.

His great son's educational labours of a direct kind lay among the children of the poor, as inspector of elementary schools. Not the least valuable aspect of them is bound to fade away with time—we mean the singular charm, consideration, and encouraging kindness of manner, to which all teachers and managers who met him bear ready witness. His most abiding legacy is his series of reports upon the states and systems of primary and secondary education at home and abroad—reports full of a wise lucidity and persuasiveness. He was all for the humanising, liberalising, spiritualising side of education, a hater of pedantry and formality, a champion of the imaginative and the suggestive, as opposed to the mechanical and the lifeless or unvitalised. But the work was not congenial to him, and his sense, critical and poetical, of our national shortcomings was too personal and keen to be entirely appreciated by those to whom he appealed. Sir Joshua Fitch praises very highly, but no whit too highly, his poems and his purely literary essays: but he sees clearly that such a man was not an ideal man for his post, or rather, may be, that he was too ideal. Matthew Arnold, with cruel truth and wit, describes Maurice as "beating the bush with profound emotion, but never starting the hare." And yet, *mutato nomine de te*; Arnold, at least, beat many

bushes, but the public took no notice of the hares. That huge lower middle class, the Philistines, are absolutely unchanged by his pleadings and protests and exposures. They still delight in licensed victuallers' schools, still prefer Eliza Cook to Milton, still clamour for their deceased wives' sisters, still cling to an unlovely Puritanism. Matthew Arnold's Olympian irony and smiling melancholy have delighted those of his own social standing, but have not so much as begun to influence the masses of parents, whose children go—which is admirable—to the public primary schools, or—which is detestable—to “commercial academies.” In so far as there is any popular demand for an improved and organised secondary education, its strength lies in the industrial need of improved and developed technical education, not in any adoption of Arnold's own reiterated pleas: not for the sake of a great national system of organised teaching, broadly and finely conceived, but under the pressure of commercial competition from without. Perhaps he was too unwilling to recognise how much of what he respected in the average English life rests, and must long continue to rest, upon much of what he most abhorred—upon distrust of State interference, upon attachment to narrow forms of religion, upon a self-sufficient, dogged Puritanism. His sense of humour, happily incurable, forbade him to tolerate national qualities of so absurd an unamiableness, and his delicate laughter was not quite conciliatory; many people felt that no man could always be so exquisitely right, as Mr. Arnold believed himself to be. They felt with Charlotte Brontë, at the first meeting: “Striking and prepossessing in appearance, his manner displeases from its seeming foppery. I own it caused me at first to regard him with regretful surprise; the shade of Dr. Arnold seemed to me to frown on his young representative.” Not everyone could discover, as Charlotte Brontë could, that there was a sincere and simple nature beneath the surface; and Arnold's chances of influencing those whom he chiefly wished to influence were hurt by misunderstandings and resentments. As poet and literary critic his fame will grow: his social writings will long be enjoyable, but are not likely to be efficacious. “How many fools does it take to make a public?” asks Chamfort. In England, Carlyle put the estimate at several millions—a terrible public to conquer by “sweetness and light”; by selections from Wordsworth and readings in Isaiah. Unlike his father, Matthew Arnold had no kingdom of his own, no microcosm to fashion as he would: his educational labours were general and dispersive—a visit here, a report there; now an article, and now a lecture. Yet his name is a force, his convictions carry weight—at least, in the world of experts and idealists in education: his writings remain to impress upon us the intensity of his beliefs. He is himself an example of what “culture” in its noblest sense can do: his often perfect poetry, his choice and pellucid criticism, are, indeed, the work of one who sought to acquaint himself with “the best that is thought and known.”

And, despite all mannerism, he, like his father, was upon the side of sober reason and the straight path—no fantastical theorist or dreamer: both were men of strong affections, of unsparing toil, of undaunted energy. They had a right, as Wykehamists, to the Wykehamical motto, “Manners Makyth Man” (*manners there means character*), and few men of modern times have been of truer make than this father and this son. Sir Joshua Fitch has raised a worthy memorial to names and fames not soon to be forgotten.

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New gathered in the region where my soul  
Is one with yours, knowing what bliss and  
dole  
To womanhood belong.”

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does not seek to redress the uneven balance by aping or vituperating the other sex. She promises some day to sing for the “Warrior Women” whose “feet are free,” who are “released from the bower's gloom, where once they lived for love.” In the meantime, however, she sings

“The Ancient Lay, of those that smile and  
wait  
For Love, or whom dead Joy leaves desolate.”  
“I love you all,” she says,  
“the stricken and the blest;  
And if your tears too much bedew my lay,  
'Tis that your hearts more often on Grief's  
day  
Have beat against my breast.”

Certainly there is more of the “dole” than of the “bliss” of womanhood in these pages; yet there is nothing hysterical, no shrill or undignified wailing. Even in the less successful pieces we are conscious of artistic impulse and form, and generally, as we have said, of dramatic invention, restraining and ennobling the most passionate utterance. Note the ingenuity of presentation which at once heightens and refines the poignancy of these three quatrains:

#### “THE EMPTY HEARTH.”

“As I sit beside the empty hearth, there's  
silence all around,  
But I hear the rocking measure of a cradle on  
the ground:  
My little baby sleeping draws her breath with  
gentle sigh,  
And my son, of play now weary, nestles close  
with drooping eye.  
His hand is warm within my hand, his head  
upon my breast  
Is sweet with the scent of childhood, of the  
young bird in the nest;  
His face is hidden from me, but his eyes are  
strange and bright,  
And he whose eyes are like them walks  
towards me thro' the night.  
I soon shall hear his footstep—oh! his foot-  
step!—on the stair,  
The door will open, he will come and stand  
behind my chair . . .  
—God! save me from these dreams! The  
hearth is empty, far is he:  
And his little children lie asleep on another  
woman's knee.”

Even here the influence of the Roumanian Folk-Songs is tolerably apparent. Another influence, that of Heine, is paramount in other pieces—usually, it must be confessed, in the more commonplace strains. This is perhaps the best of the Heine group:

#### “Lost Music.”

“I hear a sound of music,  
But cold are the hands that play,  
And changed the tones they trembling stirred  
On a far and wondrous day.  
The sound of music rises,  
But strikes on my hungered ear  
Like a passing bell, untimely heard,  
For something that was dear.  
The music rises to my heart,  
But falls at the bolted door,  
Like a dead enchanter's stolen word,  
Whose magic works no more.”

The longest pieces in the book are “Three Visions,” or, as we should rather call them, Fables, which are full of poetic feeling,

but not altogether happy, either in invention or workmanship. Even in these days of rebellion against strict metrical form, we cannot conceive how "The other woman, who was waiting there humbly," is to pass as a blank-verse line. In the main, Miss Tadema's measures, though not pedantically correct, show a true ear for rhythm; and, so far as we have noted, she has only one altogether inadmissible rhyme—to wit, "morn" and "gone." She more than once uses "to ignore" in the sense of "to be ignorant," which is French, not English. These trifles we hold worth remark, for we are sure Miss Tadema would be the last to claim inaccuracy of form and style as a feminine privilege. Among the most delightful things in her book, by the way, is a sequence of three short poems, entitled "Little Girls." Here is the first of them:

"If no one ever marries me—  
And I don't see why they should,  
For nurse says I'm not pretty,  
And I'm seldom very good—  
  
If no one ever marries me,  
I sha'n't mind very much;  
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,  
And a little rabbit-hutch;  
  
I shall have a cottage near a wood,  
And a pony all my own,  
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,  
That I can take to town.  
  
And when I'm getting really old—  
At twenty-eight or nine—  
I shall buy a little orphan girl,  
And bring her up as mine."

If Miss Tadema can interpret the "Warrior Woman" as well as the "Little Girl" we trust she will keep her promise, and give us a second book of songs

#### DOMESTIC ZOOLOGY.

*Wild Traits in Tame Animals.* By Louis Robinson, M.D. (Blackwood.)

WE took up this book with a certain vague prejudice against it; we have read it through with interest and admiration. It is easy nowadays to write a particular sort of evolutionary essay—the essay which requires no novelty of thought, no individual observation. "Take equal parts of Darwin and of milk-and-water" is the usual recipe; we feared that we were approaching that familiar and mawkish mixture. But Dr. Robinson is a naturalist of quite another sort. He has watched animals under domestication closely, and he has a keen eye for their habits, their fancies, their curious generic and specific tricks. Above all, he is a psychologist with a rare power of throwing himself sympathetically into the mental attitude of the dog, the cat, the goat, the human savage. It is the marked psychological note, indeed, and the clear conception of what our author well calls animal politics—the mutual relations necessitated in each gregarious species by the common wants of the herd—that give their special value to these excellent studies in horse and dog nature. There is no clap-trap; all is first-hand observation, well interpreted with

scientific precision. Even the author's boldest suggestions, such as the hint of protective mimicry by a coiled cat of a coiled serpent, are supported by good and striking evidence.

Dr. Robinson's central idea seems to be that for the origin of almost every trait we observe in domesticated animals we must go back to their wild ancestry. He minimises the influence of human selection and human training; allowing them, indeed, full credit for whatever they have actually performed, but showing sufficient grounds for his general belief that, on the whole, each species remains pretty much what it was before man began to take it into his unequal partnership. Thus he acutely suggests that the dog could never have been taught what man has taught him had he been originally a solitary hunter; he was a member of a pack which co-operated for common purposes—nay, which subordinated some individuals to others; which had division of labour and specialised functions—and in virtue of this fact, when man took the dog into his company as partner, the dog continued to play his accustomed rôle in the new community. As watch-dog, he guards the lair of the pack, so to speak; he barks because he is a gregarious creature, habituated to act in concert with others. His loyalty to his master, his readiness to defend him when attacked, is an echo of his loyalty to his four-footed comrades. His work as pointer or setter is the result of the habit of hunting in company, and is most ingeniously explained by a good train of reasoning. In short, Dr. Robinson shows that to dogs man is just a very superior dog, a capable leader in the pack to which both belong. Even the wagging of the dog's tail is a signal to his fellows: everything about him bears reference to his gregarious nature.

Equally admirable are the accounts of the horse and the donkey. Many of us have sometimes suspected that the habit of shying in horses was due to superstitious terrors—the dread of something equivalent to a ghost. Dr. Robinson gives an explanation far better and more natural: horses descend from ancestors accustomed to roam over close-cropped pastures, where any tuft of long grass might conceal a snake or other venomous animal; hence, timidity about such objects—transferred now to pieces of loose paper or cabbage leaves in the road—was really in the beginning a preservative trait. He notes that the donkey, whose progenitors were mountain beasts living among desert rocks (whence their sure-footedness), do not shy; but he omits to observe, we imagine, that the sideways movement of alarm in shying, which is useful on a broad plain, would be wholly disadvantageous, or even fatal, among ledges and gulleys. Better run the risk of a bite than be flung over a precipice. The acute observations upon the carriage of the head, low or high, in forest and mountain animals respectively are exceedingly valuable. Indeed, the book abounds with just such admirable *aperçus*. Pigs fatten easily, because their ancestors had to eat mast in autumn against the winter fast; and when frost lasted long, the fattest wild boar, in other words, the largest eater and best

layer-on of adipose tissue, would alone survive to carry on the species to future generations. Cows give us milk and wait to be milked because the ancestral cow left her calf in hiding, and went far afield for pasture; her chewing the cud depends equally upon her habit in early days of eating hastily where exposed to the attacks of wild beasts, and then digesting at leisure in her lair with comparative safety. How good, too, is the remark that while the gregarious dog looks upon men as members of the pack, the solitary cat regards us "rather as part of the furniture than as comrades."

Like most neo-Darwinians, Dr. Robinson attributes almost everything to natural selection, and is sceptical about the inheritance of acquired characters. Certainly, his explanations smooth over some difficulties; but he does not entirely give himself away to Weismann. On one point we venture to differ from him. He more than once sets down the beginnings of domestication to the supposed savage habit of bringing home young animals as pets in the family. It is more probable, however, as Sir Martin Conway has suggested in the case of the cat, that animals were at first domesticated as totems—that is to say, as Mr. Frazer points out, were regarded as the home of the separable soul of their captors. If domestication took its rise in this way—if each tame cow or sheep or camel was at first carefully tended as containing the soul of a friend or brother, we can better understand that curious belief in the brotherhood of the herd with man which is common among Zulus, ancient Arabs, and most other pastoral races, and on which Prof. Robertson Smith founded his well-known theory of Kinship. This is a curious instance of the way in which one science may cast light upon another. In order fully to complete these interesting studies, Dr. Robinson should certainly pay some attention to this abstruse subject of totemism and the separable soul, as elucidated by Robertson Smith, Frazer, and Sidney Hartland. It would then probably become clear why certain animals were first domesticated; while the value for food of the cow, for draught of the camel, for clothing of the sheep, might further show why certain tribes, having selected these species for their sacred beasts, had an advantage in the struggle for life of tribe against tribe over those who had chosen as totems, say, the crocodile or the marmot. This is a study quite in Dr. Robinson's own line. We recommend it to his notice.

#### FACTS VERSUS FUN.

*More Tramps Abroad.* By Mark Twain. (Chatto & Windus.)

WE lay aside this extensive book (it has 486 pages of small type) with the reflection that Mark Twain is wiser and wittier than ever, but less funny. His power of seeing straight and setting down his opinions in unmistakable sentences is still with him; his asides on men and their ways show, if



anything, an increase of shrewdness and a new flavour of cynicism, gained probably in a hard school; his interest in what is interesting is as quick; but the quality for which nine out of every ten persons buy his books—his fun—is not what it was. As a sequel to *A Tramp Abroad*—as the title *More Tramps Abroad* implies it is intended to be—this book is a failure. As a rambling, disordered account of travels in Australasia, India, and South Africa, interspersed with dissertations on government and Thuggism and social problems and life generally, it is a work unusually able and picturesque; for although Mark Twain grows less amusing, he is not to thinking persons, therefore, less attractive. His good sense is so dominant. At the same time, the majority of English readers do not greatly care for the political and serious opinions of an American author to whom they once confidently resorted for laughter. When they wish to be instructed concerning Greater Britain, they prefer that it should be done by an Englishman. Hence Mark Twain's new book is likely to be far more popular in America than in this country.

We do not wish to suggest that there is no fun in its pages. There is a good leavening, but the proportion of fun to hard sense and hard facts is smaller than usual and the quality less high. There is nothing, for example, to bear comparison with the Blue Jays or the Gambetta-Four-tou duel in *A Tramp Abroad*. Mark Twain seems to have lost the inclination to elaborate a joke. The funny passages in *More Tramps Abroad* are hurried, and for the most part are retrospective. But now and then there is an old touch, as in this description of the Australian bell-bird:

"The naturalist spoke of the bell-bird, the creature that at short intervals all day rings out its mellow and exquisite peal from the deeps of the forest. It is the favourite and best friend of the weary and thirsty sundowner; for he knows that wherever the bell-bird is there is water, and he goes somewhere else."

Again, an Indian servant with a limited stock of English words led to the following memorable passage:

"How did you get your English; is it an acquirement, or just a gift of God?"

After some hesitation—piously:

"Yes, He is very good. Christian God very good, Hindoo god very good too. Two million Hindoo god, one Christian God—make two million and one. All mine; two million and one God. I got a plenty. Sometime I pray all time at those, keep it up, go all time every day, give something at shrine; all good for me, make me better man; good for me, good for my family, dam good."

India also yields the following:

"After a while we stopped at a little wooden coop of a station just within the curtain of the sombre jungle—a place with a deep and dense forest of great trees and scrub and vines all about it. The royal Bengal tiger is in great force there, and is very bold and unconventional. From this lonely little station a message once went to the railway manager in Calcutta: 'Tiger eating stationmaster in front porch; telegraph instructions.'"

A book with such good absurdities is not wholly futile. But their infrequency causes

sadness that, since he wrote *A Tramp Abroad*, Mark Twain has undergone changes. We regret that he has studied the history of Joan of Arc and dabbled in occult arts; that he has tried his hand at business and failed and grown quite lamentably fond of facts and figures and politics: because the result is that fun has passed into the background of his brain. The loss is ours. Of the stories told in the new book, the following is among the best. It refers to a discussion at *table d'hôte* as to whether the Scotch peasantry pronounced the word "three"—"three" or "thraw":

"The solitary Scot was having a sultry time of it, so I thought I would enrich him with my help. In my position I was necessarily quite impartial, and was equally as well and as ill-equipped to fight on the one side as the other. So I spoke up, and said the peasantry pronounced it *three* not *thraw*. It was an error of judgment. There was a moment of astonished and ominous silence, then weather ensued. The storm rose and spread in a surprising way, and I was snowed under in a very few minutes. It was a bad defeat for me; a kind of Waterloo. It promised to remain so, and I wish I had had better sense than to enter upon such a forlorn enterprise. But just then I had a saving thought, at least a thought that offered a chance. While the storm was still raging I made up a Scotch couplet, and then spoke up and said:

'Very well, don't say any more, I confess defeat. I thought I knew, but I see my mistake. I was deceived by one of your Scotch poets.'

'A Scotch poet! Oh, come! Name him.'

'Robert Burns.'

It is wonderful the power of that name. These men looked doubtful—but paralysed all the same. They were quite silent for a moment; then one of them said—with the reverence in his voice which is always present in a Scotchman's tone when he utters the name—

'Does Robbie Burns say—what does he say?'

'This is what he says:

'There were nae bairns but only three—  
One at the breast, twa at the knee.'

It ended the discussion. There was no man there profane enough, disloyal enough, to say any word against a thing which Robert Burns had settled. I shall always honour that great name for the salvation it brought me in this time of my sore need.

It is my belief that nearly any invented quotation, played with confidence, stands a good chance to deceive. There are people who think that honesty is always the best policy. This is a superstition; there are times when the appearance of it is worth six of it."

After the South African chapters (in the reading of which we do not envy Dr. Jameson) many persons will value most the maxims from Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar. In his early work Mark Twain did not display much epigrammatic ability. He "spread himself." Nor does he tend to compactness in the body of this, his latest, book. But at the head of each chapter he has put a little crisp aphorism, usually cynical, almost always true, and often witty. Some are excellent, and are likely to pass into our proverbial wisdom. With the quotation of a few, we take leave of a good-humoured, instructive, entertaining, careless, ill-considered, and rather disappointing book.

"Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who

has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.

There is a Moral Sense, and there is an Immoral Sense. History shows us that the Moral Sense enables us to perceive morality, and how to avoid it; and that the Immoral Sense enables us to perceive immorality, and how to enjoy it.

There are people who can do all fine and heroic things but one: keep from telling their happinesses to the unhappy.

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

There are several good protections against temptation; but the surest is cowardice.

Each person is born with one possession which outvalues all his others—his last breath.

If the desire to kill and the opportunity to kill came always together—who would escape hanging?

There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it, and when he can.

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

Satan (impatiently) to New-Comer: 'The trouble with you Chicago people is that you think you are the best people down here; whereas you are merely the most numerous.'

The principal difference between a cat and a lie is, that a cat has only nine lives.

First catch your Boer, then kick him."

#### A BAD TRANSLATION.

*Sonnets of José-Maria de Heredia.* Done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. (San Francisco: William Doxey, At the Sign of the Lark.)

If this be not the worst translation in the world, it ought to be: but never, surely, has a more impeccable poet been more scandalously traduced than is M. de Heredia by Mr. Taylor of San Francisco. His book gives us the impression that he learned French and translated M. de Heredia *pari passu*, and, consequently, that *Les Trophées* is the first book of French verse that he has read. This would account for the interesting statement that the poet

"follows the privilege of his Italian model in rhyming words which have the same articulate sound but different meanings—and, in fact, we have in one sonnet the rhyme of the octet (*sic*) thus: *catalpas, pétale, fatale, pas, trépas, occidentale, s'étale, pas*; and, in fact, such rhymes occur frequently in his work."

*Sancta simplicitas!* of course they do. Has Mr. Taylor never heard of the *rime riche* or the *consonne d'appui*, those elementary features of French prosody? Again, he tells us that he has preserved the original form of the sonnets: why, then, does he write his versions in lines of varying length, alexandrines and octosyllabics mingling with the normal decasyllabic? Of all forms of verse, the sonnet can least allow itself to be played with and corrupted. But if Mr. Taylor must introduce alexandrines into decasyllabic sonnets, let him write them decently. "Though Can's, Galeas, Hercules', or Ezzelin's name he own": there is sweetness long drawn out for you! And such cacophonies abound. Further, we have hitherto believed that translation was not the



same as transcription; but Mr. Taylor, his dictionary failing him, or his poverty of rhymes compelling him, transcribes literally such words as *poulaines*, *fermail*, *chaton*, *maîtrise*, *quillons*, *paillon*, *pompons*, *pampre*, *crinière*, *percale*, *pulverin*. The most amusing and audacious instance of this labour-saving contrivance is in the line "The unicorn, leopard, allurion or guivré": the last word rhyming to "free." M. de Heredia has *alérion ou guivre*, the last word rhyming to *suivre*. Our compliments to Mr. Taylor upon "allurion" and his accented "guivré": he has enriched the Californian language. In a similar spirit, he has added to Latin the impossible word "Eumolpidus": but scholarship of any kind is not his strong point. He mistranslates amazingly. Take the last line of the first lovely sonnet, "L'Oubli": "La Mer qui se lamente en pleurant les Sirènes" (the sea making moan for her lost Sirens), Mr. Taylor translates: "The ocean moaning as the Sirens weep." Here is both impossible grammar and a blank insensibility to the emotion and meaning of the original, which is a lament over the vanished glory and beauty of the ancient world. M. de Heredia's line is almost parallel with Fitz-Gerald's—

"The seas that mourn  
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn."

Another instance. An old image of the Garden God, Priapus, bewails the neglect that has befallen him; if it last he will grow worm-eaten: "J'ai peur d'être piqué des vers." Will it be believed that Mr. Taylor translates: "I dread of heartless *verses* the sting"? In a sonnet of the same series Priapus threatens the pillaging children—"le colon vous épie"—and he will avenge the god:

"Vos reins sauront alors tout ce que pèse un  
Dieu  
De bois dur emmanché d'un bras d'homme  
qui frappe."

This becomes:

"With hard wood handled by his arm he'll  
make  
Your loins well smoke, whatever God may  
care."

When he can go wrong Mr. Taylor goes wrong: *filles d'Ausonie* becomes "Ausonius' daughters"; there is no such person as Ausonius, except to the inventor of "Eumolpidus." He thinks that "mit à sang la Romagne" means "to kindred gives Romagna." But the chief, the mortal sin of this *traditore* is his ruining of M. de Heredia's austere and fine imaginings. If Mr. Taylor can make a beautiful conception commonplace or meaningless, he does so:

"La Terre maternelle et douce aux anciens  
dieux  
Fait à chaque printemps, vainement éloquente,  
Au chapiteau brisé verdier une autre acanthe."

Beautiful, and surely of a simple beauty, yet it suffers this violence:

"Sweet mother Earth, all vainly eloquent,  
Each springtime to the gods acanthus green  
Gives for the capitals that once have been."

Mr. Taylor does not see that it is to the ancient gods that Earth is a sweet mother, bearing them a mother's love in their down-

fall and dethronement: he does not see, that there is no mere meaningless substitution of acanthus "for the capitals," but that Earth, vainly eloquent, makes the acanthus grow around the broken capitals, as if to replace the carven acanthus that blossomed there, when the marble columns were upright and the gods honoured in their temples. One almost blushes to explain a thing so simple. Or take a phrase from "Le Cocher" (the Charioteer):

"Dans le cirque ébloui, vers le but et la palme,  
Sept fois, triomphateur vertigineux et calme,  
Il a tourné."

Would not a child fix upon the phrase *vertigineux et calme* as the salient and most imaginative phrase? The victor, his brain and senses whirling with the whirling chariot, giddy with the drunkenness of triumph and swift motion, yet "calm" through it all, his own master, lord of himself. Absolutely ignoring *vertigineux*, Mr. Taylor gives us "The Victor—cool and calm." In the same sonnet the victor is described as "issu d'un père illustre et plus illustre encor." What right has Mr. Taylor to foist upon us, and still more upon M. de Heredia, the stupid "Famous his sire, himself on honour's roll"? If M. de Heredia had meant that he would have said that. Take the first line of "La Trebbia"—"L'aube d'un jour sinistre a blanché les hauteurs." Here is a precise statement, concrete, pictorial; we decline to accept in lieu of it "this direful daydawn comes with fatal speed." Mr. Taylor might just as well have said, "Alas! too soon," or "With rapid tread," or "Dawn comes—a way dawn has." If we try to view the translations as English verse, apart from their fidelity to the original phrase and thought, we are still unable to welcome them. They abound in maddening inversions and omissions of the article, reminding us of Dr. Johnson's famous parody, "Hermit hoar in hollow cell"; they are awkward, stilted, harsh. Impossible, with all the will in the world, to take pleasure in such lines as:

"No! Let the sapphire-sparkling orb reveal  
From Ophir's warrior race some proud profile,  
Thalestris, Auda, Bradamant, Penthesilea;  
And that her beauty may be still more fell,  
Casque her blonde locks with winged beast,  
and be a  
Gorgon of gold on bosom's lovely swell."

Or in such as

"Beneath my brushes are born, live, run, and  
soar,  
The monstrous people of mythology:  
Pan, Centaurs, Sphinx, Chimæra, the Orgy,  
And race of Gorgo, Pegasus, and Chrysaor.  
Shall I now paint Achilles weeping near  
Penthesilea? Orpheus, with arms toward  
banished dear  
For whom the infernal gate shall ne'er  
relent?"

This is chokepear poetry; but let us, in justice to Mr. Taylor, quote one fairly happy rendering from the Michael Angelo sonnet. Keats tells of "the music yearning like a god in pain." M. de Heredia speaks of the marble images themselves "yearning" with a shudder and thrill of wrath, the god within them longing to burst his bonds and cast off the constraint of matter. "La

colère d'un Dieu vaincu par la matière!" Mr. Taylor writes, and his line has good qualities: "The passion of a god imprisoned there!" But that is by far his high-water mark of achievement.

M. de Heredia is among the aristocrats of poetry—austere, refined to the utmost enamoured of perfection, in love with law and limitation. Spanish and French, he has the haughtiness of the one nation, the politeness of the other. His nobler sonnets are trumpet peals, challenges brief and proud; but there is no rude ruggedness of sound, all is exquisitely attuned and modulated; it is so that he speaks of the Conquistadors and the golden glory of old Spain. Then, he can write things worthy of the Greek anthologists and of the Latin epigrammatists; or produce pieces like the chased work of Cellini; or emulate the illuminators of missals; or rival Du Bellay in the sentiment of lost antiquity, and vanished beauty, and ruined splendour, gone at "the unimaginable touch of time." He is not a great poet; he lacks humanity for that. But within his chosen and deliberate ground he is great with the greatness of one perfect in the accomplishment of his own ends. It is precisely such scrupulous perfection, such loyal labour, that the French Academy should honour, and in him has honoured. And it is this essential artist that Mr. Taylor has elected to deface and to deform. We rejoice, for the fair fame of American scholarship and culture, to learn that only four hundred copies of his lamentable bungle are on sale.

### THE TRAGIC MARY.

*Mary, Queen of Scots: From her Birth to her Flight into England.* By David Hay Fleming. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

OF rhetoric with regard to Mary, Queen of Scots, the rhetoric of attack and the rhetoric of defence, we have perhaps had enough. And for the most part it has been an *a priori* rhetoric, whose wings a more exhaustive and painstaking study of the evidence might not improbably have cut. But the evidence is voluminous and complicated, and in many important points inconclusive. Wherefore rhetoric has always been the easier as well as the more effective thing. Mr. Fleming, however, has chosen the better part. He has eschewed rhetoric and devoted himself to facts. For years he has pounded away at the chronicles and the letters and the depositions, with the result that he is now able to produce the first instalment of a work of the very highest value to all historical students. The volume now before us carries the story down to Mary's flight into England on May 16, 1568. A second volume will deal with her English life, and to this Mr. Fleming defers an index and a treatment of that central and vexed question of the Casket Letters. The method adopted is, briefly, as follows. Two hundred pages contain a succinct narrative, almost colourless in its detachment from emotion, and in wording as far as possible drawn from contemporary documents, of the facts

of Mary's career as Mr. Fleming sees them at the close of his investigations. Where the facts appear to be hopelessly clouded in doubt, there Mr. Fleming is content briefly to put the dilemma as it presents itself, and to leave it so, without rhetoric or the dangerous exercise of his historical imagination. Here is what he says as to that tilting-ground of the advocates, Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder:

"Mary's behaviour before and after Darnley's murder is, in the opinion of many, quite sufficient to establish her guilt. It is not easy to get over the incontrovertible outstanding facts that she was on bad terms with him until the suspicious reconciliation, which was so quickly followed by his tragic death, that the favour which she had been showing to Bothwell continued to increase, although he was commonly and justly regarded as the chief murderer: and that, in spite of the remonstrances of her outspoken friends, she married him so soon after the murder. Around these central facts are grouped multitudes of details, almost every one of which has been the subject of keen controversy. To one set of writers, the general drift of these details only shows more clearly Mary's infatuated love for Bothwell, and her determination to have him in spite of all obstacles. To another set, they furnish convincing proof that she was the unfortunate, if not helpless, victim of a huge conspiracy to hurl her from her throne. One of her most recent and most brilliant apologists is certainly not too severe on her in holding that she was not entirely unaware of the measures of the nobles to secure Darnley's removal; and 'that, if she did not expressly sanction the enterprise, she failed, firmly and promptly, to forbid its execution.' The *Book of Articles* and the *Detection*, however, represent her part of the play as far from passive. According to them, she was not only passionately enamoured of Bothwell, but bent on being rid of Darnley, whom she treacherously lured to his doom."

These pages of narrative are followed by about twice their number devoted to notes, in which Mr. Fleming goes elaborately into the detailed evidence for almost every statement that he has made in the text; enumerating references, correcting errors, and setting authority against authority. With the formal arrangement we are not well pleased. Foot notes, and not terminal ones, are almost necessary for practical convenience in using a book of this sort, and the further disfigurement of a page, which already has a dozen or so of reference-numbers hung up in it, must be put up with. But of the subject-matter, with a single exception, to which we shall refer immediately, we cannot speak too highly. As a critical history and a magazine of facts, the book is an invaluable one; its study the essential preliminary to the first steps towards an historical judgment of Mary. It will secure Mr. Fleming an honourable reputation for fine scholarship and patient industry. The itinerary alone, which he puts into an appendix, must represent months of tedious work; and the critical sagacity displayed in the sifting of the immense mass of material to be dealt with is of a very high order.

Mr. Fleming's purpose, as has been said, is to collect facts rather than to pass judgment. He is unable, however, to conceal that his bias is not on the side of those who

pose as Mary's extremer champions. Our own view is as his in this matter, yet the one fault we have to find in the book is in regard to the attitude he has chosen to adopt towards the writers of *Apologiae*. The preface opens with a statement that in recent years the Marian controversy has become less acrimonious. Turning the page, we come on the following remarks with respect to two earlier biographers—Father Stevenson and the late Sir John Skelton:

"The former has dimmed his great reputation as an historical student by prejudice, partiality, and perversion; and the latter not only rivals him in these faults, but is so reckless in matters of fact, and so careless in quotation, that no reliance can be placed on his statements, no weight on his opinions."

This is only a sample of the temper in which these writers, and Sir John Skelton in particular, are assailed throughout Mr. Fleming's notes. "Characteristic perversity" and "a disordered imagination" are among the least of the failings imputed to Sir John. In one place he is accused of giving extracts "in his usual mangled fashion" from Knox's *History*; in another, of printing, not, as his language implies, actual documents, "but merely a summary—an imperfect, a misleading, a dishonest summary!" In a third, we learn that "in his apparent desire to blacken Murray he runs the risk of being deemed as unscrupulous as the English Queen whom he so heartily despises." Nor is our opinion of these controversial amenities affected by the fact that they happen to be published after Sir John Skelton's death. They were evidently intended to appear during his lifetime in the ordinary course of polemic; but even so, directed at the living and not the dead, we hold them for inexcusable. Mr. Fleming is happier in the ironic tolerance with which he treats certain enthusiastic feminine biographers of Mary. These ladies, in their ignorance and their sentimentalism, are fair, if not very difficult, game.

#### SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

"THE CONCISE KNOWLEDGE LIBRARY."—*Astronomy*. By Agnes M. Clerke, A. Fowler, and J. Ellard Gore. (Hutchinson & Co.)

In the latest Report of the United States Bureau of Ethnology there is a paper on the ceremonial dances of the peculiarly cultivated Pueblo Indians of the far southwest, from which we learn that these representatives of an aboriginal race regulate their festivals by observations of the sun. When the sun rises at a particular point on the horizon, as shown by reference to fixed marks on the landscape, they begin their ceremonies, just as the Egyptians did in their temples three or four thousand years ago. In observations of this kind, when the "lights in the firmament of the heaven" were watched "for signs and for seasons, and for days and years," we have the first stage of astronomical knowledge. The next stage in the history of the science was marked by the construction of theories to account for the observed celestial aspects;

and it was not until the invention of the telescope and spectroscope that it became possible to inquire what the heavenly bodies are in themselves.

These three stages of growth are so clearly marked that they suggest the historical method as the best to follow in presenting the facts of astronomy. We should, therefore, be inclined to make Mr. Fowler's remarkably clear account of the motions of celestial bodies precede Miss Clerke's outline of astronomical history from Hipparchus to the present time, instead of follow it. Before the significance of the work of Copernicus or of Kepler can be appreciated, or such expressions as the "aberration of light" and the "nutations of the earth's axis" can be understood, it is necessary to know something about the earth and its place in the universe. Therefore, though the view of astronomical progress presented by Miss Clerke reads pleasantly enough to an astronomer, to the lay reader it would be of greater service if placed at the end rather than at the beginning of the book.

The marvellous results obtained since the spectroscope and photographic camera were requisitioned for the service of astronomy appeal to everyone's admiration. A beam of sunlight or of starlight is sifted through a wedge or prism of glass, and the skein of colour is thereby unravelled into its component threads, which the astronomer is able to identify as the light-badges of various elements. The spectroscopic prism is thus able to tell us that the sun and stars are made of materials like those which build up the earth, but at a transcendental temperature. It also shows that they are in various stages of development; or in analogy with the belief of the Micmac Indians, that the stars are camp-fires, the brighter ones being the fires of the chiefs, we may say that among the unnumbered lights which paint the sky there are some that have not long been lit—if time is reckoned in æons—and others which are on the way to extinction.

Much more might have been made of this fascinating branch of astronomy than has been done. Mr. Fowler gives a good description of the spectroscope in his section on "Geometrical Astronomy and Astronomical Instruments," but spectrum analysis applied to the stars is dismissed by Miss Clerke in a couple of pages, and though items of information as to the spectra of particular stars are scattered through Mr. Gore's section on "The Sidereal Heavens," no connected view is given of the light which the spectroscope has thrown upon the constitutions and relationships of celestial bodies.

The general objection to books of composite authorship—that the various contributions overlap one another—applies to this one. The absence of editorial powers or performances (we have not overlooked Mr. Alfred H. Miles's name as nominal editor) does not, however, seriously affect the merit of the work, which is certainly a suggestive, though not exhaustive, account of the present state of celestial science. If future volumes of the "Concise Knowledge Library" are as good as this one the publication of them will certainly assist in teaching the revelations of nature.

## GIFT BOOKS.

*Thomas Gainsborough: A Record of His Life and Works.* By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (Bell & Sons.)

THIS volume has been produced on a scale similar to that of the study of the work of Sir E. Burne-Jones which proceeded from the same firm. It has spacious pages set in honest type and varied by a number of plates, photographically produced, of Gainsborough's pictures and sketches. Such a work gravitates to the drawing-room table as surely as a cat seeks the hearth-rug. Mrs. Bell's *History of Art* proves her fitness to have undertaken this monograph. Except that colour is wanting, her book supplies an adequate Gainsborough Gallery in miniature. All the favourites are here, and it is pleasant to meet with less familiar the pictures, such as some of the child subjects at the end.

*People of Dickens.* Drawn by C. D. Gibson. (John Lane.)

FROM this portfolio, whose superficies is midway between that of the *Globe* and the *Daily Telegraph*, we extricated six plates which, when spread out with their attendant fly-leaves, obliterated our office and everyone in it. A careful scrutiny of the pictures supports our belief that Mr. Gibson is a brilliant draughtsman; but he is a poor illustrator of English comic novels. His Scrooge is more like the Pope than Dickens' miser; Caleb Plummer's daughter is the ordinary American artist's conception of the Virgin; Mr. Micawber is a poor echo of the late Fred. Barnard; Mr. Pickwick has been sacrificed to a daring scheme of light and shade. The least unsatisfactory figures from the point of view of one that loves Dickens are Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. None the less we can recommend the portfolio to those drawing-room tables which are extensive enough to give it harbourage, for it is certain to lead to discussions which may end in sending the disputants to Dickens again.

*The Quarto.* Vol. III. (Virtue & Co.)

*The Quarto* is visible and tangible evidence that the Slade School is not without artistic and literary aspirations. As a proof of artistic and literary capacity it is less satisfactory. Between its covers is some good, quiet, original work; we cannot say more. We miss courage, spirit, high ambition. Traces of youthfulness—and consequent crudity—one expects: they are no disgrace; but tameness is never admirable. The work of students is supplemented by reproductions after Rossetti, Sir E. J. Poynter, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. George Clausen, and Mr. A. J. Gaskin. Stories, essays, music, and poems complete a mediocre volume. We regret that we have no higher praise than this.

*The Art of Painting in the Queen's Reign.* By A. G. Temple. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE title of this imposing work (which weighs all but five pounds avoirdupois) is almost criticism enough. One deduces the

book in an instant—the reproductions from Turner and Landseer, from Millais and Rossetti, from Mr. Watts and the late Lord Leighton, from Mr. Leader and Mr. Alma Tadema, from Fred Walker and Sir E. Burne-Jones. A man who chooses such a title practically has his work done for him. Fortunately Mr. Temple has found publishers who were ready to support him nobly, and his volume of seventy-seven plates and accompanying text makes a very handsome portfolio. The text takes the form mainly of short biographical notices of the painters. Among the surprises are Mr. Whistler's "Miss Alexander," Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Hammersley," Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Judgment of Paris" (not by any means his best work), and Mr. Lavery's "Ariadne." These are surprises because we are not yet accustomed to them in this form, but doubtless we are destined soon to be so. We think it a pity that Mr. Temple omits Mr. Clausen.

*London as Seen by Charles Dana Gibson.* (John Lane.)

IN this work, which is of more reasonable dimensions than the Dickens portfolio, Mr. Gibson is on surer ground. "Society" scenes are more to his taste than the characters of *Pickwick*: he is not truly himself except among swallow-tailed coats and low necks. The book before us contains some scores of drawings of fashionable London life, interspersed with recognisable character-studies. We like the wash drawings best, especially a crowd at a pit door in the rain. In his line drawings Mr. Gibson is unduly scratchy and harsh. They seem to need a minifying process; reduced to half they might be quite agreeable. One of the most satisfying represents "Sunday Morning near Stanhope Gate." Mr. Gibson here and there offers a written comment on the subject which he chooses for illustration.

*Aquitaine: A Traveller's Tales.* By Wickham Flower. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Chapman & Hall.)

IN Mr. Flower's tales we are offered *réchauffés* of old French history. All are concerned with Poitiers, its battles, its buildings, and its saints. They are pleasantly done, but the author is unfortunate in having been preceded in this *genre* by the hand that wrote of "Apollo in Picardy" and "Denys L'Auxerrois." Mr. Pennell's illustrations are unequal—a few are excellent, others show signs of haste or are over mechanical. "Le Pont Joubert-Poitiers" (p. 53) is the best of all. It is firmly drawn; the composition is masterly; and it has light.

*A Country Garland of Ten Songs gathered from the Hesperides of Robert Herrick.* Set to Music by J. S. Moorat, with a Cover and Drawings by Paul Woodroffe. (George Allen.)

OF the music in this volume we are not prepared to speak; but we must say that if it were Mr. Woodroffe's intention to offer Mr. Walter Crane the sincerest form of flattery he could not have done it better than by putting forth these echoes from *Flora's Feast*. And Mr. Woodroffe is a

clever and graceful draughtsman, not in the least in need of resorting for ideas to other men's work.

*Lullaby Land.* By Eugene Field. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (John Lane.)

EUGENE FIELD was the author of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," of "Little Boy Blue," "The Sugar-Plum Tree," and many other pieces which young America knows better than young England. A true lover of children, most, if not all, of his verses were composed for the delight of his own little people, and we may be sure that their purpose was fulfilled. A few verses for children which have been thus tested are worth volumes that have not. In this slender little book everything intended by Mr. Field for children is printed, together with a large number of drawings by Mr. Charles Robinson. We do not consider Mr. Robinson to be the artist that once he was. His *Child's Garden of Verses* had a grace and winsomeness which he now rarely reproduces; but his line is exquisite, and his invention nimble, although often over complicated. At no time, however, was he an illustrator for children, but for their elders: the audience, in short, at whom Mr. Kenneth Grahame aims his preface. Perhaps, considering that books have to reach the young *vid* the old, it is as well.

Other volumes of verses for children lie before us, the best of which is *Singing Verses for Children*, a collection of songs, pictures, and music, of American origin (Macmillan & Co.). The author is Lydia Avery Coonley, and the artist Alice Kellogg Tyler; the composers are four in number. For anyone needing simple lays for young voices these seem to be excellent. It is hard to find no encouragement for the author and artists of the other works before us; but we have no positive praise either for *Baby Lays*, by A. Stow and E. Calvert (Elkin Mathews), *Butterfly Ballads*, by Helen Atteridge and Gordon Browne (John Milne), or *Songs for the Children*, by Sidney Heath (Chapman & Hall). Much kindly intention must have gone to the making of these books. It is possible, too, that the critic's despair may be the child's delight. Let us leave the subject with that aspiration.

*The Fairy Stepmother.* By Esca Gray. (James Clarke & Co.)

A BRIGHT little story of three children who learn from their nurse, in not too gentle a fashion, that their father is about to bring home what she describes as a new "missus." The tale of their dismay, and of the expedients which they propose for averting the calamity, is cleverly told. Happily, their fears are not realised, and in place of the Gorgon of their imagination they find a "fairy stepmother." The story is very short, and leaves the reader asking for more.

*Olga*, by Vin Vincent (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is the story of a high-spirited, passionate boy, of an unsympathetic father, and a little girl friend. The gradual transformation of the father and the boy's self-conquest are well told. *Scarlet Feathers: a*

*Story of Adventure Among the Indians of Arizona*, by Henry J. Barker (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is sufficiently full of blood-curdling adventure to delight the heart of the most exacting boy. The story is of blood-thirsty Navago and friendly Pueblo Indians. There are hair-breadth escapes from rattlesnakes and from dangers of every kind. *Ida from India: a Tale for Girls*, by Mrs. Herbert Martin (Griffith, Farran & Co.). A wholesome and interesting tale of the development of a spoilt child into a strong and loving character. There is a slip on page 182 that it would be well to correct. *Gubbins Minor, and Some other Fellows*, by Fred. Wishaw (Griffith, Farran & Co.). A lively story of school life. The incident of the stolen money is summed up too lightly. Theft is not the best opening for a career leading to the Victoria Cross. *The Adventures of a Stowaway*, by Fred. Wishaw (Griffith, Farran & Co.). Earth and sea conspire to give adventure to the runaway schoolboy, who is the central figure in this exciting story. It is to be hoped the perusal will not inspire many small boys to make their escape from school bedrooms by the aid of sheets, and conceal themselves on board P. & O. steamers bound for India. *Miss Bobbie*, by Ethel S. Turner (Ward, Lock & Co.). A capital book. The characters are as bright and sparkling as the ruddy hair of the heroine, to which she traces her hasty temper, and whose destruction she compasses with a view to improving her moral character.

### BRIEFER MENTION.

*London Riverside Churches*. By A. E. Daniell. (Constable & Co.)

THIS is a conscientious catalogue of churches, facts, and epitaphs; but a charming subject has been treated without charm. Surely the time has come to abate books of facts about London in favour of books in which feeling and fancy have play. Mr. Daniell's industry is unimpeachable; but he can write about Chelsea Old Church with a blind eye to its place in the river landscape, with serene forgetfulness of its old character as a village church remote from London. His description of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, would please Mr. Gradgrind, but those readers who have approached it by water, or through alleys of wharves and warehouses, and have found the light of other days brooding over the old God's-acre of the mariners, will be impatient of a chapter which does not lure one to Rotherhithe, but only makes an old church seem like other old churches.

*Poems of Thomas Hood*. Edited by Alfred Ainger. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE number of Hood's poems which people want grows less every year. To the younger generation he is probably hardly more than a name. We do not think that this ought to be the case, but there can be little doubt that it is so. Punning ballads, even the cleverest in the language, are out of fashion,

and when Hood was serious he was not pre-eminent, except in very rare instances. Two volumes of Hood's poems are, therefore, extremely good measure, and must be considered a concession to old-fashioned readers who wish to be reminded of their youth. For modern taste one tiny tome would have sufficed. Speaking for ourselves, we are glad to have Canon Ainger's selection and kindly and judicious introduction. Therein he tells, with much graceful literary skill, the story of Hood's life, its struggles and melancholy, and offers a welcome eulogy of the fun of what was at once one of the gentlest and most sportive fancies that ever expressed itself on paper. This new edition is excellently published. The print is clear, the paper white and durable, the binding a wholesome red. There, also, are two portraits of the poet.

*Selections from the British Satirists*. With an Introductory Essay by Cecil Headlam. (F. E. Robinson.)

WITH the best will in the world to find good in this book, we are afraid we can award it only qualified praise. Mr. Headlam has certainly read up his subject conscientiously; indeed, we are inclined to think that he has read too many books. His Introduction fills seventy-two pages, and is overburdened with critical and biographical details, which had better have formed a set of notes at the end of the volume. Neither from Mr. Headlam's introduction nor from the extracts themselves can we gather that he has formed a clear conception of what manner of writer a satirist is. We find Goldsmith represented by passages from "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Retaliation." These poems are not satires, and they contain very few satirical touches; yet Mr. Headlam prints Goldsmith's character-sketch of the schoolmaster in "The Deserted Village" as a specimen of the art! As for "The Retaliation," it is simply good-natured chaff. From Goldsmith's masterpiece of genial satire, *The Citizen of the World*, there is but one short extract, and that not well chosen.

Mr. Headlam does not seem to distinguish between satires and compositions containing satire; between writers who are occasionally satirical (as most writers are) and writers who have produced satires in the true sense of the term—i.e., compositions in which the satirical intention dominates and is relentlessly fulfilled. We do not mean that he omits the true satirists; on the contrary, from Dunbar to Dryden, and from Arbuthnot to Thackeray, they are represented in this volume; but the reader must bring some judgment to bear upon the book if he would gain from it a clear view of our satirical literature as a whole.

*Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life*. From the Letters of Major W. T. Johnson. Edited by his Widow. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

WHEN Major William T. Johnson was not fighting he was hunting; and this book tells with what zest he did both. The son of a country rector, Major Johnson was born in 1827. Rugby gave him his book-learning, and Dr. Arnold implanted in him the principles and simple faith of a soldier. At

nineteen he was sworn in at the India House, and was soon sending home letters about his new life. In the years 1849-51, young Johnson seems to have had all the sport that he wanted, and he wanted a great deal. He tells in his letters of the hunting of black buck with cheetahs, but he shoots cheetahs in their turn; and glad stories of the deaths of tigers run like a refrain through this book of wars and rebellions. And, somehow, whenever he is looking for pig, Major Johnson finds a panther, or when beating for tigers he describes bears; the variety of his luck is extraordinary.

Young Johnson volunteered for service in the Crimea, and by Lord Raglan was attached to the 20th. He greatly distinguished himself at Inkermann. Mrs. Johnson, with pardonable, but needless, particularity, gives us the official correspondence by which her husband's gallantry was emphasised. His own modest account of the matter would have been enough. Returning to India, there followed him thither the first Crimean medals that entered that country. Outram now asked Johnson to come to him at Calcutta, to look after irregular cavalry. Of course, he went; Outram's invitations were not declined by men of his stamp; besides, in Oude "tigers and pigs were said to be 'walking about like cats.'" But Johnson could not rest in one place. He is soon debating this and that new activity, and he throws in a Persian campaign as if it were a holiday. Then the Mutiny. He sails from Bombay with Wilson and Havelock, and they are shipwrecked off Colombo. These men who court death on the battlefield are nearly drowned like rats. But Johnson sees all the Mutiny fighting he wants, enough to impair even his constitution. His account of Havelock and Outram's first relief of Lucknow is as stirring a bit of soldier's letter-writing as we wish to read. Illness at Alumbagh prevented him being present at the second relief and taking of Lucknow. From this illness Major Johnson recovered sufficiently to enjoy thirty-three years of happy married life in England, but not to renew his adventurous career. Yet adventures follow such men like dogs, and it is no surprise to read that "on his wedding tour, during the great struggle of Italy, he and his wife witnessed the siege of Gaeta." A book that could be made only in England.

*Historical Church Atlas*. By Edmund McClure, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

A GREAT deal of labour and sound scholarship has gone to the making of this atlas. The present distribution of Christian communities presided over by the Church of England throughout the world is clearly indicated. The maps of home dioceses are both interesting and useful. The historical maps will be helpful to every student of Church history and theology, from the first century downwards. They show the relations between secular and ecclesiastical history, and the geographical areas over which the great heresies moved and had sway. A full and informing text accompanies the maps.



# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### FANTASIAS.

BY GEORGE EGERTON.

The fantasias are six in number, and they are dedicated to Mr. Le Gallienne. The titles are: "The Star Worshipper," "The Elusive Melody," "The Mandrake Venus," "The Futile Quest," "The Kingdom of Dreams," and "The Well of Truth." George Egerton's fantasias do not appreciably differ from the allegories of other writers, except that her satire is more bitter. (John Lane. 156 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE MILLS OF GOD.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

Mr. Hardy possesses both humour and pathos, and has them under command. His story is of New Englanders, with special reference to Jim, a simple-hearted, devoted, lovable country lad, the victim of rogues. Jim conquers in the end, but he has a very bad time *en route*, and the reader is well harrowed. The earlier part of the book is the racier, though all is good. Here is a scrap of Jim's philosophy: "Durn this church business! What's the good of it? Dad says I ain't, he's positive, one of the 'lect, and so I'm dead certain to git damned. Can't, fur's I see, be much more'n damned! So what's the good of all this bowing and scraping Sundays." (Smith & Elder. 310 pp. 6s.)

#### STRONG MEN AND TRUE.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Mr. Roberts is well known as a vigorous story-teller, with a taste for hard-bitten heroes and rough life. This book is a collection of sixteen short stories, or, to use a better expression, yarns. Some of the titles: "A Dead Tramp," "In a Wind-jammer," "On a Taut Bowline," "The Affair at Big Springs," "The Gold Mine of Kertch Bar." (Downey & Co. 228 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE MARCHIONESS AGAINST THE COUNTY.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

A clever, well-written story by the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*. The "Marchioness" is at first only Yvonne Renault, the seventeen-year old daughter of Lord Tunstall's French trainer. Later she is the bright particular star of the Paris music halls. Last, she is Lady Draycott with an imputed "past," and a number of county dames to reckon with. Things come to a head at a bazaar at Portsmouth, where the suspicions, hesitations, and mutual misgivings of the dames are hit off; none daring to take the initiative in snubbing or caressing Yvonne on her entrance:

"Mrs. Raleigh made a slight inclination of her head, with a piteous look on her face and tears in her eyes, as who would say: 'If you win, forgive me for not having bowed deeper; if the other people win, may I be forgiven for having done it all.'"

(Chapman & Hall. 357 pp. 6s.)

#### THE STATUE IN THE AIR.

BY CAROLINE EATON LE CONTE.

This little book, which is of American extraction, may be allegory or it may be pure fantasy. We know not. But if no American critic applies the native term "high falutin'" to it we shall be surprised. The personages of the story (if it be a story) have Greek names. Sometimes we are reminded of Theocritus badly translated, sometimes of Pater badly imitated, sometimes of *The Shaving of Shagpat* denuded of humour, and continually we have a headache. (Macmillan & Co. 120 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### NURSE ADELAIDE.

BY BELTON OTTERBURN.

If Mr. Belton Otterburn would keep to the point and eschew present participles, he might some day produce a business-like story. Already, we observe, one of his books, *Unrelated Twins*, has

reached a second edition. The story before us is of Devonshire, and an old oak bedstead and the money hidden therein, and of the man that stole it. It is interesting, but it might be so much better. By the way, an author wishing to convince his readers ought not to call a public-house "The Bull and Syphon." (Digby & Long. 350 pp. 6s.)

#### JOHN LEIGHTON, JUN.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

An American novel, and a fairly good one. John Leighton, jun., was an earnest sceptic, a strong, solitary man, a lawyer and a good fellow. In his childhood he had a playmate named Madelaine, whom he loved. Later, when she had become Mrs. Howland Gray, they met again and loved again. But Madelaine was like Werther's Charlotte, and John was honourable too. And then Howland Gray, who was an artist, took to drink; and Madelaine and John had a poignant interview and parted—she to reclaim Howland, and he the world. The book is really more a study of Madelaine's nature than John's. The early chapters, which deal with the children, are excellent; and it is interesting throughout. (Harper & Brothers. 252 pp.)

#### MY SISTER BARBARA.

BY LADY POORE.

The sub-title of this story is "Passages from the Diary of Diana Russell, kept for the benefit of her Husband, Captain Geoffrey Russell, R.E., during his absence with a Special Commission in Central Asia." Diana and her sister Barbara join their grandmother for the summer at her cottage on Sandbury Common, and begin to make the acquaintance of the country gentry and their families. These do not promise well. The Hodsons and the Durants "did so nearly the same things on Tuesday and Wednesday as on Monday, that unless they were placed under a microscope no difference could be detected." But Diana is a witty observer, and Barbara falls in love; and the reader may expect to enjoy this story of small happenings and small talk. (Downey & Co. 163 pp. 1s.)

#### THE DEVIL IN A DOMINO.

BY "CHAS. L'EPINE."

The hero of this story is introduced as the son of a scoundre father and a drunken mother. The author seems to have set himself to devise a career for their son which should exemplify the most awful workings of heredity. In this he has succeeded; but only by means too crude for art, and too horrible for enjoyment. Of course he calls it "a realistic study." (Laurence Greening & Co. 128 pp. 1s.)

#### GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

Miss Warden made her name with *The House on the Marsh*, that gruesome fantasy; but the reader will find no traces of that book in her new story, *Girls will be Girls*, which is sprightly: not tragedy, but comedy. Indeed, it suggests the stage continually. It tells of love and theft and cross purposes and still more love, and at the end Berkeley marries Tabby. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

#### A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A story, by the author of *A Proctor's Wooing*, laid in Exmoor:

"Next came the moor-land,  
The moor-land, the moor-land—  
Next came the moor-land,  
It stretched for many a mile."

The heroine is a wild, free spirit, yet pure and gentle—Celia Carmichael, the daughter of a withered and disappointed rector who had married his housekeeper, a woman of the common folk. Celia combines the native strength of the rural race with the refinement of a higher one. A Princess Bordonne who arrives at Stoke



Edith in her steam-yacht and rents Gallantry Bower (what a capital name for a romantic old house!) plays an important negative part in the story, which abounds in pleasant descriptions of scenery and is commendably free from dialect. (F. V. White & Co. 288 pp. 6s.)

By FAR EUPHRATES.

By D. ALCOCK.

We hesitate to call this a "novel"; the author calls it a tale. It is a tale of the Armenian massacres built up carefully on ascertained facts, and written "to strengthen our own faith and quicken our own love." (Hodder & Stoughton. 376 pp.)

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.

It will not profit him much to read this novel, for it is wordy and unreal. If vulgarity was the end striven for the authoress has succeeded well. We are introduced to good society at once—the Squire who can say nothing without "damn," and who at Cambridge "kept the harriers and skipped the chapels"; his wife, the daughter of the Duke of St. Austin's and Lady Augusta Mount-royal; and so on. (Digby & Long. 344 pp. 6s.)

THE MANSLAUGHTER OF DELISHYA!

By MERRICK O'RELLI.

A skit on Miss Corelli's *The Murder of Delicia*. Belated, vulgar, and wholly superfluous. (The Roxburghe Press. 84 pp. 1s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A SIBERIAN CUB.

We know not who wrote this book, but the present English translation is by M. Léon Golschmann. The original is Russian. The Siberian cub is a bear named Mishook, a most engaging creature, and the story is of its adventures. Mr. Bret Harte's "Baby Sylvester" was not more charming. There are pictures. (Jarrold & Sons. 194 pp. 3s. 6d.)

## REVIEWS.

*Poor Little Bella.* By F. C. Philips.  
(Downey & Co.)

Ethel Newcome found it trying to be ticketed "Sold" in the matrimonial market. What would she have said to being hawked about from town to town, like a trinket in a pedlar's bag? That is the plight of *Poor Little Bella*. Her mamma is one of those formidable ladies whom we hear of chiefly as mothers-in-law. She is an "Honourable," and lives up to it as well as she can on a slender income in shabby lodgings in Hampstead. That is to say,

"she breakfasted in bed, rose at ten o'clock, and then took a disdainful stroll to order the day's comestibles and inspect the shelves of the circulating library from which she borrowed her books. The assumption of superiority with which she invariably insulted the tradespeople, who would rather have been spared her petty custom, and the air with which she always repeated 'The Honourable Mrs. Dyce,' though they knew her perfectly, was a sight for the gods. I discovered that once a month or so she informed the landlady she had come to Hampstead to look for a house, and temporarily resigned herself to lodgings because there was not an hotel in the neighbourhood. To corroborate the falsehood, she made a practice, when the woman was in the room, of gazing at the objects that met her view with a faint and wondering smile, as if they were phenomena of nature. 'Any one in my position is bound to be so careful,' she explained to me; 'people think it so strange of me to be here.'"

It is a sore grievance with this lady that her daughter remains unmarried; and there is more scolding, more recrimination, more washing of dirty linen, more violence done to the Fifth Commandment in this book than can easily be found in any other 300 pages of fiction. There is a gleam of hope in the maternal breast when Bella makes the acquaintance of a Mr. Ogilvie during a visit, and he promises to call. But he does not.

"I shall never, if I live to be a hundred, forget my mother's furious reproaches when she realised that Mr. Ogilvie would never come. . . . I was a failure, a bitter failure. I had had plenty of opportunities to make a brilliant marriage. I had stayed in the best houses: she had crippled her income to provide good outfits: I had evidently determined to be a burden upon her all my life, to live in absolute idleness, and develop into a wretched old maid."

So, hearing of a wealthy, middle-aged, and unmarried rector in the country, the Honourable Mrs. Dyce carries off Bella with the intention of capturing the good man by force. She would have succeeded had she not made her plans so badly that the rector overheard them. Then they go to Brighton on a similar quest, where the reappearance of Mr. Ogilvie, in company with his sister-in-law, affords fine opportunity for the dowager's strategy.

"Before I could decide whether to tell my mother or not, Mr. Ogilvie and I were face to face.

He looked conscious, hesitated; and I bowed.

'Oh, how do you do, Miss Dyce?'

'Oh, how are you? Let me introduce you. Mr. Ogilvie—my mother.'

'I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Ogilvie,' she exclaimed. 'I have heard of you from Bella so often.'

'You are very kind,' he murmured; 'at Lady Parminter's I had the pleasure—er. Are you staying down here?'

'Bella has been very ill,' she answered, the gush of her greeting subsiding into sadness. 'She was ordered away. I feared at one time I was going to lose her, Mr. Ogilvie.'

'I am very sorry. There has been a deal of sickness this winter, has there not? Really terrible.'

My mother sighed. 'Bella's illness was inexplicable,' she said. 'It was nothing that was about. The doctors were puzzled to account for it.'

Mr. Ogilvie shuffled; and I wished the Parade would yawn and swallow me."

So they dog the poor man, entangle him in discussions on the ideal wife, and generally behave in a way which, while it would be diverting on the stage, is rather too pronounced to be good form even at Brighton—or Hastings, whither the Honourable lady pursues her quarry. Mr. Philips cannot, we think, be held guiltless of straining his situations beyond the tension proper for a novel. We have match-making mammas in plenty, but surely their manoeuvring is more delicate, their hints are less outspoken, their methods savour less of intimidation than those of the Honourable Mrs. Dyce? Of course she fails. As a matter of fact, the desirable Ogilvie turns out in the end to be a married man—so far as the term applies to a man who has married his sister-in-law in Australia—and Poor Little Bella finds an affinity on her own responsibility. The mechanism of the story is clever, though the characters do not entirely convince; and the narrowness of its scope—for the book is, after all, mostly occupied with sordid squabbles between mother and daughter—is something of a handicap. We have had libraries of novels founded on breaches of the Sixth and Seventh Commandments. Mr. Philips seems to have aimed at rescuing the Fifth from the neglect with which writers of fiction have treated it.

\* \* \* \*

*His Grace of Osmonde.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett.  
(Warne & Co.)

"There are more forces in this universe than man has so far discovered, and so, not dreaming of them, can neither protect himself against, nor aid them in their workings if he would."

'Tis, as Mrs. Hodgson Burnett might say in her archaic fashion, a clumsy sentence, and begins the twelfth chapter in her new book. Unhappily, it is typical of many that disfigure the volume, but when you have struggled to its meaning you will find in it an explanation of the book's failings and of its worth.

For the author's idealism that created this story has escaped her control: she has been unable to protect herself against its faults, or to aid its workings by her art. The subject of *A Lady of Quality* so fascinated her as to impel her to treat it once again, using the very same persons and plot, and sometimes even the same conversations, as before. Certainly it was a fine subject, and its beauty and interest are enhanced by this addition; yet the author's enthusiasm for it is more likely to increase our esteem for her as a woman than our belief in her as an artist, for it has betrayed her into a multitude of errors. She has forgotten the existence of Realism; her characters all talk alike; she bombards us with accounts of her hero's virtues; will allow him no vices or even human weaknesses; and so overloads him with sentiment that we are inclined to toss her book aside and call for the daily paper.

And then her idealism is for ever trying to sing, so that each page and almost every paragraph bursts into unsuspected blank verse, until the reader can do nothing but listen for the beat of it. This is worse than the clumsiness already quoted; for that, at least, can

be understood, but this mesmerises one's judgment, and leaves the reader as unprotected as was the writer against the force of her ideal.

On the other hand, the unaided workings of enthusiasm have produced in his *Grace of Osmonde* a figure of undeniable beauty. We have so much conscious art now-a-days, so much realistic prying and anatomising, that the sight of something purely ideal and warm from the heart is moving and delightful. All Mrs. Burnett's literary sins may be all but forgiven, for the really fine conception which accompanies them. And yet the pity of it that her ideal man and woman are not more lifelike! His *Grace*, as we see him, is a kind of shadowy King Arthur: and even at that he is so pleasing a figure that it is a shame to find fault. His picture should certainly be acquired by readers, to be placed side by side with that of his wife, a lady of quality.

\* \* \*  
*A Prince of Mischance.* By Tom Gallon.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

*The Joy of My Youth.* By Claud Nicholson.  
(Elkin Mathews.)

We liked Mr. Gallon's *Tatterley* and we like this new story better. A boy and two girls are brought up together in a little West-country village; and to this remote place comes a young foreign prince—washed up in a wreck on the shore. Years afterwards they separate—the two girls, Lucy and Evelyn to marry strangers, and the boy to live a lonely life in London on a bare income. Then the tragic possibility begins to manifest itself. Both the young wives are unhappy in marriage—the one from mere frivolity of nature, the other from a real and abiding sorrow. To the life of the second the Greek prince enters, still bearing the memory of his boyish friendship. But the woman has no love to give, her nature is stripped bare of all but a clinging tenderness for the other boy and the sister who had been her companions in childhood. As soon as she is freed from the blackguard she had married, she flies to her sister's arms, only to find that the prince has followed her, and made her submission to him the price of her sister's salvation. She pays the price and obeys him, but he has put the way of escape into her hands and she kills herself. Some years afterwards he is wrecked a second time on the same shore, and buried by her side in the lonely churchyard.

The plot sounds strange in the telling, but in reality the materials are not new in fiction. The same scenes have been used a thousand times with varying success. It is just this feeling of an imperfect detachment from the common material which we call lack of distinction that forms the one unsatisfactory thing in Mr. Gallon's work. One may object, too, that all the people are conceived in a slightly rhetorical vein, raised, if we may put it so, a power too high to produce the complete effect of reality. The author makes certain of his characters talk in a sort of sentimental blank-verse and scatters the epithets of affection too freely. Evelyn in particular is a "lady who protests too much." But he has the primary fictional qualities, a feeling for the broad aspects of character, and a conception of close narrative ending in the dramatic. The book has interest and power; the work is good, and might easily become very good as the author learns the tricks of his craft. For he has a kindly, shrewd knowledge of life, a real gift for striking incident, and a certain simplicity and directness which gives high promise.

To turn to Mr. Nicholson is to be induced to wildly over-estimate the other's work. To struggle through *The Joy of My Youth* is to set a premium straightway on simple narrative. The book seems—we dare not be dogmatic—to be the record of the doings of an unhealthy freakish child, who grows into a nervous wreck of a man, cuts a few silly antics, and then commits the inevitable suicide. A Greek chorus is supplied by a plaster Virgin and a Siamese Idol, who keep up a running commentary on events. The hero, we are told, "lacked the virile sexuality of a strong man; if he performed, he did so for his own amusement and gave himself pennies, as to a street monkey." He gave lectures where "he bounced to his feet with a frown, added a few unintelligible words, and disappeared with a final shake of his mane of hair." He was also a journalist using M.S. books: "red ones (passionate), blue (melancholy), and black ones (lugubrious)." The

whole book is flabby and pretentious, the outlines blurred, the style inconsiderable. A certain easy prettiness in descriptive writing seems the author's one endowment. The thing is a type of much flatulent work which is turned out to-day with desperate facility, where meaningless interjections are made to supply deficiencies, and eccentricity fills the place of merit.

\* \* \*  
*A Crawl of Irish Stories.* By Jane Barlow.  
(Methuen & Co.)

The name of Jane Barlow appended to a collection of Irish stories commands a welcome from all who know her strong and graphic handling of the incidents of Irish peasant life. The longest tale in the book, *The Key of the Chest*, has charm, but it is sad. Indeed, the stories are almost all pathetic. There is very little of the light-hearted gaiety generally associated with the Celtic character. Even when the narrative is cheerful one is conscious of a background of grey skies and boggy pastures through which stalks the figure of Famine. The key-note of the Irish character as interpreted by Miss Barlow would seem to be strong affection: shown first in the love of kith and kin, and then in a passionate devotion to the "Ould Country." The heroine of the first story, *The Key of the Chest*, belongs to the "quality," but her fate is little happier than that of her peasant neighbours. A little child living in reduced circumstances, her imagination is fired by the old butler's descriptions of the silver that had adorned her old home, where, according to him, "the full moon on a dark night was a joke to the big salvers." Eileen could not question her aunt or her mother on these wonders, for she soon found that any such allusion "was a grave misdemeanour, which made her invalid mother cry, and her melancholy aunt scold." She wanted to know what had become of all those most beautiful silver things that Timothy talked about—the great shining salvers, the claret-jugs, the tankards and flagons, the piles "as high as your head, Miss Eileen," of plates with a polish on them "the stars in the sky might be the better of gettin'," and the grand potato-rings, and the frosted cake-basket, and the tall up-urny, which seemed to be a marvellous composition of lights and flowers." The child believes that these splendours have been hidden away for safety, and that they are ultimately to be hers. The story tells of the dream she dreams and of its tragic ending.

\* \* \*  
*For Prince and People.* By E. K. Sanders.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Sanders makes his *début* under good auspices, but we are not impressed by the performance. He writes about men as a lady carefully nurtured in the traditions of Miss Yonge might write, but there is no feminine observation in his brief sketches of women. The book, in short, is a prettily told story of Fieschi and Dorias, very suitable to be bestowed on an intelligent school girl, in whom it might quicken enthusiasm for the romance of Italian history; but the adult reader will find it difficult to be interested in the adventures of Oberto, the nameless youth who goes out to seek his fortune, and finds himself enlisted in the following of Giau Luigi Fiesco. All the series of events which culminates in Oberto's discovery that he is no other than the legitimate heir of Andrea Doria, and his heroic renunciation of all that this implies, is conceived in the spirit of well-worn convention. The last scenes in the book have plainly been written first as a verse drama, and nothing in the world is more exasperating than mutilated blank verse masquerading as prose. Instance:

"Verrina seized him by the shoulder and pulled him forward, forcing him upon his knees beside the body. 'See,' he said, 'I did not stab him; such a death were too honourable. | Mark the cord round his neck, and, see, his hands are tied; surely I am | a proper hangman marred by circumstance! | I was not hasty; no, I was bound to do | my office delicately or not at all. | We met just by the postern, | and in the fervour of my embrace he fell. | The rest was easy; [but] when his hands were bound | and the noose [lightly] pressing on his neck we had | a moment's conversation, he and I.'"

This sort of thing will not do; it is utterly false in key. If Mr. Sanders means to go on with romance of the dagger and phial order, he should go to school to Mr. Stanley Weyman; at present he is not within measurable distance of Mr. Weyman's half-a-dozen imitators.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following is a fairly close translation of some verses published in the *Paris Gaulois* on the proposal to found an English Academy of Letters. In the spelling of the Swan of Avon's name the translator has followed the French writer:

The dear John Bull we love so well  
Would have, he vowed, his *Immortels*,  
The same as France,—why shouldn't he?—  
No matter what the cost might be.

Our neighbours hunted everywhere  
For Forty who deserved a Chair:  
And one found Dickens, Byron one,  
And still another, Avon's Swan.

So then, to make the Forty even,  
Were wanted merely thirty-seven;  
Yet, after Byron, Shakespeare was,  
They knew, alone the peer of 'Boz.'

A million pounds would John have paid  
To see his Forty on parade:

'There's Dickens—1,' reflected he,  
'And Byron—2, and Shakespeare—3,  
'But they're the best'—he scratched his head—  
'And they, confound it all! are dead.

Such is French satire!

HEINE's centenary has prompted four contributions to *Cosmopolis*: a critical retrospect by Prof. Dowden, a fragment of imaginary biography by Mr. I. Zangwill, and estimates of the poet by M. Edouard Rod and Herr Karl Frenzel. Mr. Zangwill's daring experiment (which appears also in the *Atlantic Monthly*) is the most interesting. After steeping himself in Heine's life, works, and letters, and Heine literature generally, the novelist has constructed, under the title "From a Mattress Grave," a scene which we are easily persuaded might actually have happened. Many of Heine's famous sayings are incorporated. It is a brilliant *tour de force*.

FICTION is continually giving Nature hints, of which she avails herself. No sooner is Mr. Wells's Martian story, *The War of the Worlds*, finished, than the report reaches us from America of an aerolite which has been found at Binghamton, New York. According to the story, Prof. Jeremiah McDonald was returning home at an early hour, when there was a blinding flash of light, and an object buried itself in the ground a short distance from his premises. Later it was dug up, and proved to be a mass of whitish metal that had been fused by heat. It was still hot. When cooled and broken open, inside it was found a piece of metal on which were a number of curious marks like written characters.

THE theory is, that the written characters form a message addressed to us from another world, probably Mars. We regret that the projectile fell in a land so prodigal of tall stories as America, but we congratulate Mr. Wells.

INCIDENTALLY we might quote a letter which has some bearing on the question of aerolites, and is also useful in showing what kind of requests sometimes find their way to this office. It is from a gentleman at Haarlem, and runs as follows: "In my possession I have a great meteorolite of a weight of 4 Kilogram and 3 Hectogram, and long about 20 Centimeter heigh about 20 c M and broad about 10 c M, which should be found in Egypte about 1860, and brought with to here by a dokter of the marine. The stone has the utter appearance quite like that wich is found in the renowned Musee of Teyler van der Hulst at Haarlem, only it is about tence (=10) as tall. Because I mean that generally you can say that as a rule meteorolites are not greater than a man's fist, so this stone can have a great value. Therefore I hope to may ask you to tell me if this stone can have a great value and how much, and where I could find a buyer fore that. If you will be so kind to answer in your book so I thank you very much previously." We know not what say in reply.

IN this, the last number of the *New Review* in its present form, its departing editor, Mr. Henley, prints one of his infrequent poems. The form is the quatorzain, with which of late he has been experimenting; the subject, his friend and first school-master, the late T. E. Brown. It is such a tribute as Mr. Brown himself would have liked best:

"IN MEMORIAM.

T. E. B.

(Ob. October 30, 1897).

He looked half-parson and half-skipper: a quaint,  
Beautiful blend, with blue eyes good to see  
And old-world whiskers. You found him  
cynic, saint,  
Salt, humorist, Christian, poet; with a free  
Far-glancing, luminous utterance; and a heart  
Large as St. Francis's: withal a brain  
Stored with experience, letters, fancy, art,  
And scored with runes of human joy and pain.

Till six-and-sixty years he used his gift,  
His gift unparalleled, of laughter and tears,  
And left the world a high-piled golden drift  
Of verse: to grow more golden with the years,  
Till the Great Silence fallen upon his ways  
Breaks into song, and he that had Love  
hath Praise."

The poem reminds us a little of Mr. Henley's description of R. L. Stevenson in the sonnet entitled "Apparition." In such portraiture he excels; and we should like more of it.

IN the same number of the *New Review* an anonymous critic writes well of Mr. Brown, from the point of view of a Manxman. It is a good article. To the ordinary reader it will seem to have been suggested by Mr. Brown's death; but as a matter of fact the first draft was completed before that unhappy event occurred.

THE Oxford Union has been debating the question, whether or not the Kailyard School of Fiction is to be condemned. After a brisk engagement, it was decided that the Kailyard School of Fiction is not condemnable. But the Northerners had a very narrow escape; for the majority in their favour was only 2—58 to 56. The leader of the attack was Mr. Buchan, of Brazenose, who began by welcoming Mr. Crockett's recent assertion that golf is the serious business of life; and he ended, says the *Isis*, by making a very striking exposition of the nature of the real Scotland, the romance and the pity of its history, which he placed in strong contrast with the narrow, parochial view of Scottish character spread by these writers. Mr. Ensor, of Balliol, was the principal champion of the Kailyard; but it was the merits of Mr. J. M. Barrie that saved the school.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, whose small volume of patriotic verse, *Admirals All*, has been received with so much enthusiasm, is a young barrister. A characteristic piece, "Drake's Drum," is quoted in our "Book Reviews Reviewed" column. Mr. Newbolt has also written plays, one of which will be published by Mr. Lane next year.

COLONEL HIGGINSON, continuing his reminiscences in the *Atlantic Monthly*, writes this month of "Literary London Twenty Years Ago." Some of his stories are good reading. This of Darwin it is pleasant to meet with:

"I remember that at my first visit, in 1872, I was telling him of an address before the Philological Society by Dr. Andrew J. Ellis, in which he had quoted from Alice in the *Looking Glass* the description of what were called portmanteau words, into which various meanings were crammed. As I spoke, Mrs. Darwin glided quietly away, got the book, and looked up the passage. 'Read it out, my dear,' said her husband; and as she read the amusing page, he laid his head back and laughed heartily. Here was the man who had revolutionised the science of the world, giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of Alice and her pretty nonsense. Akin to this was his hearty enjoyment of Mark Twain, who then had hardly begun to be regarded as above the



Josh Billings grade of humorist; but Darwin was amazed that I had not read *The Jumping Frog*, and said that he always kept it by his bedside for midnight amusement."

One may share the naturalist's enthusiasm, yet shrink from the task of reading *The Jumping Frog* continually.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, who it may be remembered, in his last essay—on "Civilisation in the United States"—poked some gentle fun at Colonel Higginson, did not much please our visitor. "Arnold seemed to me," Colonel Higginson writes, "personally, as he had always seemed in literature, a keen, but by no means judicial critic, and in no proper sense a poet. That he is held to be such is due, in my judgment, only to the fact that he has represented the passing attitude of mind in many cultivated persons."

WITH Carlyle Colonel Higginson walked from Chelsea to Hyde Park. He gives the following incident:

"At one point on our way some poor children were playing on a bit of rough ground lately included in a park, and they timidly stopped their frolic as we drew near. The oldest boy, looking from one to another of us, selected Carlyle as the least formidable, and said, 'I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?' Carlyle stopped, leaning on his staff, and said in his homeliest accents, 'Yes, my little fellow, ye may r-r-roll at discraytion'; upon which the children resumed their play, one little girl repeating his answer audibly, as if in a vain effort to take in the whole meaning of the long word."

Colonel Higginson remarks also that it was noticeable that in Chelsea the passers-by regarded Carlyle with a sort of familiar interest, farther off with undisguised curiosity (such was his attire), and at Hyde Park again with recognition.

THE following story of the late George du Maurier is well found:

"I ventured," says Colonel Higginson, "to put to him the bold question how he could justify himself in representing the English people as so much handsomer than they or any other modern race—as I considerably added—really are. This roused him, as was intended; he took my remark very good-humouredly, and pleaded guilty at once, but said that he pursued this course because it was much pleasanter to draw beauty than ugliness, and, moreover, because it paid better. 'There is Keene,' said he, 'who is one of the greatest artists now living, but people do not like his pictures as well as mine, because he paints people as they really are.'"

THE following stanzas, entitled "A Song of Grief: for William Morris," appear in the *Quarterly Latin*, the organ of the American and English art students in Paris. They are signed Gertrude Bartlett:

"He was our best beloved; the dear friend  
Who gave his hand in aid with love to each:  
Our wisest teacher, who with patient speech  
Taught the long road through which our feet should wend.

He was our chief: and with undaunted breast

He led our march along its darkened way;  
And when about the bivouac lights we lay  
His golden lyre beguiled our souls to rest."

THE editor of one of the leading American magazines has handed to the editor of the *New York Critic* the following letter from a would-be contributor:

"GENTLEMEN, DEAR SIRs:

"I have enclosed a beautiful peace of poetry, which I would like to sell for what ever you think it worth. It was wrote and composed by myself. I have quite a number of beautiful poetry, this being the first I attempted to send out I hope I may be successful with it. If you don't find it of any value at all Please be so kind and return it to me again you will find enclosed a stamp.

"I am very truly yours. Please address  
"Miss \_\_\_\_\_."

The "peace of poetry," says the *Critic*, was a beautiful one, and has been so esteemed for many years; for it was nothing more nor less than Burns's "To Mary in Heaven," copied in an illiterate handwriting, rechristened "My Darling in Heaven," and otherwise marred by two or three errors in transcription! The editor wrote to the young lady who claimed to have "wrote and composed" it, to ask if she knew that in offering to sell as her own a published poem by someone else she laid herself open to the charge of seeking to obtain money under false pretences. Her answer, if there was one, is not given.

THE *Literary Year Book*, which Mr. George Allen publishes, is in future to be edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs. The change was necessary, as our review of the first issue made clear. Mr. Jacobs is a capable literary man, qualified to make the annual really representative and useful.

THE *New York Times* has recently begun to publish every Saturday a supplement, consisting of sixteen pages of reviews of literature and art, somewhat on the lines of the weekly literary number of the *Paris Figaro*. The result is bright and readable, but not, we think, quite deserving of the praise contained in the following letter to the editor, printed in the copy which has just reached us. Even an editor who liked flattery, as Colonel Higginson (quoting the late Lord Houghton) says Tennyson did—"unmixed"—would blink at these raptures: "Your last issue, November 20, is the best piece of newspaper work I ever saw. It is the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Temple Bar*, and the *London World* all in one. It is perfectly wonderful."

THE editor of the *Quarterly* has addressed to our contemporary, *Literature*, a letter upon which we cannot congratulate him. The reference is to the review of minor poets in the current number of his periodical, upon which we have already commented. In that review Mr. Alfred Austin is placed last on a list of seventeen. In criticising the article, our young contemporary described this choice of position as "a somewhat

contemptible mode of attack" distinctly "unworthy of a sportsman."

THE editor's letter, which is some seven hundred words in length, does little to mend matters. The last place, he says, is often a place of distinction, and no insult was intended. True; but see what the *Quarterly* reviewer wrote of the gentleman chosen to fill this distinguished place:

"But what, finally, are we to 'say of the Poet Laureate.' We are reminded of a story about Cherubini at a first rehearsal of his pupil's opera. 'Mais, maestro, vous ne dites rien,' was Halévy's exclamation at the master's silence. 'Ni vous aussi,' was the dry rejoinder. The fact is, that Mr. Austin has said nothing, though he has said it nicely."

And elsewhere the *Quarterly's* compliment to Mr. Austin is qualified by such a phrase as "constantly insignificant."

AT the meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club on Wednesday, Colonel John Hay, the American Ambassador, made some eloquent and interesting remarks on the Persian poet. We extract a few sentences:

"Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man of letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and jocund despair? Was this Weltschmerz, which we thought a malady of our day, endemic in Persia in 1100? My doubt lasted only till I came upon a literal translation of the Rubaiyat, and I saw that not the least remarkable quality of Fitz-Gerald's poem was its fidelity to the original. Omar sang to a half barbarous province; Fitz-Gerald to the world. Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubaiyat have taken their place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, nor a village in England, where there is not a coterie to whom Omar Khayyam is a familiar friend and a bond of union. I heard him quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our 'roof of the world,' where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its waters to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib summer. One morning at sunrise as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty:

"Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest  
A Sultan to the realm of death addressed.

The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrash

Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless, crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music. Certainly, our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all time. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse, and let his imagination carry him where it listed. But he will hold a place for ever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammelled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise."



## SOME YOUNGER REPUTATIONS.

MRS. HINKSON.

LOVE is her note, earthly and divine. She is all the more tender, all the more certain, in her handling of human affection, since she believes that it has its abiding place on the far side of the grave. The "kindred points of heaven and home" are hers; but they become more than kindred in her heart—they are one. It is this note that she has managed to convey to readers in language singularly expressive of it, and with mastery of a variety of metres. An Irish poet, Katharine Tynan (to call Mrs. Hinkson by her maiden name) began to write at an early age. Her first "note-book" was kept while she was at school, in the North of Ireland, and at seventeen she wrote such verses as those published in 1885 in her first book, *Louise de la Valière*. Succeeding volumes—*Shamrocks*, *Cuckoo Songs*, and *A Lover's Breast-knot*, not to name her contributions to the "Occ Verse" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—show that Mrs. Hinkson has not forgotten her first love and her high calling, despite temptations to prose authorship. But the Muses are jealous mistresses; men at least find them so; and it has yet to be proved that to their own sex they are less exacting in their demands for an exclusive devotion.

One of Mrs. Hinkson's books is dedicated to Christina Rossetti, to whom, in her religious poetry, she is a close sister. The verses beginning—

"All in the April evening  
April airs were abroad;  
I saw the sheep on the mountains,  
And I thought of the Lamb of God,"

come to mind. So does the poem called "God's Bird":

"Nay, not Thine eagle, Lord,—  
No golden eagle I,  
That creep half fainting on the sward,  
And have no wings to fly.

Nor yet Thy tender dove,  
Meek as Thyself, Thou Lamb!  
I would I were the dove, Thy love,  
And not the thing I am.

But take me in Thy hand,  
To be Thy sparrow, then;  
Were two sparrows in Holy Land,  
One farthing bought the twain."

Mrs. Hinkson has sung of married love with quiet fervour. She has also, in no trivially sentimental mood, written in verses headed "A Woman," about the unmarried of her own sex. Such a woman

"sees across  
The world with a sick sense of loss  
A house that none hath builded well,  
A heaven wherein she may not dwell."

She hears in fancy—

"Voices of children calling her  
Mother, to make her heart-string stir."

And there is a memorable mention of

"that music most forlorn,  
Voices of children never born."

About the future of any verse it is vain to prophesy; we can but say of Mrs. Hinkson's that it gives contemporaries a pleasure which they are paternal enough to hope that posterity will share.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE has made it a hard task to "place" him accurately. He offers so many extremes that in the endeavour to find their mean we are lost. In his intense wish to be catholic, to leave no experience unplumbed, he has looked at everything—except facts. Facts he will not face. No man of quick sensibilities has such a gift for remaining stationary. His work shows no single sign of progress: sometimes it is better than at others; but the basis is always the same. His poetry is monotonously saccharine; but now and again he has achieved a fine phrase, and often a very happy one. "Autumn," in *English Poems*, is a rich piece of decorative verse, and the elegy on Mr. Stevenson is good and unusually strong. In the paraphrase of Omar Khayyam are many felicitous lines. Indeed, if Mr. Le Gallienne would take time and thought, and be honestly himself, and exercise his critical faculty with severity, he might write more than one poem of beauty. But neither FitzGerald's patience nor individualism is his: he is wholly derivative, and his attitude to poetry is wrong-headed. He cannot comprehend that a man may be both a poet and a sage. The word poet to him connotes licence, not wisdom; suggests not Goethe, not Shakespeare, but Verlaine. Hence he can write thus "On the Morals of Poets" in order to protect his position:

"One says he is immoral, and points out  
Warm sin in ruddy specks upon his soul:  
Bigot, one folly of the man you flout  
Is more to God than thy lean life is whole."

It is almost impossible to criticise seriously a man who holds this view. He compels one to make allowances. And this has been Mr. Gallienne's fortune as a literary man: his readers always have made allowances. To persons who wish to take their authors seriously he has become impossible. But for others of less rigid a view, Mr. Le Gallienne can still be good company. He is the gladdest of the glad. When he likes a thing he likes it with his whole force. His best strength lies in tasting, and he is one of the best tasters that we have—the lineal descendant of Leigh Hunt. By his notes in the *Star* he has done much to revolutionise literary journalism. He has done as much as any one towards the substitution of personal predilection for old-fashioned criticism—no bad exchange from the reader's point of view. He can sip honey from a flower as prettily as a bee, and when engaged in such a task, or in embroidering another man's cloth, he is the pleasantest fellow. In his essays, or Prose Fancies, as he calls them, he can turn a phrase charmingly.

His similes often imply a shining fancy, sometimes real imagination. Now and then his spirits are infectionally gay. But he is pursued by a demon of bizzarerie, and you are always in danger of being tripped up by a luckless fault of taste in the next line. No man is so beset, and no man is so tardy in profiting by experience. Mr. Le Gallienne seems to have started on his career with the conviction that he had nothing to learn, and ever since to have been preserved miraculously from changing his mind. Had he dropped tasting for a while and entered upon a spell of study, he might have qualified himself for sound critical work. But, no; he has persistently played the butterfly, and a butterfly he must, we fear, remain. He is intensely literary: a Tomlinson with the addition of wit and, probably, no desire to enter heaven.

MR. PETT RIDGE.

COMPARISONS are invidious, and we dislike them; but Mr. Pett Ridge has made it impossible to avoid one in any estimate of his talents. It cannot be denied that we owe him to the limitations of Mr. Anstey. The author of *Voces Populi* prefers to find his subjects rather among the middle and upper classes than the masses. Whenever he goes to the masses for them he is excellent, as in the sketches describing a *fête* night at the Crystal Palace, a drawing-room crush in the Mall, and the row in the pit concerning a hat (one of Mr. Anstey's masterpieces); but his sympathies belong, in the main, to higher strata of society. This circumstance gave Mr. Ridge his opportunity: he has made waggish White-chapel his own, wherever it is found, and it remains his own to this day. As a comic reporter Mr. Ridge is not excelled. He is continually alert for a comic incident—a lover's tiff on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, a contest in sarcasm between errand-boys, a Socialist orator in the Park,—and once the subject is found he is prompt to transfer its saliences to paper. He has none of Mr. Anstey's skill in scenic directions; but in the dialogue proper he keeps as close to life. We should not call Mr. Ridge a humorist: humour is a subtler quality than he can command. Rather is he a disciplined funny man. He has studied writing, and has learned how best to present his material. He has a nice artistic sense, which gives his dialogues their compactness and neatness of form. He knows where to begin and where to end. His comic invention is inexhaustible, and he observes closely. Dickens has no apter pupil, as readers of Mr. Ridge's sketches know. He might write a volume of descriptions of London in 1898: its police courts and law courts; its civic feasts and festivals; its mass meetings and processions; its music halls and theatres; its streets and its vernacular—that some day would be valuable as a piece of social history. Mr. Ridge's eye is photographic. His brain is a storehouse of cockney idiom. He knows exactly what the ordinary East End wag would say in any given situation. He is a treasury of

street gibes and sarcasms. No exclamation used by a Bryant & May's match-girl is unknown to this quiet and amused observer and listener. Hence his dialogues are as accurate as the records of a phonograph, with the advantage of order and selection. Of Mr. Ridge's novels and stories we can only say that they are readable and entertaining. He has the gift of vivacity, and is vigilant never to permit his admirers to be bored. But he is not a novelist. His imagination is too much dominated by the comic for him ever to be a novelist in the full sense of the word. We wish him to continue writing stories and novels, because they are good fun; not because we think some day to find in them a master touch. More still do we want him to continue his dialogues and sketches. As a comic reporter he is most himself. Mr. Ridge seems to prefer a literary vehicle for the presentation of his fun, otherwise we should expect a good farce from his pen. Even better could he write a burlesque of a serious drama. No mind is more prompt than his to transmute an incident to parody.

#### PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE, in his *Profil et Grimaces*, has produced a sparkling and amusing volume—a little long, with repetitions and unnecessary dissertations and violence, but, in the main, witty and very French. Inimitable little phrases are scattered here and there that recall the old bright day of French letters, and remind us that M. Vacquerie knew Gautier and Mérimée. He tilts against tragedy in some extremely funny pages. "Tragic verse is not excellent for what it is, but for what it is not."

M. Vacquerie's sprightly charge against Scribe and Augier—the bourgeois school of sense—recalls forgotten triumphs. Here, as elsewhere, sympathy is on the side of the amiable lunatics. It is good to encourage an ideal; however false it may be, it is certain to be better than beef and pudding. Besides, it is impossible to love the bourgeois, and the theatre of Scribe and Augier is that of the lovers of shabby order, selfishness, and platitudes. Its success, M. Vacquerie insists, proves nothing. He has even seen masterpieces applauded—but this is rarer. Shakespeare, Molière, Victor Hugo are his serious pre-occupations, and all subjects serve to introduce his gods upon the scene. His gossip about them is always interesting; but the most notable study, which is half profile, half grimace, is that of Alfred de Musset. A little ruthless, but how true! A Musset shorn of his bright and deceptive plumage, in all his poverty of mind and spirit, a feeble, exclamatory, unintellectual Musset, with nothing but his gift of delicate and smiling song to win pardon for his unmanliness and his cheap and boastful airs of reprobate. "He could not even follow his century," says M. Vacquerie, concluding his formidable charge against this poor "child of the

century," this feeble French Byron, who cannot even decently sin without at once apostrophising the shade of Voltaire as responsible for his damnation. To write of Musset commands mention of George Sand, and nobody could do so in more delicate a way than M. Vacquerie. "Let not pity for him (referring to the mournful and lovely *Nuit de Décembre*) prove blame for her. Should she need defence, should her character, visible in all her work, and the immense kindness of her intelligence, not sufficiently demonstrate that she is not one of those whose caprices forge the miseries of man, she has on her side the testimony of this *Nuit*, which accuses her of not being able to 'pardon.'"

His great attacks are against Rachel and the Institute. Rachel lacked initiative and generosity. She only played known works. She was useful to those who did not want her. She dared, after two hundred years, to interpret Corneille, and was excellent only in rôles that other actresses had created. When an author brought her a new play she told him to get Mlle. Judith to play it first. Then she would see. "She helped death against life, and was loved by those who could not love, was the adoration of all hatreds, the admiration of the envious, the religion of Atheists." In all things the reverse of Mme. Dorval, whom M. Vacquerie himself adored. But his attack on the Institute is more deserved. He is stupefied, and not without reason, by the choice of Academicians. Ducal nonentities, after the deaths of Chateaubriand and Vatout, like Noailles and De Saint Priest, whom nobody now remembers, were elected, while Dumas, Balzac, Gautier, George Sand, Lammenais, Michelet, Alphonse Karr, and Beranger lived. The excuse for ignoring Balzac, it appears, was that he was travelling in Russia, and could not pay the prescribed visit to the different Immortals. "When the future will say, 'He has written *Splendeur et Misère des Courtisanes*, *Père Goriot*, and *Parents pauvres*,' the Academy will reply: 'Yes, but he was travelling.' The visits that Balzac did not pay his books paid for him." No form of state institutions finds this amiable knight-errant in the service of liberty respectful. The Théâtre Français he describes as a cemetery, where the dead are at home and resent all noise. It is the inconsolable widow of the past, still weeping over the ashes of the late Racine in an alabaster urn. He concludes with a fine and generous paper on *Les Femmes Savantes*.

"Every form of material art is allowed to women but thought. The pen flies too high for their little hands. Through Chrysale, women are forbidden to write and think, after Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Girardin, and George Sand. And Molière, who is made the accomplice of this brutal prejudice, weeps for it above among the stars, and cannot be consoled for this masterpiece."

Analysing Philamète's "folly," he discovers it to be the greatest of modern ideas—the Institute. Man and woman, he says, are equally chained to earth, with an equal right to look up to the stars, and an equal right to exercise such intelligence as either may possess.

M. Jean Psichari is the son-in-law of Ernest Renan, which is perhaps the reason some people take his impertinence, his silly and intolerable fatuity, his literary affectations seriously, and salute him poet and writer. That he himself takes himself as one of the literary figures of the age is incontestable. He much resembles Mr. Oscar Wilde in the day of his triumph, without Mr. Oscar Wilde's undeniable gifts, without his art and his wit. *Le Rêve de Yanniri* is a work of weak and insufferable affectation, discursive, pretentious, and impertinent. One of its annoying mannerisms is the constant repetition of words, ideas, similes, and apostrophes. *O sancta simplicitas!* What a leap from these would-be classical scribblers, who assure us solemnly on every page, as M. Psichari does, that they are great men, men of genius, in explanation of their exasperating literary vices, who so fatuously strut through their own absolutely unimportant and insignificant pages, what a leap to genius itself, or even first-rate talent.

One grows to understand why the French write no stories for the unhappy young girl; any attempt to do so is sure to be a dismal failure. *L'Inutile Amour*, by Georges Hery, is innocuous matter, guaranteed for the schoolroom, but, alas! not calculated to inspire maiden readers with enthusiasm or gratitude. It is exceedingly dull stuff, without even a spark of modern vulgarity to enliven it. Such books can hardly be described as a grateful change from pornography.

H. L.

#### BOOKSELLING AND BOOKBUYING.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S VIEW.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER once had a plan by which he thought the distribution of books from publisher to public might be simplified. This plan requires the co-operation of the Post Office, and hence Mr. Spencer broached it, in the first instance, to Mr. Fawcett, as Postmaster-General. His letter to Mr. Fawcett was dated June 5, 1852; and now, after the lapse of forty-five years, it is republished as one of the items forming a slim volume of Mr. Spencer's shorter writings, entitled *Various Fragments* (Williams & Norgate). Mr. Spencer's plan of book-selling thus revived has an obvious and, we may add, an amusing, timeliness.

Briefly stated, the Spencerian bookselling is this. You want a book. To obtain it you drop into a convenient post-office, and write on the face of a postcard the address of the publisher who advertises the work. On the back of the card you write your order, leaving as much blank space as possible. You then purchase stamps to the amount of the price of the book. If the book costs 8s. 6d., you buy eight shilling stamps and a sixpenny one, and you affix these stamps to your card. Then you post your card. The developments will be these. Your postcard, freighted with eight and sixpence, will duly arrive at the publisher's, with, say, a hundred others, similarly coated with stamps. The publisher

will count your stamps and forward your book. (Mr. Spencer sees piles of your books wrapped, ready for instant despatch.) The other people's postcards will be dealt with in the same way; and then a junior clerk will stamp each card with the official signature of the firm (to show it has reached its proper destination), and forthwith will take the batch of postcards to the nearest post-office and cash them. You comprehend? That is the Spencerian bookselling.

You see what it means. The earth-born beetle is not more silently smothered under the casual foot than is the bookseller (a family man) under Mr. Spencer's rain of postcards. Compare this with the report of the Committee of the Society of Authors, who have just put forward seven suggestions for helping lame booksellers over stiles! Under what "principle of sociology" Mr. Spencer devised the annihilation of the bookseller we do not know; but it was thus, in part, that he justified his plan to Mr. Fawcett:

"The present system of distribution through wholesale houses and retail booksellers is an absurd anachronism. . . . Fully forty per cent. of the published price of every book now goes to cover the cost of portage—the cost of transferring the book from the publisher to the reader. This 40 per cent. by no means represents the entire enhancement of the published price of the book. Prices of books would be lowered by much more than 40 per cent. if this existing system could be replaced in the way I have described. As you know better than I do, it is a familiar truth, especially to economists, that any tax on a commodity raises its price by more than the amount of the tax; and this holds very obviously in the present case. Let the 40 per cent. be deducted from the advertised prices of books, and immediately the demand for them becomes immensely greater, probably double. The demand being doubled makes it possible to obtain an adequate return with a smaller profit on each copy to author and publisher, and, therefore, prompts a still further reduction in the price, and this again a still further distribution, acting and reacting. So that I do not doubt that the prices of books would, by the adoption of this system, be lowered by one half."

You see that much would be achieved by Mr. Spencer's plan; yet are you surprised that Mr. Fawcett declined to put it into operation? It simplified book-buying certainly, but it imperilled the State. It may come, but not yet.

#### A FAMOUS SATIRE.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. were most happily inspired when they decided to reprint Matthew Arnold's delightfully amusing series of letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he afterwards collected and reprinted under the title of *Friendship's Garland*. Time passes so rapidly, and generations succeed one another so fast in the world of letters, that there will probably be not a few people in the present day who have never even heard of these letters, or made acquaintance with the delightful Arminius, Baron von Thunder-Ten-Tronckh, and Adolescents Leo, Esq., of the *Daily Telegraph*. The letters appeared in the *Pall*

*Mall* between the years 1866 and 1870, and in them Matthew Arnold, under the pretence of defending his Philistine and barbarian countrymen from the scoffs and sneers of an imaginary Teutonic critic, contrives to poke fun at our national foibles and vices in a highly entertaining manner.

"India," said a certain Viceroy, "is a cloud with a depreciated silver lining." The Philistine cloud has its silver lining too, and the silver, such as it is, may well be taken thankfully. At the same time it is amusing to note the passages in these letters of a quarter of a century ago which so aptly apply to our present failings. In some cases the very same measures which were being debated in 1866-1870 are being debated still. "The great sexual insurrection of the Anglo-Teutonic race" of those days has found an echo in these later times. Here is Adolescents Leo, Esq. (of the *Daily Telegraph*), on the subject of another vexed question which survives to this day—the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill:

"We have established, I hope, that no man may presume to call Bottles profligate for marrying either his sister-in-law Hannah or his niece Mary Jane. But this is not enough. A complication, like the complications of Greek tragedy, suggests itself to my mind. You noticed Mr. Job Bottles. You must have seen his gaze resting on Mary Jane. But what with his cigars, his claret, his camellias, and the state of the money-market, Mr. Job Bottles is not a marrying man just at this moment. His brother is; but his brother cannot last for ever. Job, on the other hand, is full of vigour and vitality. We have heard of the patience of Job; how natural, if his brother marries Mary Jane now, that Job, with his habits tempered, his view of life calmed, and the state of the money-market different, may wish, when she is a widow some five years hence, to marry her himself. And we have arrangements which make this illegal! . . . For my part my resolve is formed. This great question shall henceforth be seriously taken up in Fleet-street. As a sop to those toothless old Cerberuses, the Bishops, who impotently exhibit still the passions, as Nick's French friends say, of another age, we will accord the continuance of the prohibition which forbids a man to marry his grandmother."

Poor Nick, also of the *Daily Telegraph*, is pulled up short by the suggestion that there is a want of "Delicacy" about such promiscuities. "Delicacy," he murmurs,

"delicacy—surely I have heard that word before! Yes, in other days, in my fresh enthusiastic youth; before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called (Hepworth) Dixon's style 'lithe and sinewy.'"

But the irony of Leo's whole letter is admirable. There is a very interesting letter of Arminius in which the effect of our parliamentary system in weakening our foreign policy is derisively pointed out, which might well be taken to heart by the Englishmen of to-day. What foreign statesman, he asks, can deal seriously and respectfully with England

"when he finds that he is not dealing mind to mind with an intelligent equal, but that he is dealing with a tumult of likes and dislikes, hopes, panics, intrigues, stock jobbing, quidnuncs, newspapers—dealing with ignorance, in short, for that word contains it all—behind his intelligent equal? Whatever he says to a

British minister, however convincing he may be, a foreign statesman knows that he has only half his hearer's attention, that only one of the minister's eyes is turned his way; the other eye is turned anxiously back on the home Philistines and the home press, and according as these finally go the British minister must go too. This sort of thing demoralises your ministers themselves in the end, even your able and honest ones, and makes them impossible to deal with. . . . Your Philistines had a passion for that old acrobat Lord Palmerston, who, clever as he was, had an aristocrat's inaptitude for ideas, and believed in upholding and renovating the Grand Turk; Lord Aberdeen knew better, but his eye was nervously fixed on the British Philistine and the British press."

One wonders what Arminius would have thought of Crete and the Concert of Europe and how he would have stigmatised the "Hundred Members" and their relations with Greece.

The letters are full of passages of admirable irony. Here is one:

"Sala, like us his disciples, has studied in the book of the world even more than in the world of books. But his career and genius have given him somehow the secret of a literary mixture novel and fascinating in the last degree; he blends the airy epicureanism of the salons of Augustus with the full-bodied gaiety of our English Cider-cellar. With our people and country, *mon cher*, this mixture, you may rely on it, is now the very thing to go down; there arises every day a larger public for it; and we, Sala's disciples, may be trusted not willingly to let it die."

Arminius' *mot* about the Atlantic cable is worth quoting, if only as an epigram—"that great rope, with a Philistine at each end of it talking inutilities!"

Here is a criticism of Our Noble Selves in regard to Foreign Policy.

"The faults with which foreigners reproach us in the matters named—rash engagement, intemperate threatening, undignified retreat, ill-timed cordiality—are not the faults of an aristocracy, by nature in such concerns prudent, reticent, dignified, sensitive on the point of honour; they are rather the faults of a rich middle class—testy, absolute, ill-acquainted with foreign matters, a little ignoble, very dull to perceive when it is making itself ridiculous."

We have no space to quote further from a book which all lovers of good sense and good literature will read for themselves.

#### JUBILATION.\*

THIS reprint of articles in which the *Daily Chronicle* sang its psalm to the longest reign is useful in its matter, hideous as to appearance. Mr. Heinemann, the publisher of *Sixty Years of Empire*, informs us that he found one or two of the original illustrations so unsatisfactory that he replaced them with others, and the process ought to have been carried further. Nearly all the portraits of statesmen and writers, and several of those of actors, are mere disfigurements. On the other hand, Mr. Pennell's review of art is enriched with several excellently chosen and most interesting portraits. The diagrams, too, are all that could be desired—clever,

\* *Sixty Years of Empire, 1837-1897.* (Heinemann.)

ingenious, and vivid; but the mixture of good and bad combines into a disagreeable and grotesque book.

Nor can we say more for the text. Some of the contributions could scarcely have been improved upon—notably Mr. Pennell's article already alluded to, Mr. Macnamara's on Education, Mr. Johnson's on Literature, and Sir Charles Dilke's on Greater Britain; but they want that unity of aim which can only be worked into a bundle of independent essays by very vigorous editorship. And some of the writers fail to do themselves justice. In thirty pages it was not possible for Mr. Russell to review satisfactorily all the strange and contrasting great men who have served the Queen as Prime Ministers—Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Rosebery, Salisbury: a Plutarch could not have rendered these rich and diverse characters in an average of three pages each. More lightly still does Mr. Harold Spender skim the parliamentary history of the time. These papers were well enough in their original place, but they will not stand leisurely reading in a book. Mr. A. B. Walkley's article on the stage falls into an opposite fault—it suffers from over-conscientiousness, and from a tendency to accent the trivial and non-essential: a lack of breadth. To do that sort of work a certain detachment and feeling of distance, the disinterested onlooker's point of view, are necessary. A soldier who has been fighting all the time could not describe a battle, and Mr. Walkley often cannot see wood for trees. Mr. John Burns suffers from a similar disadvantage. He writes "Labour's Retrospect" like a general reviewing a campaign; but surely labour has more to look back upon than a sixty years' war. It has a wide extension of its field; it has emerged from the idle enchantment described by Carlyle into fuller activity; it has made progress in the way of becoming better fed, better housed, and better clothed; it has even found a little time to cultivate taste. Mr. Burns ought to have realised for us a picture of, say, Lancashire in 1837 and in 1897. He not only lacks breadth of view, but his stilted and affected written style is in marked contrast to the manly, Saxon vigour of his speech—a curious proof that to excel on the platform is a different matter from writing well.

The "wholesome mediocrity" of most of the papers invites no comment; but Mr. Lionel Johnson's contribution deserves a word. His is not a scrappy collection of facts, but a real essay, a series of observations strung together on a vein of thought. The keynote may be found in the following passage:

"Macaulay's glitter is not a glory, but he lives by it, and deserves to live; yet of the old Victorian writers there is none who more completely exemplifies the spirit which the last thirty years have exorcised and banished. A sea has burst these orderly Dutch dykes, bringing with it mystery, romance, music, a sense of awe, thrills of anticipation felt upon every ride of life and thought; its surges roll through the later chaunts of Tennyson. Our philosophy and poetry, our methods and ideals in fiction, our critical and historical manners 'have suffered a sea-change.'"

He works out the idea in a most interesting manner, but is not quite so happy in his judgment of individuals. Such hard, cut-and-dry, inelastic expressions as make up our next quotation are rather in the style of a University Extensionist, who would go all wrong but for his labels: "Carlyle wrote the most imaginative prose, Ruskin the most eloquent, Newman the most pure; and each could strike at will with absolute success any note in the scale of emotion."

No doubt Mr. Johnson lost himself in his thesis, and concentrating himself on a highly suggestive general view, half forgot about the details. We cannot help thinking, however, that his argument would have gained in strength by a more frugal use of superlatives, and a nicer discrimination between the writers. Were they all as great and splendid as he describes them, then the Victorian age would be more illustrious than the Periclean, Augustan, Elizabethan, or any other. We know that it is not. Much that excites his admiration is dead or moribund already; much else is kept in life only by the survivors of an elder generation, and it is obvious that time is fast reducing the bulk of what promised to be imperishable. Mr. Johnson slightly reminds us of a sanguine merchant who, on taking stock, ranks his bad debts with his good, and rejoices over a sum-total that in reality is fictitious.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

### THREE TALKS ON THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

#### AN AUTHOR IMPRESSES ME.

EVERYONE who has read the report of the Committee of the Society of Authors on the Book Discount question must have been struck by its fulness, and by the evidence it gives of long and patient inquiry. A more curious thing is that it lays hardly any stress on the author's own interests. It is not, as it might have been, an expansion of—"This will suit our pockets, and this won't." It is a comprehensive survey of the whole subject. I could not help remarking this to Mr. Henry Norman, upon whom I called with a view to gaining a little more light on the Report. Mr. Norman sat upon the Committee, and he has all the issues at his finger ends. "You don't appear," I said, "to have approached the matter from the point of view of the author's self-interest. Why have you been so needlessly unselfish?"

Mr. Norman smiled, and said: "I can understand your question, and I can also answer it very easily. The Authors' Society exists to inquire into all the relations and circumstances of authorship. You are surprised to find us entering so deeply into the relations between publishers and booksellers, into the differences between town and country booksellers, into remedial measures for bad trade, and so forth. But these are relations and circumstances of authorship, and we are dealing with them pretty much all the

year round. Moreover, we hold that the authors have nothing to desire except a healthy state of the book-trade. Their interests are there, and nowhere else; and therefore, in approaching this subject of discount we have taken the entire subject into our consideration and reported accordingly. We have held a great many meetings, some of them three hours long; and I do not remember that a question of the author's pocket interest was ever directly raised."

"You even encourage booksellers to print non-copyright books themselves, and so increase the volume and the profits on old books. Is not that rather rash? Must there not always be a certain competition between dead and living authors; and if so, why do you encourage these resurrections to your own hurt?"

"There can be no hurt. The more people read old books the more will they read new ones. It is with book-buying as with book-selling. Only let us have plenty of both, and we authors can have nothing to complain about."

"On the same principle you advise country booksellers to take up with second-hand books?"

"Certainly; it will help them and us."

"Well, now, Mr. Norman, do you think you have killed Cock Robin by your Report?"

"That I cannot say. You are aware, however, that the publishers declared that the consent of the Authors' Society would be necessary before the change from a 3d. to a 2d. discount could be enforced. That consent, as you know, has been withheld—nay, the change has been condemned. We think it impossible of realisation, and undesirable if realised."

"I see that in one clause of the Report you do express the belief that 'the independence of the author would be seriously compromised by the existence of a close ring of publishers and booksellers, who might as easily dictate to him a royalty of 5 per cent. as to the bookseller a 2d. discount.' You think there is ground to fear the one coercion if the other were allowed?"

"Certainly. Coercion in one place would mean coercion all round." Here I left Mr. Norman. There was no more to be said; the Authors have made up their minds.

#### A BOOKSELLER SURPRISES ME.

"WHAT of the discount question?" I said to Mr. —. "Unburden your mind."

"Can't."

"Why?"

"Busiest moment: I'm banking money."

"I suppose you are tired of this discount wrangle?"

"Tired, no; not yet. But there's nothing to tell you."

"Oh, come!"

"I tell you there is nothing. The Publishers are now sitting in council, and they will write us a letter. We shall do no more than acknowledge it before Christmas."

"Meanwhile, you will go on banking money?"

"Precisely. But look here: shall I tell you the whole truth?"



"You might as well."

"Well, it will have to come out. The fact is, it is all a delusion to suppose that the real demand of the agitating book-sellers is for a 2d. discount. Their first demand was for better terms from the publishers on expensive books—in fact, we want the high-class trade to be made more profitable as compared with the rough-and-tumble-3d.-in-the-shilling-all-round-box-at-the-door trade. Do you see?"

"Then why don't you say so?"

"Well, we did say so; and the publishers said 'No; you had better go on the tack of restoring the 2d. discount'; and so we went on that tack, and here we are."

"Mr.—, you are a large and responsible bookseller, and you have identified yourself with the agitation for a 2d. discount. Do you now mean to tell me that you would waive a 2d. discount to-morrow if instead of it you could have better terms on the higher class books from publishers?"

"Yes, I mean that."

"Then good morning. You have enlightened me; I will not further interrupt your banking operations, which I am glad are arduous."

W. W.

#### A PUBLISHER Baffles Mr.

He was very nice about it; but, leaning his elbow on his desk, he said: "I am going to a meeting of the Council of the Publishers' Association to-night, and, of course, I can give you no official statement until that meeting has rendered it possible."

"Would you say, however, in your private capacity, that the Authors' report is about as strong as it could be, and is, for the time being, a serious set-back to the proposed reduction of discount from 3d. to 2d. Would you say that?"

"In my private capacity I will say this: I think the authors have taken on themselves a great responsibility, and I sincerely hope that they may not have to repent it."

"Their report struck me as unexpectedly general in its scope."

"Yes. They entered into questions which I venture to think they do not fully understand."

#### A FAULTY AGREEMENT.

THE *Author* is great at figures and loves to marshal them in illustration of "hard cases." In its December issue (which gained first-class importance by its exclusive article for the Report of the Committee of the Society of Authors on the discount question) the following publisher's offer is analysed. We do not quite gather whether the offer is a real one; but it is certainly not wildly improbable; and transactions of the kind are still so common that we recommend any author who contemplates paying for the publishing of a book to study the figures of this offer step by step.

"A young writer has a MS. which he thinks likely to attract attention. He offers it to

a certain firm; he receives the following proposal:

1. He is to pay down in advance £110.
2. The publishers will produce an edition of 1,500 copies free of cost to the author.
3. After 100 copies have been sold they will pay the author 2s. 6d. a copy royalty.

Let us see how this works out.

- (1) On the sale of 500:

	£	s.	£	s.
Cost of production, say	100	0		
Royalty on 400 at 2s. 6d.	50	0		
Profit to publisher....	47	0		

By the author .....	110	0		
Sale of 500 at 3s. 6d....	87	10		
			197	10

- (2) On the sale of 1,000:

Cost of production.....	100	0		
Royalty on 900 at 2s. 6d.	112	10		
Profit to publisher .....	72	10		

By the author.....	110	0		
By sales, 1,000 at 3s. 6d.	175	0		
			285	0

- (3) On the sale of 1,500 copies:

Cost of production.....	100	0		
Royalty to author on 1,400 copies.....	175	10		
Profit to publisher.....	97	0		

By author .....	110	0		
Sale of 1,500 at 3s. 6d....	262	10		
			372	10

	£	s.		£	s.
So that the author by 500 copies loses	60	0			
" " 1,000 " gains	2	10			
" " 1,500 " "	65	10			
The publisher by 500 " "	47	10			
" " 1,000 " "	72	10			
" " 1,500 " "	97	0			

Very likely the new writer accepted the proposal because he wanted his work to appear. Yet, you see, the publisher, who is completely covered from risk, gains £72 10s. on a thousand copies, and the author £2 10s!

The fault of the agreement is that the royalty is paid by the publisher to the author instead of by the author to the publisher."

#### THE WEEK.

A RECENTLY published selection from the poetical works of James Clarence Mangan did much to revive interest in that unhappy Dublin poet. An attempt is now made by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue to deal exhaustively with *The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan*. Mangan seems already to have slipped greatly out of sight. Few people live who knew him, and, says Mr. O'Donoghue, "strictly speaking, there is no authentic likeness of Mangan. Various sketches are in existence, but they are all deductions—distant enough, for the most part—of Burton's fine drawing of the poet as he lay in death." Nor were Mangan's letters many. Such as there are have been made to strictly serve the narrative, Mr. O'Donoghue having adopted the plan of weaving extracts from them into his own text. Mr. O'Donoghue adds:

"In the case of Mangan, the absence or non-existence of many letters is less to be regretted, in view of the most interesting

personal touches so constantly introduced into his published, but generally unknown, articles and other writings—charming confidences, which have been fully availed of here. If it should be thought that too free a use has been made of that part of Mangan's work which is personally illustrative, it may be urged that in reality, when the enormous fertility of Mangan is concerned, only an infinitesimal portion has been laid under contribution."

It will be seen that the book promises to be a medley of text quotations and letters; and this, in fact, is its aspect.

In a preface to *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives the history of this belated work:

"The Life of Cardinal Wiseman had been twice in preparation before the present work was written. Cardinal Manning collected materials for it in 1865, immediately after Wiseman's death. The Biography, however, was never actually begun until the late Father Morris, S.J., undertook it in 1893.

After Father Morris's death, Cardinal Vaughan asked me to write the Life, placing at my disposal the correspondence and other documents collected by Cardinal Manning and Father Morris. Cardinal Vaughan has, however, left me quite free in regard to the views incidentally expressed in the Biography, and has given me equal freedom in selecting from the documents for the purpose of publication."

Mr. Ward's work is contained in two very thick octavo volumes, numbering more than 1,200 pages. Each volume has a portrait of Wiseman as its frontispiece.

Shakespeare's moral teaching, and such indications of his religious feelings as his works can be supposed to afford, are collected in a little book, entitled *The Light of Shakespeare*, by Clare Langton. Some people object strongly to books of extracts, but when they are compiled, as this one is, with intelligence, they have their uses. Many a stabbing thought may be brought for the first time to the mind by Miss Langton's book. Such an exclamation as this:

"Even through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering,"

is justifiably wrested from its context if it can by this means be brought to the more general knowledge.

An interesting arrival of the week is *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary*, a half-guinea work of reference that is likely to be popular. The preface seems to break the traditions of formality which we associate with such works; it is, for want of a better word, quite chirpy, not to say flippant. Thus:

"The world's Upper Ten Thousand, these mainly; still, the lower, even the lowest, have not been wholly neglected. For we include assassins like Abd-ul-Hamid and Ravachol, knaves like Arthur Orton and Jabez Balfour, madmen like Herostatus and Nietzsche, impostors like Joseph Smith and Madame Blavatsky, traitors like Pickle the Spy and Benedict Arnold, tagrag and bobtail—every other page offers examples."

Whether these inclusions, these epithets, and this tone are happy, we do not now decide; but, obviously this is a new kind of preface to a biographical dictionary.



## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE DEVOTIONS OF BISHOP ANDREWES. By Rev. Henry Veale. Elliot Stock.
- THE NOCTURNAL CHRIST. By S. H. Playfair. W. H. White & Co.
- CHEED AND LIFE. By Rev. C. E. Beeby, B.D. John Wright & Co. (Beverley).
- VOICES OF THE DAY; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE MESSAGE OF GOD IN NATURE. By C. S. Wardle. Elliot Stock.
- VILLAGE SERMONS. By the late R. W. Church. Third series. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
- THE ANGELICAN ORDINAL. By Blomfield Jackson, M.A. S.P.C.K.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- THE STORY OF THE CHURCH OF EGYPT. By E. L. Butcher. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.
- BUILDERS OF GREAT BRITAIN: SIR THOMAS MAITLAND. By Walter Frowen Lord. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
- THE PUPILS OF PETER THE GREAT. By R. Nisbet Bain. A Constable & Co. 15s.
- THE HONOURABLE JAMES THOMASON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR N.-W.P. INDIA. By Sir William Muir. T. & T. Clark. 2s.
- THE LIFE OF JOHN NICHOLSON. By Captain Lionel J. Trotter. John Murray.
- LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN BUTLER. Macmillan & Co. 12s. 6d.
- CHAMBERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Edited by David Patrick and Francis Hindes Groome. W. & R. Chambers. 10s. 6d.
- BORDER RAIDS AND RIVERS. By Robert Borland. Thomas Fraser (Dalbeattie).
- SOME CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN NEW ENGLAND COLONY AND THE NEW ENGLAND COMPANY IN LONDON, 1657-1713, &c. Elliot Stock.
- A CHILD'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.
- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Evan J. Cuthbertson. W. & R. Chambers. 1s.
- STORIES OF THE NATIONS: MODERN FRANCE, 1789-1895. By André Lebon. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
- OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS. By John Fiske. Macmillan & Co. 10s.
- INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. By General Sir John Adye. Smith, Elder & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE TRIAL OF LORD COCHRANE BEFORE LORD ELLENBOROUGH. By J. B. Atlay, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co. 18s.

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- VARIOUS FRAGMENTS. By Herbert Spencer. Williams & Norgate. 4s.
- THE LEPIDOPTERA OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By Charles G. Barrett. Vol. IV. L. Reeve & Co.
- POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.
- J. F. MILLET AND RUSTIC ART. By Henry Nalgely. Elliot Stock.
- PICKWICKIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By Percy Fitzgerald.
- THE HOUSES OF SIN. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Leonard Smithers.
- PAN: A COLLECTION OF LYRICAL POEMS. By Rose Haig Thomas. Bliss, Sands & Co.
- POEMS OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.
- THE LIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE. By Clare Langton. Elliot Stock.

## NEW EDITIONS OF NOVELS.

- THE HOROSCOPE, and THE BRIGAND. By Alexander Dumas. J. M. Dent & Co.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

- UNTOLD TALES OF THE PAST. By Beatrice Harraden. W. Blackwood & Sons. 6s.
- ALL THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND. By Evelyn Sharp. John Lane. GOLDEN SUNBEAMS, 1897. S.P.C.K. GLADYS IN GRAMMARLAND. By Audrey Mahew Allen. Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.
- THE BLACKBERRIES AND THEIR ADVENTURES. By Edward Kemble. R. H. Russell. 6s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- CATALOGUE GÉNÉRAL DES LIVRES IMPRIMÉS DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE. Auteurs. Tome I.: AACHS—ALBYVILLE. Imprimerie Nationale. Paris.
- GAMBLING IN VARIOUS ASPECTS. By Dr. Joseph Parker. James Bowden. 3d.
- THE ART OF ELOCUTION AND PUBLIC SPEAKING. By Rose Ferguson. Lawrence Greening & Co.

## D R A M A.

UNQUESTIONABLY our small band of practical playwrights has found a recruit of great promise in Mr. L. N. Parker, one who probably carries the marshal's *baton* in his knapsack. Mr. Parker has been working at plays for some years past in collaboration, but his recent achievements single-handed—"The Vagabond King" and "The Happy Life"—reveal him as a born dramatist of marked originality and resource who, unlike the new school, recognises that a play must be something more shapely and artistic than a crude slice of real life. The stage has been suffering of late years from an attack of realism in a more or less veiled form. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero have been holding up the mirror to nature as it exists around them, but their mirror has reflected chiefly the turpitudes and the meannesses of society. It has not caught the glow of romance or the bit of blue sky which occasionally relieves even the drab of Fig Tree Court where Mr. Parker has laid the scene of his latest story. With the prose of life Mr. Parker has evidently no great sympathy, though he recognises that it is the language of the masses. We get that too in "The Happy Life"; but there is also a welcome infusion of poetry, not the highest, not the poetry of Shakespeare or Goethe, but, let us say, that of Dickens. The author with whom Mr. Parker chiefly courts comparison is Mr. R. C. Carton. They are not alike, but they have much in common these two, and with the efforts of both to call attention to the flower by the wayside in preference to the weed I confess myself much in sympathy.

"THE HAPPY LIFE" has for its basis a saying which I do not remember to have met with before, but which Mr. Parker puts into the mouth of a Polish count as representing a superstition of his countrymen—namely, that whenever a man is too happy there comes to his door a Figure bringing the unexpected gift: "To the merry, sorrow; to the idle, toil; to the unambitious, a great task." It is to the door of Cyril Charteris, a young American of easy means, living in the Temple with his books and his *bric-à-brac*, secluded from all female society, that the Figure of the legend comes. A more unlikely visitor there could hardly be, especially in the circumstances in which Cyril is discovered; for he is dining his father and a few friends in his cosy chambers on Christmas Eve, and hugging more closely than ever his plan of life, which is to lie in his boat in the backwater watching with a pitying smile the misguided mortals who are wearing themselves out in an effort to paddle up-stream. The "creepy" Polish legend has sent a temporary shudder through the company, but they laugh it off, and the general opinion is that if the Figure should be ill-advised enough to come with its unexpected gift, Cyril Charteris would politely bow it out. Presently the company disperse, though not until their conversation has placed us *au courant* of the situation. Among Cyril's friends are the Polish count

(*que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*), "Jimmy," a young stockbroker, living in a shabby-genteel lodging-house, with "musical society" in the shape of two young ladies, with one of whom the young City man supposes himself in love, while to the other the Prince, we learn, pays his addresses, apparently with what M. Paileron calls *l'autre motif*. As a neighbour in the Temple Cyril has a young fellow named Vivian Pettigrew-Smith. With only such indications of the story as we are supplied when the company retire, leaving Cyril to his books and his self-satisfaction. It is a snowy night, and, it being Christmas Eve, the Temple is empty. What about the Figure?

HARDLY has Cyril settled down in his armchair with his book and his reading-lamp when a woman's cry of distress is heard on the dark stairs outside, and, opening the door in alarm, our sybaritic hero discovers, lying unconscious on the landing, a beautiful girl in evening dress. The Figure at last! With what gift? As a believer in the "made" play Mr. Parker is scrupulous, perhaps too scrupulous, to bring down his curtain upon a tableau. The arrival of the Figure is the end of the first act. For a knowledge of its purpose we have to wait. Cyril is merry enough, idle enough, and unambitious enough. The Figure might bring him the remedy for any one of the three moods. In point of fact it brings him sorrow, toil, and a great task all combined, albeit more through his own fault than that of circumstances. The young lady is Vivian's sister, who had made an appointment with her brother to meet him at his chambers and go to the theatre—an appointment which this precious cad has neglected to keep, with the result that after vainly waiting she has fallen down the stairs in the dark, and been rescued by Cyril Charteris in the manner described. On Christmas morning, after spending the night unconscious in the armchair in Cyril's rooms, Evelyn is brought home by her faithful cavalier to her squalidly respectable home, the genteel lodging-house.

WHAT then? In real life we know what would happen. A few words of explanation would set matters right. Cyril Charteris would be thanked for his courtesy, and if he took an interest in his *protégée*, as he probably would, and cared to rescue her once more from her depressing surroundings, he would ask her to be his wife. This is not Mr. Parker's way of doing things. He remembers that he is writing a play, and he forces the note, needlessly and, indeed, inartistically. Cyril has behaved like a gentleman, for so we are given to understand; but when he brings the foundling home he is constrained to offer her marriage on the spot, in order to shield her good name. The couple do not love each other; they can hardly be said to be acquainted. It is a quixotic proceeding, both that he should offer the girl marriage and that she should accept it. I cannot help feeling that the author's intuition as a dramatist has deserted him here. There is a gratuitously

disagreeable suggestion in this offer of marriage under the circumstances. It seems to justify the worst construction that Mrs. Grundy herself could place upon a perfectly innocent episode. And what follows is hardly more acceptable. For the marriage having taken place, the young couple come back from a three weeks' honeymoon still strangers to each other, each still believing that the other is merely frigidly polite, whereas they are really passionately in love with each other. Is this a conceivable state of things? Mr. Parker does well to avoid a close adherence to realism, but this is surely rushing to the opposite extreme. One feels that the happy ending, which is *de rigueur*, ought to have been brought about by some less violent means.

YET there is a great deal to admire in this play. Its ingenuity is obvious—almost too much so. Its dialogue is marked by literary grace and suppleness; its characters stand out clearly. There is dramatic force in that conception of the Figure at the door bearing its unwelcome gift; and there is a rare tenderness and sympathy in the author's handling of the pitiable life of poverty and sham led in the genteel lodging-house, with its "paying guest" and its "musical society." The old literary hack reducing masterpieces of fiction to the compass of a penny series, at thirty shillings a piece, is a pathetic figure. Is it true? It is permissible to doubt it, as one doubts the beautiful sunsets which Mr. Parker would have us believe to be an accessory of life in Fig Tree Court. I prefer to think that the penny masterpiece is the handiwork of a bold young man armed with a pair of scissors, a paste-pot, and a blue pencil. But Pettigrew-Smith, in his greasy skull-cap and tattered dressing-gown, bullied by his illiterate wife and his aggressive "cook-general," broken and subdued in manner until a fictitious success inflates his petty spirit, is a striking personality all the same; he might have walked straight out of the pages of Dickens. The romance and the sordid detail of life bound up together, with a sprinkling of episode derived from conventional melodrama! Such is "The Happy Life." Needless to say, the moral of the piece is that there is no happy life, or that if there is it is other than Cyril Charteris had pictured it. Mr. Parker is fortunate in his actors—Mr. Fred. Kerr as Cyril, Miss Dorothea Baird as Evelyn, Mr. Elwood as a cynical and scoundrelly Polish prince, Miss Carlota Nilsson as a pronounced American girl, Mr. Beauchamp as a Chicago "hustler," Mr. Hermann Vezin as the literary hack, Mr. Scott Buiat as a golden-bearded popular author, Mr. Sydney Brough as a budding stockbroker, Miss Frances Ivor as the lodging-house keeper, Miss Henrietta Watson as the landlady's daughter, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald as a cad of the purest—or the dirtiest—water, and others. As the curtain falls one feels that Mr. Parker has narrowly missed achieving a signal success, and that for this result his abounding cleverness is in part responsible.

J. F. N.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEGLECTED POET—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

Ashburton, Devon: Dec. 2.

Emerson is a poet quoted, not read. Certain couplets or quatrains of his are so familiar to our English ears that they have become as it were household words, but in many instances we do not even attribute them to their author. Take, for example, the well-known lines from the "Voluntaries" (originally intended, some years before 1873, to rouse a more lively protest against the slave trade):

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'  
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

And again, the fine stanza from the "Sphinx," of which Wendell Holmes wrote so humorously, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'amour":

"Have I a lover  
Who is noble and free?  
I would he were nobler  
Than to love me."

And once more, the oft misquoted lines which conclude the "Dirge":

"The silent organ loudest chants  
The master's requiem."

Such lines as these are incorporated into our language—but how few of us have studied the poet *à la source*. We are well acquainted with Emerson as an essayist; but we know little or nothing of him in his favourite character. His verse is undoubtedly somewhat rugged and unmaturing. Too literally has he carried out the injunction he gives in his lines on the poetic mission. "The bard," he says, "shall not his brain encumber with the coil of rhythm and number." His poems make us out of breath as it were. We are perplexed by the sudden transition from one idea to another without any "flowing speech" to carry us across. This is not poetical—*Poeta non facit saltum*. But so rich and varied are the thoughts he gives us that we are able often to forget, or at least forgive, the medium through which they are expressed. More especially is this the case with regard to his many poems on natural subjects. It is, above all, as a poet of nature that Emerson excels. To him nature was everything—even the Deity itself. He reversed, as it were, Goethe's famous saying: "Nature conceals God, man reveals Him. What need I," he writes:

"What need I of book or Priest  
Or Sibyl from the mummied East,  
When every star is Bethlehem star?"

And more fully:

"This vault which glows immense with light,  
Is the Inn where He lodges for a night,  
What reck's such traveller if the bowers  
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers  
A bunch of fragrant lilies be  
On the stars of eternity."

Very delicate indeed are some of his fancies:

"Grass with green flag half-mast high";

or—

"Twilight parks of beech and pine";

or, again, that line which Pater himself could not disparage—

"Through scented banks of lilies white and gold."

There is little in all his scenery pieces to remind us we are in America, unless it be the constant mention of the pine-tree. Every poet has his favourite tree or flower, from Wordsworth's "Celandine" downwards. With Emerson, as probably with his antipodes Heine, it was the rugged, solitary pine. No one glancing through his poems could fail to be struck by the constant reference to it. They occur on almost every page—in "Woodnotes," "Monadnock," and "May-day." They are so characteristic of the writer that we are tempted to quote a few of them:

"Who leaves the pine-tree leaves his friend";  
and in winter—

"Frost had piled  
Swift cathedrals in the wild;  
The piny hosts were sheeted ghosts,  
In the star-lit minster aisled."

Or take the noble description of the fall of the patriarch:

"At intervals,  
With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls;  
One crash—the death-hymn of the perfect tree."

Space forbids me to do more than mention his more ambitious poems—such as "The Sphinx," "Compensation," "Merlin," and the "Initial Dæmonic and Celestial Love." I do not recommend these to the novice; indeed, I must confess that some parts of the last-named poem are absolutely incomprehensible. But "Threnody" and "Terminus" want no initiation to be understood and appreciated. Though we may not place Emerson in the front rank of the singers, surely he can claim an honourable place among minor poets. Not inaptly from him comes the injunction:

"Life is too short to spend  
In critic peep or cynic bark,  
Quarrel or reprimand;  
'Twill soon be dark.  
Up: mind thine own aim, and  
God-speed the mark!"

E. FORSTER.

"THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH."

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

Pinner: Dec. 5.

SIR,—It is a pity that Mr. Hodgson, at the end of his interesting article, should fall foul of Shakespeare to console Dr. Molloy. He quotes from a speech of Lady Macbeth, uttered, no doubt, in haste, to excuse her husband's conduct at the banquet:

"If you note him,  
You shall offend him and extend his passion."

But, really, haste need not be pleaded in excuse; for Lady Macbeth used the words quite correctly according to the usage—not of her own, perhaps, but of Shakespeare's time. And, moreover, the usage of that day was much more philosophical than ours; for "will" means wish, and "shall" means

only destiny, or natural effect. If Lady Macbeth had said "You will offend him," as a modern lady would, critical grammarians of that day might have said she was imputing to the company a desire to be offensive. Shakespeare was no more Irish in his idiom than any of his contemporaries. Let me give an earlier example. The Duke of Norfolk, who was certainly not an Irishman, wrote to Cardinal Wolsey on April 28, 1525, that Lord Marney was dying, "and Mr. Butts determined he should not live after five hours." The "should" here coupled with the still more awful "determined" might give us rather a painful opinion of Dr. Butts as a physician; but both words were quite correctly used. As regards "shall" and "should" it is really the modern usage which requires justification—or would do so if usage did not justify itself. It is easy to see how "will" and "would" came to be substituted in many cases for "shall" and "should." The expression "you shall" was unpleasantly suggestive of the meaning "I will compel you." So the auxiliary was changed, and now we even make use of such preposterous expressions as "you will be compelled" without even seeing their intrinsic absurdity.

While on the subject of the Queen's English, may I raise my own humble protest against a phrase which I find now of perpetual recurrence: "He made use of this," it is said, "for the time being"; or, "It was all very well for the time being." What is the use of "being" in such expressions? I understand what is meant by "the Lord Mayor for the time being," or "the Prime Minister for the time being." It means simply the Lord Mayor or the Prime Minister *pro tempore existens*—who is (or holds office) for the time. But what is "the time being" taken by itself—or, at least, what is the use of the "being"? Perhaps I am hypercritical; I fear, in any case, my poor word will have very little effect; but still (as men used to write in prefaces) if these words of mine may save even one "being" from a vain and frivolous existence they will not have been written in vain.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

#### PRIZES FOR AUTHORS.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

London: Dec. 3, 1897.

SIR,—May I hope that the concluding sentences of your article on "1897: a Retrospect," is an augury of the scheme you intend to adopt in crowning with awards of one hundred guineas and fifty guineas two books published during this year? I observe that you divide modern literature into three branches—(a) the literature of commerce, (b) the literature of knowledge, (c) the literature of art. The first two branches, as you say, already have their reward, the one in the cheques of the agent, the other in the distant beckoning of a professorship. The artist alone works for nothing but the satisfaction of his own conscience and the silent esteem of those who respect art. It is his claim I, in common with many others, hope you will carefully consider in bestowing your awards.

The importance of your generous intention has been well expressed by Sir Walter Besant "The knowledge that such a prize is in the market may stimulate young writers to more careful attention to style and artistic treatment. At any rate, the person who takes the prize will have his fortune made so far as that book is concerned, and his future as well if he is strong enough." Far be it from me to intrude upon your plans; but perhaps you will permit me to mention a few of this year's publications that may be worthy your consideration when you sit in council.

*The Essay on Burns*, by W. E. Henley.  
*Style*, by Walter Raleigh.  
*Essays in Two Literatures*, by Arthur Symonds.  
*Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling.  
*Admirals All*, by H. Newbolt.  
*The Earth-Breath*, by "A. E."  
*The Skipper's Wooing*, by W. W. Jacobs.  
*The King with Two Faces*, by M. E. Coleridge.  
*The Silver Fox*, by Martin Ross and E. GE. Somerville.

A VETERAN CRITIC.

#### MR. PHILLIPS'S NEW POEMS.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

Ashford: Dec. 6, 1897.

SIR,—May I correct a slight mistake in your very kind announcement of my new book? You say that the volume will contain all my work to the present time. This is not so, as neither my contributions to "Primavera" nor the long poem "Eremus" will be included. In "Some Younger Reputations" I also notice a slight misprint. The line printed:

"She is not happy! It was morn,"  
should read:

"She is not happy! It was noon."  
STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

#### BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

A CHORUS of praise has greeted "Admirals All, and Other Verses," by Henry Newbolt. Mr. Newbolt's booklet of patriotic verses. Here is "Drake's Drum," of which the *Chronicle* says: "This poem strikes the key-note of all the rest."

#### "DRAKE'S DRUM."

"Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?),  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'  
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships.

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago."

On this stirring ballad the *Chronicle* makes the following comments:

"In the opening line the theme is quietly, simply announced: 'Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas'; and then the legend which inspires the singer is rapidly indicated, with the racy and half-comic, yet thrilling, close:

'If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'

The second stanza heightens the emotion, and fixes the local colour. What admirable lines, both in sound and suggestion, are: 'Slung atween the round shot, in Nombre Dios Bay, and 'Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe!' How finely the resonant Spanish words ring out in the former! And how perfect is the effect, at once rhythmical and pictorial, of the latter! But the chief merit of this stanza lies in its relation to the next, in which its opening lines, with an art that partakes of inspiration, are half-repeated, half-transfigured:

'Drake lies in his hammock—till the great Armadas come . . .  
Slung atween the round shot—listenin' for the drum.'

Truly, we owe a candle to Saint James of Compostella for the gift of the word 'Armada,' as glorious in sound as in associations; and no poet has made finer use of it than Mr. Newbolt in this verse. If we should fall beneath our former selves 'when the great Armadas come,' it will not be for want of a singer to pipe us to quarters."

The *Westminster Gazette* says of the piece:

"In no form of verse, on a hasty glance, is it easier to be deceived by counterfeit than in the ballad. It may have the form and the swing, be perfect in every trick of its external, and yet lack the heart, without which it is as a tinkling cymbal. Here we have excellent form and genuine feeling, and none of the violence by which some modern ballad-mongers attempt to impose themselves on the public."

It was in the *St. James's Gazette* that "Drake's Drum" first appeared, and the *St. James's* reviewer now describes it as "one of the most genuinely inspired pieces of contemporary patriotic verse."

The *Spectator*, always a keen critic of verse, welcomes Mr. Newbolt's songs as evidence that ballad-writing is not dead among us—for "there is no surer sign of a tendency towards ossification in literature than the inability of the poets to produce a good ballad."

"Byeways." MR. ROBERT HICHENS's book of short stories has interested the critics and secured their qualified praise. The *Saturday Review's* critic has some remarks on Mr. Hichens's stories generally which he thinks are never satisfactory reading because "the striving to be clever is always too painfully evident . . . and the worst of it is that he is never quite successful." Referring particularly to *Byeways*, this critic says:

"In the first story of this collection of short stories, for instance, he strives in vain to give us a new version of the serpent-woman fable, brought up to date. But he fails utterly to convince us that the three snakes the charmer in the Sahara carries on his person are three women transformed. Through many pages of the seventy-seven which the story occupies he attempts to explain to us the serpentine nature of Claire Duvigues, the great actress, but he never succeeds in striking quite the right note or quite the right phrase. She remains a woman to the end, and we utterly refuse to believe that she is turned into a snake. There is no need to compare her even with the Lamia of Keats; the simply told mediæval fable of Melusine is infinitely more convincing."

The *Saturday Review* is best pleased with Mr. Hichens when he is evolving Society comedy, and selects "The Boudoir Boy," in which a decadent youth is portrayed, as the best of these stories.

The *Daily Telegraph* also likes Mr. Hichens best when he is writing with a straightforward intention to draw character:

"His own preference is evidently for motifs of the supernatural, or at least the fantastic, kind, but he is not content to be thoroughly mediæval or thoroughly modern, and his attempt to mix the two—to translate, for instance, the old superstition of effigy-burning into the terms of modern psychology—produces a result which is neither consistent nor convincing. . . . We like Mr. Hichens much better when he descends from his high horse and talks like an ordinary mortal. The story called *A Boudoir Boy* evinces a refreshing sense of humour."

The *Scotsman* says vaguely that these stories are "characteristic of the better side of Mr. Hichens's work." The *Manchester Guardian's* critic compares Mr. Hichens's talent for dealing with the supernatural unfavourably with Hawthorne's, and concludes with another comparison which may surprise Mr. Hichens:

"Mr. Hichens reminds us in some respects of Miss Corelli. His imagination is not so extensive, but it is of the same order, and he exhibits the same want of restraint, the same exaggeration of fancy and language that distinguishes that writer. He should learn that effects which are only suggested are the most effective, and that exaggeration of description or language drives the reader into revolt."

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Whereto the worlds keep time,  
And all things move with all things from  
their prime ?  
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre ?  
In far retreats of elemental mind  
Obscurely comes and goes  
The imperative breath of song, that as the  
wind  
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.  
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,  
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,  
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose  
The meaning of the riddle of her might :  
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,  
Save the enigma of herself, she knows."

It is a pity that Mr. Watson does not recognise his own limitations. His bent is essentially thoughtful, meditative, elegiac; he has not the lyric cry. Yet from time to time he would write lyrics, and, of all singers most deliberate, will call himself "a tarrying minstrel, who finds, not fashions, his numbers." At heart he is philosopher rather than bard : it is a sane, a manly, a wholesome philosophy.

In his latest volume, *The Hope of the World*, both his qualities and the defects of his qualities are well represented. The book is slight, but the three longer poems with which it opens may well take their place with Mr. Watson's finest work. All three may roughly be classed as elegiac, by which we mean that, though emotion is expressed in them, it is an intellectualised emotion, dominated and over-ruled by speculative thought. Profoundly sceptical in temper, they draw their inspiration from a remarkable fervour and chastity of moral purpose. The higher, the ethical agnosticism, has found no such setting of poetry since the too brief days of Matthew Arnold's song. The number which gives its title to the volume is a repudiation of facile optimism. The poet finds Law in heaven; Love he finds only on earth. Of an ethical intention in Law there is no proof, nor any sign that man was the goal of creation; his existence may be due but to a chance throw of Nature's die :

" In cave and bosky dene  
Of old there crept and ran  
The gibbering form obscene  
That was and was not man.  
With fairer covering clad  
The desert beasts went by ;  
The couchant lion had  
More speculative eye,  
And goodlier speech the birds, than we when  
we began."

If, then, man is not necessarily the culmination of an ascent on earth, how dare we infer an ascent in some distant life? Hope will have it so, but this is the hardihood of hope. And as for virtue, is not the virtue which disregards such hope the truer? The poem closes with two stanzas of a noble stoicism, a fine climax to a finely handled theme.

" Carry thy largesse hence,  
Light Giver ! Let me learn  
To abjure the opulence  
I have done nought to earn ;

And on this world no more  
To cast ignoble slight,  
Counting it but the door  
Of other worlds more bright.

Here, where I fail or conquer, here is my concern :

Here, where perhaps alone  
I conquer or I fail.  
Here, o'er the dark Deep blown,  
I ask no perfumed gale ;  
I ask the unpampering breath  
That fits me to endure  
Chance and victorious Death,  
Life, and my doom obscure,

Who know not whence I am sped, nor to what port I sail."

Equally fine and closely akin to this in its thought is "The Unknown God." It would seem to owe its origin to a remarkable passage in the recently discovered *Logia of Jesus*, which countenances the Greek conception of a deity immanent in nature, rather than the Hebrew conception, which met and overcame this in the early centuries of Christianity, of a deity external to and set over against nature. It has a stately opening :

" When, overarched by gorgeous night,  
I wave my trivial self away ;  
When all I was to all men's sight  
Shares the erasure of the day ;  
Then do I cast my cumbering load,  
Then do I gain a sense of God."

The God of Judæa, made in the image of a Jew, an anthropomorphic God, a tribal divinity, Mr. Watson unhesitatingly rejects :

" A God whose ghost, in arch and aisle,  
Yet haunts his temple—and his tomb ;  
But follows in a little while  
Odin and Zeus to equal doom ;  
A God of kindred seed and line ;  
Man's giant shadow, hailed divine.  
O streaming worlds, O crowded sky,  
O life, and mine own soul's abyss,  
Myself am scarce so small that I  
Should bow to Deity like this !  
This my Begetter ? This was what  
Man in his violent youth begot."

Then he strives to express his sense of a divine power which, in some unintelligible but none the less real sense, is in all things, a power unapproachable by prayer, and not to be thought of as over-ruling human actions.

" Raise thou the stone, and find me there,  
Cleave thou the wood, and there am I."

Man has thoughts and ideals that are divine, but the law of the world is in no obvious or direct harmony with these. On the contrary, success in life, for nation or individual, is most often reached by flagrant disregard of the higher promptings. And so Mr. Watson counters Mr. Kipling :

" Best by remembering God, say some,  
We keep our high imperial lot.  
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come  
When we forgot—when we forgot !  
A lovelier faith their happier crown,  
But history laughs and weeps it down !"

In dealing with these two poems we have been content to expound Mr. Watson, and not to comment upon him, because we are here concerned not with the essential justice of his thinking, but with the magnificent poetic form in which he voices it. The third important poem in the book is an *Ode in May*, a hymn of exultation to our



father the Sun, who begat us on our mother the Earth. This is perhaps Mr. Watson's high-water mark as a lyricist. The half-dozen lines that we quote seem to us, for once in a way, really to breathe "the imperative breath of song":

"What is so sweet and dear  
As a prosperous morn in May,  
The confident prime of the day,  
And the dauntless youth of the year,  
When nothing that asks for bliss,  
Asking aright, is denied,  
And half of the world a bridegroom is,  
And half of the world a bride?"

This has the real impetus: here the *oestrus* of song has stung. The score of poems which make up the rest of the book contain only one thing of first-rate importance. This is a sonnet on "Estrangement," which we do not hesitate to class with such masterpieces upon similar themes as Drayton's sonnet, "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part"; and that by a modern poetess which is called "Renouncement," and begins, "I must not think of thee; and tired, yet strong." There is real imaginative insight here:

"So, without overt breach, we fall apart,  
Tacitly sunder—neither you nor I  
Conscious of one intelligible why,  
And both, from severance, winning equal smart.  
So, with resigned and acquiescent heart,  
Whene'er your name on some chance lip may lie,  
I seem to see an alien shade pass by,  
A spirit wherein I have no lot or part.  
Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,  
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn  
That June on her triumphal progress goes  
Through arched and bannered woodlands;  
while for him  
She is a legend emptied of concern,  
And idle is the rumour of the rose."

Two or three of Mr. Watson's slighter numbers are echoes of his Eastern campaign. Ethical fervour and enlightened patriotism drove him into politics; he aspired to play Tyrtæus to the Anglo-Saxon against the Moslem. From the point of view of poetry it was not entirely a success; the trumpet-note is hard to catch, and Mr. Watson never quite caught it. But we prefer Mr. Watson bellicose to Mr. Watson sentimental or Mr. Watson facetious. He has a heavy hand at gallantry or humour; and when he combines the two he is intolerable. Thus he flutes it "To S. W. in the Forest":

"Does the Forest need you? No!  
Any hidden hollow there  
Sweet enough without you were.  
You are palpably *de trop*  
In the glades of Fontainebleau."

This is poor fooling. We take our leave of Mr. Watson with a sense that, in spite of the manifest inequalities of his inspiration, he has yet deserved well of us, in that he has set before him a high poetic ideal, and has followed it unflinchingly. He, if anyone, has a right to say, as he does say, of his muse:

"At least she prompts no vulgar strain;  
At least are noble themes her choice."

And, again:

"It was her vow that she would dwell  
With greatest things, or dwell alone."

## THE INVENTION OF FAIRYLAND.

*All the Way to Fairyland.* By Evelyn Sharp.  
(John Lane.)

THERE are two theories in the matter. A very long time ago (according to the elder one) somebody sat down and invented Fairyland. Or perhaps it was a joint effort, and a committee of somebodies sat round a green-baize-covered table. Anyhow, whether dating from a plural they or a singular he, the result seems to have been exactly right and unalterable and satisfactory. The rules were framed once and for all; the laws were codified; the population (with a certain range and liberty) fixed; and the manners (within a large margin of license) prescribed. From that far-away time till now, the conditions have remained immovable, and both deliberate attempts at subversion and spirits of red revolution have alike fizzled out and faded away, powerless against the splendidly massive conservatism of a tradition that has its suckers on the unwritten side of history.

Perhaps it is on this very account that the later pioneers in fairy scholarship, recognising in this very fixity something more than natural, have advanced the daring theory that as it cannot possibly be we who invented Fairyland, Fairyland must have invented us. According to this thesis of theirs, we only exist by favour of fairies. Having pleased, in a whimsical moment, to invent us (Lord only knows why), they have us at their mercy, and, as soon as they are tired of thinking about us, or want a new amusement—puff! we shall go out, and *that* story will be over. Fortunately fairies, as all records agree, are loving, irrational, and not easily wearied; and, after all, humanity must possess many humorous points for the outsider that escape the encaged observer within. So we may, perhaps, count upon another month or so yet in which to read a fairy book or two, and even to criticise them.

Everybody knows how a fairy-story should be made; but the inflexibility of the conditions has galled the withers of many radicals, who have kicked accordingly and essayed to fling their burden—with the satisfying result of failure, complete and dead. The up-to-date fairy-story, with its jibes and sly hits at the topics of the day and the modern attitude of thought, raised its revolutionary head for a very brief while; Mr. Dash, if we recollect aright, did some neat and pretty things in that way; so did Miss Blank. Even the *Water-Babies*, delightful as it is, has the same taint—the taint, that is, of a fairyism which is the vehicle only, not the whole aim and end.

Miss Evelyn Sharp falls into no such error. The conditions, after all, are not hard, once one recognises them clearly and fully, as she does. Of these the principal, undoubtedly, are, that you should have the right accent and adopt the right point of view. I say nothing of wit, wisdom, and imagination. No one who has not all three would ever dream of venturing upon a fairy-story—perhaps I may go a step farther and say that no one who *has* all three, in full endowment, would ever dream of writing anything else. At any rate, Miss Sharp has wit,

wisdom, and imagination for her initial equipment, but she possesses also what is rarer far—the accent and the point of view; with entire recognition, too, of the limitations these impose. For instance, she would never introduce her bicycle—supposing her to possess one—into this old-fashioned country. She knows perfectly well that if there should be any occasion for hurry—which is rarely the case in Fairyland—naturally you take a rocking-horse.

It is a minor test, in these cases, but an interesting one, to see how far the handling of bird-and-beast life is right and natural—natural, that is, from the fairy point of view, for fairy animals, like heraldic animals, have their own severe laws, quite independent of zoological codes. The beasts in this book fully answer the test. They are clever and sweet and tender, of course, or they would not be here; but they never strain after "scoring" or being "smart" by their modernity—a practice akin to gagging in an actor. The same may be said of the toys, who behave as honest toys should, and not at all like young people with views. There is one doll in particular, of whom I dare to say that she behaves in the most varied and trying circumstances exactly as a gentle-doll should; and I have known some very well-bred ones. But every story bubbles with wit, tenderness, and fancy, and even their humanity (a rare achievement) is as kissable as their beasts and their toy-folk.

"And there they built a very small house in a very big garden, and they planted it with rows of chocolate-trees, and rows of acid-drop-bushes, and lots of almond-rockerries; and the fairies came and filled it with flowers from Fairyland that had no names at all, but were the most beautiful flowers that any one has ever seen, for they never faded nor died, but just changed into something else when they were tired of being the same flower."

The right accent seems to be there, as in the chime of hare-bells at the hour for evening step-dancing on mushroom-tops. And who will dare question the point of view?

Mrs. Percy Dearmer's delightful illustrations might well serve as pegs from which to dangle much highly coloured talk on modern tendencies of art, and so on. But I prefer to go straight to my individual impression, and to thank her for summoning up so dear and so early a recollection as that of my very first paint-box. Surely the "manner" of this artist was my own "early manner"—those broad simple spaces, that large handling of primary colours? My tongue begins to protrude again as I look at them (this was a part of the early manner). Again the obstinate lid of that paint-box jams and slides a little, and jams again in its old way—again the crimson lake sticks to the Prussian blue, and the gamboge persists in "rucking up" when the lid has to be pushed back—and the potent old smell asserts itself once more. Mrs. Dearmer ought to be very happy painting such pictures, and one wonders she ever does anything else. But, perhaps, she never *does* do anything else.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

## ROSSETTI.

*Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, 1854-1870.* By George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. (Fisher Unwin.)

Of these letters the most important have already appeared in an American magazine; but, together with the informing, and as a rule very satisfactory, notes of Dr. Hill, they are thoroughly welcome in their new and extended form. It would be affectation to say that the letters have any literary value of their own; they are interesting because they are Rossetti's, and that is enough. There is nothing romantic, and there is nothing morbid about them from beginning to end. They are practical, sane, and even shrewd throughout; and they show the poet in a particularly amiable light, deferential to the opinions of an inferior mind while holding fast to his own, eager to make the most of merit in others, and unsparing of trouble in the services of friendship. Rossetti has been much written about, but chiefly in the later years of his life, when drugs had done their worst for him. These letters deal with days before that interior darkness had set in. Their chief melancholy is only that which the reader borrows from his own knowledge of the after life of Rossetti, who, meanwhile, was a schoolboy in his simplicity, in his modesty, in his attitude towards his ambitions, and in his slang.

All the same, things went with the poet very much awry. He was constantly writing to friends to "inflict his MS. verses upon them"—so little was his real power as a poet at first appreciated by himself or by them. It will be news to many that the father of Dante Rossetti expostulated with him for wasting time on verse when he might have been at his easel. In 1860 he sent the MSS. to Mr. Ruskin, and then to Allingham. He had asked Mr. Ruskin to send "Jenny" to the *Cornhill*, but Mr. Ruskin had refused, offering instead to send one of the mystical poems which Rossetti did not care to isolate.

"I wish you'd specially tell me," says Rossetti to Allingham, "of any you don't think worth including. You will find that your advice has been followed often (if you remember what you gave), and so it is not time wasted to advise me. When I think how old most of these things are, it seems like a sort of mania to keep thinking of them still; but I suppose one's leaning still to them depends mainly on their having no trade associations, and being still a sort of thing of one's own."

What the poet personally loses of the poetry he gives to others is here suggested; and the same sentiment may have had something to do with Rossetti's later dislike of exhibiting his pictures. Of the poems in MS., meanwhile he adds: "I have no definite ideas as to doing anything with them, but should like, even if they lie at rest, to make them as good as I can." Are there such poems hidden in portfolios now? one can but ask. The sharpened appetite of readers and of editors seems to negative the possibility. Yet Rossetti was in communication with Allingham, an editor and the friend of editors, a fair critic and a fair

poet, whose own verses were always negotiable; and "Jenny," and many another poem that is now the world's possession, lay for years in a neglected MS., which ran risks in the post—"I have no other copies," he writes to Allingham—and made at last a veritable descent into the tomb.

On Rossetti's preferences in literature and life, the Allingham Letters throw new light. First, as regards his own poems, one learns that he had "no prejudice himself in favour of 'Ave,' when Allingham suggested its omission from his volume; but happily he knew "he should be smothered by certain friends it has if it did not go in." Writing to a maiden aunt, after his poems were published, Rossetti tells her he has heard, with remorse, that she has ordered a copy. "To speak frankly," he says, "I was deterred from sending it to you by one poem, 'Jenny,' of which I felt uncertain whether you would be pleased with it. I am not ashamed of having written it (indeed, I assure you that I would never have written it if I thought it unfit to be read with good results). My mother likes it, on the whole, the best in the volume after some consideration." That was as it should be; but we do not think any worse of Miss Christina Rossetti, with her severe reserves and denials, for having confessed to a friend late in her life that she had never read it. Rossetti "loathed *Once a Week*, illustrations and all. Meredith's novel, however," he adds, "has very great merit of a wonderfully queer kind." The allusion is, of course, to *Evan Harrington*. Of another friend of those days, Swinburne, he says: "As for his plays, I don't think they will be to your liking. For my own part, I think he is much better suited to ballad writing and such like; but there are real beauties in the plays too." Of *The Ring and the Book* he thought "there was perversity in the choice of the subject, though, of course, redeemed by perverse treatment." Stories of Carlyle's brusquenesses grow a little tiring, but yet another is told here. Meeting Browning, and "meaning to say something to please," he found himself saying of *The Ring and the Book*: "It is a wonderful book. I read it all through, all made out of an Old Bailey story that might have been told in ten lines, and only wants forgetting." Walt Whitman he regarded as "sublimated Tupper." The literary and personal friendship between Mr. Ruskin and Rossetti is shown at its strongest in this book. Mr. Ruskin may, indeed, be called the fairy-godfather of the piece. He it was whose purse enabled Miss Siddal, a consumptive from the first, to go abroad to sunshine before her marriage with Rossetti. The records of that union as they appear in these Letters are happy records, despite poverty and despite the birth of a child, like Tennyson's first-born, already dead. The starting of the firm of Morris & Co. is alluded to, the "real shop," as Rossetti calls it with excited elation, belonging at first, not to Morris only (the "Topsy" of these Letters), but also to Rossetti, to "Ned" (Sir Edward Burne Jones), and to others. The friendship between the Burne Jones's and the Dante Rossettis

was so close that, shortly after their marriage, they talked of making a common home together.

The editing of the Letters leaves little to be desired. A serious accusation of "vanity" against a poet who said in a private letter that he preferred one of his own poems to fifty "Mauds," shows a slight defect of humour on Dr. Hill's part: he was a poet who said and wrote many things with a twinkle in his eye. On another page, "Victories of Love" is misprinted "Victims"; and Dr. Hill, in saying that Mr. Aubrey de Vere cannot have carried out his intention of editing an anthology that was to contain specimens of Dante and Christina Rossetti's verse, does not speak by the book. Dr. Hill has seen only the 1893 edition of the *Household Poetry Book*; but it was issued years earlier with a fuller representation of contemporary verse.

## TWO AMERICAN BOOKS.

*The Literary History of the American Revolution.* By Moses Coit Tyler. (Putnam.)

"Not in jest or playfulness, but in uttermost sincerity of scorn, in the ruthlessness of unforgiving hate was this poet of alienated America (Philip Freneau) to say his last word to the unfortunate monarch whose blundering conscientiousness in kingcraft, whose well-intentioned and prayerful obstinacy in baleful leadership had at last brought to England the loss of her most valuable dependency, and to the English-speaking race a disruption that should bear for unborn millions on both sides of the Atlantic a legacy, perhaps an endless legacy, of mutual ill-will."

This passage is sufficiently typical of the spirit in which Mr. Tyler has approached his task. The ordinary Englishman, conscious of nothing but kindly feeling towards Americans and of pride in their achievements, is naturally a little puzzled about this talk of "an endless legacy of ill-will." Lord Rosebery, at the recent celebration of the Battle of Bannockburn, happily observed that England could well afford to forget to remember the triumphs of Flodden and Dunbar. In the same way the modern Englishman looks round, and can think without emotion of Saratoga and Yorktown, while to the victors such impartiality is still impossible. At any rate, we can assure Mr. Tyler that the ill-will between the two peoples, if it still survive, is at least no longer "mutual." And reading over this collection of the literature of the Revolution one is struck by the little difference which a hundred years have made. It is as though the clockwork of American national life in this particular matter had stood suddenly still. Mr. Tyler's attitude towards England is still that of the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, and might easily find expression in the preacher's words:

"See yonder spacious fields, subdued to fruitfulness by the sweat and toil of our fathers or ourselves, yielding their increase to clothe, pamper and enrich the tyrant's favourites, who are base enough to assist him in his cursed plots to enslave us. Does this rouse your resentment? Stop a moment, and I'll show you

spectacle more shocking than this! What meagre visages do I see in yonder field, toiling and covered with sweat to cultivate the soil? Who are those in rags, bearing burdens and drawing water for these haughty lords, and then cringing to them for a morsel of bread? They are (O gracious God! support my spirits)—they are my sons and my daughters loaded with irons and dragging after them wherever they go the heavy, galling, ignominious chains of slavery."

This appalling picture is based upon the fact that the British Parliament had passed a Stamp Act which in its main features was modelled upon an Act passed by the Massachusetts Legislature ten years before, and which was designed to raise money, not for exportation to England, but for purely American purposes. In his allusions, however, to the question of the employment of Hessians by the British Government, Mr. Tyler has allowed himself to be swayed by more modern sentiment. To the employers of those Hessians their hire seemed a very ordinary piece of business. King George was a German prince as well as a British monarch, and was accustomed to make such use of Germans. The colonists were well aware of the pretty German custom, and that the father of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, whose mercenaries were smashed by Washington at Trenton, had, in Europe, on one occasion hired out six thousand of his soldiers to either side.

Except for occasional excesses of language, with which his quaint anti-English feeling consciously betrays him, Mr. Tyler has done his work of selection excellently well. It is interesting to note that the American tendency to make bigness the test of greatness is not modern: thus Freneau, the most genuinely inspired of the poets of the Revolution, after speaking of Britons as henceforth confined to their "insect isle," pictures Jove putting Great Britain into the scales and at first finding difficulty in handling a thing so small:

"Then searching about with his fingers for Britain  
Thought he, 'This same island I cannot well  
hit on;  
The Devil take him who first called her  
Great!  
If she was—she is vastly diminished of late.'  
Like a man that is searching his thigh for a  
flea,  
He peeped, and he fumbled, but nothing  
could see;  
At last he exclaimed—'I'm surely upon it—  
I think I have hold of a Highlander's  
bonnet.'"

The great services rendered to the American cause by Thomas Paine are here warmly acknowledged. Even at this day it is impossible to read his vigorous invective without wondering a little at the dauntless courage with which the man worked on without the slightest circumstance of personal encouragement.

*Ulysses S. Grant.* By William Conant Church. (Putnam.)

THE design of the "Heroes of the Nations" series required the inclusion of a biography of General Grant, and that in turn required

the telling of the twice-told tale of the American Civil War. Grant's early career, his share in the Mexican War, and the circumstances attending his retirement from the army in 1854, are told by Colonel Church with a creditable attempt at impartiality. Perhaps, in the light of subsequent events, it is only natural that Major Buchanan's reprimand, for excessive drinking, which led to the break in Grant's military career, should not be considered "unnecessarily harsh." The episode is of importance only because of the difficulties which it made for Grant in the first years of his service against the Confederates. Happily for the cause of the Union, the dearth of officers who could even drill their men secured employment for Grant at the outbreak of hostilities, and his own force of character did the rest.

Perhaps the most characteristic words he ever used in his life were those with which he concluded a despatch describing one of the first of the series of the murderous assaults to which he sent the army of the Potomac in May, 1864: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." There is something chilling, and yet great, about the moral courage needed to write down that sentence. And he was true to his word. His men might die in heaps, but he knew that the North could repair the waste, and that his opponents could not. To wear the Confederates out, to keep them always on the move, to fight every fight to the finish, was his stern and simple policy, and he carried it out ruthlessly to the end. The great victories on the side of the North—Antietam and Gettysburg—for all the killing loss they inflicted on the South, had been defensive battles and gained by armies in retreat. With the coming of Grant the rôles of the two armies were changed, and the Confederates were driven to fighting only behind entrenchments. The Northern leader knew that all the while Sheridan was clearing the Shenandoah Valley, and that Sherman was cutting Lee off from the field of supply and that victory was sure. The great merit of Colonel Church's sketch is that it places Grant's work before us plainly with all its limitations, and enables us to understand at what a cost he set himself to win.

#### MR. LIONEL JOHNSON'S POEMS.

*Ireland, with Other Poems.* By Lionel Johnson. (Elkin Mathews.)

IT is some while since the publication of Mr. Lionel Johnson's first poetic volume, for he is not of those who emulate a popular novelist's annual output. Among our younger poets he is in every sense conspicuously solitary. He follows no literary fashion, he makes no clamant attempt to catch the popular ear; on all he writes is the stamp of a recluse. He is, we might say, manifoldly recluse. He is fastidious and academic (in the better sense of the word "academic"). He loves forgotten or unpopular causes, things past rather than things present; anything which the crowd neglects and passes by seems for him to

have a haunting attraction; therefore he takes to his bosom all "old, unhappy, far-off things." The very title of his book indicates this. Ireland is pre-eminently the type of forlorn causes and a derelict past. But Ireland just now is fashionable among poets of "the Celtic movement," and accordingly Mr. Johnson does not stop here, but extends his sympathy to the land of the Cymry, to ancient Wales—a land truly appealing to poetic sympathies, if one could manage to ignore its gross modern utilitarianism. Yet another recluse and condemned thing is mysticism, and Mr. Johnson clings to mysticism. The most neglected kind of mysticism is Catholic mysticism; and to Catholic mysticism Mr. Johnson is specially wedded; but nothing repels him provided it be remote enough; and he writes with sympathy of paganism, provided it be mystical paganism; nay, he finds food for poetry even in magic. A curious, a seemingly heterogeneous course of verse he sets before us: but the hidden connexion lies in that thread of remoteness, of recluseness, running through it all. That the aristocratic selection which should belong (in style) to such a temperament is not lacking in Mr. Johnson is shown by the recognition which his former volume obtained at the hands of the press, and even in those young and advanced Parisian periodicals which take notice of English literature. The *Revue de France*, for example, which recently did itself the honour of translating Mr. Meredith's splendid *Essay on Comedy*, reviewed appreciatively Mr. Johnson's former volume of *Poems*.

With all his meditative and unhurried incubation of his work, we could have wished that Mr. Johnson had somewhat thinned his present volume. On the whole, it does not seem to us that he is happiest in his longer, more diffuse, and arduous poems. His, essentially, is the genius of architectural verse, cunning in dignified syllabic melody: resembling at its best the best work of Mr. Robert Bridges. Many of the critics of his former volume assured him that he was best when most impulsive. We by no means agree with this, unless by impulse is meant feeling. A restrained and politic feeling, confined within austere and unsuperfluous limits, is his finest note. The three divisions of the poem called *Magic* represent him, we think, at his most excellent:

"Because by leaps I scale the secret sky,  
Upon the motion of a cunning star:  
Because I hold the winds oracular,  
And think on airy warnings, when men die,  
Because I tread the ground where shadows  
are:  
Therefore my name is grown a popular scorn,  
And I a children's terror!"

It is in such calm and stately structure as this that Mr. Johnson shows his characteristic and individual gift. Even finer is the music of the second section:

"They wrong with ignorance a royal choice,  
Who cavil at my loneliness and labour:  
For them, the luring wonder of a voice,  
The viol's cry for them, the harp and tabour:  
For me divine austerity,  
And voices of philosophy."

Ah! light imaginations, that discern  
No passion in the citadel of passion:  
Their fancies lie on flowers; but my thoughts  
turn  
To thoughts and things of an eternal fashion:  
The majesty and dignity  
Of everlasting verity."

Under guise of a magician defending his art against the multitude, this (whether or not Mr. Johnson was conscious of it) puts, in majestic melody and chosen diction, the case for the austere poetry of truth against the voluptuous poetry of emotion and external beauty, which to the majority appears the only poetry worth a thought. It is curious, yet characteristic, that in a volume mainly devoted to Catholic mysticism, another fine poem should be "Julian at Eleusis." Here is a passage from the description of the Mysteries:

"The dark, that once brooded upon the deep,  
Ere any light was, heavy hung: and death,  
Mystical death hung in the vasty air,  
And in that world was silence; save each  
heart  
Trembled, each labouring heart and fearful  
soul.  
Then from the ends of earth, sweeping the  
seas,  
Fields, footless mountain-tops, and lonely  
moors,  
Wave upon wave of sound gathered: a moan,  
Dreary as the thin voice of a forlorn wind  
Through Daphne drifting down, fitful and  
slow;  
Soon swelling to the full voice of a sea  
Roaring beneath wild winds; till on their fear,  
With apparition of the Sacred Corn  
And awfulness of imaged history,  
Smote the great storm of sound from vault  
to floor,  
Smote: and resigned again to silent gloom  
The air of adoration: mighty deep  
Shuddered to deep of darkness, under God.  
Then on their eyes fast sealed, their dreading  
ears,  
Thunder with flame broke through the  
sanctuary:  
And through the thunder, voices; through  
the flame,  
Visions: and in the vision and the voice,  
God's light, and the whole melody of God."

We could cite also from these diversified poems passages which are admirable vignettes of Nature, as in the second section of "Christmas." We could cite such intimate devotional poems as "The Darkness." And it seems strange that we have happened to quote from poems pagan. But, as Stephen Heller wrote to Sir Charles Hallé, "All the great artists are *un peu païens*," and this must explain the enigma.

#### HUMOURS OF OXFORD.

*Voces Academicæ.* By C. Grant Robertson.  
(Methuen.)

ARISTOPHANES once came to Oxford, also Lucian, if we remember aright; both in the transient sheets which enliven Eights Week. And now we have so distinguished a scholar as Mr. C. G. Robertson giving us a compound of Mr. Anstey and Mr. Anthony Hope. He thinks no shame to leave his models obvious, and perhaps he is right. When a convention has once been estab-

lished it is as well to keep faithfully to its original plan, instead of straining it by putting too much upon it. Indeed, the only fault we have to the thing concerns not the form but the matter. The old *Voces Populi* had for its field a very rich, varied, and curious life. But Oxford, after all, is a very little world, and its interests fall so inevitably into a very few lines, that somehow they seem comparatively flat, stale, and unattractive. You have a provincial society in the Parks like any watering-place, circles of academic people, the world of undergraduates, athletic and smug, and the stereotyped summer visitor. After all, the types are not many, and as this *genre* is essentially of types, it is no fault of Mr. Robertson's if the thing palls a little and we loathe the word "Commem."

The author—*experto crede*—has a very thorough knowledge of Oxford slang, and an extensive acquaintance with the habits of the Undergraduate. We like him least when he strives after smart society dialogue, as in the sketches which conclude the book. He does not do it badly, but somehow it just misses its proper effect, and strikes one as laboured and rather painfully superior. Also, there is far too much of the Young Don. In these pages he figures as a gay Lothario, a man of the world, the fine flower of youth, exactly as he figures in certain ladies' novels. We have no objection to the type personally, but it is one which figures little in the place, and at best has small interest. Finally, there is an atrocious frontispiece to the book—and with this our grumbings cease.

There is no doubt that Mr. Robertson has a very pretty wit, a shrewd eye for extravagance, and a neat, if laborious, style. Of all his people we like best the Foolish Undergraduate, as he appears putting his amiable foot in it at garden-parties, academic dinner-parties, and college concerts. We find him sojourning of an evening at the "Nelson Club," which is presumably Vincent's, and going through the toils of Hercules at picnics at Nuneham. The "Cricket Match," where he disports himself at large, is perhaps the funniest part of the book. The "Football Match" is less good only because of the sameness which oppresses the dialogue. Mr. Robertson is just a little less fortunate when he portrays the purely academic side of the little world. But this from the "Schools on Black Monday" is excellent:

"CHEERY SCHOLAR (*anxiously*): 'I say, did Aristotle say mind and matter were the same, or was it Hume?'

SECOND C. S. (*airily*): 'Oh, ask another! Aristotle, for choice. It doesn't really matter a twopenny curse. My tutor says all you have got to do is to be consistent. Try Herbert Spencer, when in doubt—call him a Materialist with a big "M," and hint at Evolution and Kant all through, only don't commit yourself. Philosophy up here is all allusion, as well as illusion. That's the best of it. You can always hedge with those philosophical Johnnies.'

C. S. (*with a metaphysical air*): 'I shall toss—heads, Aristotle; tails, H. S.' (*He tosses accordingly.*) 'Tails it is. Then I go for Herbert Spencer.'

SECOND C. S. (*consolingly*): 'You're quite safe. In Oxford you can always play to the examiners by driving a coach and eight through these uneducated men of science.'

The "Field Night at the Union" is also very funny, but its humour is so highly technical and local that we fear it must be unintelligible to the ordinary lay mind. "The Greater Universities," which deals with the Inter-Varsity Cricket Match, is tiresome from the posturing of everybody concerned. More natural, and therefore more amusing, is the "Morning with the Philistines," where the various casual visitors to a college quad make high comedy of a summer morning. The East Enders are very life-like; so, too, are the farcical Americans:

"AMERICAN MAN (*airily*): 'I guess this is St. Philip's?'

PORTER (*haughtily*): 'No, it ain't; it's St. Theresa's.'

A. M. (*not in the least impressed*): 'Oh! really now?'

AMERICAN WOMAN (*replying to her fiancé*): 'I calc'late we've barked up the wrong tree.' (*Sharply.*) 'That comes of hazing round without a guide.'

A. M. (*taking a general view*): 'Anything to see here?'

P. (*superciliously*): 'That depends on 'ow you look at it. I dessay you wouldn't find nothing here.'

Mr. Robertson has a real gift of fun, which is a thing to be thankful for; did he but refrain from standing on tip-toe and emulating the smart satirist, he should have nothing but praise. As it is, he has applied an established form to new material; and if the subject be now and then too weak for the form, this has not hindered him from showing much wit and skill, and giving the reader a pleasant hour.

#### THE ENGLISH DIALECT DICTIONARY.

*The English Dialect Dictionary.* Part IV. 'Caddle' to 'Chuck.' Edited by Joseph Wright, M.A., Ph.D. (Henry Frowde.)

THE appearance of the fourth instalment of Prof. Wright's Dictionary a full month before the announced date may be taken as a sign of the earnestness and enthusiasm with which the work is being conducted. When we consider that the tendency manifest at the outset of all dictionary-making is for the difficulties to increase rather than to diminish—a fact which has been especially emphasised in Prof. Wright's case this year—we can only seek an explanation of this promptness in the personality of the director himself. To his untiring vigilance and North-country grit the whole plan and execution of the Dialect Dictionary is due, for though material had been collected for many years by the Dialect Society, it was not until Prof. Wright's appearance in the field of philology that the master hand was recognised, and this is said in full acknowledgment of the invaluable labours of Dr. Ellis and Prof. Skeat.

The present Dictionary may be taken as a basis upon which much requires to be built. Its chief merit now lies in the fact that it incorporates all the original work hitherto done in connexion with English dialects, and takes notice of every instance



of the use of such dialects in literature. Indeed, one of its most useful services will be the elucidation of many mysteries in our daily reading, and full reference is here made to the works of Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Galt, Croker, the Brontës, and their successors.

Part IV., which takes us from the insignificant *caddle* to the prolific *chuck*, is especially rich in words of literary form possessing the most widely different meanings. Such are *call*, *can*, *cap*, *car*, *carve*, *cat*, *cave*, *chat*, *chime*, *chip*, and *chop*. Thus *cap*, in addition to ordinary meanings, has in different parts of the British Isles those of 'a sum of money collected after a run for the benefit of the huntsman,' 'the combs of wild bees,' 'toad-stools,' 'a wooden cup or bowl,' all of which are at first sight easier of explanation than the occurrence of *carve* in the sense of 'to curdle,' or of *chip*, meaning 'to stumble.'

Several interesting cases of words of Celtic and Scandinavian origin, which have a wider area than might be expected, are to be found in this part. Thus *cader*, deriving from, or, at least, akin to Welsh *cadair*, 'a chair,' is reported from Lancashire, Yorkshire, Stafford, Devon, and Cornwall, in various meanings. *Car*, meaning 'a pool . . . low-lying land apt to be flooded,' is evidently in frequent use throughout the northern counties and part of the midlands, its over-sea equivalents being Swedish *kärr*, Danish *kær*, &c.

The abundant examples of the use of *casualty* from Dorset to Northumberland is as surprising as the dozen applications in which it is found. Its share of the Dictionary amounts to a whole column. *Capernoited* forms a possibly useful variant on 'crabbed,' 'peevish'; *chart* in Kent signifies 'a rough common, overrun with gorse, broom,' &c.; and Cornwall furnishes the only instance of *chilth*, a formation analogous to *warmth*.

It only remains to be noted that Part IV. contains 2,484 simple and compound words and 350 phrases, illustrated by no fewer than 11,769 references. That most entertaining of grammarians, John Palsgrave, is frequently called upon, and there are also numerous citations from early literature. Prof. Wright hopes to have the whole of letter 'C' well in hand by the end of the year, wherein we may see every likelihood of the Dictionary being completed within the eight years originally assigned.

C. K.

*The Work of Charles Keene.* With an Introduction by Joseph Pennell and a Bibliography by W. H. Chesson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

SOME of Keene's unpublished drawings are included in this handsome volume, notably two charcoal sketches, which, Mr. Pennell tells us in his Introduction, are equal to Menzel at his best. That is Mr. Pennell's way. He has his way, just as Pew and pretty Fanny had. His earnestness is commendable; but we wish he would keep both eyes on his sub-

ject, instead of one on his subject and the other on the enemy. Mr. Pennell's government is always in power, and Mr. Pennell holds all the offices.

Charles Keene was a great artist, and part of his greatness consisted in knowing what he could not do. He drew the everyday life he saw about him with precision and gaiety, because it appealed to him. He did not draw ladies and gentlemen: he was not particularly interested in ladies and gentlemen; odd as it may seem, he preferred men and women. He also liked bagpipes and clays, and to cook his own dinner. That was C. K.—not another. Mr. Pennell is angry because the world, in the world's wise way, took Keene for what he was—just C. K., the famous *Punch* artist, indifferent to things outside his own cunning. Had he ever any notion of intruding upon du Maurier's province? We think not. But hear Mr. Pennell (does Mr. Pennell never smile in print?) on the subject:

"Had Charles Keene chosen Mr. Ponsonby de Tomkyns or Sir Georgius Midas as his subject the result would have been too cruel. He respected the feelings of such people too much to expose their follies."

O ye Gods and little fishes! Alas, that George du Maurier is not still alive: he could laugh! And cannot you imagine Keene's smile (he, too, could smile—the modest old fellow—it began at the corners of his eyes and spread downwards) if he could see the last sentence of Mr. Pennell's introduction—"He was just C. K., the greatest English artist since Hogarth."

This noble volume is obviously a book which all serious black-and-white artists should possess. They know Mr. Pennell's way, and make allowances, but we could have wished it had been possible to produce the volume at a price within the reach of slender purses. It makes no bid for popularity. The pictures have not been chosen for the humour of the drawing, nor for the legends which the convention of *Punch* ordained should be placed beneath them, but to illustrate the range of Keene's genius. The method Mr. Pennell has adopted of placing in many instances the studies and the finished drawings side by side gives to the book an educative value that would have been wanting in a mere pictorial display of Keene's achievement.

#### ARMCHAIR BOOKS.

BY AN UNPROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

##### I.—SOME LITERARY SETTLERS.\*

New books of the serious kind may be divided with some justice into two classes: table books and armchair books. A table book is a book that must be read seriously, pencil in hand, and not too soon after dinner. But an armchair book may be read at one's ease; nay, it confers ease by making the armchair doubly easy. Such a book I have found in Mr. Mitchell's *American Lands*

\* *American Lands and Letters.* By Donald G. Mitchell. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

and *Letters.* Mr. Mitchell does not go about to instruct me, he just handles his books in my sight, displaying his lore as if by accident, and finding the terse phrase for the hitting off of man or book.

"I cannot forbear giving a taste of the valorous Captain's manner of writing," he exclaims, and in a moment he is reading from old Captain John Smith's *Description of New England*, and I am content to hear this:

"What pleasure can be more than (being tired with any occasion ashore) in planting Vines, Fruits, or Hearbs, in contriving their own Grounds, to the pleasure of their own mindes, their Fields, Gardens, Orchards, &c., to recreate themselves before their owne Doors, in their owne Boates upon the Sea, where man, woman, and childe, with a small hooke and line, by angling, may take diverse sorts of excellent fish, at their pleasures? And is it not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence, or twelve pence, as fast as you can hale and veare a line? . . . If a man worke but three dayes in seaven, he may get more than hee can spend, unless he will be excessive. . . . And what sport doth yeeld a more pleasing content, and less hurt or charge than angling with a hooke, and crossing the sweet ayre from Ile to Ile over the silent streames of a Calme Sea?"

Alas! that is what men long for in Cheapside, and faintly dream of in their London beds—a thoughtless, unstratified life, where the air is clean and wide, and a man's bargains are with Nature. One marvels that pens, and ink-stains, were found in New England so soon. Mr. Mitchell tells us that one George Sandys, an Englishman, made a most musical translation of Ovid on the James River, in his intervals of hunting and fighting Indians. Indeed, the New Englanders soon began to cut their goose-quills and worry their printers. But neither their intentions nor their performances were exactly literary. On this point Mr. Mitchell has a pleasant passage, introducing Milton:

"There were no literary ambitions there, cropping out untimely; no brooding over books for the books' sake; there were plenty of men indeed among the new-comers who had been bred at Oxford or Cambridge; but whose delightful University visions of prowess and fame, which hover before all young minds, were broken up among the soughing of the great pines that clouded the hills, and were striving through wastes of snow.

The need to do things seemed, under their new and rare Western light, so much larger than the need to write about them. There are those who tell us John Milton might have come with his friend Winthrop, and then there might have been a *Paradise Lost* dating from Higganum or Pawtucket: it seems to me very doubtful. The multitudinous and pressing wants here would have laid other hold upon the large mind of the poet, and the great Spring floods would have drowned Castalia. Even the *Sampson Agonistes* would, I think, have had his classic locks shorn at Naumkeag: plenty of thunders there would have been, with perhaps added flame and wrath in his speech for the *Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*; and still larger and weightier declamation against the *Eikon Basilike*—but no murmurous diapason of sweet sounds about 'Russet lawns and fallows gray.'"

You perceive that Mr. Mitchell writes with unction. Indeed, he hugs and blesses his subject, and can never do enough for it. After such a passage, one is quite willing to



follow him through a chapter on the recondite annalists of New England. And what a gallery of quaint portraits they are—beginning with old Governor Bradford, whose *History of Plymouth Plantation* “was lost and found again in these latter days, and is still of excellent repute among those who delve among the foundations of colonial history.” After him came Governor Winslow, who gave sound, and curiously modern advice to emigrants. There was Anthony Thacher, who has left us a heartrending account of his ship-wrecking betwixt Boston and Marblehead. There was that difficult fellow, Thomas Morton, of Merry-Mount, who was too much a man of the world to please the New Englanders, “loving his gun and his dinner and his pipe; a university man withal; keen, sharp—good at a bargain with beaver skins; contriving to secure a small retinue of servitors about him, who loved junketings as well as he.” And, not content with this engaging picture of Morton, Mr. Mitchell must needs conjecture that he had known Ben Jonson; “may have sung at the Mermaid.” How impossible he must have been in New England! There, indeed, his heresies and dissipations were not long endured—“more than once Miles Standish was on his track with a platoon of musqueteers”—and Morton of Merry-Mount was shipped back to England.

There were other annalists. There was Roger Williams, friend of Milton and Cromwell, “possessed of rare literary skill, writing with gusto”—a man “to excuse, to love, to honour, rather than a man to govern and to trim the ship of State.” There was the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, the “cobbler of Agawam,” a dangerous satirist, “a veritable Calvinistic hustler,” Mr. Mitchell calls him, “whose wit must have won more than his graces.” He girded at women, their fads and fashions; but could the sweet New England women have deserved one word of this?

“I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding how these women should have any true grace . . . that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant-bar geese, ill-shapen shell-fish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels.”

Verily, the return to Nature may be a harder and a longer journey than we who pine in Cheapside, or dream in our London beds, wot of. Sandys translating Ovid, the New England damsels matching silks, and the printers sending proof-sheets to intolerant parsons—these were kisses waved back to civilisation. But to continue the list of the early penmen. There was Governor Winthrop, “sedate and judicious,” whose ruffed portrait by Vandyke may be seen to-day in the Athenæum at Boston—a grave, capable face, stamped with the age. Winthrop was married four times, and he left proof of his love for each of his wives, especially the third. A strong man, and the father of strong men! A “warm writer” was Mr. Michael Wigglesworth, who came to New England in 1638, and “put such a fiery scald of Calvinism into his pages that I must show

you,” says Mr. Mitchell gloatingly, “some of the extraordinary blisters of it.” And Mr. Mitchell gives us a facsimile of the title-page to Wigglesworth’s poem, “The Day of Doom.” Wigglesworth meted out hell fire as remorselessly and with as much routine as Mrs. Squeers ladled brimstone and treacle. Even to infants Wigglesworth awarded “the easiest room in hell.” As for adult humanity:

“They wring their hands, their caitiff hands,  
And gnash their teeth for terror;  
They cry, they roar, for anguish sore  
And gnaw their tongues for horror;  
But get away, without delay,  
Christ pities not your cry;  
Depart to Hell; there may you yell  
And roar eternally.”

From Master Wigglesworth it is an easy transition to “Some Preachers.” Cotton, and Shepherd, and Thomas Hooker are names of little fame in England; but Cotton Mather, the curious author of *Magnalia Christi Americana*, has loving students in England who make much of “his ponderous sentences—lopsided with Latin.” It is a very queer jumble, that *Magnalia* of Cotton Mather,” says Mr. Mitchell; “tough, roundabout, scattery reading; flaming with fine crudenesses; enamelled with curious, outlandish citations; bristling with epithet and epigram; never graceful; rarely dignified; but bumptious—learned at times—explosive and loaded in good places—with heavy, spluttering, and holy orthodox fire-works.” Then there was Jonathan Edwards, of whom Mr. Mitchell tells us that “his inexorable Calvinism was—with all its harshness—high-savoured; so that even the coals on which malefactors in Adam were put to the broil, had the cool purities of heaven blowing over them.” Mr. Mitchell can write. Many such etched portraits, some executed with the most delicate swallow-flight of the needle, others dug impatiently with the burin, are enclosed in these pages—preachers, presidents, poets! But enough: I have shown, I hope, that this is an arm-chair book.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*Aucassin and Nicolette*. Edited and Translated by F. W. Bourdillon. Second Edition. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. PATER has made *Aucassin and Nicolette*, for English readers at least, by far the best known fragment of Old-French literature. In 1887, when Mr. Bourdillon’s edition was first published, no fewer than two other translations saw the light. One was Mr. Andrew Lang’s, the other a privately printed version by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb. In the last decade the literature of the subject has considerably grown, and Mr. Bourdillon’s second edition is no mere reprint, but embodies the results of much fresh research. The text is now based upon the original MS. instead of upon Suchier’s recension, and is a good deal more conservative than that of Suchier. A body of critical and explanatory notes has been added, the introduction has

been rewritten, and the translation carefully revised. A specimen taken from one of the two most famous passages of the *Cantefable*, will show the spirit of the revision. This is the 1887 rendering:

“Her hair was golden and in little curls, and her eyes blue-grey and laughing, and her face oval, and her nose high and well-set, and her lips vermeil, so as is no cherry nor rose in summer-time, and her teeth white and small; and her bosom was firm, and heaved her dress as if it had been two walnuts, and atween the sides she was so slender that you could have clasped her in your two hands; and the daisy blossoms which she broke off with the toes of her feet, which lay fallen over on the bend of her foot, were right black against her feet and her legs, so very white was the maiden.”

And this, that of 1897:

“Her hair was yellow and crisped small; and her eyes grey and laughing; and her face shapely; and her nose high and well-set; and her lips vermeil, more than cherry or rose in summer-time; and her teeth white and small; and her breasts were firm, and heaved her dress as it had been two walnuts; and she was slender between the flanks that in your two hands you could have clasped her; and the blossoms of the daisies which she broke off with the toes of her feet, which lay on the narrow of her foot above, were right black against her feet and her legs, so very white was the maiden.”

In every case the slight change goes to bring the English nearer to the order and rhythm of the original; and this is a commendable fidelity. It is a small matter in comparison, but the French and English are now, for the first time, pleasantly arranged on opposite pages throughout.

*The Lesbia of Catullus*. By F. H. A. Tremenheere. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. TREMENHEERE has set himself to translate into English verse every poem or fragment of a poem by Catullus which can be reasonably or unreasonably brought into connexion with the poet’s passion for Clodia, his disillusion, his resulting invective. The task is a hopeless one, but Mr. Tremenheere acquits himself honourably, rarely dropping to the depths of baldness, but as rarely rising to the heights of felicity. We believe there are few now, except the translators, who seriously hold that verse translations from the classics are feasible, but we suppose that the experiment will be made to the end of time, and it is always interesting. Here is a brief specimen of Mr. Tremenheere’s skill:

CARMEN, XCVI.

“Si quidquam mutis gratum acceptumque sepulcris  
Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,  
Quo desiderio veterer renovamus amores,  
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias:  
Certe non tanto mors immatura dolori est  
Quintiliae, quantum gaudet amore tuo.”

“If aught begotten of our sorrow’s womb,  
Calvus, can soothe and cheer the silent tomb,  
What time our yearning hearts bring back  
anew,  
Old love and weep for friends long lost to  
view,  
Quintilia mourns untimely dying less  
Than is she raptured in thy lovingness.”

We venture to offer the following, as a variant:

"If aught of pleasure, Calvus, from our pain  
The voiceless dwellings of the dead may know,  
When our lost loves we call to light again,  
And wake the iterance of a buried woe.  
Surely Quintilia scarce doth feel death's smart,  
For joy she hath in lordship of thy heart."

*Specimens of the Pre-Shakesperean Drama.*  
By John Matthews Manly. Vol. I.  
(Athenæum Press Series: Ginn & Co.)

PROF. MANLY, of the Brown University in the United States, is one of the most brilliant pupils of the late Prof. Child. He has made a special study of the pre-Shakesperean drama, and the work now commenced should be of signal service to students. At present, of course, though there is a wealth of material, there is no treatise on the subject at once comprehensive and adequate. The present volume is devoted to texts. It contains, firstly, such fragments of the English liturgical drama as have been preserved; secondly, representative plays from the various cycles of mysteries, so arranged as themselves to form a brief cycle; thirdly, two miracle-plays; fourthly, a group of Robin Hood and St. George plays; fifthly, five moralities; sixthly, Heywood's *Four P.P.*, and Bale's *Kynge Johan*. The second volume will continue the selection from the sixteenth-century drama thus begun. The third will be the most interesting of all, for it will contain full notes, and an introduction dealing with the history of the drama from the tenth to the end of the sixteenth century. Appendices will give a bibliography and a sketch of the distribution of miracle-plays in England. So far as the work goes it is admirably executed. The text of the plays printed is established in most scholarly fashion, and the plays themselves are well chosen. We rather grudge the space to be devoted in the second volume to Lyly, Greene, Peele, and Kyd, who have been, or are being, admirably edited. It would surely have been better spent on making the selections from earlier work even more comprehensive. But we are grateful to Prof. Manly for including among his earlier sections several plays at present not conveniently to be obtained. Such are the Norwich plays privately printed in 1856 by Mr. Fitch, the "Brome" play of *Abraham and Isaac* and the "Croxtton" play of *The Sacrament*, published in learned periodicals, and the "Macro" morality of *Mankind*, never hitherto printed at all.

*Servia, the Poor Man's Paradise.* By Herbert Vivian. (Longmans.)

It is certain that the average Englishman knows very little about Servia. His excuse was that there was no literature on the subject in his native tongue. Of this excuse Mr. Vivian has deprived him. Now he must know, and if he does not know quite everything he will at least know enough to follow the Servian telegrams in the newspapers. And this is probably what he wants. Mr. Vivian tells the tale of the

liberation of Servia from the Turks by Kara George and Milosh Obrenovic, and that other tale, newer and less inspiring, of the sordid and indecent intrigues which have made the country, or, at least, its rulers, a by-word in the mouth of Europe. He holds a brief for Queen Nathalie, and waxes sentimental in her praises. But the bulk of the book is descriptive of the natural characteristics, the Church and State, the eating and drinking, the book and the shops, of this promising little Balkan State. Mr. Vivian has studied his subject with an eye for the picturesque, as well as a thirst for information. He writes freshly, not to say jauntily, and would instruct by entertainment.

"EX-LIBRIS SERIES."—*Decorative Heraldry: a Practical Handbook of its Artistic Treatment.* By G. W. Eve. (Geo. Bell & Sons.)

A PRACTICAL handbook of real value. The illustrations are happily chosen and well reproduced. The letterpress is adequate. After presenting us with a new primer of heraldry, Mr. Eve has occupied himself chiefly with a sketch of the salient features of the armorial art of England, pointing out the changes of style which it has evolved, and giving the reader examples, original and derivative, drawn from every period. It is to be regretted that heraldic tiles and stained glass—the latter, at least, of great decorative importance—are without a single representative specimen in these pages. One of the chief causes of the artistic degradation of heraldry has been the effort to represent animate charges in a realistic manner. The true practice of heraldic draughtsmanship is directed to a balanced combination of nature and convention. We agree with Mr. Eve when he instances the work of Dom. Anselm as highly admirable in this kind. But it is to be hoped that the fluent spirit, rather than the more mannered style of that artist, may continue to influence us, for, with all his striking merits, he is surely often extravagant and fantastic to the verge of absurdity. Still, to justly appraise him and all labourers in the same field, one cannot do better than bear in mind Mr. Eve's own notion of the freedom that should be allowed to the draughtsman. He says:

"So long as the essentials of armory are accurately given, the method of their setting forth may well be trusted to the taste of the artist, to worthily handle the subjects in accordance with the dictates of his own personality. He should be free, within the necessary forms of order, in every respect, and none should say, 'This is wrong because its style is not my style,' or 'That is right because I like it.' Heraldry, in short, should be subject to the same sane methods of criticism as ought to be applied to other forms of design. Even when we, rightly or wrongly, fail to approve of a given work, it is still permissible to gratefully welcome a sincere attempt to grapple with difficulties by any reasonable means that make for a consistent result."

By what unlucky accident are three of the coloured plates, together with a bright copper-plate by C. W. Sherborne, inserted upside down in the volume before us?

*Meditations in the Tea-Room.* By "M.P." (Pickering & Co. 1879.)

AFTER eighteen years this little book is sent forth again. The excuse for its republication is that its author has recently been elevated to the Bench. Thus his "meditations" return bewigged and judicial. They run upon statecraft, foreign policy, the ballot, and the political conscience, or want of it. Here are a few of "M.P.'s" pithy sentences:

"To sacrifice one's honour to one's party is so unselfish an act that our most generous statesmen have not hesitated to do it."

"Public wrongs are but popular rights in embryo."

"What most recommends party government is, that it enables us to slander our rulers without sedition, and overthrow them without treason."

"If, as seems not unlikely, we feel more kindly towards other nations than they do towards us, is not this what we should expect from our partaking of their champagne, caviare, and macaroni, their olives, oranges, and bananas, while we send them in return only coal, cotton-cloth, and bars of iron?"

We may add that the slightly archaic style and old-time cadences which distinguish "M.P.'s" booklet are not its least charm.

*Wellington, his Comrades and Contemporaries.* By Major Arthur Griffiths. (George Allen.)

THERE is not much to be said about this newly compiled biography of Wellington, except that the author's design is to combat the view, which has certainly grown into some prominence, that the Duke was harsh, ungrateful, had few bowels and mercies, and was ungenerous in according credit where it was due. A good feature of the book is its concluding section of notices of Wellington's officers. We have Sir Stapleton Cotton, the brave, the dandified; General Rowland Hill, a country gentleman, "who, to those soldiers who came from the rural districts of England, represented home"; Beresford, who did so badly at Albuera, but of whose all-round ability Wellington had the highest opinion; and Crawford, the inexorable disciplinarian, who flogged his soldiers when they lagged in the retreat upon Corunna, and imparted courage to others with his eye. The book is handsomely produced, and is a good gift-book of the more serious sort.

*Life and Letters of the Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.* Edited by the Rev. J. T. Fowler. (Murray.)

DR. DYKES was a popular composer of hymn-tunes. He contributed largely to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and other hymnals, and is responsible for *Lux Benigna*, the tune to which the finest hymn of the century, Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," is commonly sung. This biography gives a readable account of his musical career, and also of a not very edifying squabble with the Bishop of Durham about the licensing of a curate, which was an episode in the ritualist controversies of some twenty years back.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

#### THE KENTUCKIANS.

By JOHN FOX, JUN.

We still await the "great American novel," but the remarkable excellence of some American novels that come to these shores is not to be denied—*The Kentuckians*, for example. It is by a Kentuckian, it is about Kentucky, and it is good—very good. We shall notice it at length, later. The volume also contains pictures—capital pictures. We do not know much about feminine fashions, but the clothes and millinery of Anne, the Governor's daughter, seem the sort of things that are called smart this winter; from which we gather that the period of the story is present day. We may be wrong. We are rather stupid about fashions. The editor of the *Lady's Pictorial* would know. (Harper & Brothers. 228 pp. 6s.)

#### THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

A sly attempt to reap the harvest sown by Nansen. Mr. Stockton, in his gravest, most plausible manner, tells of the discovery of the North Pole by the crew of the *Dipsey*, a submarine boat. "To guard thoroughly against the most dreaded obstacle they feared to meet—down-reaching masses of ice—a hydraulic thermometer, mounted on a little submarine vessel connected with the *Dipsey* by wires, preceded her a long distance ahead" and signalled tidings of changes of temperature caused by the proximity of ice! There is the customary resourceful old lady of the Mrs. Aleshine type—this time Sarah Block, and the fun is continuous. (Harper & Brothers. 341 pp. 6s.)

#### WAYSIDE COURTSHIPS.

By HAMLIN GARLAND.

Short stories, by the author of *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. Mr. Garland is an American realist, with strong human sympathies, and this book sets forth relentlessly, but not cruelly, the course of love among certain of his countrymen, humble and the reverse. It is not gay reading, but truth shines between most of the lines. This is the motto:

"The meeting of true lovers' eyes  
Seems wrought of chance; and yet  
Perhaps the same grim law abides  
Therein as when the dead one lies  
Low in the grave, and memory chides,  
And with hot tears love's lids are wet."

(Neville Beeman. 320 pp. 6s.)

#### ROSE.

By KAY JAY.

Another novel in rhyme, and before the memory of Mr. Upward's couplets is effaced! Kay Jay's story is of a lover and his lass. The lass is Rose. They were staying in a country house near a river, when the house caught fire. Rose was put in a boat for safety, and when they went to find her she had gone. Then the lover had a bad time. He became a mesmeric subject, and during a trance saw Rose in Teneriffe. So he journeyed thither, and met with a witch, and interviewed purgatorial spirits and the ghost of a prime minister. And once "saw" rhymes to "bore." (J. W. Arrowsmith. 126 pp. 2s.)

#### LIN McLEAN.

By OWEN WISTER.

Owen Wister is the new American novelist of the cattle ranch, and Lin McLean is his hero. Lin is a cow-puncher, independent, fearless, humorous, resourceful, truthful, and, like most other persons in this virile, gusty book, utterly lawless and richly idiomatic in his talk. The episodes are stirring and wild and sometimes luridly powerful. Pistol shots are not much less frequent than commas. (Harper & Brothers. 278 pp. 6s.)

#### FAME THE FIDDLER.

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

A story of London Bohemian life and "jolly good fellows." The author quotes Sir Henry Irving by way of motto: "If a man could not be a Bohemian under the Piazza, then the most enchanting state of human bliss was not for him. Those were the days when we cultivated Literature and the Drama on a chop and a tankard, and came out of Covent Garden at the witching hour when the vegetables were coming in." The story rollicks along, the love element gradually increasing. It is full of Bohemian chatter and Bohemian preaching, and Bohemian ignorance of the "suburban mind." (Lawrence Greening & Co. 272 pp. 6s.)

#### SELF AND COMRADES.

By C. STEIN.

A book of military sketches and stories reprinted from *Baily's Magazine*. Some are laid in Ireland, others in India; some are concerned with sport, and some with fighting. One tells how Bill Thorburn was picked up as a tramp by his own old regiment, and conveyed out of the reach of the police, who were pursuing him for his first theft. (Vinton & Co. 185 pp. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE COMEDIANS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By BURFORD DELANNOY.

A shilling book of short stories of theatrical life, with a flavour of the sea and boats thrown in. Love, pathos, and tragedy are blended in the usual proportions; and the titles of the six stories range from "The Morgue Slab" to "A Wingless Angel." (Simpkin, Marshall. 159 pp. 1s.)

#### TONY.

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

"A sketch," says the sub-title, "being the account of a little incident on a short railway journey." In other words, a tract, the teaching of which is intended to produce in us more kindness and thoughtfulness for others. The author of *Misunderstood* has invented a half pathetic schoolboy as the means of turning Lady Jane Morton from callousness and superciliousness to sympathy and helpfulness. A pretty story prettily told, published for the pocket. (Bentley & Son. 105 pp.)

## REVIEWS.

*Human Odds and Ends.* By George Gissing.  
(Lawrence & Bullen.)

THIS is, we believe, Mr. Gissing's first essay in a new art. He has been responsible, first and last, for over a dozen novels of the orthodox length; here he makes his appearance as a writer of short stories. Truth to say, some of the contents of this volume are not stories at all, they are the raw material of fiction, sketches, and studies, mere scraps and suggestions, without the unity and finish that in its way the *conte*, no less than the *roman*, demands. These should have been omitted; the *débris* of the workshop, they swell the bulk of the volume and blur the effect of the score of really fine *contes* with which they are associated. As a *conteur* Mr. Gissing has developed certain qualities which have not been so noticeable in his more elaborate work, and will probably react upon that for good. He has learnt to trim away the unessential, to be immediate, vivid, to aim at the centre. He begins to show a feeling for style which hitherto has rather lain dormant. The material of his tragedies is sordid enough, but in the impersonal reticence of the telling they find an expression which is very far removed from the sordid. Such keenly observed, straightly put narrative as Mr. Gissing gives us in *The Day of Silence* is art of a very fine order.

This little sketch of a Surrey-side ragamuffin may serve to illustrate the subtlety and sympathy of his vision:

"Among the children playing in a court deep down by Southwark Bridge was one boy, of about seven years old, who looked healthier and sweeter than most of his companions. The shirt he wore had been washed a week ago, and rents in it had obeyed the needle. His mother-made braces supported a pair of trousers cut short between the knee and ankle, evidently shaped out of a man's garment. Stockings he dispensed with, but his boots were new and strong. Though he amused himself vigorously he seemed to keep cool; his curly hair was not matted with perspiration, like that of the other youngsters; the open shirt—in this time of holiday coat and waistcoat were put away to be in good condition when school began again—showed a body not ill-nourished, and his legs were of sturdy growth. A shouting, laughing, altogether noisy little chap. When his shrill voice rang out, it gave his playmates the word of command; he was ready, too, with his fists when occasion offered. You should have seen him standing with arms akimbo, legs apart, his round little head thrown back, and the brown eyes glistening in merriment."

It need hardly be said that in these short stories Mr. Gissing's interests remain the same as in his longer work. His themes belong to his habitual order of ideas, and his treatment of them is familiar. The dreariness and squalor of London middle-class life, or, more rarely, as in the story just quoted, of London slum life; the pressure, upon all but the coarsely fibred, of grinding social conditions; the pity of trivial broken ideals and peddling ambitions unsatisfied: these are the burdens of every story. Mr. Gissing is as remorseless, as deliberate, as logical a pessimist as ever; his indictment of things is as grave and as comprehensive. Some relaxation, however, he permits himself, to handle the matter, by way of a change, in irony, or even in the levity of a grim humour. You find a smile in *The Justice and the Vagabond*, when Mr. Richard Rutland, after twenty-two years of respectable affluence, makes up his mind to travel with a disreputable old crony, and hurries his preparations to anticipate his wife's return; and you find it in *Two Collectors*, when the bookseller's porter, Alfred Wormald, hears an order given after forty years for the poems he had himself published in youth. With beating heart he ventures to call upon the appreciative collector.

"Mr. Freshwater stood by his writing-table; he was a smooth-shaven shrewd-faced man of middle-age, tending to corpulency, and he regarded the visitor with a polite surprise.

"Sir—I am Alfred Wormald."

"Oh! ah!—I'm afraid I don't recall your name."

The old man tottered slightly; his eyes wandered.

"You have received from your booksellers, sir, a copy of *Songs of Youth*—"

His tongue failed; he had so strange a look that Mr. Freshwater began to look uneasy.

"*Song of Youth*—have I? I suppose my librarian ordered it. A volume of poems, I suppose? How—what do you wish to see me about?"

The other, commanding himself, fixed upon Mr. Freshwater a look not without dignity.

"You collect poetical works, sir?"

"Why, yes, I do. But I must refer you to my librarian about that. Not all poetical works. I am at present getting together those published in the Victorian time by houses which have ceased to exist. Presumably, you are in the trade? Have you a catalogue? By all means send it. I shall next be turning my attention to early Victorian periodicals. But by all means send in your catalogue. You had no other business with me?"

"Thank you, sir, that was all."

And Wormald withdrew."

Yes, there is humour; but in both stories the humour is inextricably mingled with tragedy or pathos, the momentary gleam of light dies away into gloom.

\* \* \* \*

*The King with Two Faces.* By M. E. Coleridge. (Arnold.)

THE key-note of this thoughtful and finely written story is struck firmly in the first chapter, and it is—action. Hardly a page passes without its momentous event or its deed of derring-do. The "king" is Gustav III. of Sweden, the "two faces" the opposing tendencies towards democracy and absolutism that existed together in this strange, inconsistent, lovable man. From this inner conflict spring the outer conflicts that fill the book; to this its pathos of despairing ideals and loyal infidelities is due.

The climax of the narrative is in the last two years of Gustav's reign, 1788-9, when he who had faithfully accepted the popular constitution of 1772 came to bid it defiance, and, as a result, ended his life by assassination. Gustav overshadows the book, but the immediate hero is Count Adolf Ridding, a courtier, devoted heart and soul to the twofold service of king and country. No service or feat of daring is too hard for Adolf, if called upon by Gustav, for Sweden, and the ruin of his faith in his master is the more tragic. When Gothenburg was besieged by the Danes and on the point of surrender it was Adolf who volunteered, at the risk of his life, to blow up the bridge, and so keep out the imminent danger. He wins the king's gratitude: nevertheless, his sweetheart, Tala, is coveted by Baron Essen, and as the price of Essen's support to the royal cause Adolf is sent to practical banishment at Paris. Here he comes under the influence of Mme. de Stael, and Tala, hearing slanderous reports of his relations with that lady, marries the rival suitor. After the ignominious flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Versailles, Adolf returns to Sweden. He finds Gustav on the path of despotism, and the people ripe for revolt. Sick and sore at heart, he becomes implicated in a plot to kill the king at a masquerade, and in this attempt the interest of the novel culminates. The king is wounded: and Adolf, who still loves him, hides in the sick-chamber to behold him once more. Here he is witness of an interview between Gustav and his brother, the Duke of Sudermania, in which the king demands pardon for the rebels. The scene is effectively told, and we quote it as a favourable example of Miss Coleridge's manner:

"'I could promise,' he said at last, low and unwillingly, 'for all but one. You would not have the murderer set free to slay the son as he has slain the father?'"

The King seemed to reflect a moment. It was the thin, strange voice that spoke again now, in utter weariness and exhaustion.

"For all the rest you promise—before God?"

"For all the rest I promise," repeated the Duke, as if the words were dragged out of him.

"Before God?"

"Before God!"

Adolf was fiercely torn in two. Had he stood in the Duke's place, he must have yielded—he knew that: yet he despised him. His brother—his own brother—and he could let him go thus lightly! Must he, Adolf Ridding, accept his life from such a fellow as this?

"You have talked more than you ought. Good night, brother!"

"I am better. The cough is gone. I shall sleep now. Good night!"

The Duke stole out with hushed footsteps. The wind had fallen suddenly, as it does sometimes before dawn, and the circles and patches of light upon the ceiling did not waver. To Adolf's fancy, their steadiness made the quiet room quieter still. It seemed to him that long hours ebbed away. If sleep depended upon silence, surely the King must sleep. The painful sound of his had ceased altogether. A chill struck home to Adolf's heart. Was he dead?

He could not stay there. He must look.

He rose, and peered cautiously round the screen. By the subdued light of a little silver lamp, covered with a paper shade, he saw the great bed, smooth and white, and the shrunk face on the pillow. The bed-clothes were in perfect order. The hand that lay half open on the coverlet looked scarcely like a human thing. Ah, what a ruin of a man was this!

Adolf came a step forward.

His youth rushed back upon him. He remembered only that this man, of all men that he had ever seen, was the bravest. He would have fallen on his knees and kissed those waxen fingers.

At that moment the King's eyes opened. He raised himself upon his arm, with a look of indescribable terror—then fell back, putting his hand to his heart. Tala had spent herself in vain. It was not Adolf's hand that had fired the shot, but it was none the less Adolf who killed him.

"I am not afraid of you now," he whispered. "Come nearer! Have you forgiven? Will you let me sleep?"

He looked up. There was no fear in his eyes. Adolf saw this—and he could see no more for tears."

For the historical accuracy of Miss Coleridge's work, she makes her appeal to Mr. Nisbet Bain's *Life of Gustav III.* Its thorough workmanship and fine presentation of character speak for themselves. Miss Coleridge should hold a high place among the rising school of romance-writers. She has undeniable dramatic power, and keeps her story throughout tense—perhaps even too tense—with emotion. It is honest, solid work, with nothing flimsy about it, and with here and there a touch of inspiration. Long as the book is, the attention of the reader does not flag until the close. And this being so, the length is only an added attraction.

*The Forge in the Forest.* By Charles G. D. Roberts.  
(Kegan Paul & Co.)

HERE is a story of the time when the French held part of Canada, and when the provincials were in revolt against the English. The best of the book is the "Foreword," which is a good piece of descriptive writing. The story itself reads more like the end of a longer story than a tale complete in itself. So little is the reader prepared for the appearance of the Black Abbé in the first chapter, that the kidnapping exploit of that pernicious priest cannot but leave him comparatively unmoved. And of Grûl, the wandering madman, we have hopes which come to very scant fulfilment; for we are left in absolute ignorance of the cause of his madness and of his blood-feud with the Abbé aforesaid, the villain of the piece. Hence one feels but a languid interest in the accomplishment of Grûl's vengeance upon the "frocked hound." He has a taking way with him, has the Seigneur de Briart, who tells the story. He begins by "shaking in his impotent rage and fear"; then he "curbs himself as best he can"; he "mocks" and "pants," and "laughs softly"; he often "smiles"; he is ever prompt upon emergency to talk "carelessly," or "lightly," or "sternly," or "quietly," or "impatiently"; and when he unaccountably falls in love with an alluring person having a "white face chiselled like a Madonna's [*a* Madonna's!], with lips curved passionately, and great sea-coloured eyes, which gazed upon me from dark circles of pain"—after this, we really cannot away with his tricks and his manners any more. And all these things are perfectly gratuitous and unnecessary, did he only know it. We vastly prefer the son of the effusive Seigneur de Briart, who, because he had a "Penobscoot grandmother," rarely permitted himself to smile.

\* \* \* \*

*Lawrence Clavering.* By A. E. W. Mason. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

THE picturesque circumstances attending the Rebellion of 1715, which stood Sir Walter Besant in such good stead as a setting for the story of *Dorothy Forster*, do Mr. Mason a similar service in his recent romance, *Lawrence Clavering*. In the latter case, however, the historical background is considerably fainter, since the story is little concerned with the leaders of the rising but rather with imaginary personages implicated therein. The hero is a relative of Lord Bolingbroke, and is studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood at a Jesuit college in Paris, when he unexpectedly succeeds to an estate in Cumberland. This piece of apparent good fortune he owes to the fact that his cousin, Jervas Rookley, son of the late owner, has been disinherited by his father for dishonest behaviour. Clavering sees in the new position to which he is called a glorious opportunity for helping on the Jacobite cause. Rookley, on the other hand, sees in his young cousin's Jacobite leanings a fine possibility for recovering his own inheritance. He accordingly personates his late father's steward and does his best to encourage these leanings. Before setting sail for England Clavering visits the Pretender, and receives a commission to collect information as to the state of political sympathy in Cumberland. Once established at Blackladies, a prey not only to the cunning of Rookley, but also to his own ardour and inexperience, the young man is beguiled into such indiscretions, private and public, that he comes within an ace of causing an innocent man to be hanged for treason, and only saves his own neck by escaping from Newgate and fleeing across Channel, where, in his old age, he relates the adventures of his youth. The tale is told with a pleasing grace of style, in which the pretty love passages with coquettish Dorothy Curwen, and the skilful touches which bring the lovely lakeland hills and valleys before the reader's eye, are by no means the only points of merit, though they are points deserving of special praise. Unfortunately, like all writers who use the first person singular as their medium of narrative, Mr. Mason has limited the dramatic possibilities of his work, and this is the more noticeable, as its chief failing is a certain vagueness and hesitation of outline. One feels that the story is being concocted as it goes along, rather than that each incident is inevitably followed by the next in the chain. Despite this drawback, *Lawrence Clavering* is a most readable novel, and will fully sustain the reputation of Mr. Mason's previous work.

*The Dorrington Deed Box.* By Arthur Morrison.  
(Ward, Lock & Co.)

THERE are two Mr. Morrisons, both clever, and one distinguished. It is not Mr. Morrison the artist with whom we have to deal in the Dorrington memoirs, but with the Mr. Morrison who has conscientiously acquired a good working method of constructing the detective story. The astute Dorrington is differentiated from the aristocratic Sherlock in that he is a scoundrel on his own account. His adventures, recounted in good, plain English, are sufficiently ingenious to hold the attention throughout their perusal; the characterisation, so far as it goes, is adequate; and there is nothing strained nor melodramatic in the action. The author's acquaintance with the by-ways of scoundrelism is extensive and peculiar; and the reader feels an assurance that the game is being fairly played, and that he is not being recklessly misled on points of technical detail. Without being supreme examples of the police novel, the yarns are good enough in their way.

\* \* \* \*

*By Right of Sword.* By Arthur W. Marchmont.  
(Hutchinson & Co.)

OF course, in real life it would be impossible for one man to step into the place of another whom he resembles, and fight his battles and carry on his intrigues for two months without detection. Yet we would willingly pardon Mr. Marchmont more than that extravagance for the sake of so stirring and full-blooded a tale. It is somewhat in the robustious manner of Mr. Stanley Weyman. We have the inevitable duel at the outset. Alexis Petrovitch, who is a coward, is challenged by a brother officer who is a bully, and prefers flight. While his sister Olga is waiting at Moscow station to bid him farewell, there enters one Hamylton Tregethney, an Englishman weary of life, who has come to Russia in the hope of seeing desperate military service against the Turks. The resemblance is so striking that Olga accosts him as her brother, and will hardly be convinced of the error. The stranger takes advantage of it to offer his services:

"You are very anxious for your brother's safety?" I asked.  
'He is my only protector in the world. If he gets away now to Berlin or Paris I shall follow and go to him.'  
'But is he likely to get away when he will be missed in a few hours? A single telegram from Moscow will close every frontier barrier in Russia upon him.'  
'We know that'; and she wrung her hands.  
'If he could have two clear days he could reach the frontier and pass unquestioned,' I said significantly.  
She was a quick-witted little thing, and saw my point with all a woman's sharpness.  
'Your life is not ours to give away. This man is noted for his great skill.'  
'Would everyone be likely to make the same mistake about me that you have made this afternoon?' I asked, in reply.  
'Now that I know, I can see differences—especially in your expression; but in all Moscow there is not a man or woman who would not take you for my brother.'  
'Then I decide for the two days here. And if it will make you more comfortable I can assure you I am quite as able to take care of myself with either sword or pistol as this bully you speak of.'

So it is settled. The craven brother crosses the frontier under the Englishman's name and with the Englishman's papers; and Tregethney takes up the frayed threads of a very sordid career in Moscow. His gradual discovery of the various responsibilities he has taken on him is disheartening. He finds that he is something of a Nihilist. There is an infant daughter, and a large inheritance of debts. His vices are many; and the wife of the Chief of Police is his too obedient servant. His reputation in the regiment is not good; but his success in the duel brings the name of Petrovitch into better odour. The intrigue is a more difficult matter; but the adroit impostor contrives to carry it on for a time at once without guile and without detection. Meanwhile, the Nihilists, suspecting him of apathy, decree that he shall kill the Chief of Police as a guarantee of good faith. Singularly enough, the Chief of Police is found stabbed to the heart. Headquarters, re-assured as to his zeal, then entrusts him with the assassination of the Czar; and his part in that affair is carried out in such a way that the wedding with Olga is celebrated under Imperial auspices. So romantic a book will not languish on bookshelves.



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## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Hon. Lady Simeon, widow of the late Sir John Simeon, has presented the MS. of *In Memoriam* to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, Tennyson's old College. The poet presented the MS. to Sir John Simeon on the understanding that on the Hon. Lady Simeon's death it should revert to the present Lord Tennyson, and subsequently reach Trinity College. There is only one condition, which is, that the variations between the MS. and the published text shall never be made public.

THE teaching of English literature in schools—the why of it, and the how of it—is a vexed subject, and we have nothing to say about it here. We merely chronicle the fact that Thomas Carlyle's essay, *The Hero as Divinity* (George Bell & Sons), has just passed through this office on its way to the British schoolboy, and that it is composed as follows:

Introduction	..	..	90	pages.
Carlyle's Essay	..	..	42	"
Notes	..	..	53	"
Index	..	..	4	"
Total	..	..	189	"

Carlyle's essay thus forms about 22 per cent. only of the whole. What we want to know is this: Is Carlyle's essay the powder or the jam?

THE *Daily Mail's* statistician has been comparing the Christmas issues of periodicals, and by means of diagrams he shows the number of ounces of reading matter in each, and also the proportions of advertisements, reading-matter, and pictures in each publication. The results strike us as profoundly

uninteresting. In case, however, we should have a stray reader who would like to be sure of getting good weight for his money when buying his Christmas number, we may mention that the *Queen* will give him 3 oz. of reading matter, the *Windsor Magazine* 2½ oz., the *Lady's Pictorial* 1½ oz., *Holly Leaves* 1½ oz., the *Strand* and *Ludgate* 1½ oz. each, *Pearson's* 1¼ oz. The American magazines he will avoid, for *Harper's* contains only 1¼ oz. of cheer, and the *Century* a beggarly ½ oz. of delectation. And yet we had supposed lightness, not heaviness, to be the merit of Christmas reading!

THE death of Mrs. Janet Hanning, née Carlyle, has just occurred at Toronto. Thus passes away the last of the Carlyles. Janet Carlyle, the youngest of James Carlyle's nine children, was born in 1812, when her brother was seventeen. In 1878 her husband died. Three years later she was placed in easy circumstances by the will of her brother, who throughout his life had been her devoted friend. They corresponded regularly, and each of his books was sent to her as it appeared, with an affectionate inscription.

At the same time comes the news—or what will be news to most persons—that Frau Charlotte Embden, the only sister of Heinrich Heine, is still living in Hamburg. She was born in October, 1800, and thus has a better claim to be one of the first persons of the century than her brother, the inventor of the joke.

THE *Chapbook* has subjected the late William Morris's posthumous romance, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, to a curious analysis. The heroine Birdalone, it avers, is entitled to notice as the most thoroughly kissed young woman in English fiction. In the story there are no fewer than one hundred and five descriptions of kisses, of which the heroine is directly concerned with eighty-eight, fifty-four of which were given her by men and the rest by women and children. The following table, in which the figures refer to the page where the osculation is noted, gives fuller particulars:

Arnold (servant): kisses Birdalone's hands,	367.
Arthur (knight): kisses feet, 162; hands, 164; feet, 192; mouth, 351, 353, 355, 482, 485, 500, 501, 502, 504, 508.	
Aymaris (servant): kisses hands, 151, 185, 188, 283.	
Baudoin (knight): hand, 164; face, 191.	
First Carle (peasant): mouth 416.	
First Wayleader (servant): mouth, 544.	
Gerard (servant): mouth, 399, 548.	
Giles (servant): mouth, 399, 548.	
Hugh (knight): mouth, 171, 179, 180, 182, 302, 526, 535, 541; face, 191.	
Jacobus (merchant): feet, 287.	
Leonard (priest): hands, 155; face, 222; mouth, 223, 407, 412.	
Old Carle (peasant): hand, 125, 126.	
Otter (peasant): mouth, 437.	
Robert (servant): mouth, 399, 548.	
Second Carle (peasant): mouth, 416.	
Second Wayleader (servant): mouth, 544.	
Thomas (knight): hand, 249, 258.	
Third Wayleader (servant): mouth, 544.	

## SUMMARY.

	Hands.	Feet.	Face.	Mouth.	Total.
(4) knights . . .	4	2	2	18	26
(1) priest . . .	2	0	1	3	6
(1) merchant . .	0	1	0	0	1
(4) peasants . .	2	0	0	5	7
(8) servants . . .	5	0	0	7	12
	13	3	3	33	52

(NOTE.—The two not scheduled are kisses bestowed by Birdalone upon Arthur's hands.)

A parallel to the *Chapbook's* statistics is to be found in the late Henry Morley's introduction to Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, where he analyses the tears in the book.

ANOTHER Dickens neighbourhood is marked for destruction. This time it is at Limehouse. The congeries of gloomy lanes behind Limehouse Church is known to few Londoners except as the scene of "The Fellowship Porters" in *Our Mutual Friend*, and as the locality of the opium den in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. The neighbourhood is said to have altered little since Dickens knew it; and now the Local Government Board's surveyors are picking their way through its muddy alleys with theodolites and things. One is again amazed by the extent of the London portrayed in Dickens's novels. Such clearances as this at Limehouse go on steadily; but the tides of reform will dash for another century or two against the houses and streets which Dickens sketched before they become scarce.

In the newly issued part of Mr. Rothenstein's *English Portraits* (Grant Richards), there is a cunning portrait of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The text accompanying it is amusing:

"Dramatic-musical-literary-art-critic, orator-lecturer-pamphleteer, Fabian-Saturday-Review, vegetarian-Hibernian, cyclist-anti-tobaccoist, abstainer-aesthete, atheist-churchgoer and vestryman-dramatist, Mr. Shaw is a jewel of many facets. He is, indeed, rather too complex to be taken seriously by the public (for which, being a good Socialist, he has a profound contempt), and he is likely to remain, as he has ever been, a mystery-man with a big drum, and an egotist who might be puzzled to say exactly where his sterling affectations end and his frivolous convictions begin. It is in dramatic criticism that he has loomed largest hitherto. There is no manager in London but frowns at the mere whisper of those notorious initials, G. B. S. Yet for all his pugnacity and intransigence, Mr. Shaw's brogue keeps him from being disliked in private, and his keen humour from being a bore in public. He contradicts and jibes at no one more often than himself, and, if his judgments are often scatter-brained, he has, at any rate, brains to scatter."

The author of this epigrammatic character sketch has caught his subject's own manner very skilfully.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has just put forth another issue of *Good Reading*, consisting this year of extracts from new books, chosen by their authors, and embellished with the authors' portraits. Thus, says Mr. Unwin in his little preface, they follow "the example of those modern reviewers who, in lieu of criticism, contribute a literary *rechauffé* or hash to the front pages of some

of our journals. Like some other publishers," he adds, "I have often wondered whether you prefer this form of review to the old-time criticism. Does it come from distrust in the professional critic? Is it that we are all more independent of professional opinion and prefer to form our own by reading for ourselves?" One answer to the question is, that it is more interesting, and he who runs may read it. Nowadays most reading is done at a hand-gallop.

THE author of *Brer Mortal* thus refuses to allow the patrons of *Good Reading* to see what manner of face is his:

"Insert my portrait? Come before the curtain when the Audience has not called 'Author?' Himmel! I pray you have me excused until the Broad Grin is an extinct monster, and the weeping willow grows on the grave of the last Smile."

This must be a great blow to the nurseries, for which, if some reviewers are to be believed, Mr. Ben Marlas designed his satire.

THE popularity of foreign novelists is a sign of the times; but do we read them, or do we read something else? In Jokai's novel, *The Lion of Janina*, as translated, it is written: "When he (Ali) smiled, he was no longer a tiger, but revealed a row of teeth even handsomer than her (Eminah's) own." This, says a correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, who knows Hungarian, is "arrant nonsense." It should be: "When Ali smiled, he displayed a set of teeth, a handsomer set than which no tiger could reveal."

SETTING aside the clumsiness of this amended rendering, which, according to the editor of the *Chronicle*, is "not English," but more accurately is merely ugly English, it is clear that it differs materially from the first. In the one case we are to understand that Ali was a human tiger in his gloomy moments, in the other that he merely entered into competition with tigers in the matter of teeth. In either case we do not envy Ali's dentist.

THE revival of romance, of which, from time to time, we have had much to say, has called forth the following rondeau from Miss Carolyn Wells—a contributor to the *American Bookman*:

"Romance revives! Once more we read  
Of bold adventure, daring deed,  
Of valiant knight and lady fair,  
Of secret hoard of treasure rare,  
Of hero's pluck and villain's greed.  
From hard and long-borne fetters freed,  
To merry tunes its pipes are keyed;  
With happy laugh and jaunty air  
Romance revives!

Now, if an author would succeed,  
He writes no realistic screed,  
With stubborn facts and statements bare,  
And epigrams in bad repair,  
Their day is past—it is decreed  
Romance revives!

SIR WYKE BAYLISS, P.R.B.A., has prepared for the January number of the

*Magazine of Art* an article on the "Portraits of Christ," from the earliest representations to paintings by modern artists, which will be fully illustrated. In a recent elaborate article appearing in a German cyclopædia, Prof. Nikolaus Müller, of Berlin, has come to certain conclusions which would, if correct, tend to show that, according to our present evidence, it is impossible we can have the faintest conception of the Saviour's form and features. Sir Wyke Bayliss, on the contrary, will show the desire of the contemporaries of the Apostles for the likeness, and that they had the means of obtaining it, as they lived in the age of universal portrait-painting; that it is nowhere objected to in the writings of the Apostles; that even if the Christians were forbidden it, the non-Christians were not forbidden; and that the first Christians were actually taunted with its being so ugly. Sir Wyke Bayliss offers portraits of the Apostles (unquestioned), and Christ's likeness with them, and they must, he says, stand or fall together.

Two writers, one American and one English, having been asked by the *New York Bookman* to name the best twenty books for boys, reply as follows. The American's list:

*Westward Ho!* by Charles Kingsley.  
*Ivanhoe*, by Scott.  
*Phaeton Rogers*, by Rossiter Johnson.  
*Treasure Island*, by Stevenson.  
*The Spy*, by Cooper.  
*Tale of Two Cities*, by Dickens.  
*Hoosier Schoolmaster*, by Eggleston.  
*Hans Brinker*, by Mary Mapes Dodge.  
*The Prince and the Pauper*, by Mark Twain.  
*Tales from Shakespeare*, by Lamb.  
*Boy's Froissart*, by Lanier.  
*Wreck of the Grosvenor*, by Clark Russell.  
*Henry Esmond*, by Thackeray.  
*Silas Marner*, by George Eliot.  
*Ben Hur*, by Lew Wallace.  
*Two Years Before the Mast*, by Dana.  
*St. George and St. Michael*, by George MacDonald.  
*The Wonder Book*, by Hawthorne.  
*Historic Boys*, by Elbridge S. Brooks.  
*Little Women*, by Alcott.

The Englishman's list:

*Treasure Island*, by Stevenson.  
*Kidnapped*, by Stevenson.  
*Dead Man's Rock*, by Q.  
*Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott.  
*Michael Strogoff*, by Jules Verne.  
*Beric the Briton*, by G. A. Henty.  
*The Battery and the Boiler*, by Ballantyne.  
*The Three Midshipmen*, by Kingston.  
*The Jungle Books*, by Kipling.  
*Tom Brown's School-days*, by Thomas Hughes.  
*Westward Ho!* by Kingsley.  
*David Copperfield*, by Dickens.  
*Pickwick*, by Dickens.  
*Lorna Doone*, by Blackmore.  
*The Pirate*, by Scott.  
*Ivanhoe*, by Scott.  
*The Talisman*, by Scott.  
*The White Company*, by Doyle.  
*Robbery Under Arms*, by Boldrewood.  
*The True Story Book*, by Lang.  
*The Story of the Iliad and the Æneid*, by Church.

Both lists are open to improvement. The Englishman's seems to us better; certainly it is more boyish. The American's list either aims at younger boys, or the American boy is

less of a barbarian than our own. *Little Women*, *Historic Boys*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Silas Marner*, and *Ben Hur* might, from the English boy's point of view, easily be replaced by something more congenial. Both lists omit *Robinson Crusoe* as a work whose claims are beyond question. Both omit *Don Quixote*. The *Swiss Family Robinson*, which is not mentioned, still has adherents. Ballantyne's *Battery and the Boiler* is by no means his best or his most popular. But in these matters each to his own taste.

THE excellence of *The Studio* is persistent. Month after month the pages of this magazine, so creditable to all concerned, and an irrefutable argument that art in England is not a mere name, offers a new surprise. The December number has an exquisitely reproduced frontispiece in colours: "Noel," after the painting by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz. Among other pictures is a portrait of Mr. Nicholson, the artist, by Mr. Pryde, in a drawing controlled by the Nicholson convention. There is testimony, too, that Prince Eugen of Sweden is no mean landscape painter. The pages of reproductions from the sketch-books of Mr. Byam Shaw contain drawings of great beauty, and we are the more pleased to remark on their power and grace since we had occasion a few weeks ago to find serious fault with some of this artist's recent work.

WE stated last week that Mr. John Lane would publish next year a play by Mr. Henry Newbolt. This, we find, is not correct. The play in question, which is Arthurian in its subject and is entitled *Mordred*, has already been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Lane is publishing Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* in America, with new ballads added by the author.

A NEW series of fiction is promised by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson & Co., the volumes in which are to contain six shillings' worth of material, and to cost half-a-crown. The series is to be called "Latter-Day Stories," but as the first story, by Mr. Bram Stoker, is to deal with the seventeenth century we are at a loss to know what the title means.

ON the subject of literary grievances the *Morning Post* will publish to-day (Saturday) a composite article containing the views of a popular novelist, a professional critic, and a leading publisher.

THE vacancy in the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, the patronage of which is vested in the Curators of the University, is not yet filled. As will be seen in our advertisement columns, applications and testimonials should be lodged with Mr. R. Herbert Johnston, secretary to the Curators, on or before March 31 next.

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS have concluded an arrangement with Prof. Werner Sombart, of the University of Breslau, to publish a translation of his recently issued work, entitled *Socialismus*. The translation has been undertaken by Dr. Atterbury.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

GEORGE ELIOT.—I.

THE "bubble reputation" is fleeting, changeable; its colours are vivid in sunshine, pale in shadow; it varies in appearance according to the standpoint of the observer. During the last twenty-five years or so the light has very greatly changed. In the sixties it was an unchallenged belief that George Eliot was one of the glories of English literature; in the nineties it has been the fashion to scoff at her pompous sententiousness, her didacticism, her novel with a purpose. A single quotation will be enough to illustrate the change. To the editor of *Cornhill*, writing on Mrs. Gaskell's death in 1865, Tito Melema was a "spendid achievement of art and thought—of the rarest art, of the profoundest thought"; in the present decade, and to another school of criticism, he is but "an improper woman in breeches; his inventor an apotheosis of pupil-teachery."

But admiration of George Eliot is not the only attitude that has gone out of fashion in literature. Nearly all the names revered thirty years ago have been trodden underfoot. Ruskin and Carlyle have been struck in succession from their pedestals. Before dealing with any one in particular it may be useful if I try to enumerate the general causes that affect posthumous fame in our days.

First, there is the process which Tennyson described as "ripping them up like a pig." As long as a man is alive, active, and successful, he is more likely to suffer from over adulation than from unjust censure. Flattery reaches its highest point on the morning following his death, when newspapers are filled with "tombstones" or obituary notices long prepared and saved in a pigeon-hole by the provident journalist. Next follows a period of revelation and exposure, of "appreciations" by friends more or less intimate, of recollections and anecdotes and letters. The private chambers and secret places of the dead are flung open to the sight-seer, who never reverences anything with which he is familiar. The little crows and kites gather to the carcass. A glorious feast they have had in these late years: I fancy they must now be like the vultures on the Towers of Silence who were so gorged with carrion during the Bombay Plague that at last they left the bones of dead Parsees unpicked.

But it is plain that reputation is not fixed by tombstones, or obituary gossip, or the shrieks of little crows and kites. Neither is it reflected in the taste of the moment—certainly not of the present moment. For we stand in the middle of a very curious change. Of old, a writer's fame was won by appealing to the small circle of the cultivated. Thence it widened out to the great body of readers. Reputation trickled first as a slender brook and gradually swelled to a mighty river. Just now an author can afford to treat qualified opinion with disdain. The new system of

education has borne fruit in the generation now arriving at maturity. They have not yet learned to distinguish good from bad, the glittering and transitory from the valuable and lasting. It will not be always thus; they will in good time advance to a sounder taste; but at this crude stage they are an uninformed multitude to which the mere quack or charlatan author can appeal with assurance of a favourable response. Thus he possesses wizardry enough to raise waves of ignorance which there is nothing to withstand. The publisher has none but a monetary test to apply; there is, for the time being, no critic of high and commanding authority, and many things combine to make the mere reviewer "shout with the shouting crew." It thus happens, that genuine merit and contemporary fame have not the slightest connexion with one another. The new crowd is not only easily won by shoddy, it can be, and daily is, tricked into applause.

Nor is this by any means the worst of the situation. The most disagreeable characteristic of this new public is that it prefers imitation to genius, the lees to wine. It does not seem to have been so before. We do not hear of any of Scott's imitators rivalling his popularity. But nowadays genius, struggling towards a new light, is neglected; the reward is given to him who follows in its footsteps. Something of the kind was boldly indicated for the first time when Anthony Trollope, the incarnate commonplace of Thackeray, was taken as seriously as his master, of whose higher qualities he had not one; when Martin Tupper became more popular than Tennyson; when Wilkie Collins rivalled Dickens. It is not my business here to pass judgment on contemporary writers, but few will deny that all the greatest (or at least the noisiest) successes of our day have been won by working up the lees and dregs of George Eliot, by embroidering on Dumas, by vulgarising Stevenson, by extracting what was catching and popular from the early work of Mr. Barrie. It is not a harsh judgment, it is only a bare statement of fact to say that the public of to-day prefers a concoction from the dregs and lees of a great writer to the writer himself.

Moreover, taste grows by what it feeds on. Sancho Panza preferred garlic because his palate had been accustomed to it. No one could appreciate a masterpiece by Titian if his previous delight had been in German chromos; no one could understand Hamlet if he, before seeing it, had only known melodrama; no one can enjoy great literature who has surfeited his mind with twaddle. Eat garlic for a certain period and garlic will become the food you like best. People have grown so accustomed to inferior novels, inferior poetry, inferior criticism, a mass of new journals grossly inferior to the old, that taste has become vitiated, and can be exploited by any shrewd fellow who will pander to it.

If we turn away from this purely transitory phase of public opinion we are thrown on critical opinion as a guide. But here we are confronted by an entirely new set of considerations. Firstly, critical opinion is at present without a leader and in a state of

absolute chaos. It has no voice of the very highest rank, and critics of the second rank do not guide, they only echo the cry of the multitude. They attach themselves to schools and cliques and parties, outside of which they are unable to get. One prides himself on having initiated the New Romantic Movement and esteems it a bounden duty to bless its friends and ban its foes; another is psychological; a third is for his own fantastic conception of Art, and so on. Not one seems to recognise that we come after a great movement and embody the reaction from it; that it is the nature of a movement to produce great writers, but reaction only prosperous imitators; that our custom of carrying all things to an extreme accounts for the ebb and flow. Yet this has to be fully realised before we can as much as get into the proper attitude for criticising George Eliot. The necessary preliminary is to see the contrast between her times and environment and ours.

She was born in November, 1819, and it was not till the autumn of 1856 that she began to brood over her first effort in fiction, *The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton*. Her experience of life during the thirty-seven intervening years formed the material out of which imagination fashioned her works. At present we need not dwell on her memories of the rural Midlands and their exquisite reflection in the pages of *Adam Bede*. The impressions and early associations of a writer supply colour and characters, but direction comes from the voices that call her to this path or to that. Before condemning George Eliot as inartistic it is well to understand why the novel with a purpose was her inevitable portion.

The root of the matter lies in her personal character. And that is not to be understood by listening only to the gossip of those who sought her out in the day of fame and were disappointed to find a somewhat austere, exclusive, aloof-minded woman, with an exaggerated sense of her own importance. A time comes when the artist cannot afford to wear his or her heart on his sleeve, and the mantle of reserve has to be worn as a protection against curiosity. Besides, whoever has really lived and suffered, and has become a little weary of the long battle, learns to shrink from all but a select circle of trusted friends.

If, however, we turn back to the old house at Griff and read the history of Maggie Tulliver—not in the spirit of a literal-minded gossip-monger, but accepting it as the presentation of a temperament—the true features of the woman will soon get themselves outlined. She is feminine to the very core, though her understanding is that of a man. Even her early piety, with its zeal that bordered on the sanctimonious, is very womanly. And though her Christianity passed away, her piety remained to the very end. It preserved her conscience alive, and it filled her with an ambition to leave the world something better for her having lived—a necessary inspiration, surely, for good work of any kind! She was more womanly still in her receptiveness and clinging dependence. All through life George Eliot

needed a man's arm to lean on. She leaned on that of her father—Adam Bede in his strength, Caleb Garth in his self-distrust; on her brother's, the Tom Tulliver to her Maggie; on that of George Henry Lewis; finally, when she was old and ailing, on that of Mr. Cross. One cannot look back on her life without recognising the loving, sympathetic, trustful woman's heart as well as the powerful and splendid intellect.

Given a woman of this kind, with an ingrained belief in man's potential virtue, in his duty to do good and not evil, and with a mind singularly open to the influence of those she trusted and loved, you have but to understand what voices she listened to with reverence to know the direction she was bound to take. And, luckily for us and for her, she was born into an England full of such life and enterprise and spirit as come only at long-distant periods. The country was shaking off the languor and exhaustion that had followed the long war. While she was a little girl fishing with her brother in the canal or the pond, playing in the great garden or watching the mail coach passing Griff House, the great world outside was astir not only with extraordinary inventions, but new hopes and aspirations and ideals. And literature, which holds a mirror up to life, quickened with the quickening nation. The trend of opinion at this energetic period was all towards finer morals and better lives. By the time George Eliot was eighteen the accession of a young queen had given a signal for cleansing the Court and setting a fashion of pure living, for which the country seemed ripe. Ere then, too, the men who were to dominate the field of letters had come to the front. And already it was clear that the literature of the era was to be distinguished by a moral purpose such as is not always associated with a burst of activity. A mere enumeration of the names will show how true this is of those whom George Eliot recognised as the highest of her time.

There was Tennyson, whose verse, with all its strength, retained the innocence of a Lincolnshire rectory and the sweetness of a garden. Only a few years older than herself, he had almost reached the zenith of his fame before she began to write. We cannot wonder that a mind which was consoled and sustained by the *De Imitatione Christi* was drawn to *In Memoriam*. That was the woman in search of sympathy. Later on the artist was to be one of the first to see that moral intention will not of itself redeem a poem, and that in the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson committed the mistake of trying to wed modern allegory to old romance, and had done justice to neither.

But the most dominating and influential figure of the time was not Tennyson, but Carlyle. Over the novelists the thinker exercised unbounded sway. The minors, such as Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes, frankly bowed down before him; the majors, Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, assimilated his teaching, and reproduced it as their own. But he had a special and personal attraction for George Eliot. There was a curious resemblance in their life histories. Carlyle's

father had been a stone mason, who by industry and economy had been enabled to gratify a rustic ambition, and become the tenant of a farm. George Eliot's father was brought up to the business of builder and carpenter. He, too, had taken a farm, and eventually became a land agent to the Newdigate family. Even before she knew his story, George Eliot felt the similarity of her circumstances to those of Carlyle. *Apocryphal* of a letter from his wife, she writes to John Blackwood:

"I want the philosopher himself to read it [the *Scenes from Clerical Life*], because the pre-philosophic period—the childhood and poetry of his life—lay among the furrowed fields and pious peasantry. If he could be urged to read a novel, I should like, if possible, to give him the same sort of pleasure he has given me in the early chapters of *Sartor*, where he describes little Diogenes eating his porridge on the wall in sight of the sunset, and gaining deep wisdom from the contemplation of the pigs and other 'higher animals' of *Enteufuhl*."

But it scarcely needed this prepossession in his favour to incline her ear and heart to Carlyle. The sense of duty and responsibility with which her mind had been impregnated, the innate piety and hungering after good in her heart, prepared her to accept his solemn message:

"Choose well: your choice is Brief and yet endless."

Ruskin, who piped the same tune as Carlyle, though on a sweeter and more delicate instrument, was born in the same year as George Eliot, but had come earlier to maturity. In 1856 he had already done much of his best work—*Modern Painters*, the *Stones of Venice*, the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and the famous Edinburgh Lectures. It has been almost his life work to preach that connexion between morality and art which is now accounted heresy.

Strangely enough, it was believed in by every great writer of the time. By 1856 Browning, too, had produced the best of his work in defiance of the precepts now taught. So had Dickens, so had Thackeray. Thus all the great contemporary influences combined in one direction. George Eliot's natural bias was in favour of didacticism, and didacticism was required by the temper of the time. It is from such a juncture, call it accident or design, that greatness comes. The period needed the writer, the writer gave the period what it wanted.

But these days are passed, and their voices are all silent. Novelist, poet, and preacher one by one have bid us farewell. Of the great figures of the last generation one only lingers, and he also must soon be a parting guest. That a revulsion of feeling would follow the fervour they inspired was inevitable; and not only inevitable, but necessary. Life could not be sustained at their high pitch: it would be unendurable if the strain were kept up for ever; its sweetness, its true purity, can be maintained only when labour is followed by rest, and enjoyment alternates with endeavour. It is good for a man to put the might of his soul and body into a task; it is equally good for him to lay aside his tools and live merely to enjoy. Danger arises only when

idleness is unduly prolonged, when the man begins to think that high aims and effort and labour are a mistake, and lets soul be enchained by that mood so exquisitely described in *The Lotus-Eaters*:

"Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.  
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward the  
grave in silence; ripen, fall, and cease:  
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or  
dreamful ease."

The vast range and wealth of life is not known till this rich indolence has been experienced as well as the vigorous, ardent zest of action that gives vitality to the lines of Browning:

"Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor stand nor sit but go!  
Be our joys three-parts pain!  
Strive and hold cheap the strain!  
Learn nor account the pang; dare never  
grudge the throe."

Now, my contention is that the position of the critic ought to be that of the artist. He must withdraw and be apart, beholding the wave of action and the wave of reaction, recognising the function of each, but associating himself with neither. In other words, he who is sunk "in dreamful ease" is unfit to pass judgment on the moralist, ever disturbing him with the shout "Awake, thou that sleepest!" And, on the other hand, the stern and bigoted preacher is not likely to appreciate the most exquisite beauty, if pleasure immediate and sensuous be its only aim. When that obvious postulate is accepted we gain a standpoint from which it may be possible to arrive at a true estimate of George Eliot. With this I propose to deal next week.

P.

## SOME YOUNGER REPUTATIONS.

MR. WALTER RALEIGH.

MR. WALTER RALEIGH's career has been primarily an academic one. He taught English to Mohammedans at Aligarh, and was called from that inspiring task to occupy the chair of modern literature at University College, Liverpool. Here he has won golden opinions from colleagues and students. Six-feet-four in his boots, he is the very physical embodiment of the scholar's ideal in the streets of a commercial city. Three years ago he published a study of the English novel, which to competent observers appeared a green oasis in the dreary waste of Extension manuals. An exhaustive thirst for the most voluminous and the most recondite types of fiction, a quick discrimination of real excellence, a happy gift of felicitous criticism, made up the suggestive and stimulating treatise; its defect, perhaps, on the side of construction, the development of argument, the archi-



texture of thought. Here is a fragment of his earlier and, so to speak, professional manner. It is of the eighteenth century *roman à clef* that he writes:

"The personal intention, when it is allowed to predominate, is the death of art in fiction. To compare the method of some of these minor writers to the photographic art would be to compliment it unduly, for the camera is used by them in the service, not of art, but of police. The imaginative structure is the most careless and insignificant part of their work: it is no palace of Romance, no guildhall of Comedy, that they seek to erect, but a hasty, low earth-work, behind which they may lie on their bellies and shoot at their enemies."

Another work which Prof. Raleigh has in hand will also be professional in its scope. This is a selection of English Epistles, to appear in the *Warwick Library*, published by Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow. But Prof. Raleigh has no idea of being bound by the fetters of academic convention. He has too much buoyancy of temper, too sensitive a spirit, to make a Dryasdust. He aspires to be man of letters as well as scholar, to put off the cap and gown now and then, and don the velvet jacket of the irresponsible artist. He has tried his pen in places where you do not usually meet with professors—the *Yellow Book* to wit, and the *New Review*. And it was certainly in no pedantic mood that he wrote the charming lecture on Robert Louis Stevenson which delighted its hearers at the London Institution, and has delighted many others since in book form. Style is not a matter with which your learned writer is wont to concern himself, but that lecture erred, if any, on the side of over-carefulness and over-elaboration of style. Nor may the critic deny the presence of a similar quality in the thoughtful and brilliant treatise on *Style* itself which Prof. Raleigh has just put forward. The epigram is sound as well as glittering, the highly wrought metaphor well sustained: yet one cannot escape a feeling of something artificial, something of self-consciousness, or even coxcombry lurking in the paradoxes and the deliberate quaintness. After all, art has its pedantry as well as learning. Let the reader judge:

"It is the misfortune of the actor, singer, dancer, that their bodies are their sole instruments. On the stage of their activities they carry the heart that nourishes them and the lungs wherewith they breathe, so that the soul, to escape degradation, must seek a more remote and difficult privacy. That immemorial right of the soul to make the body its home, a welcome escape from publicity and a refuge for sincerity, must be largely foregone by the actor, who has scant liberty to decorate and administer for his private behoof an apartment that is also a place of business. His ownership is limited by the necessities of his trade; when the customers are gone, he eats and sleeps in the bar-parlour. Nor is the instrument of his performances a thing of his choice; the poorest skill of the violinist may exercise itself upon a Stradivarius, but the actor is reduced to fiddle for the term of his natural life upon the face and fingers that he got from his mother."

After all, Prof. Raleigh's faults are faults on the right side. He cares for perfect expression; and how few writers even do that. And if he will carry something of art into the literature of scholarship, and

something of scholarship into the literature of art, he will be conferring a benefit upon either. Recently Prof. Raleigh has prefixed an interesting essay to a new edition of Keats, and we hope some day to come upon the pastoral comedy founded upon Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale* which he wrote for some private theatricals at Liverpool.

#### MR. H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

Few writers now living have a finer, freer way than Mr. Marriott-Watson. His sympathies lie with action and intrepidity and resource, and he directs a slashing pen. Hence, when he is minded to he can give us brave stuff. Unfortunately his sympathies lie also with gallantry and intrigue, and, therefore, he must ever introduce a woman. In the romance of action, as has been demonstrated by Mr. Stevenson, the woman is not needful; but if her presence is expedient, it is as well that she is young and simple and beautiful rather than a designing coquette or a woman with a past. Mr. Marriott-Watson favours the latter types. During the recent display of the rapier school of fiction—who have lately been having it all their own way—Mr. Marriott-Watson has remained silent. His *Gallop Dick* came earlier, and since then he has published nothing. But there is no one, with the exception of Mr. Anthony Hope, better qualified to tell a brisk romantic story than he. He has the manner to perfection. He has a pleasant archaic trick which lends verisimilitude to a tale pitched in the last or seventeenth century; his imagination is lively; his knowledge is sufficient; his sympathies, as we have said, are—partly at least—right. We regret that Mr. Marriott-Watson so rarely employs these gifts; and we regret that when he does, he so persistently brings in a too modern fancy for the analysis of passion. From a man with such a style as his we want no analysis: we want bold, generalising statements. But Mr. Marriott-Watson is not one man, but two. He is only half a romancist: the other half is realist, or if you will, naturalist. He loves a highwayman, but he loves also to tie a modern neuro-pathic subject down and use the knife. He is, in short, both the author of the episode "Of the Man from Cornwall" and of "At the First Corner." His imagination is too much tinged with eroticism. He enjoys risky situations; it is pleasure to him to see how near he may approach the edge without falling over. As an exercise in treading delicately "My Lady the Naiad" is not to be surpassed; but we cannot admire the author for his skill. It seems to us beside the mark, unimportant: the important thing is that a man with his talents should make brisk, clean, and dashing stories. Mr. Marriott-Watson has lately been busy on a story for boys, which is now running in a juvenile magazine. It would do him good if, for a while, he could be persuaded to write only stories for boys and put his heart into them. We do not for a moment wish to deny his cleverness as an inquirer into the more intimate relations of men and women—he is intensely clever. But there are others who do the same work as well or better.

## THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF HEINE.

### I.—HEINE: THE MAN.

DECEMBER 13, 1797.

"The spirit of the world,  
Beholding the absurdity of men,  
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile  
For one short moment wander o'er his lips;  
That smile was Heine."

Matthew Arnold.

A HUNDRED years have passed since Harry—for it was only after his conversion to the Lutheran Church that the poet adopted the name of Heinrich—Heine opened his eyes to read the riddle of a world he was destined to find so hard. It is nearly half a century since the grave slowly closed over him with the problem still unsolved; but the verdict of posterity on the man and on his work is still as confused and contradictory as was his contemporaries' judgment of him. Though it is acknowledged that on him alone the mantle of Goethe, with, perchance, a double portion of the lyrical spirit, fell, though his genius has carried the poetry of his mother tongue round the world; yet when, only the other day, it was suggested to erect a statue to his memory in the town he had made famous by his birth, the proposal was greeted with a shout of enthusiastic approval, with a shriek of offended morality, and a howl of outraged chauvinism. And thus it ever was with Heine. To some he is a silver-tongued poet, the master of love and tenderness; to others the incarnation of lust and discord. Not many years after the poet had drawn his last troubled breath some ecstatic devotees told of Heine's ascent to heaven; and hard on its heels followed a fervid account of Heine's descent into hell. Nor, judging from what he has left us to judge him by, is this diversity of opinion altogether surprising. In his collected works—in his prose as in his poetry—melting tenderness and depth of feeling are found side by side with mocking cynicism and frivolity. Glowing passion and delicate fancy intertwine with coarse sensuality and brutal directness. Flashing wit and dainty humour alternate with dirty buffoonery and impish spitefulness. With the loftiest yearning towards God and the beautiful mingle sneering atheism and cold-blooded realism. It seems to be some strange jungle, this soul of Heine, whence poisonous plants spring up with the fairest flowers, where the hiss of the serpent mingles with the song of the nightingale:

"There is poison in my songs.  
How could it be otherwise?"

he says himself.

Now, if a genius of this strange complexity, of these harsh contrasts, be analysed according to the hard and fast formulæ of morality and of religion, the process will yield a grinning, grimacing kobold, a Heine hot from his descent to hell, but not Heine himself nor his true spirit. For consider what manner of man he was, and in what a school his character was formed.

And, above all things, lest the verdict be no more than tinkling brass, let there be charity. Born a Jew, in an age and in a country when birth within the Ghetto carried with it the stigma of social and civic ostracism, in the midst of all that was most seductive in Roman Catholicism, he sat at the feet of Hegel, and in time lightly accepted Lutheranism as his creed. "The certificate of baptism is the ticket of admission to European culture," he urges. By birth a German, he was, by force of his earliest associations, an idolator of Napoleon. By instinct and by education in revolt against the dreary trend of his time towards intellectual and political reaction, and of necessity a fighter, he flung himself into the arms of democracy, until in time men came to mistake him for an apostle of freedom and a tribune of the people: yet at heart he was always an aristocrat. "Lay a sword upon my tomb," he cries, "for I have fought in the War of the Emancipation of Mankind"; but, after all, he fought half-heartedly, dreaming of an oligarchy of the intellect in which the many-headed could have neither appreciation nor share. Home-sick for his native land, the beauty and glamour of which had entered into his soul, and of which he knew how to sing with such deep and true feeling, the exiled "nightingale of Germany" had for many years to build its nest "in the periwig of old Voltaire." Sensitive, spoiled, and proud, he carried throughout his life the rankling sting of a hopeless and unrequited love. Add to all this a keen and exuberant sense of humour, an unparalleled gift of irony and satire, and a biting and flashing wit, and it is difficult to see how, if his verse be poisoned, it could well be otherwise. In the man, as in his works, there were the same infinite complexities and the same startling contrasts.

It is idle to say that the ugly discords which mar the beauty of Heine's works were an affectation, and the outcome of studied calculation to attract, to startle attention. They were in the man himself—in his life. Take, for example, the eventful visit to his uncle, Salomo Heine, the upright, simple-minded millionaire of Hamburg, which seems to mark the crisis of his life. The young man, straight from the unholy influence of "das rote Sefchen," from whose singing he had learnt that he, too, was "born unto singing," was sent—for his mother was an eminently shrewd and practical woman—to learn to follow in the respectable footsteps of his millionaire uncle. Silver-tongued Apollo was to settle down as a reputable banker—H. Heine & Co.—in the "town of bacon." In the society into which he was thrown, money and respectability were the be-all and end-all of life. The gorgeous world of imagination in which he lived was, to all about him, fantastically incomprehensible. With his sense of humour, the young poet must have felt that he cut a very comic figure in this uncongenial setting. Moreover, he fell passionately, madly in love with one of his uncle's daughters. She rejected his wooing with contempt. Although the wound never healed throughout his life, and gave to the world the exquisite pathos of the *Book of Songs*, though his heart might be

throbbing out its life-blood, Heine was fain to see the grim humour in the incongruity of all. It was irony worthy of what he blasphemously calls the "Aristophanes of Heaven." He learnt to mock at himself. These antagonisms of his temperament found its expression in that spirit of self-mockery which is the characteristic keynote of his lyrics. His cynicism is not an artificial, cleverly plotted phase straining after originality, but it is the expression of deeply rooted desire to seek after truth—to reach the kernel of life's philosophy. It expresses his conception of the great gulf which was fixed between the prose of his life and the poetry of his emotions. This, it seems to me, explains, to some extent, the strange dualisms of Heine's nature—its emotional exaltation and its sensual coarseness—and accounts for the glaring contrasts in his works. Throughout his life he worshipped purity, and he ran after any grisette who chanced to cross his path; and he jeered at himself, with tears in his eyes, for both. His life was the tragedy of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Mephistopheles chuckling impartially in the background.

The tragedy culminated in the long years of martyrdom which had to run out before the end of his stormy life on the mattress in Paris. Never was Heine greater than during those years when stretched on a bed of sickness, racked with excruciating pain, paralysed so that he had to lift the eyelid with his fingers if he would escape from darkness, he bore his afflictions unflinchingly and uncomplainingly. Never was his spirit so bright, and never was his wit so keen and subtle than during this long-drawn death in life.

"It was in May, 1848," he tells us, "that I went out for the last time and took leave of the fair idols which I adored in the time of my good fortune. Only with difficulty I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I all but fainted when I passed into the grand gallery where the sainted goddess of beauty, our blessed lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet long time I lay and wept so bitterly that a stone might have pitied me. The goddess, too, looked on me pitifully, yet so disconsolately withal as if she would say, 'Don't you see that I have no arms, and, therefore, can do nothing to help you?'"

It was Heine's farewell to the outside world. The gods of his youth, even the goddess of beauty, had failed him in his hour of need. He crawled home to die, but the hour of his release was long in coming. "It is a plaint," he writes to Meissner, "as though from the grave, a cry through the night of one buried alive." Yet on his bed, worn out and unable to fight as he had fought, whether on the wrong side or on the right, throughout his manhood, his genius turned again to the poetry which had first won him fame. From the bed of sickness he published the *Romanzero*, in which, if, as he had foretold long years before, the kisses of the Muse had lost much of their first glow and freshness, there are yet many lines of whimsical thought, of exquisite musical beauty, and all living with that mocking humour which characterised even his deathbed. Whether in those hours of pain and darkness he returned repentant to the God of his fathers;

whether he died a Jew or a Christian, it profits little to inquire. Would the spectacle of the battered old *roué* and freethinker turning whimpering to the consolations of religion which he had always spurned be particularly edifying? For the great history of the Jews he had never disguised his admiration; for their oppression, as for all who were down-trodden, he had always shown sympathy. But in all questions of creed he seems to have maintained the same attitude of tolerant indifference which he had laid down in his criticism of Nathan der Weise:

"Who is right I know not;  
And yet I can't help thinking  
That the Rabbi and the Monk  
Both smell very much alike."

Yet his thoughts certainly often turned to religious matters. Many of his poems, attacking his adversaries too virulently, he burned, not without a pang. But "it is better that the verses should burn rather than the versifier. For," he continues, in the foreword to *Romanzero*—perhaps one of the most terrible human documents ever penned,—

"since I need the mercy of God myself, I have granted an amnesty to all my enemies. . . . The entire high clergy of atheism has spoken its anathema over me, and there are fanatic priests of unbelief who would like to stretch me on the rack until I recant. . . . Yes, I am returned to God like the Prodigal Son, after a long herding of swine among the Hegelians."

But even in this confession of his faith the old smile of the scoffer seems to flit in and out between the lines.

"That smile was Heine."

O. W.

## THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

### THE RECEPTION OF M. THEURIET.

THE reception of M. Theuriel last week was an exceptionally brilliant meeting at the Académie de France. The attraction was not, indeed, the latest candidate for immortality—Theuriel, the bland and amiable, mild as milk, and just as insipid. But he was to be received by the youngest Academician, M. Bourget. The fashionable women of Paris must have their special novelist or dramatist. It is an enviable, if, alas! a dangerous post. M. Bourget has naturally stepped into the shoes of the departed Dumas, the late beloved of feminine Paris, so that the display of bonnets and gowns was worthy the most highly decorative and detailed pages of the master, who delights, as we all know, in matters of the toilet. "My merits as a novelist may be challenged," once said M. Bourget, in the extreme fatuity of his well-dressed youth; "but no one can deny that I am the best cravatted man of Paris." His British aspect, emphasised since his visit to America, was not advantageously set off by the ridiculous palm-embroidered coat and futile sword of the Forty; but, still, he managed to look as well as mortal man could possibly look, so disfigured.

For the excited foreigner, nothing is more deceptive than an Academy reception. To begin with, the famous arm-chairs are mere ugly benches. All the Immortals are not present. The hall is small and insignificant, and while you listen to the long addresses, you have plenty of time to realise the absurdity of the whole affair; of men who play at distributing and appropriating glory, and convene all Paris to watch their method of play. At one o'clock the president, M. Bourget, flanked by the chancellor and the secretary of the Academy, took the centre seat on the high *estrade* facing the hall. M. Theuriet stood in the traditional attitude of respectful dignity beside the reading-desk placed before his "arm-chair," and on either side sat his god-fathers, MM. Brunetière and Cherbuliez. In a clear, monotonous voice, strongly tinged with the Lorraine accent, the new Immortal read the conventional eulogy of his predecessor, Alexander Dumas. Nobody expected anything remarkable from M. Theuriet, and he fully justified this negative expectation. About Dumas he had nothing to say, and he said it, and said it well, which is all that could be expected from an Academician.

Not so with the president's speech welcoming him among the Forty. It was for this all the pretty gowns and "chic" bonnets made such a gallant display in the building; for this the tribunes were packed to overflowing, and people had been standing outside the Institute doors since four o'clock that morning. Here something decidedly remarkable was expected, and nobody for once was disappointed. M. Bourget read a discourse which was a charming and finished piece of literature. The candidate addresses the entire body of Academicians standing. The president addresses him sitting; and in his welcome adopts a personal and responsible tone. Bourget began with a pretty and flattering school-reminiscence, and recalled "an exquisite hour" in the provincial college where the professor, forsaking the old dry path, opened for his pupils a contemporary volume of verse. It was Theuriet's *Chanson du Vannier*, and young heads and hearts were instantly seized by its enchantment. So vivid is the memory still that he quoted several lines, and in analysing the charms of Theuriet's perfumed landscape, gave us, with delightful freshness, the setting of his own school years. Resuming the captivating influence of the provincial note, which may be said to be Theuriet's sole gift, he cried:

"To belong to a land! What a simple formula! So simple that at first glance it seems to lack even sense. Bridoron said, 'One is always somebody's son'; he might have added, 'and born somewhere.' But the State registrar, in recording beside our name that of our birthplace, does not by that fact make us of that spot. It needs something else for the accomplishment of that mysterious marriage of the earth and the soul that man sums up in that word so tender and profound: 'My country!' To belong to a land it is not sufficient to be born there. It does not suffice even to have grown up there. Our family must have lived there, those who gave us life must have played there as children, where we have played as children. They must have merged their earliest

dreams of youth in horizons whither our own have wandered, their works, their blisses, their sorrows must have been associated with the setting of our daily life. Our dead must be there about us—in the streets, among the fields; the highest and humblest influences emanating from all things must have shaped us through them in such a way that the climate of our town has penetrated us like its history, and that everywhere else we are forced to feel ourselves strangers, *dépayés*—to use the expressive term in which the popular language sums up the suffering of the creature torn from the hereditary atmosphere, from that sacred communion of the land and men, outside of which there is neither durable hearth nor national unity of action, nor health of spirit nor certitude of will. Alas! in our contemporary France, centralised in the extreme, how many have been deprived of this first support! How many have possessed it and undervalued it! You, Monsieur, have had the good fortune to belong to a land. You have had the wisdom to stick to it as far as life permitted you. The best of your talent comes from that good fortune and from that wisdom."

Tracing the influences that formed Theuriet's youth and talent, he recalled with a few delicate strokes the aged aunt Thérèse, who first taught him to love and understand flowers, and who replied to his child's question how the bees made honey, "with the heart of flowers."

"This flavour of wild honey, composed of all the flowers of Lorraine, is that of all your poetry of nature, and, in the poet's fashion, you have royally paid your debt to the gentle dead who first revealed to you the secret of true artists—that of finding the exquisite in the humblest things; you have set her image in an elegy too long to quote entirely, but whose last verses I will quote, wherein we see her too old to wander among the alleys of the garden, imprisoned in her chamber hung with Flemish draperies of faded leaves, the silent spirit, the tarnished mirrors and rosewood furniture."

M. Bourget made what could be made of a mediocre subject. The work of M. Theuriet offers small scope to the analyst or the orator; for this reason, the greater and more notable part of M. Bourget's remarkable discourse was given to M. Theuriet's predecessors. His eulogy of Alexandre Dumas literally took the Academy by storm. Not only were passages saluted with enthusiastic applause, but the entire assembly was lifted to its feet. First the Academicians stood up to applaud, and then the spectators, the laity, male and female. It was a triumph worth achieving, and one that M. Bourget for one sweet brief moment must have felt equal in value to several swift editions of a new novel. He painted Dumas, with his athletic figure, his haughty bearing, his singular and expressive mask, full of intelligence and energy, of virile gaiety and hidden bitterness, of irony and kindness, of courageous serenity and melancholy.

"All this was in that accentuated profile, with its hooked nose, its bold moustache, its brow broad with thought, its mouth at once indulgent and disenchanted, and what a glance! His clear eyes, set within lids a little prominent, had that surgical lucidity of great doctors, great composers, and great statesmen. It seemed that athwart all lies and all modesties, all ignorances and duplicities, that glance must always pierce to the very depth of the being it rested upon and perceive the soul's

sick spot, the secret wound to be sounded and cured."

There is not space to reproduce in full this masterly analysis of Dumas' work. Theuriet's eulogy was characterless and dull, but Bourget more than accomplished and completed his task. Each sentence told, each line was revealing, and while we listened, spellbound and entranced, without the Institute gates the students from the redoubtable Quartier, in the detestable anti-semitic spirit of the hour, that makes Paris a public scandal, were clamouring for Zola's blood (though it is not explained why they should batter the Institute gates so inhospitable to Zola, in pursuit of that distinguished writer) and Bourget's uneven and somewhat jerky utterance was continually interrupted by sounds of blows and shouts, till thoughts of war and siege were aroused, and palmed and sworded Academicians moved uneasily in their legendary arm-chairs. But the threatened invasion passed on, the Academy was not taken like another Bastille, by trousered *petroleuse*, and the Master was permitted to reach his eloquent peroration.

"Dumas has executed in the drama a work resembling that of Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert in the novel, of Sainte-Beuve and Taine in criticism, of Thierry and Michelet in history. On the boards he has introduced as much truth as they could hold. His theatre, to borrow the formula of one of the masters of this revolution, is a living psychology. Thus his work is associated with the vast output of the scientific spirit which circulates from one end to the other of this century, and which will remain its unequalled greatness. Suffering century, chaotic, harsh, troubled, which has undertaken everything, accomplished so little, and of which one may say the despairing word that it has been fertile in abortions. . . . When new generations will review the books, novels, poems, plays, essays of all kinds in which we have expended our effort during the last hundred years, they will put aside, no doubt, as decrepit, many a work that was celebrated, but which gave too much place to rhetoric and to fashion. They will preserve, I have the profound conviction, those which were composed with the passionate scruple of exactitude. It is not rash to affirm that Alexandre Dumas' part will be very great in this supreme lottery, because he has sought for much, and much loved truth. Alas! this strong phalanx of our great elders, who with Flaubert linked romance with physiology, with Renan religious history with exegesis, with Taine renewed literary history by the study of surrounding races, with Leconte de Lisle poetry by visionary erudition, we have seen it entirely vanish. In to-day bidding farewell to one of these glorious elders in the name of our *confrères*, I feel a little of the melancholy that sixty years ago simple officers must have felt in seeing disappear one by one the few survivals among the generals of the Great Army. It is one of the last marshals of French letters whose memory to-day we salute, and our discouragement at the thought of the irreparable losses endured these last years would be great indeed if we did not recall wisely the valiant counsel breathed from the whole person of Alexandre Dumas, and if we did not hear his voice repeating to us the virile order of literary existence, of all existence perhaps; that with which he ends one of his masterpieces: 'And now, let us go and work.'"

H. L.

## THE BOOK MARKET.

## GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

OUR inquiries into the sales and merits of the existing editions of Scott's and Dickens's novels have excited considerable interest. Below we give reports (wrung from booksellers whose busiest hours have arrived) upon the sales and editions of the novels of George Eliot. George Eliot's reputation is "reconsidered" in another column. Here she is reconsidered from the practical point of view of the bookseller.

## SALES AND EDITIONS.

A London (West End) bookseller writes :

"In my opinion there is still room for a well-printed and attractively-bound edition of George Eliot's works. The old red cloth edition commands the largest sales, and, indeed, is much preferred to the new green edition now being issued. There is always a steady demand for George Eliot's works, but I believe such an edition as I have indicated would be welcomed."

Our Birmingham correspondent makes an interesting reply to our inquiries :

"Of all our English novelists, none have a more uniform sale in Birmingham than George Eliot. There are various reasons for this: here, in Warwickshire, she was one of us. Her knowledge of the ways and customs of the lower middle classes of this county are unequalled in English literature. Again, she was not a voluminous writer: a complete set of her novels can be had in eight volumes. The volumes are few in number, and the cost is within the reach of all.

The best selling are *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Silas Marner*. The latter works do not sell so freely, for in them the philosopher is stamped on every page, and the analysis of character is too searching.

To Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons thanks are due for several excellent editions. The 'Standard' edition, in 21 volumes, is a model of neatness—paper, print, and binding, all are perfection. There are no illustrations—that is a great blessing. The cheap 'Uniform' edition has the larger sale—it is well printed on good paper, but we wish we could prevail upon the publishers to omit the illustrations.

We may add that here in Birmingham the sale of George Eliot is as great to-day as it was during her life. These remarks apply to her prose-fiction only. The essays have been relegated to the upper shelves; the poems have a small sale."

A large Brighton bookseller gives his opinions as follow :

"The sale of George Eliot's novels keeps very even throughout the year. The red cloth edition is by far the most popular; and we think it a pity that it is to be discontinued as the stock runs out, and another colour substituted; for although the new binding is in itself neat and good, it will be a drawback to those who have purchased some volumes not to be able to complete their sets in uniform binding. There does not seem to be room for another 8vo edition, unless it were illustrated; but the pocket edition, which is shortly to be commenced by the issue in that form of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, should take well."

A Bournemouth correspondent writes :

"The present demand for George Eliot's novels is not quite so good as it has been in previous years.

The 'Cabinet' edition I find sells best in sets; single novels in the 'Popular' edition. *Scenes of Clerical Life* has had a large sale during the last few months in the sixpenny edition.

If the publishers could see their way clear to publish the novels as they intend publishing *Scenes of Clerical Life*—3 vols., uniform with the 'Temple Classics'—I certainly think it would take, and especially if the number of volumes did not exceed fifteen for the set."

From Dublin we have received a favourable report on these novels :

"In our experience George Eliot comes next in popularity to Scott and Dickens, Thackeray being a bad fourth.

There is always a steady demand for her works in the cheaper editions (3s. 6d., &c.), and the uniform set of her novels in 7 vols. has also sold well.

The new 'Standard' edition, however, has not found favour with our clients, for although it makes a handsome set we consider the number of volumes and the price tend to keep down the sale, particularly as the cheaper edition is such good value.

We do not stock sixpenny editions."

Finally, an Oxford correspondent gives us George Eliot's position in a University city :

"Whether due to the 'new fiction' or not I cannot say, but the sale of George Eliot's novels is not a third of what it was at Oxford six or seven years ago. These novels seem to be taking their place in the ranks of those classics which, perhaps, because they 'ought to be read,' are not read by the younger generation. The prices, too, of the original editions have dropped considerably, and where an uncut copy of, e.g., *The Mill on the Floss*, a few years ago brought three guineas, it may now be picked up for one. As to current editions, I think those issued by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are adequate to the demand, and that there is no crying need at present for anything further."

It will be seen that the demand for George Eliot's novels is reported to be steady at all the above centres except Oxford. It appears that there is some room for a new edition; but while our Birmingham correspondent vehemently condemns illustrations, our Brighton correspondent thinks them necessary to the success of a new edition.

## WHAT AMERICA IS READING.

THE American *Bookman* is worth consulting now and then by those who desire to follow the reading tastes of the vast American public. Its monthly returns of book sales are magnificent in their sweep. They tell, as accurately as can be told, what books are pronounced "real bully" from Boston to New Orleans, from New York to Salt Lake City, and thence to San Francisco. Out of the many lists returned by the *Bookman's* correspondents we quote the following, which relate to six large cities.

The books are placed in order of demand, and the lists were made up on November 1.

## NEW YORK (UPTOWN).

1. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
2. The Christian. By Caine.
3. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.
6. St. Ives. By Stevenson.

## BOSTON.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
2. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
3. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.
4. St. Ives. By Stevenson.
5. The Christian. By Caine.
6. Alfred Lord Tennyson. By his Son.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
4. Story of an Untold Love. By Ford.
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats.

## SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis.
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
3. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
4. The Christian. By Caine.
5. The Federal Judge. By Lush.
6. The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Ford.

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. The Christian. By Caine.
3. St. Ives. By Stevenson.
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis.
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.
6. The Lark. Books I. and II.

## NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
3. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis.
4. The Christian. By Caine.
5. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.
6. Chevalier d'Auriac. By Yeats.

Taking the whole of the lists, of which there are over thirty, it appears that the six books most popular in America about seven weeks ago were these :

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen.
3. The Christian. By Caine.
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
5. Captains Courageous. By Kipling.
6. In Kedar's Tents. By Merriman.

The hold which *Quo Vadis* has taken of the American public is remarkable. It was first favourite last May, and is first favourite now. Even *The Christian* plays third fiddle to it. Even that fine native product, *The Choir Invisible*, has failed to dislodge it from its pinnacle. *In Kedar's Tents* is returned as one of the most popular books in nearly every State.



## THE WEEK.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN has issued, in an octavo volume of about 300 pages, eight papers on the naval affairs of the United States. These papers have been written at various dates, the earliest in 1890, and three during this year. Whatever unity they present "will not be due," says Captain Mahan, "to antecedent purpose, but to the fact that they embody the thought of an individual mind, consecutive in the line of its main conceptions, but adjusting itself continually to changing conditions, which the progress of events entails." All the papers appeared originally in American magazines, and among the subjects treated are "Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion," "Preparedness for Naval War," "A Twentieth Century Outlook," and "Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico."

THE "Wolseley Series" of military works is growing. Its aim is to place before British officers and the public translations of foreign standard works on military subjects. But it will occasionally produce an original English work, and thus we have, for its latest volume, *Indian Frontier Warfare*, by Captain and Brevet-Major C. J. Younghusband, who has already won his spurs in the literary field. Mr. Walter H. James, the editor of the series, supplies a brief Introduction to the volume, in which he says:

"Incidentally this book gives a striking proof of the value of the study of military history, a knowledge of the method employed by Hoche to subdue La Vendée, being the basis of the system employed for the pacification of Burmah. Here was a country in which the conditions were much the same as those which obtained in France a hundred years ago, viz., difficult communications and numerous irregular bands, not formidable in themselves, but hard to deal with because of the difficulty of getting hold of them. The actual course employed was not quite the same; still, the later method was distinctly founded on the earlier. No two military incidents can ever be exactly similar. The wise man is he who learns from the experience of the past how to apply his knowledge under the conditions of the present."

IN the way of criticism this week we have Mr. Havelock Ellis's *Affirmations*, consisting of papers on Nietzsche, Cassanova, Zola, Huysmans, and "St. Francis and Others." Mr. Ellis boldly condemns books about books while producing one himself:

"How happy, for instance, the world might be if there were no literature about the Bible, if Augustine and Aquinas and Calvin and thousands of smaller men had not danced on it so long, stamping every page of it into mire, that now the vision of a single line, in its simple sense, is almost an effort of inspiration. All my life long I have been casting away the knowledge I have gained from books about literature, and from opinions about life, and coming to literature itself or to life itself, a slow and painful progress towards that heaven of knowledge where a child is king."

Another handsome sporting book by "Thormanby" comes to hand. This is *Kings of the Turf*, a series of biographical sketches of celebrities of the racing world. There are some thirty sketches and portraits, peers being alternated with commoners, jockeys with trainers, owners with backers. Last of all comes a chapter on the Prince of Wales, whose winning of the Derby is stirringly described. We think the author is safe when he surmises that "the number of hats that were lost through being recklessly chucked into the air will probably never be known."

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

MINISTERIAL PRIESTHOOD. By R. C. Moberly, D.D. John Murray.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

KINGS OF THE TURF. By "Thormanby." Hutchinson & Co. 16s.

WOLSELEY SERIES, VOL. III.: INDIAN FRONTIER WARFARE. By Captain and Brevet-Major G. J. Younghusband, P.S.C. Kegan Paul.

THE CAMPAIGN OF SEDAN. By George Hooper. George Bell & Sons.

SIR HENRY WOTTON: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. By Adolphus William Ward. Archibald Constable & Co. 3s. 6d.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HARRIET BROWNE STOWE. Edited by Annie Fields. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY FROM ITS SERVANTS IN THE EAST. VOL. II.: 1613-1615. With an Introduction by William Foster, B.A. Sampson Low. 21s.

THE DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF AMERICA: ITS FIRST CHAPTER, 1492-1493-1494. By Henry Harrisse. B. F. Stevens.

## POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

REVIEWS AND ESSAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By the Rev. Duncan C. Toxey. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

THE WOOING OF MALCATHON, and COMMODOUS. By Lew. Wallace. Harper & Brothers.

SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS: BALLADS OF HOME AND HOMELY LIFE. By Frederick Langbridge. 3s. 6d.

POETICAL SERMONS: INCLUDING THE BALLAD OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH. By William E. Davenport. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d.

AFFIRMATIONS. By Havelock Ellis. Walter Scott.

THE SPECTATOR: VOL. III. John C. Nimmo.

MODERN PAINTERS: VOL. V. By John Ruskin. New Edition. 9s.

## SCIENCE.

ELECTRICAL TRACTION. By Ernest Wilson. Edward Arnold.

## ART BOOKS.

THE "BUILDER" ALBUM OF ROYAL ACADEMY ARCHITECTURE, 1897. Office of the Builder.

THE CENTRAL ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Bernhard Berenson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN BOOK PLATES. By Henry W. Fincham. Kegan Paul. 21s.

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE THAMES ILLUSTRATED: A PICTURESQUE JOURNEYING FROM RICHMOND TO OXFORD. By John Leyland. George Newnes, Ltd.

A RUN ROUND THE EMPIRE. By Alex. Hill. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 3s. 6d.

THE FAVOR ISLANDS. By J. Russell-Jefferson. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.

## CLASSICAL.

THE POEMS OF BACCHYLIDES: FROM A PAPYRUS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. Printed by Order of the Trustees of the British Museum.

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (CLASSICAL). By Thomas Benfield Harbottle. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.

## EDUCATIONAL.

NEW GRAMMATICAL FRENCH COURSE. By Albert Barrère. 2 vols. Whittaker & Co. 2s.

DISTINGUENDA. By A. P. S. Newman. Whittaker & Co. 1s.

D. C. C. EXERCISES IN CHOICE AND CHANCE. By William Allen Whitworth. Deighton Bell & Co. (Cambridge).

THE SMALLER CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS: ESEA AND NEMEMIAH. Edited by Herbert Edward Ryle, D.D. Cambridge University Press.

TWO ESSAYS ON WILLIAM PITT. By T. B. Macaulay. Edited by Arthur D. Innes, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

T. MACCI PLAUTI TRINUMMUS. Edited by J. H. Gray, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

ELSI'S ADVENTURES IN FAIRYLAND. By Bedford Pollard. Elliot Stock. KING LONG BEARD. By Barrington MacGregor and Charles Robinson. John Lane. NATTY'S VIOLIN. By Charles H. Bartow. Frederick Warne & Co. IN QUEST OF SHEBA'S TREASURE. By S. Walkley. Frederick Warne & Co. 2s. 6d. A HOUSEFUL OF REBELS. By Walter Rhoades. Archibald Constable & Co. 4s. 6d. GEORDIE THE BLACK PRINCE. By Rev. J. M. Russell. Jarrold & Sons. 2s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIENDSHIP. By Hugh Black. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. THE GUARDIAN'S INSTRUCTION; OR, THE GENTLEMAN'S ROMANCE. By Stephen Penton. F. E. Robinson. THE BOWER MANUSCRIPT. Edited by A. F. Rudolf Hoernle, Ph.D. Parts III. to VII. Government Printing Office, Calcutta. A DICTIONARY OF THE MALAY LANGUAGE: MALAY-ENGLISH. By Hugh Clifford and Frank A. Swettenham. Part IV.: The Letters "D," "E," and "F." Government Printing Office, Taiping, Perak. THE INTEREST OF AMERICA IN SEA POWER: PRESENT AND FUTURE. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. A SERIES OF SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS TO CAPTAIN SIR R. F. BUSTON'S "ARABIAN NIGHTS." From paintings by Albert Letchford. H. S. Nichols, Ltd. THE ART OF COOKERY. By Mrs. De Salis. Hutchinson & Co. 2s. STUDENTS' EDITION OF A STANDARD DICTIONARY. Funk and Wagnalls. SHADOW LAND; OR, LIGHT FROM THE OTHER SIDE. By E. d'Espérance. George Redway. DANCING A PLEASURE. By Edward Scott. Henry J. Drane.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE ACADEMY'S AWARDS TO AUTHORS.

SIR,—May I be allowed to comment upon the letter of "A Veteran Critic" in your last issue? I do not know how far he correctly interprets the true intention of the ACADEMY in raising the question of a prize fund for authors. I venture to hope that his interpretation is unauthorised.

It is evident, to begin with, that no journal, however high be its standing, can take the place of public and official bodies like the five academies which make up the French Institute, and of which the French Academy is the only one known to the generality of educated Englishmen. The French Academy can, without presumption, honour with its approval the work of any French writer, be he who he may; for the ACADEMY to solemnly set the seal of its approbation upon Mr. Swinburne or Mr. Meredith would be a *saugrenuité* of which I am convinced its editor would never be guilty. It follows that literary work which has been recognised by the most competent organs of English opinion as first-rate is *ipso facto* debarred from participation in the ACADEMY prize fund; writers of the first rank are *hors concours*. And if it would be an impertinence for any journal to deem the formal expression of its approval of moment to a writer recognised by the majority of English literary organs, it would be an absurdity in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to accompany that approval by a pecuniary reward. To refer for one moment to "A Veteran Critic's" list, would it not be gilding refined gold to offer Mr. Rudyard Kipling or Mr. W. W. Jacobs a cheque of £50 for *Captains Courageous* or *The Skipper's Wooing*. You might as well offer Sir Henry Bessemer £50 for his metallurgical inventions, or Mr. Edison the same sum for his



discovery of the phonograph. "The artist alone," we are told by "A Veteran Critic," "works for nothing but the satisfaction of his own conscience," &c. Have Mr. Kipling and Mr. Jacobs indeed worked for *nothing*? If so common rumour is truly a lying jade.

Does this imply that what "A Veteran Critic" regards solely as literature—fiction, poetry, and criticism—should be shut out from the ACADEMY Stakes? By no means. The ACADEMY can do most useful work by insisting upon the fact that popular approval and pecuniary reward do not necessarily accompany good literature. In other words, it can seek out those works which have been passed over by the mass of critics, which have been neglected by the public; and it can, by the sympathetic expression of its recognition, by the substantial help of a money reward, encourage and assist the authors. It could thus have assisted Browning at the outset of his career; it could have tendered to T. E. Brown that homage which, since his death, has been accorded him in some measure.

On the whole, however, it cannot be maintained that, so far as the literature adumbrated in the preceding paragraph is concerned, there is any serious need of an ACADEMY prize fund. Talent and genius are scarcely likely to fail of recognition nowadays; on the contrary, there is only too common a disposition to recognise them where they exist in an infinitesimal degree. There has been no Poe, no Mangan, in the world of English-speaking letters during the last fifty years; we are so alive to the possibility of Méryon starving, that any charlatan who stands on his head is sure of an adoring press and any number of suppers at the Savoy. It is far otherwise with the literature of knowledge. If you do, indeed, Sir, as "A Veteran Critic" asserts, believe that this finds its reward in the distant beckoning of a professorship, you must permit me to say that this belief possesses the essential characteristic of faith—entire lack of relation to fact. In the first place, there are very few professorships in England; and in the second, it is notorious that literary output has little, if anything, to do with their award. Moreover, much of the work I have in view has been done by writers engaged in other callings, and forcedly hindered from complying with the beckoning, however distant, of a professorship.

As a simple matter of fact, there are whole fields of knowledge that are scarcely tilled at all in this country because of their miserable yield in honorary or pecuniary reward. Only enthusiasts with a competence can put their hands to the plough. The historical sciences in general, and in especial those branches that are concerned with the literary and artistic manifestations of man's personality throughout the ages, stand on a far lower level in the English-speaking world than on the Continent. Here it seems to me that the generous initiative of the ACADEMY might be fruitful of good. I will cite four works which, had the ACADEMY fund been in existence, would, in my opinion, have had a predominant claim upon it: Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the *Mabinogion*, Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, Prof. Child's edition of the *English and Scottish Ballads*. In the first three cases not only was a new continent of romantic fancy and incident opened up for English letters; but English prose literature was enriched by an original and remarkable masterpiece; in the fourth case one of the most beautiful and characteristic branches of our literature is, for the first time, adequately dealt with.

My conclusion is, that the ACADEMY should mainly restrict its scheme to such branches of literature as are fostered in France by the *Académie des Inscriptions*, and would in Germany be designated "Philologische Wissen-

schaften," the German "Philologie" I need not say being a term of infinitely wider import than our philology.

#### "A FAULTY AGREEMENT."

I should like to say a few words about another matter. Nobody heeds statements made by the *Author*, which are as little likely to mislead as those, let me say, of *La Libre Parole* or the *New York Sun*. But copied into your columns under the title of "A Faulty Agreement" they may do some mischief. It is worth while, therefore, to examine this characteristic example of the *Author's* method of dealing with figures.

In the agreement criticised the publisher asks the writer to contribute £110 to the cost of producing 1,500 copies of his work, and the result arrived at, according to the *Author*, is that the publisher makes close upon £100 profit without risking a penny, whereas the writer in return for his risk only nets £65. Now in the first place the cost of production is set down at, "say, £100," an assumption based upon nothing but the conviction that the publisher must inevitably be trying to swindle the author. Let us see if we can test its validity. As the book produces 3s. 6d. to the publisher, it must be published at 6s., and may be assumed to be a crown 8vo of 12 sheets of 32 pages, or 388 pages at least. The binding of 1,500 copies at 5d. each (a low figure) works out at £31, paper for the same number (36 reams of double crown at 15s.) at £27, so that only £42 are left for composing and machining 388 pages. I will not say this price is impossible, but it is very low and it allows absolutely no margin for corrections (which may safely be estimated at from £7 to £10) nor for the printing of prospectuses, circulars, order forms, &c., nor for the postage of gratis copies, nor, most remarkable omission of all (and one which the ACADEMY should surely have spotted) for advertising. Unless the author differs greatly from his kind, and the publisher is less squeezable than most of his fellows, this last item may be put down at £20 at least. In other words, the cost of production assumed, in order to create a prejudice against the publisher, to be £100 is almost certainly from £130 to £140, and may, if author and publisher believe in advertising, reach any figure up to £200. So much for the basis of the *Author's* calculation. Now for some further developments. The sale of the entire edition is assumed to bring in £262 10s. to the publisher (1,500 copies at 3s. 6d.), so that nothing is deducted for copyright purposes, nothing for traveller's and office copies, nothing for gratis copies to the author, nothing (how came you, Mr. Editor, to pass over *this* omission?) for review copies! According to the *Author's* calculation the young writer's work has sold without being circularised, without being advertised, without being reviewed. Lucky young writer, and yet he and the *Author* are not happy.

We are now in a position to substitute for the misleading figures given by the *Author* the following approximately correct ones:

On the sale of 1,500 copies—

	£	s.
Cost of production, say...	140	0
Royalty to author on 1,400 copies (allowing 100 for gratis copies), at 2s. 6d.	175	10
Profit to publisher...	39	10
	£	355 0
By author ... ..	110	
By sale of 1,400 (allowing 100 for gratis copies), at 3s. 6d.	245	
	£	355 0

*Ex hypothesi* the author risks £110 and gets £175 10s., or £65 10s. profit, the publisher

risks £30 and gets £39 10s. profit. But if he advertises beyond the figure of £20 his risk is increased *pro tanto*, and if the advertisement charge reaches the figure of £50 his possible profit is reduced to a vanishing point. The bargain, assuming the entire edition to be sold, is a hard one for the writer, but it is not the iniquitous one denounced by the *Author*. Moreover, no mention is made of the possible failure to sell 100 copies, in which case the publisher gets nothing for his risk. True, the writer is in the same plight, but he has at least the satisfaction of seeing his book published, a satisfaction conceivably worth £100 to him, but under no circumstances worth anything to the publisher, unless, indeed, the work has a scholarly value, and he issue it for the benefit of science.

I ask you, Sir, and readers of the ACADEMY generally, if it is advisable to give the sanction of your support to statements which can only be cleared from the charge of unfair animus by a plea of gross and ignorant carelessness?

ALFRED NUTT.

[We gave the figures of which Mr. Nutt complains on the authority of a paper which has made a speciality of the finance and statistics of publishing. No doubt the *Author* can defend its figures otherwise than by "a plea of gross and ignorant carelessness."]

#### MR. HERBERT SPENCER ON BOOKBUYING.

SIR,—Allow me to correct two errors contained in your account of the method of book-distribution which I proposed some years ago, one of them evidently typographical.

The date of my letter to Mr. Fawcett was 1882, not 1852. In 1852 Mr. Fawcett was not in office—was, indeed, politically unknown.

There is an important omission in your description of the process of ordering a book. The required postage stamps, equivalent to the price of the book, are to be *cancelled*. The words used are: "He (the purchaser) then scribbles over the affixed stamps so as to erase them and make them unavailable even should they be detached." Evidently this is an essential precaution.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Brighton: Dec. 13.

#### AUSONIUS.

SIR,—Your reviewer makes pretty sport with the Californian translator of M. de Heredia:

"When he can go wrong, Mr. Taylor goes wrong: *filles d'Ausonie* becomes 'Ausonius' daughters'; there is no such person as Ausonius, except to the inventor of 'Eumolpidus.'"

I like the irony, and in the absence of the context I have little doubt that *filles d'Ausonie* does not mean "daughters of Ausonius." But poor poet, whose veritable and not altogether unimportant existence is thus roundly denied!

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## REVIEWS.

## CARDINAL WISEMAN.

*The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.*  
By Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans & Co.)

MR. WILFRID WARD has already, in his two volumes upon the life and times of his distinguished father, shown himself an excellent and skilled writer of ecclesiastical or theological biography; he has in abundance the culture, the humour, the impartiality, and the care in research eminently needed for such work. It is unhappily seldom that a writer who can "carry a *bon mot*" and tell a good story, can also give us chapters which, whether we agree with them or not, are rich in philosophic suggestion and political exposition. The lives of Dr. Ward and of Cardinal Wiseman are, at least, conceived and executed upon the higher plane of literature, and are not, as are so many modern biographies, trivial and ephemeral as well as voluminous. Voluminous, indeed, this last work is, we cannot but think, to excess. Vivid as is the portrait of Wiseman, yet a somewhat closer style of narrative, and a greater conciseness of disquisition, would not have obscured it. But we recognise the weight of various reasons for a treatment so elaborate. First, in so far as Mr. Ward is writing for English and foreign Catholics, for the clergy and educated laity, he has written nothing superfluous, and he has filled a sphere in their literature left too long vacant. He has gathered into this volume a mass of matter which every year would have made it harder to collect, as survivors of the older generations pass away and accuracy becomes harder to secure. Secondly, as regards his readers in general, it must be remembered that Wiseman was one of the chief fighters and figures in a religious movement which, for better or worse, has affected the thought of England. The modern history of Catholicism in England is fairly accessible up to the death of Bishop Milner, or the granting of Emancipation: it is plentifully accessible, from the conversions of Newman and Man-

ning up to the present day, as, of course, is also the Oxford Catholicising Movement. But the history of the Roman Church in England from, let us say, Emancipation to 1845 or 1850, has not been told with any width of outlook and conception. Wiseman's "life" fell in momentous "times," which deserve an ample record: and the life cannot be understood without a clear understanding of movements and events in many countries, which had a profound influence upon Wiseman, and so helped him to his influence upon England. In a very wide and various sense, he was a man of the world, and his biographer—or, at least, his first adequate and authoritative biographer—must needs handle a multiplicity of matters.

It is upon Wiseman, as the majority of his countrymen will regard him, that we wish to dwell, rather than upon the ecclesiastic: upon Wiseman, as an Englishman of greatness, if not a man of genius. His origin and early experiences were strangely cosmopolitan. Upon the publication, at the age of twenty-five, of his "*Horæ Syriacæ*," he was described by a German critic as an "in Spain born, from an Irish family descended, in England educated, in Rome residing, Syriac scholar." Had that critic lived to record Wiseman's other and future characteristics and accomplishments, he must have done his best in one interminable sentence to say that Wiseman was something of a musician, painter, romance-writer, poet; very much of a linguist, orator, and controversialist; a popular lecturer upon science, art, and social questions; a lover of pomp, puns, and good cheer; the most unpopular man in England when consecrated first Archbishop of Westminster, and among the most regretted when he died. Withal, a simple, natural, childlike, and saintly man, whom Browning was yet not wholly and utterly unjust in portraying as "Bishop Blougram," though the portrait be mainly unjust: a man who, setting foot in England as Cardinal, was in some real peril of his life from mob violence, and who, passing through London to his burial, passed through sorrowful and respectful crowds, only less great than those which honoured the hearse of the Great Duke. Every inch a prince, he was addressed by his frequent correspondent, the third Napoleon, "mon cousin," mediæval wise; when he visited Ireland, the first Cardinal to do so since Rinuccini's mission, the nation flung itself at his feet to "kiss the purple." But he was happiest, with little children on his knees and round his neck. He was conscious of high station and a far higher mission when he issued pastorals and letters couched in the traditional "grand style" of Rome: but his heart was lighter when he composed devout little plays for convent schools. As Newman wrote of him, he could "speak with readiness and point in half-a-dozen languages, without being detected for a foreigner in any of them, and at ten minutes' notice address a congregation from a French pulpit or the select audience of an Italian Academy"; but his letters show this rare and ornate linguist inflicting upon his intimates unpardonable puns, and a sort of ecclesiastical wit or slang, bordering—to the lay mind—upon

irreverence. Clearly a versatile man, easily misunderstood by friends and foes; but he succeeded in making himself understood as a man of singular straightforwardness and candour, and as a man of very rich and full development in all that concerns or becomes the spiritual and intellectual life. As such he was finally recognised, and his country became proud of him, as they became proud of Newman and Manning.

Each in his way the three men did one work of a twofold aspect. They worked to Europeanise, Cosmopolitanise, Romanise, the somewhat Gallican minds of the hereditary English Catholics; and they worked to exhibit before their other fellow citizens the compatibility of Catholicism with loyal citizenship and with participation in the national life. Each had a special animosity to face. Newman, in Disraeli's famous phrase, dealt the Church of England a blow from which she yet reels; Wiseman was the hero, or the villain, of the "Papal Aggression"; Manning was the protagonist of those two unpopular causes, the Temporal Power and Papal Infallibility. Each lived to convince his countrymen that he was a sincere and truthful man. That conceded, and it has abundantly been conceded, the day was won. They did not convert England to their Church, but they did convert it to the conviction that an English Catholic need not be a bad and treacherous Englishman. And it is this very quality of truthfulness and candour which explains all that needs explanation in the relations of the three to each other, and to those with whom they had mutual relations. The three men were of most dissimilar temperaments and of an equal sincerity. Little psychological skill is needed to comprehend the natural issue of those conditions in occasional misapprehensions, passing silences, seeming estrangements. Tennyson said of Dr. Ward that he was "grotesquely truthful"; so, but with a somewhat subtler and clerical decorum, were the three cardinals. It is an absurdity to admit, as all admit, that they have vindicated the consistency of their careers and motives, while remaining capable of insincerities and intrigues, one against another. It is enough to remember that at their deaths the almost unanimous verdict upon each of them was the public testimony of all creeds and classes to their straightforwardness and honour.

Mr. Ward has drawn for us a somewhat pathetic figure. At first sight, we do not think of Wiseman as a man of many sorrows or heavy burdens: but there are pages here most intimate and sacred, showing a side of him that he never showed to the world. Indeed, the world judged him but too often by appearances; whence such a description, as this by Charlotte Brontë, not quoted by Mr. Ward:

"He is a big portly man, something of the shape of Mr. Morgan; he has not merely a double, but a treble and quadruple chin; he has a very large mouth with oily lips, and looks as if he would relish a good dinner with a bottle of wine after it. He came swimming into the room smiling, simpering, and bowing like a fat old lady, and sat down very demure in his chair, and looked the picture of a sleek hypocrite. He was dressed in black, like a bishop or dean in plain clothes, but wore

scarlet gloves and a brilliant scarlet waistcoat. A bevy of inferior priests surrounded him, many of them very dark-looking and sinister men. The cardinal spoke in a smooth, whining manner, just like a canting Methodist preacher. The audience seemed to look up to him as to a god."

That is exceedingly, though unintentionally, amusing: but it is a typical specimen of the quaint distrust which Wiseman's manner inspired among the prejudiced, who loved to call him "oily"—i.e., dangerous, and "suave"—i.e., insinuating. Had he retained the thin and stooping form of his youth, they would have called him a pallid inquisitor. But though he lived down reproaches thus silly, and others more serious, his life leaves an impression of sadness. For all that his heart was in his English labours, he seems burdened with the weight of cares laid upon him as he goes his uphill way. The Rome that he paints with so rich and wistful a sympathy in his book upon *The Four Last Popes*—a Rome unknown to this generation—haunted him: it was so absolutely congenial to him, as the shrine of faith and of culture, as a world apart. And with all his thoroughly English nature, he had, as it were, a second nature of foreign ways and likings, the result of his studious years in Italy, his converse with foreign scholars, his multifarious contact with large and liberal aspects of life. It was of necessity a little hard to find even one of his own countrymen, a member of a learned profession, so heartlessly consumed with narrow hatred as publicly to suggest that he was "a Spanish mule," the offspring of his mother and a "Catholic priest." His mother was living! It seems incredible now, but he heard plenty of such cruel insults then, in days when to call Archbishop Cullen of Dublin "the archiepiscopal pumpkin of Ireland" was a comparatively courteous expression. He lived down all such envenomed vulgarities; he breathed a new spirit into his own people; he became an admired and venerated figure in public life; yet there was bitterness in his cup and thorns along his way. Though Mr. Ward shows us the abundant joys of his life, religious and secular, spiritual and intellectual, private and public, yet he has destroyed the Wiseman of a not unkindly fiction, which has been wont to portray him as an excellent prelate, zealous indeed in the discharge of his functions, but chiefly fond of expatiating upon catacombs and basilicas and the delicacies of ritual, not without a genuine, if cautious, interest in the problems of physical science. What our ancestors loved to call the "virtuoso" was truly strong in him, as were the instincts of scholarship and study in a larger sense: but in these volumes we are face to face with something greater than all that. It is a man with whom religion was the whole of life, and who lived in "latter days," when religion and civilisation seem now to anathematise each other, now to treat each other with tacit contempt. He could but mourn at so fatal a thing, as would be the divorce of faith from all that *litteræ humaniores* mean, of devotion from culture, of Christianity from civility, of the Church's life from the world's: he could but sorrow

at the possible prospect of religion unable, for no fault of her own, to be both generous and rigid, and, therefore, forced to preserve the rigidity of truth at the cost of curbing generosity in action. The friend of statesmen and of philosophers, both clerical and laic, the history of his own times aroused in him alternations of hope and fear: while for England, and for his own cause in England, his hopes and fears were of a personal and special poignancy. Upon these grave matters we cannot touch here. We will but say that Mr. Ward, following his wonted admirable fashion, has dealt with them in an epilogue full of suggestive speculation, not to say wise counsel.

If we shall have left upon our readers the impression that these ample volumes are anything but attractive and fascinating, even to those who care little for their special and paramount questions, the fault will be exclusively ours. They are rich in humour and in the charming accidents of humanity, rich in valuable historic retrospect, filled with good matter, and written with an excellent art. And yet, despite all this—perhaps even partly because of it—the figure of Nicholas Wiseman, Cardinal and Archbishop, stands forth not only *sacerdos magnus* and *homo venustus*, but as one much-tried and much-enduring.

#### SIGNOR GRAF'S NEW POEMS.

*Le Danaidi.* By Arturo Graf. (Turin: Ermanno Loescher.)

ARTURO GRAF occupies a somewhat isolated position among contemporary Italian writers. Influenced neither by Carducci nor by D'Annunzio, whose sway has until recently been supreme in Italian poetry, nor much occupied by the social problems and miseries which supply matter for other poets of modern Italy, the characteristic note of his work has hitherto been a pessimism as profound as Leopardi's, but more strenuous. The themes that inspire him are of the gloomiest kind, and he renders them in highly finished verse, simple in technique, perfect in lucidity, and with terrible directness.

In the prologue to an earlier volume, Signor Graf hailed Medusa as the universal spirit of the world and as the inspiring muse of his song. In the opening sonnet, which gives its title to the present work, he represents human life and human efforts in the endless labour and fruitless torment of the daughters of Danaus. In other powerful sonnets Hope is "la mala pianta," the evil plant that man strives in vain to destroy, but which ever lives and produces poisonous fruit. Not only does Autumn raise up pallid ghosts and miserable remembrances in the soul, but Spring itself merely suggests fresh budding of flowers of pain. A sonnet on "Contemplation" becomes almost a prayer for annihilation.

Such subjects attract him as *La Caccia Disperata*, a wild hunt of a spectral deer by spectral dogs and horsemen; or the grim pleasantries of the *Danza dello Scheletro*, where a skeleton leaps out to dance in the

sunlight, but, seeing by chance his own reflection in a stream, flies back to his grave in horror at the sight. Here, too often, Signor Graf mars his own work by excess, and is merely grotesque instead of being terrible. The finest poem of this class is the "Carica Notturna." Night has descended upon a plain where a great battle has been fought, but there is no more peace and rest for the dead than for the living. At the sound of a spectral drum they rise to new conflicts; hoarse blasts of trumpets ring out, phantom trains of artillery sweep past, and the field resounds with the tramp of dead hosts, as the moon gleams upon bayonets and lances, while fiendish parodies of martial music sound the charge of the dead. The "Città dei Titani" is grim satire of another kind. A vast and splendid city, built with superhuman power and adorned with inimitable art, remains to bear witness of the sublime wisdom and power of that ancient race that made war upon the gods. Many centuries later a wretched race of pigmies, neither good nor bad, neither beautiful nor ugly, come to the deserted place. At first they strive in vain to complete the work which the Titans had begun, and then, equally ineffectually, to destroy it. Such, apparently, is the poet's conception of the present of the human race in comparison with its past.

The chief poem in this volume is the "Ultimo Viaggio di Ulisse," told in endecasyllabic lines, "a rima baciata," which, of course, correspond to our rhymed heroics. In much greater detail than Tennyson, and with occasionally close adherence to Dante's version of the story in the *Inferno*, Graf describes how weariness and consequent self-contempt grows upon Ulysses like a subtle poison creeping through his veins, and then his address to his comrades, the mysterious voyage, and at last, with admirable poetic force, the bursting of the storm, the tremendous rush of the great white horses—

"A mostruosi agoni  
Corron confusamente i cavalloni"—

and swallowing up of the ships. This is the first example that Graf has given us of a real power of sustained poetical narrative, but, as Signor Cesare de Lollis remarks in a highly appreciative review contributed to the *Nuova Antologia*, the poet, not content with retelling the old story, makes it illustrate one of the gloomy maxims of his pessimistic philosophy, and in the final catastrophe symbolises the helplessness of human will and daring against the power of adverse destiny. Excepting this, Graf's method for once somewhat recalls that of William Morris; and, in the spirit of the *Earthly Paradise*, he tells as a companion poem to the Voyage of Ulysses a mediæval legend in the same metre and at about the same length—"La Leggenda di Ecarto," which is practically a fuller and more powerful rendering of the story of the Monk Felix in Longfellow's "Golden Legend." And, in this instance, Signor Graf enters into the spirit of the Middle Ages, and tells the exquisite fable of the singing of the mystical white Bird of Paradise without any infusion of his own pessimism.

When the monk Eccarto wakes from his trance of a hundred years, that had seemed but a moment, it is the spring of the year 1300, the year of Dante's vision; and, at the Mass in the convent chapel, as Eccarto receives the "bianco pan degli angeli" from the prior's hands, his old age suddenly falls upon him, and he passes away to hear again the bird's song in Heaven.

Nor is the pessimism of Graf quite so hopeless here as in his former volumes. Like Shelley, he chooses Prometheus and the other Titans as types of the human race, and is not without hope for their future. In the "Città dei Titani," when the pigmies disappear, the deserted city awaits the return of its Titans to give it new life and to complete their ancient work; and in the "Titano Sepolto" the victim of Jove's oppression, still unsubdued, at last cuts his way up through the mountainous mass that lies upon him, and rises again exulting to see the sun and the glory of the world. "Upon the golden cornfields he gazes, and the wooded hills and the sea, and with an immense cry of joy awakes the earth and makes heaven tremble":

"Biondi i campi di spiche ei mira e denso  
D'arbori il giogo e il mar senza alcun velo,  
E con un grido di letizia immenso  
Sveglia la terra e fa tremare il cielo."

This little book is certainly one of the most noteworthy volumes of Italian poetry published during the past twelve months, and should make a very striking poet better known to English readers than he is at present.

#### THE COPTS AND THEIR CHURCH.

*The Story of the Church of Egypt.* By E. L. Butcher. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A BOOK by a lady who is, if we mistake not the wife of the chaplain of the English Church in Cairo. It begins with an account of the rise of Egyptian Christianity, but long before the Arab invasion is reached melts into a history of the Egyptian or Coptic nation, a fact which is impressed on the reader only by the sub-title. To say that Mrs. Butcher lacks the critical faculty would be to understate the case, for she does not even seem to be aware of its existence. If a character in her history is a Pagan, a Mohammedan, a Roman Catholic, or a member of the Melchite or Greek Church in Egypt, she looks upon him as *ipso facto* capable of the worst crimes, and his delinquencies are recorded when discoverable, and suggested when they are not. Should he, on the other hand, be a Christian, a member of the Coptic Church, or (to take what is apparently in her view the proudest title in the hierarchy) a married priest, his offences are omitted, slurred over, or apologised for. Poor Hypatia, we are told, may have been as beautiful, but was certainly not as young, as is generally supposed at the date of her murder, and Cyril could not [read: without losing popularity with the monks] have punished her murderers if he would. Nor is it the case that immediately after

the alliance of the Christian Church with Constantine, "the lurking-places of the heretics," in the words of the orthodox Eusebius, "were broken up by the emperor's command, and the savage beasts they harboured driven to flight." Mrs. Butcher assures us that it was the wicked Arians, "the forerunners," she says, "of those who call themselves Unitarians," who "have the unenviable distinction of being the first Christian persecutors." And so on throughout the book. It never seems to have entered the author's head that the persecuting Emperors of Rome were in the main wise and patriotic rulers, who saw in Christianity a real danger to the state, or that "a true Jesuit," to use her contemptuous phrase, was generally willing to run all risks on the mere chance of preaching the same gospel as herself.

The accuracy with which the book is written may be judged from its sources. Although no verifiable references are given, we learn from a list of authorities subjoined to the preface that it is compiled from such works as the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, Stanley's *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, Neale's *Patriarchate of Alexandria*, and the like, the authors being, as a rule, more remarkable for their orthodoxy than for their breadth of view. And, not content with reproducing the mistakes of these authorities, she introduces so many of her own that a list of them would be nearly as long as the book itself. We can forgive in a female author the spelling of "*Avidus* Cassius," "*Ammonius Saccus*," and "*Oxyrhynchon*," and the translation of "*Osorapi*" as "*Osiris the Concealed*"; but could not some of her clerical friends have warned her against writing "*Gregory of Nazianzen*," and against making such astounding statements as that "*Nestorius taught that our Lord was not Himself God, but merely*" an impeccable man?

And yet, in spite of all this, candour compels us to say that Mrs. Butcher has written a very interesting book. The history of the Roman Church is, and always will be, the history of the Christian world; but Egyptian history is a more recondite matter, and the record, however faulty and careless it may be, of a Church which has preserved its national character unchanged for nearly nineteen centuries must needs have the deepest interest for all who care for antiquity. Moreover, after the schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, Mrs. Butcher enters upon less familiar ground, and her mistakes are, therefore, less glaring. We have read with great pleasure her simple but romantic narrative of the perils and hardships through which the Monophysite Church of Egypt passed after breaking with Rome until she at length reached safe harbour under the English flag. Mrs. Butcher will doubtless not agree with us in thinking that the Coptic Church in the main deserved all the persecution she got, and that the theological virtues are of no avail to an individual or an institution when united with cowardice, greed, and intolerance. But Egypt is now beginning to be overrun with tourists of a class not very likely to be critical, who will overlook her mistakes in consideration of the clear outline she gives of a subject on

which most of them are profoundly ignorant, and to them we can commend her book. If they want to extract a moral from it, they may find one in the proof it affords that nothing is so fatal to a nation as the admission of the ministers of any religion to political power. In the case of Egypt, the mischief was done many centuries before the coming of Christianity. No sooner had the priests of Amen obtained supreme control of the country than its best men began to prefer praying to fighting, while the priesthood appears to have been always ready to welcome an invader who promised to leave their privileges untouched. The history of Egypt from the time of Alexander to the English occupation repeats the same story on every page.

#### THE BRITISH NAVY.

*A Short History of the British Navy—1217 to 1688.* By David Hannay. (Methuen & Co.)

ALTHOUGH the remarkable interest in naval matters which the past ten years have witnessed has, as might have been expected, called forth a corresponding addition to our supply of naval literature, yet until the last few months no serious attempts had been made to give us something more accurate and up to date than James's well-known *Naval History*. The ambitious work now being written by Mr. Laird Clowes and his coadjutors will no doubt, when completed, go far towards filling this serious gap in our nation's history; but such an analysis of the use of our sea power, though highly valuable to naval students and men of leisure, is far too lengthy and erudite to secure the interest and attention of the general public. The *Short History of the British Navy* which Mr. Hannay has undertaken to write will give us what we have long waited for. The remarkable gift which Macaulay possessed of denuding history of all dryness, while at the same time retaining a true grasp of the subject, is shown in this new volume to a most remarkable degree. It is no exaggeration to say that if the second volume, which we are told is to bring the history of our Navy up to the close of the French war, is as ably written as the one now before us, the work will rank as an English classic of a very high order. Mr. Hannay is lucky in finding a subject so congenial to his literary style and so worthy of his best efforts. It is curious that such a fascinating theme has never until now been dealt with by any of our great writers. Probably the risk, which the author tells us he is fully alive to, of a landsman falling into error when writing on nautical affairs has been the reason for the long neglect of the Navy by our historians. But as no naval critic, with the exception of Capt. Mahan, has yet been found worthy of the task, Mr. Hannay has now stepped into the breach and has taken up the subject so thoroughly and to such purpose that it will be hard for any who come after to surpass him.

The author divides the maritime history of this country into three stages. First, "the ages during which the people was being formed and the weapon forged, which extended to the accession of Henry VII."; second, from the latter date until "the close of the seventeenth century, when superiority of powers at sea had been fully won"; and the third, beginning with the Revolution until our own time. It is with the first two periods that the present volume deals.

The first of these periods the author only treats in a cursory manner. He could hardly have done otherwise, for the history of the Navy in the Middle Ages appears to be inextricably bound up with that of the contending factions throughout the State. The Navy as a Royal force did not exist, for it was not until the time of the Commonwealth that the service was rendered strong enough to dispense with the assistance of the mercantile marine when a fleet had to be mobilised. Yet during the ages of its inception we can easily trace, with Mr. Hannay's assistance, the processes by which sea power was brought home to the people of these islands as the foundation of their independence, and the weapon with which they could deal the most effective blows against their country's enemies. More interesting still, we can realise how the faculty for sea fighting was a national characteristic from the earliest times. The very first maritime action of any importance in our history showed this advantage in a vivid manner. In 1217 Eustace the Monk sailed from Calais with a fleet of eighty ships to succour Prince Louis, who had just been defeated at the battle of Lincoln. His intention was to round the Foreland and lay siege to London, an act which, if it had succeeded, would have changed the whole course of English history. Fortunately, "neither the man nor the means to avert the disaster were wanting." Hubert de Burgh, the Governor of Dover Castle, hastily gathered together the men of the Cinque Ports, and sailed with them in a quickly improvised fleet of sixteen large ships and smaller ones, with the object of preventing Eustace from doing harm on shore by beating him at sea before he could land. As Mr. Hannay truly says, "the man who reasoned like this had grasped the true principle of the defence of England." Hubert and his brave fellows showed themselves worthy ancestors of our latter-day seamen. After standing far out to sea and securing the windward position, they put their helms up and ran down upon the enemy's fleet, scattering and destroying them, so that not a man nor a ship remained above the surface of the water. Mr. Hannay's comments on this splendid but little known battle are significant. He says:

"The trial stroke of the English Navy was a master stroke. No more admirably planned, no more timely, no more fruitful battle has been fought by Englishmen on water. It settled for ever the question how best this country is to be defended. In after times, during the Armada year and later, there have been found men to talk of trusting to land defences, but the sagacity of Englishmen has taught them to rely on the Navy first, and that protection has

never failed us in six hundred and eighty years."

Truer words than these were never written, and no more convincing proof of their justice could be given than the simple history of the Navy itself.

It is, of course, impossible with the space at our disposal to trace out even in the slightest manner the thread of Mr. Hannay's narrative, wherein he describes the gradual evolution of the British Navy from the crudest materials, and marks its numerous advances and reverses during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts. Suffice to say that he has treated the history of the service from every possible aspect, and formed out of the scanty material at his disposal a narrative of fascinating interest and of the highest historical value. There is not a dry page in the whole volume, yet every one is marked with unmistakable evidence of painstaking research and the highest literary ability.

#### THE "EASTERN ASSOCIATION."

*East Anglia and the Great Civil War.* By Alfred Kingston. (Elliot Stock.)

For this scholarly, and at the same time readable, volume we have nothing but praise. The general purpose and scope of the book can best be explained by quoting the opening words of the preface: "In the following pages," says the author,

"I have endeavoured to show not so much what was the part of each individual member of the Eastern Counties Association in the Civil War, as what was their general contribution to the war, and what were the temper and the experience of the people of these Eastern Counties. To have told the story of each of the seven counties separately would have required as many volumes, and, besides, would have been inconsistent with the unity of this famous area of East Anglia, which, stirred by one common impulse, and having sufficient in common in situation and surroundings, assumed a distinctive character of its own, such as no individual county and no other part of the country could show."

Mr. Kingston has traced for us "the remarkable story" of the great Eastern Association—the backbone of the power of the Parliament—against which, when it was on the defensive in the earlier stages of the war, the Royalist attacks broke themselves in vain, and which later on assumed the offensive, and in the form of the New Model swept all before it in its irresistible advance. Owing to the peculiar importance, geographical, moral, fiscal, and military, of the Eastern Association, a work of this kind was almost necessary as a supplement to Mr. Gardiner's *Great Civil War*. But it was essential that it should be written by a trained and sufficiently equipped historical student. This Mr. Kingston has shown himself to be. His methods are those of a careful and conscientious scholar. He has drawn his materials from contemporary, and, to a considerable extent, from MS., sources, and where requisite he has stated his authorities.

In these interesting pages much light is thrown upon the inner working of the com-

mittees in the associated shires, and the many and various difficulties which the leading members of them had to face and surmount are brought home to us in a very definite and realistic manner. The story is naturally enlivened by local colouring, by personal action, and by isolated episodes, now quaint, now sad, now humorous, now heroic, such as the laws of proportion and perspective perforce eliminate from scientific history, but which, nevertheless, are indispensable to the completion of the picture of the past. We read, for instance, how when a batch of Royalist prisoners, famished and naked, were being marched through the streets of Cambridge, and scholars who offered them beer were knocked down by the guards, "a valiant chambermaid relieved them by force, and trampled under her feet, in the kennel, their great persecutor, a lubberly Scotch major"; how Parson Styles, of Crowland, and Parson Ram, of Spalding, the ritualist and the ranter, girt on the sword of the Lord and Gideon, and, backed by their respective flocks, waged a miniature civil war of their own, in the course of which, among other amenities, the men of Crowland were accused of using poisoned bullets; how at one of the assaults during the famous siege of Colchester by Fairfax, the "winking gates" of the town were clapt to with such feverish haste that on this occasion it was a case of the devil taking the foremost as well as the hindmost, for while the defenders trapped the front ranks of the Parliamentary foot, they shut out a number of their own men to be haled off to captivity by the besiegers. Then there is a pleasant little comedy, too long to relate here, in the matter of the plot to retake Lynn for the King in 1644; also a detailed and romantic account of the flight of Charles in disguise through the Fenland in the spring of 1646; while each party revealed a rudimentary sense of humour—though, perhaps, somewhat of the Red Indian type—in their practice of exposing their prisoners in conspicuous positions in the line of the enemy's fire: clerics, Laudian or Puritan as it might be, especially being selected for this Sebastian-like martyrdom. Thanks, however, to the sorry marksmanship of the period, the jest was seldom a complete success. One thoroughly English feature of the contest, and a feature which contrasts strongly with the contemporary atrocities and abominations of the Thirty Years' War, is here clearly brought out. However embittered the actual combatants became as the long struggle dragged on—if a Lucas or a Lisle was shot in cold blood by the Ironsides, or if a Roundhead recruiting squad was fallen upon by Cavaliers who "cut a-too the sinews of their right hands to make them unserviceable for fighting against their king"—yet women and children rarely met with personal violence or insult from either side.

There are some valuable appendices touching, among other things, on questions of finance and supply, which show the vast amounts of the assessments on the Associated Counties. A few illustrations are given: just enough to make one wish for more. We congratulate Mr. Kingston on a satisfactory performance of a useful task.



MATHILDE BLIND.

*A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind.*  
Edited by Arthur Symonds. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE reader of these selected poems of Mathilde Blind finds it difficult upon the last page to refrain from a sigh. This enthusiastic, noble woman wrote also prose tales and translations in prose, but her sustained ambition and her strength were put into her verse. She chose to be regarded as a poetess, and published one volume after another (*St. Oran, The Heather on Fire*), encouraged by the praise of undiscerning friends. Now, the pursuit of the poetic art is specially arduous. It is almost invariably a thankless pursuit, and one unpaid. Yet it calls for extraordinary powers of sensibility and intelligence. When, therefore, the life of a gifted woman is spent, and well-nigh fruitlessly, in the effort to become a poet, leaving not a single perfect poem and at most, let us say, ten short poems which are worth anything, one is tempted to look with bitterness on the attractions of the artistic career which can so sterilise an existence. Does so slenderly meritorious a production justify this lifelong endeavour? Perhaps it does. Perhaps the efforts of minor craftsmen are necessary to the preservation of traditions or of a favourable milieu for the growth of the greater craftsmen. Perhaps they alone among the contemporaries of a man of genius can estimate approximately his value. For theirs is the penetrating criticism of those who have manfully tried and failed, where he has tried and succeeded.

The verse of Mathilde Blind has not the true poetic quality. It has little or no imaginative insight; no creative, and little interpretative power. Her outdoor poems—such as "The Sower," "The Reapers," and "The Teamster"—are dull and conscientious studies. Her ambitious "Ascent of Man," in praise of the Darwinian idea, is, in most respects, extraordinarily prosaic. Her intelligence was not strong enough to consume, to fuse its scientific material into the glowing vapour of imaginative truth. The truths of poetry are nebulous as nascent stars. Scientific formulæ or "laws" gain nothing by being rhythmically enunciated. To live as poetry they must be born again.

Further, Miss Blind had no sense of proportion or design. She yokes an idea strong enough to draw a couple of stanzas to a luggage-train of twenty-five. In the piece entitled "Tombs of the Kings," which contains substantial stuff for a sonnet, the theme matter appears at the tail of a long poem. All preceding it is a string of conventional reflections about the vanity of glory. "Where," she asks, now "is Thebes? Where is Memphis?" Some faint notion of her complete lack of control may be gathered from the poem called "The Street Children's Dance," which we think Mr. Arthur Symonds has been ill-advised to include in his selection. This pretty little theme is treated in nineteen lengthy stanzas. It will scarcely be believed, but is nevertheless true, that the subject of the poem is not even touched

until the fifteenth stanza is reached. Had the first fourteen been cut out, the remainder would have been a respectable poem.

Her diction is usually correct, adjectival, and yet colourless. It is curiously wanting in any of those felicities which, if not the invariable, are after all the readiest indications of artistic faculty. The epithets are redundant. Thus, blasts are "hurrying" (as if blasts were commonly sedate creatures), ghosts are "white," spells are "magic," rooks "swart," and infinite love, in the same line, is called "uncircumscribed." The word "vouched" is thus used:

"At last her keys  
Vouch'd passage to her sacred ways of old."

Among other pieces, we like "Noonday Rest," "The Mystic's Vision," "L'Envoi," "I charge you, O winds of the West," "I think of thee in watches of the night." "A Winter Landscape" is in its first part ill-written, but, on the whole, finely felt and observed. We will end by quoting a touching little piece.

"REST."

"We are so tired, my heart and I,  
Of all things here beneath the sky,  
One only thing would please us best—  
Endless, unfathomable rest.

We are so tired; we ask no more—  
Than just to slip out by Life's door,  
And leave behind the noisy rout  
And everlasting turn-about.

Once it seemed well to run on too  
With her importunate fevered crew,  
And snatch amid the frantic strife  
Some morsel from the board of life.

But we are tired. At Life's crude hands  
We ask no gift she understands;  
But kneel, to him she hates, to crave  
The absolution of the grave."

IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

*In the West Country.* By A. H. Norway.  
(Macmillan & Co.)

MR. A. H. NORWAY has written one book which contained facts that were new to most readers: his *History of the Post-Office Packet Service* must always continue to be of value to students of the history of Cornwall. As to the present volume, it is excellent, but not exciting, reading. The author plainly knows his authorities, and has extracted most of what is interesting in Hunt and Bottrell. He has discovered one or two stories that are new: we did not know, for example, that there is a haunted room in Cornwall where a small cold hand, that seems to seek comfort and sympathy, steals into the hand of everyone who occupies the room; though, of course, the tale has been told of many rooms in other parts of the country. But, for the most part, Mr. Norway follows the authorities, and repeats of each place visited only what they told a good many years ago. One can by no means deny that the Cornishman is still greatly given to superstition. Within the last few years the pages of that soberest of journals, the *Western*

*Morning News*, have testified abundantly to the fact that he is superstitious; and one remembers at least two cases wherein the belief in the evil eye has been confessed to before the magistrates. In one a man was charged with having starved his cattle, which were proved to be in a terrible state of emaciation. The farmer admitted that his kine were, indeed, but bags of bones, but swore stoutly that they had been fed abundantly. He explained their condition by suggesting that some unknown enemy had "ill-wished" them, casting a spell upon them that made it impossible they should prosper. The other case was one of assault and threat to murder, and the accused was a farmer who also found his cattle unduly meagre and fancied he had divined the person through whose machinations they were thus affected. But the Board schools have been doing their levelling work for a long time past, and we cannot but think that Mr. Norway has been fortunate if he has really found some of the ancient superstitions as vital as they would seem to be from his report. To take one example only: there are few prettier stories than that of the submersion beneath a sudden rising of the sea of the Land of Lyonesse that used to be betwixt the Scillies and the mainland. So far as one can judge there are records which excuse the belief that something of the sort did happen, and there is real tangible evidence such as might prove convincing to the popular imagination. Everyone knows the story (in Hawker) of the farmer who threw a stone at some fairies one moonlit night and broke the leg of one of them. He wanted to have it as a household pet, but he was tired and left it there until the morning. When he came to fetch it the other fairies had rescued it: "but there, sure enough, was the very stone I threw," and so the reality of the fairies was proved. It is beyond denial that timber, and fragments of hazel with the nuts upon them, have been dug up out of the sands that lie along the shores of Mount's Bay. But Mr. Norway has been unconscionably lucky if he has found anyone in Marazion who is even aware of the fact, and if one of the fishermen from any of the villages believed that he had heard the ringing of the bells of sunken churches, or had seen on clear days the ruins of the ancient cities, it is very certain he would keep his impressions to himself. If we may judge from a limited personal experience it is only in moments of tremendous stress and strain that the Cornish folk of to-day show themselves to be the true children of their ancestors, believing, almost against themselves, all that was most contrary to nature in the creed of those who were before them in the land. Mr. Norway must have had luck.

A word as to Mr. Joseph Pennell's admirable illustrations. For the most part they will be accepted as gladly by the man who does not remember the time when he did not seem to have known the places they depict for ever as by him who looks on them merely as so many pictures. To recall St. Ives is to take a standpoint other than that which happened to appeal to the artist. Still one recognises that he has



made an excellent likeness of that lovely spot, as well as a fine drawing. This also is true of "Perran Porth," "Fowey," "Newlyn," and "Market Jew Street, Penzance." But there are times when Mr. Pennell's sense of the picturesque rather carries him away. His "Street in Truro" represents that narrow lane as it might be if it were a street in fairyland, and he also must have been lucky if he ever saw St. Michael's Mount as it appears in the drawings on pages 290 and 291. Still, he has adventured on dangerous ground—for they are jealous folk in the West—and achieved success. Mr. Norway has made a book that is pleasant to read, and the illustrations are—Mr. Pennell's.

## SECOND COUSIN TO THE WORM.

*The Houses of Sin.* By Vincent O'Sullivan. (Smithers.)

THE cover is of pure smooth white, but the gilt design, with its columns and garlands, and the winged and snouted thing which snuffles on the cover, betrays the hand, or at least the inspiration, of Mr. Beardsley. By this combination, no less than by the title, the contents are declared. It was, Mr. Street's "Tubby" who hawked among reluctant publishers the "Ballad of Shameful Kisses." But it might just as well have been Mr. O'Sullivan. He sings of "rags and motley of outworn desire," and of "tepid kisses odorous of the tomb." Of "Malaria," too, he sings:

"Thou sweet grave harbinger of Death,"

and of "the slimy poisoned fingers," and of death itself:

"The violet breath  
And glamour of approaching Death."

In the physical details of mortality, the coffin and the worm, he takes an especial interest; is, indeed, the laureate of putrefaction and the panegyrist of decay. Thus he dirges it:

"Earth's iron jaws are bound with scarfing  
snow,  
Like to a man late dead whose mouth drops  
low  
(Hush my Friend! The tempest broods behind).

Long hours I watch a little scented glove,  
And dream of noons I played and glanced  
with love  
(Voices of dead children in the wind).

Sudden I found my plying was in vain:  
I scratched between her breasts a crimson  
stain  
(A scarlet light breaks on the purple sky).

She wronged me and she crushed me to  
despair,  
That woman with the lustful raven hair!  
(A cold face snow-bleached by a veil doth cry.)

I seized a poisoned knife and struck her  
dead:  
To-night three coffins shall enclose her head.  
(Wolves in the winter have a hungry growl.)

To-night the glory of her magic kiss  
Shall stir the damp worms as they pry and  
hiss.  
(Wet leaves of cypress in the henbane bowl.)

And my soul and the soul I loved so well  
Shall mingle in the torment of God's hell.  
(Moan, wind! above the pit where lost souls  
howl.)"

What a fancy, ye gods, what a fancy!  
"Wet leaves of cypress in the henbane  
bowl," indeed! Among these pleasant  
morbiditys are scattered, according to a  
well-known receipt, certain poems which  
must give pain to the devout. The  
following imitation of a perfectly reverent  
form of art gathers irreverence from its  
surroundings:

"When Christ our Lord up Calvary Hill,  
Went stumbling on that dark Friday,  
A crowd with horrid taunts and shrill  
Did follow all the grievous way.  
Poor Simon followed with the rood,  
And vain high-priests from west and south,  
And Pagan slaves, and traitor Jude,  
And Saul of the gibing mouth."

We have no wish to bring art into bondage, and we are perfectly aware that genius can illumine—has illumined—the charnel-house and the street-walker. But genius has nothing to say to Mr. O'Sullivan, and we desire that our minor poets should realise that, if they cannot be great, they are at least to be wholesome. The sooner Mr. O'Sullivan learns the lesson the better, for we fancy that he has the gifts to do something worth doing. Probably he writes in some provincial town, and has not yet heard that the fashions have happily changed, and that "tepid kisses" and "lustful raven hair" are no longer tolerable in poetry.

## RED BEAUTY.

*The Story of a Red Deer.* By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE had hitherto known Mr. Fortescue only as an expert in naval history, and the author of an excellent monograph on Dundonald. Now he has given us a book for boys—for quite small boys—one of those imaginative natural-history books, where the denizens of hill and wood play rational parts as befits their importance. This kind of work is always welcome, above all when it is written with the intimate knowledge of a keen sportsman and naturalist, and the honest zeal of a lover of the great out-of-doors. The aim is the best; for, says the quaintly worded preface, the reader will gain "not only that which the great Mr. Milton (in his tract on 'Education') hath called the helpful experience of hunters, fowlers, and fishermen, but such a love of God's creatures as will make the world the fuller of joys for him, because the fuller of friends."

It is all about Devon and the moors and the trout-streams. The Red Deer is an excellent fellow, and from his birth in the ferny hollow to his death in the great pool below the fall we follow his surprising adventure with delight. Any right-thinking child will find a new world created for him—a very fresh, breezy world, where the frank fellowship of bird and beast awaits him. But unless he be an exceedingly quick-witted child, he will be seriously puzzled—

as, indeed, was the present writer—by the human story which is introduced. Who were the Fair Man and the Girl, and what have they to do with the tale? But the several runs are excellent; not only good writing, but very good narrative besides. And the last great chase really goes breathlessly, and may send the sensible child in tears to bed. This is how it all ends:

"Then men came and pulled the great, still body out of the water; and they took his head and hung it up in memory of so great a run and so gallant a stag. But their triumph was only over the empty shell of him, for his spirit had gone to the still brown pool. And, indeed, the stream has received many another wild deer besides him, which, I suspect, is the reason why ferns, that love the water, take the shape of stag's horns and of hart's tongues. So there he remains; for he had fought his fight and run his course; and he asks for nothing better than to hear the river sing to him all the day long."

The book, of course, suggests Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, but there is no imitation. It is only that Kingsley and Mr. Fortescue, being both Devonians, and both filled with the same honest love of moors and hills, let the same spirit show itself in their work. "The Trout" is very much in the Kingsley mood; and so, too, the catches of song:

"Through heather and woodland, through  
meadow and lea,  
We flow from the forest away to the sea.  
In cloud and in vapour, in mist and in rain,  
We fly from the sea to the forest again.  
Oh! dear is the alder and dearer the fern,  
And welcome are kingfisher, ousel and herne,  
The swan from the tide-way, the duck from  
the mere,  
But welcome of all is the wild Red Deer."

But most we see the likeness in the little scraps of good advice—very wise and true. Take this:

"And, for my part, I think that the calf was right; and if (as I hope may never be), after you are grown up, disappointment should lie in wait for you at every turn, and fate and your own fault should hunt you to despair, then run on bravely, and when you can run no more, face them and dare them to do their worst; but never, never, never lie down and squeal."

This has the right ring, and even so should a boy's book be written.

Mr. Fortescue makes no attempt at fine writing, for which we thank him. The book is a success through his loving minuteness of knowledge and his real vigour in story-telling. But he has felt so keenly the rich flavour of weather and scene, that there is a vividness about the descriptions which somehow or other reproduces the atmosphere of the place with fine effect. Above all, there is something clear, fresh and clean in his use of words, an absence of all tawdriness and pretence, which is very attractive.

## SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

*Falklands.* By the Author of *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.* (Longmans.)

THESE biographies, which of late years have been put forward by the "Prig" with no sparing hand, are scrappy and superficial

enough, but they are none the less entertaining. The "Prig" reads widely, and if he cannot boast real learning, has at least the gift of picking out from what he reads the plums of picturesqueness and humour. He does not add greatly to the world's knowledge of his subjects, but he calls attention to and inspires interest in them. We gather from a preface that he is wholesomely aware of his own deficiencies. "My books," he says, "are reviews, and reviewing has become so engrained a habit as to be incurable." The criticism is a true one, but, then, if a review is not a book surely a criticism is not an apology. In the Falklands the "Prig" has, perhaps, a less satisfactory topic than in either of his two earlier heroes, Everard and Kenelm Digby. For the second Lord Falkland, Lucius Cary, who naturally fills the larger part of the book, is already a sufficiently familiar figure, and the sketch of his career here given goes over well-worn ground. The idealist of politics and the philosopher of the court, Falkland, through his real merits and his untimely end, has succeeded in impressing the imagination of posterity. He was a man, says Clarendon, to whose Orestes he persistently played Pylades, "of inimitable sweetness and delight." In the mouth of Matthew Arnold this readily becomes "sweetness and light," and, indeed, Falkland's broad and tolerant views, whether on politics or on religion, have a luminosity rare in the thinkers of his day. He was a scholar, a versifier, and the friend of poets. One of Jonson's finest odes immortalises a friendship of Falkland's, and Falkland, in his turn, wrote elegies on Jonson and on Donne. At Great Tew, where that pretty prude Letice Lady Falkland kept house, Sandys, Carew, Suckling, Waller, Montague, together with Mr. Hobbes, of Malmesbury, were honoured guests. There is much about Letice Lady Falkland in the book before us, and much, too, about the Falklands of the previous generation, Henry Cary and Elizabeth his wife. Hers, indeed, was an interesting and a stormy career. She was an heiress and a woman of learning. As a girl she bought candles surreptitiously, and read in bed at night. As a married woman she preferred study to society. "Dressing was all her life a torture to her," and though you find her in her picture with ruff and head-dress of unusual elaboration, yet her women had to walk about the room after her "while she was seriously thinking on some other business, and pin on her things and braid her hair." About 1626, Lady Falkland took it into her head to become a Catholic, and was received into the church by a Benedictine priest in a stable. Here began her troubles. Her husband and the King were furious. Her supplies were cut off, and she was reduced to dining on pieces of pie-crust, or bread-and-butter, carried in the handkerchief of a faithful maid from the tables of her friends. Almost to her death she lived destitute in a little old house ten miles from town, with a flock bed on the bare ground, an old hamper for a table, and a wooden stool. Here she translated the Lives of the Saints and the works of Cardinal Perron. It is a curious story.

## BRIEFER MENTION.

*The Odyssey of Homer.* Translated by J. G. Cordery, C.S.I. (Methuen & Co.)

OF Homer there can be no final translation." So wrote Mr. Lang in the preface to the translation of the *Odyssey* which he made in conjunction with Mr. Butcher; and Mr. Lang is certainly right, for each literary generation looks at Homer from a different point of view. The age of Elizabeth demanded that Homer should come dressed in the mannerisms of Chapman; the age of Anne could not accept an epic devoid of the conventions of Pope, with Scott came the worship of the ballad; and with that the belief that Homer must be a ballad-monger or nothing; and hence the tentative efforts of Mr. Gladstone and others. The translator who will make a verse rendering of Homer such as shall convince the average reader ignorant of Greek that the *Odyssey* is really worth reading, has two courses open to him: he must either turn Homer into a nineteenth century poet, as Pope turned him into an eighteenth century one—this is what Fitzgerald did with Omar Khayyam—but to do this he must be an epic poet himself; or he must fall back upon prose, using a style which shall suggest to an Englishman the archaism which the Homeric poems suggested to an Athenian of the Periclean age. This is what Messrs. Butcher and Lang did with conspicuous success. Mr. Cordery has taken neither of these courses, and so, not being an epic poet, but only a careful and conscientious scholar, he has shown us with immense labour just how the *Odyssey* ought not to be translated. Felicitous phrases are frequent, and a reference to well-known difficulties will prove that the translator has not shirked them. But the main impression left by his painstaking alexandrines—which drop occasionally into rhyme, as in the Song of Demodocus—is that they must have taken him a terribly long time to hammer out.

*Manners for Women.* By Mrs. Humphry. (James Bowden.)

It has been said—rudely—that women have no manners; but now that Mrs. Humphry has spoken, they will have no excuse for the lack. For here you may, if you be a woman, read your title clear to mansions in Mayfair. You need no longer wonder how long you should wear mourning for an uncle, how to write a letter, how many cards to leave (which must "be exactly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches"), how to marry your daughters, and how to behave in the street, at a restaurant, and at a club. At a club you must not monopolise the looking-glass, remembering that all the other lady members require it. Also, you may learn how to laugh, avoiding "the exhibition of whole meadows of pale pink gum." Laugh like a lady "in London artistic society," who uses "two soft contralto notes." In an interesting chapter on the giving of presents, you are recommended to give a young man a box of ties in favourite colours. This is the only flagrant error we have been able to find in a book

which is far less absurd than most books of etiquette. But the delicacies of polite life are always rather ridiculous when reduced to written expression.

*Everyday Life in Turkey.* By Mrs. W. M. Ramsay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a nice, chatty book; and to call a book nice and chatty is a courteous way of saying that its writer did not worry about style or grammar. "Will knew it was me," writes Mrs. Ramsay, in her chatty way; and she describes a certain hill as "a volcano which was active until a very recent time (geographically speaking)." Nevertheless, once convinced that it is a "chatty" book, one can get a good deal of amusement and a certain amount of instruction out of it, since it contains the chat of the observant wife of a distinguished Aberdeen professor. For we have had a considerable amount of fiction about Armenia of late; and this is the running record of rides through Asia Minor in search of antiquities. Riding through Asia Minor has its diversions:

"If the village is built on a hillside, which is frequently the case, you can often step from the door of one house on to the roof of the next, and in this way one may walk over almost the whole village. I once rode over the roof of a house, and nearly came to grief at the chimney-hole, before I observed that we had arrived at a village at the foot of a hill, down which we had been riding in the dusk. We have on occasion pitched our tent on the roof of a house for want of a more convenient situation."

Mrs. Ramsay has many curious adventures to relate—notably a day in a harem, with a performance of dancing-girls. Encounters, too, with dogs fell to her lot, as well as with innumerable fleas—insects which she modestly calls "B flats"—and an "animal too far beyond the pale of civilisation for its name to be mentioned here, even accompanied by an apology." It is interesting to note that, so far as Mrs. Ramsay's observations go, the Turk is very kind to his wives, and that Moslems and Christians live in amity together, being almost indistinguishable one from the other.

*The Print Gallery.* Vol. I. (H. Grevel & Co.)

This is a half-made book. We have no means of determining the intention of the editor or publisher. There is no introduction. There is no proper index. The pages are not numbered. What we have is a series of some hundred reproductions of prints by the Italian, German, Flemish, French, and English masters of engraving, preceded by several pages of biographical notes which enjoy the two headings of "Index" and "Contents of the First Volume," neither being strictly correct. Nor do we see any reason why the publisher's name should be reprinted below every print. What the book wanted was editing. Wood engravings and etchings are, as a rule, reproduced well; but copper engravings with less success. In many cases a toned paper would have yielded more pleasing results than the hard white paper employed.

*Cambridge, Described and Illustrated.* By T. D. Atkinson, with an Introduction by J. W. Clark. (Macmillan.)

HISTORIES of Oxford and of Cambridge are always somewhat mournful reading to lovers of architecture. The hand of the vandal and the incompetent has worked terrible havoc with both the Universities in the past. As one turns over Mr. Atkinson's pages and realises how much of the story he has to tell deals with destruction, demolition, and "restoration" one wonders that so many buildings yet remain for our admiration. It is hard to say which University has suffered most from the destroying hand of its children. The front quadrangle of New College, Oxford, was entirely ruined by injudicious alterations in the seventeenth century. All Souls', in the eighteenth, wanted to pull down and rebuild the old part of its buildings, and was only restrained by the indignant remonstrance of its own architect, Nicholas Hawksmoor. Merton actually proposed at one time to pull down the greater part of the historic "Mob" quadrangle in order to put something bigger in its place, and of course the notorious Wyatt mauled, mangled, and destroyed everything he could lay his hands on. Cambridge has not fared much better. The fifteenth century chapel of Queens' was first subjected to the iconoclastic frenzy of Dowsing, and, finally, in the eighteenth century, was "entirely taken to pieces and new modelled," in other words ruined. The older buildings of Trinity fell a victim to the destroying ardour of Nevile, who had his own ideas as to what a college should be like, and showed small reverence for other men's work. Pembroke suffered severely in the last thirty years from the zeal of re-builders. Last, and perhaps worst of all, the old buildings of King's College, in the first half of this nineteenth century of ours, were actually in part pulled down, in order that Mr. Cockerell's new building might occupy their site; but this was too much for the long suffering of even our fathers, and ultimately the destroyed buildings were re-erected by Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr. Atkinson's book gives a very full account of the architectural features both of the churches and colleges of Cambridge, and the various modifications which these from time to time have undergone. He also gives in a short compass much interesting information as to the early history of the town and the amusements and discipline of the old-fashioned undergraduate. His book will be welcomed by all those who desire to get, in the compass of a single volume, a comprehensive view of both town and University. The illustrations throughout the volume are well drawn and excellently reproduced, and the complete list of portraits in the possession of the University and the colleges should be a useful feature.

*The Truth about Agricultural Depression.* By Francis Allston Channing, M.P. (Longmans & Co.)

A CAREFUL, closely reasoned, and very earnest attempt to solve the agricultural problem. Mr. Channing sat upon the Agricultural Commission, and this book is of the

nature of a Minority Report. The Majority Report, says Mr. Channing, "strikes no definite note, and points to no positive policy." Mr. Channing certainly has a note: it is the blithe one of hope. His policy is less easy to state briefly; but Mr. Channing's contention—supported by ranks of arguments—is that rents—founded, as they are, on competition and not upon a clear-sighted and equitable estimate of the actual value of the land to the man who digs it—are too high all over the country. Of twenty-five final conclusions to which Mr. Channing asks the reader's assent, the eighth is perhaps the most salient. It is this: "The most effective help Parliament can render to tenant farmers is by the extension of agricultural arbitration to rent, and by giving real security to tenants and for capital invested in the soil, and to their tenure of their holdings." A painstaking work, which economists cannot afford to neglect.

*Boxing.* By R. G. Allanson-Winn. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

THIS is a statement of the first principles of boxing for the advanced student of the art, the author having addressed himself to beginners in a former treatise. The usual pleas—cogent enough—in favour of boxing are advanced by Mr. Allanson-Winn in his introduction. We then have chapters on various branches and details of the "science," illustrated by photographs of the positions resulting from the movements of the combatants. Accounts of famous prize-fights are also quoted. We suppose that the vocabulary of the "ring" is incorrigible but it is a legitimate matter for remark that an art which is persistently called "noble" by its votaries should create a language which vies in hideousness with the face of a prize-fighter when it has been severely mauled. We read how Tom Sayers "came up with a suspicious mark on his potato-trap"; and how "Nat retreated, and as Tom followed him Nat jobbed him on the nozzle, again disturbing the cochineal." The volume is the fifth in the Isthmian Library.

*The Queen's Hounds and Stag Hunting Recollections.* By Lord Ribblesdale. (Longmans.)

ANY account of an institution so ancient having pretensions to completeness and symmetry must necessarily contribute almost as much to History as to the literature of sport. Lord Ribblesdale's excellent book can boast that completeness; and, though not a little of it is devoted to accounts of remarkable runs, to the peculiarities of deer, and to kennel and stable affairs, it has claims upon the attention of others than sporting men. Few, we imagine, are aware that the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds was for centuries an hereditary office. One of the earliest records of the existence of any regular establishment for the hounds is the grant of certain lands in Little Weldon, near Rockingham, in 1216 to one Hamon le Venour; and to this grant, described as "Hunter's Manor," was attached "in Grand Serjeanty" for generations the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds. It

seems probable, moreover, that these lands were appropriated to the same purpose at an earlier date, as Mr. Burrows in his introductory chapter names Osborne Lovel, chamberlain to Henry II., as the first holder of Hunter's Manor and Master of the Buckhounds. For nearly three centuries, from 1363, the office was held by a family of Gascon knights named de Brocas; and Mr. Burrows is no doubt correct in attributing bestowal of the office to this family's "knowledge of breeding and training horses on the turbulent marches of Gascony" and to services rendered in England's wars with France: an interesting and suggestive link between war and sport. Lord Ribblesdale takes up the tale in the time of the Georges, and many are the glimpses of character we obtain through the medium of the Buckhounds; in days when Court influence was paramount in State affairs and the monarch had a taste for sport, place-hunters might spend a day much less profitably than with the Royal pack. Whether in search of place or pleasure we are not told, but in 1735 such great crowds came out that arrangements were made whereby people could only hunt by ticket signed by the Ranger of Windsor or his deputy. The book is well and brightly written; and those of the fox-hunting fraternity who read it will discover that there is more science in hunting the carted deer than they had supposed. The illustrations, which are numerous, have been well chosen and well reproduced. Regarded only as a work on sport it is far above the average, both in interest and literary merit.

*The Tears of the Heliades.* By W. Arnold Buffum. Third Edition. (Sampson Low.)

THE yellow is the familiar amber; it has made millions of mouth-pieces for smokers, and it has supplied to poets a word to conjure with. Milton has "amber light," and so has Tennyson. Herrick knew the melody of it (especially when he wanted a rhyme for "chamber"), and he made, at a pinch, his maidens play on "lutes of amber," whatever they may be. Milton's "Sabrina fair" had "amber-dropping hair," which is more alluring than even hers that was "yellow like ripe corn"; and Mr. Myers makes Damaris, St. Paul's convert, clamber to her temple at dawn when the sunrise made her idol "eminent in amber." Mr. Arnold Buffum is "eminent in amber" in another fashion; and his book is unique as a history of the substance of which the very name is poetry. Larger books on the subject have been made in Germany, but none here, where, however, the issue of a third edition shows that amber has many admirers and, perhaps, a fair sprinkling of collectors. The Queen herself has some noteworthy specimens, which were once shown at South Kensington. The visitor to the Museum will not now find any amber to equal that described by Mr. Arnold Buffum, and possessed by him, particularly in the fine blue and red varieties, found, not on the Baltic, but in Sicily. The delightful enthusiasm of the genuine collector pervades Mr. Arnold Buffum's pages, which are pleasantly and learnedly written from first to last.

# THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

## THE NEWEST FICTION.

### A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

LORD DULLBOROUGH.

BY THE HON. STUART ERSKINE.

A CRUDE story and "smart," with satirical intent. The hero writes a play while he is still an Eton schoolboy, starts a paper, extols Charles II., denounces the House of Lords, founds a rational religion, and makes love to another man's wife. He then discovers that nowadays "in order to be original it is necessary to be commonplace," and dies from reading *The Last Straw: a Sequel to 'The Philistine'*, by H—ll C—ne. On his coffin are engraved his name, the date, and the sentence, "He took the cake." (J. W. Arrowsmith. 221 pp. 3s. 6d.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES.

BY ROSA N. CAREY.

A SERIES of stories of quiet dwellers in a remote English village. The historian purports to be a maiden lady, who went to Sandilands (the village) for one night only, and stayed ten years. A lovable old vicar is the central figure. A gentle, fragrant book. (Hodder & Stoughton. 359 pp. 6s.)

MARIE OF LICHTENSTEIN.

TRANS. BY R. J. CRAIG.

A TRANSLATION of Hauff's *Lichtenstein*. The preface commends the work particularly to admirers of Sir Walter Scott. (Digby & Long. 335 pp. 6s.)

REVELATION.

BY ERIC WYNDHAM.

THE author calls his story "purely hypothetical." It is about a man who met a prophet named Salvator. The prophet gave him a draught of paroidin, which begins by being opaline, is then crimson, then purple, and then clear crystal, and when taken separates the soul from the body and carries it back into time. Not a tippie to be lightly swallowed. In the present case the hero was transplanted to the Rome of Nero, where events occurred somewhat similar to those in the "Sign of the Cross." Subsequently he came to himself again and married the prophet's daughter. (Digby & Long. 267 pp. 6s.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Kentuckians.* By John Fox, jun.  
(Harper & Brothers.)

To men and women, city-born and city-bred, such a novel as *The Kentuckians* makes irresistible appeal. Streets, houses, shifting crowds, and the dazzle of shop windows were the poor material that filled their childhood. A book like this opens the shutters to the sunlight of a world they have missed. To look is to be glad—not envious. It is to see the spacious growing life of a young and gallant people, to hear their birds, to touch their flowers and grasses, to feel their skies overhead, and to smell the scent of their good rich earth. They speak our speech. They are our friends. We understand them—these kinsmen we have never seen.

"To belong to a land!" What good luck! What an aid to writing! What a consolation for old age. Poor souls who belong only to a city. Hard is your fate. "To belong to a land!" It was the text of Bourget's latest speech. It was Daudet's inspiration, as of a dozen others—Stevenson in exile cried:

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying  
Hills of home."

It makes the charm of those American writers who remember things seen through "eyes of youth." California, Louisiana, Virginia, Kentucky, are magic words. Granted the tales are well-

written, we never tire of their grey state houses, their mansions, their swarthy pioneers, their capable men, their fearless, elusive, tantalising women. Wind blows through their pages, trees rustle, strange crops and flowers with haunting names are there. It is so new, so spacious, so gay. We peer into the wilderness "undulating away for hundreds of miles like a vast green robe with scarce a rift of human making." We stand face to face with Indian fighters, "swarthy, lean, tall, with long thigh-boots of thin deer-hide, open at the hips, ornamented with a scarlet fringe, and rattling with the hoofs of fawns, and the spurs of the wild turkey." Not for us the great American cities. We are tired of cities where everything is spread out thin like butter upon a piece of bread. Rather, for choice, the Kentucky mountaineers, who speak of the capital as "settlements," who still wear fringed hunting-shirts, moccasins, and coon-skin caps, who live like pioneers, "singing folk-songs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer, loving, hating, fighting, and dying like the clans of Scotland." Also they are generous with their potatoes at dinner. "Take out, stranger," says your host. "Have a tater; take two of 'em; take damn nigh all of 'em."

Mr. John Fox, jun., "belongs to a land." He is a Kentuckian, his father is a Kentuckian, he dedicates this fine book "to my father and my father's Kentuckians." He gives you atmosphere, colour, living souls. You tread the blue grass, you climb the mountains, you follow Marshall to his mother's house when the blow falls—rat to its hole, lion to its lair, man to his home when the blow falls.

"Up in the sun, the hillside was covered with sheep. A ewe with one white lamb was lapping water at the grassy edge of the creek. Just to one side of the path lay another—its twin, no doubt—dead and mutilated, and across the creek hung its murderer, a robber crow, dangling by his wings from a low limb, with his penitent beak between his feet. . . . He was not the only thing on earth that had to suffer. . . . He must take his share. There were other motives to action in life than love, than duty to his mother—the duty to those of whom he had no thought much, and of whom suffering was teaching him to think now: others than himself, his duty to the world around, above and below. He might have drawn tears from an audience on that theme once with his tongue and brain: it was sinking to his heart now."

The story? Well it is the story of two men who love a woman to their hurt, and to their making, and she to her hurt and to her making. It is modern and hoary at the same time. You might meet Anne in Bond Street, you might encounter Marshall any afternoon in Piccadilly if they cared to travel so far from their little Kentucky capital. But you must seek Boone Stallard in the Kentuckian mountains—

"Its woods are primeval, its riches are unrifed, and its people are the people of another age—for the range has held her own. These men of the mountains and the people of the blue-grass are the extremes of civilization in the State. A few years ago there was but one point where they ever came in contact, one point where their interests could clash. That was the capital, the lazy little capital."

In that little, lazy, friendly capital the things with which this story deals happen. There Anne, Marshall, and Stallard sorrow and suffer and fight, till in the end comes to each the victory they desired. Mr. John Fox, jun., has done his work well—extremely well. His characterisation is good: he has a clean, swift style, not without charm, and it is his privilege—ineestimable privilege!—to love a land, and to be able to convince others of his sincerity.

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*The Silver Fox.* By Martin Ross and E. CE. Somerville.  
(Lawrence & Bullen.)

This is another good novel, well written and eminently readable. It has atmosphere, and these authors, too, "belong to a land"—Ireland. They treat the old themes—love, friendship and death—

but they have a light hand, and a merry flyaway style most suitable to a story whose main interest is hunting. Being Irish they cannot get quite away from "the Celtic glamour," or the "Irish Wonder-world," or whatever it is called, and so we have the silver fox, an evil beast, omen of disaster, darting through the pages. We like the girl Slaney. Her eyes were clear and half shy, like a boy's, and she had a fastidious, spiritual mouth, which the wrong man kissed once, to find it a trembling and human one. She also had a delicate, clever hand. We are glad Bunbury won it in the end.

The authors sail gaily between shoals and over rocks; when tragedy is inevitable they treat it with reticence, and in the end the attractive scoundrel is caught in his own snare. A bright, breezy, buoyant book. We could have wished it longer.

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*Deborah of Tod's.* By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.  
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

It was the perpetual regret of General Sir Arthur D'Alton that Deborah had no sense of humour. When he first kissed her in the kitchen at "Tod's" he meant nothing but a flirtation: she translated it as a proposal of marriage. When he married her, having found her to be the possessor of quite unexpected riches, and revealed himself gradually to her for the dissipated old *roué* that he was, she was seriously dispirited by his gallantries, and never once had the humorous idea of retaliating in kind. When, again, Sir Arthur died, she regarded her freedom so seriously that, casting off the dust of her shoes against Portman-square, she at once took a third-class ticket home to the old farm.

"I am going home," said Deborah. "I was just a country maiden like any other when Sir Arthur found me, brought up by a God-fearing woman, and innocent as a maid shude be, and happy enough, wi' a guine bit o' money put by. I am going home now, and the most o' my money be gone, and not through payin' for any foolishness of mine, and I ha' lost beside all the heart I ever tuck in life, and 'tis no thanks to any on yer, but tu God A'mighty, that I ha' not lost my soul as well."

That is not a typical utterance; for Deborah was a silent woman—another grievance with Sir Arthur—and a forbearing one—a quality of which he never suspected her. She is, in person and character, an agglomeration of the virtues which, somehow, one associates with the name "Diana" rather than "Deborah"—large and statuesque, grave and, perhaps, a trifle heavy. It is characteristic of her that she married Sir Arthur, who was old enough to be her grandfather, out of sheer gratitude for an action by which he had once befriended her father. The main theme of the story is, of course, well worn, but Mrs. de la Pasture has handled it with dignity and tenderness—in places, exquisitely. If she has made her "society" a little more shallow and heartless than usual in order to throw the sterling virtues of her heroine into relief, she makes amends by such passages as that last one between the giddy Lilian and her patient husband:

"Lilian had gone back to her favourite sofa. The little gleam of red sunset touched her small face as it rested on the cushions, and it looked strangely old and tired.

The dusk gradually deepened until the face lost form or meaning, and became a white patch in the darkness.

'Joe,' said a far-off voice that seemed hardly to belong to Lilian, so utterly had the affected cadence died away in it, 'you have been very good to me.'

'Bosh,' said Joe. He made a lumbering step towards the sofa.

'I've not been good to you,' said the voice.

Lilian rose in the dusk and came closer to him. He made no answer, but he drew the little frail creature into his arms and leant her against his breast.

'I've known—all the time,' she whispered, 'that you were worth all the rest put together—but—'

'I know,' he said gently. 'I bored you.'

'That's the funny part of it,' said Lilian, whose laughter was always p-riously near her tears, 'but you wouldn't have bored me if—if we'd been on a desert island together—at least, I think not. It's—it's the other people who turn my head.'

'I know,' said Joe dully.

'Joe,' she said breathlessly, 'you know as well as I do that there are things—which stand between us. If—if I found courage to tell you—here—in the dark—I might be happier in this world, and the next. I must tell you—'

'Must you?' he said gently. 'I think I would rather you didn't, Lily.'

There was a long silence in the darkened room before Joe broke it once more.

'You see,' he said pleadingly, 'it would be an awful blow to me if you went and made out you weren't perfect. I've always thought you so, always. And—I couldn't help making a lot of allowance, you know, for you, being so pretty and clever, it naturally made people think a lot more of you than they ever would of me. And I know you'd never forget—the little chap—meeting him some day, and all that. I wanted you to have your fling. And if you've had it—his voice broke a little—and you really care about such a stupid fellow as me, why, I wouldn't change with anyone, that's all.'

The book contains one or two considerable improbabilities, but it is an excellent book nevertheless.

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*Among Thorns.* By Noel Ainslie.  
(Laurence & Bullen.)

NOEL AINSLIE is a clever woman, who looks at life straight, without prudishness or hysteria. She describes with very little exaggeration or heightening of colour what one may call virtuous Bohemia, where people dispense with the conventions, but work hard and live on the whole straight. This life, with its freedom and privations, she contrasts on the one hand with the easy existence of attractive people who do not live straight, on the other, with a society which can afford to give its women diamonds; and she shows, in a rather interesting way, the fascination and repugnance which both extremes inspire in her Bohemian heroine. Comfort attracts; more particularly it attracts a woman; and also a woman likes somebody to make love to her. Lebia Meynell decides against the love-making—not without hesitation; she accepts marriage for the sake of comforts, but finds it a bore because of social functions. She is a Bohemian, but a Bohemian of the new type, who cannot take her pleasure after the manner of old-fashioned society, nor of old-fashioned Bohemia. Her friend Peggy Walton is thoroughbred Bohemian, and elects for comfort and love-making without the drawbacks. Altogether, there is a good deal of acute feminine psychology in the book, it has a plot decidedly above the average, and the men and women have all a tolerably distinct existence. But it is chiefly interesting as a thoughtful study of certain types produced by conditions which have only operated of late years. The bachelor young lady has not existed long, but she is abundant, and Noel Ainslie points out that her path, if it is to be virtuous, lies decidedly "Among Thorns."

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*The Time Spell of Château d'Arpon.* By M. Carta Sturge.  
(Arrowsmith.)

IN *The Time Spell of Château d'Arpon* there is carried out, upon the whole with skill, a conception that is remarkable and original. It is a weird story, the incidents in which, had they occurred or been believed to have occurred in actual life, would have been fitting subjects for the inquiries of the Society for Psychical Research. It is almost a ghost story; the scene laid near the Italian or Provençal coast, and the château and the garden—an old neglected garden—are described as by one who is really familiar with them. The story is not only conceived boldly, but written well—a little diffuse, perhaps, in its earlier pages, and occasionally disfigured by an absence of complete harmony in the style—a word or phrase wholly conventional or *banale*, bringing one down from the almost poetic, at all events the romantic, plane, to the level of commonplace talk; and that not done with any artistic intention of vivid contrast, deliberate effect, but as by slips of the pen. This, however, is a matter which, as things now go, only writers (and of writers, indeed, not very many) will have the faculty to perceive. Not only an occasional slovenliness or amateurishness, like Miss Carta Sturge's, but an absolutely unbroken one, is powerless to prevent a public that knows not Style from appreciating a good "story"; and we only mention her lapses to Miss Sturge because she would wish at all points, we are sure, to preserve the virtues of a writer. The illustrations—by Major Ricketts, we believe—are decorative as well as explanatory. They are very well drawn and composed; and the only thing that to some extent lessens their suitability to the present little volume—a "pott quarto," is it not?—is that they are elegant, precise, and matter of fact, and so do not add anything to the suggestion of the weird and the uncanny. But they are very good.



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

No. 1338, New Series.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

"LITERATURE is over for the year!" said a leading London publisher on Tuesday; and he said it as if he were glad of the fact. He spoke as a publisher. The bookseller (writes a representative) has not time to speak to you at all, unless you go to his shop early in the morning and cling to his coat-tails. Booksellers who met you at the door three months ago are now seen at the far end of their shops, bobbing like corks on a sea of customers. The bookseller believes in Christmas. People who "never buy books" buy them now. They come in and ask for "a nice book." And they get several.

BUYING books is the happiest kind of shopping. The book-buyer purchases more than merchandise—he purchases self-respect. It is perhaps the only way in which self-respect can be purchased. Observe the man who enters a jeweller's shop on one of these Christmas evenings. He enters falteringly, or with an unreal bravado. Ten minutes later he emerges with no parcel in his hand—only an unseen, unfelt trinket in one of his inner pockets. Do you wonder that he is pale? But the jolly book-buyer staggers across the pavement into a cab, where he opens all his parcels and wraps them up again in shapeless bundles before he gets home.

You may observe a light in every bookseller's shop long after closing time. That means that parcels are being made up, and that huge lists of orders on publishers are being prepared for the "collectors" in the morning. If, from the top of a 'bus, and in a lucky light, you catch sight of a bookseller, pen in hand, you will see that he is smiling. Wishing a bookseller a merry Christmas is like taking coals to Newcastle.

LITERARY projects are in the air. Indeed, when were they not? The *Chronicle* crowds into one small glorious paragraph the following announcements of new papers for 1898, which we have tabulated:

"A shilling monthly.  
A sixpenny monthly.  
A sixpenny weekly.  
A threepenny weekly.  
Another threepenny weekly."

"O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!"

WE understand that the weekly journal which is to rise from the ashes of the *New Review* will be published by Messrs. Harmsworth. Is this the paper which, according to the *Chronicle*, is to be conducted on the principle laid down in Danton's famous motto?

AN interesting experiment in collaboration is in progress. Mr. Grant Richards and Mr. G. W. Steevens have embarked upon a novel-writing enterprise together. Their story is to deal with a young Englishman of modern times, who by certain magic means is transported back through time to the Rome of Commodus. Some of the incidents have place in Egypt, where Mr. Steevens is now sojourning. Of old the lion lay down with the lamb; to-day the publisher writes romances with the author.

IN his remarks on the novel made at the dinner of the Sir Walter Scott Club on Monday, Mr. Balfour, after describing all the varieties of novels which readers are now called upon to buy, said that almost every subject had been exhausted, but there was one aspect of life which has been only sparingly treated: the development of character extending through the life of the individual. We presume that Mr. Balfour meant that the novelist usually introduces the reader to his hero too late in life, or leaves him too early; whereas the speaker would prefer the novelist to emulate the Chinese dramatist, who begins the book with the birth of the hero, and ends it with his death.

IN Mr. Balfour's own words: "Not one novel in a thousand attempts to take an individual and trace what in natural science would be called his life-history; and it is curious that what we get from a good biography should be absent from the novel at a time when the historical aspect of things, of individuals, of institutions, and the globe itself forms so large a portion of the subject-matter of science." This, no doubt, is a pointed remark; but it may lead to novels of inordinate length, containing more than a common supply of what Mr. Balfour called the dulness that never was on sea or land.

THE making of books for children reaches the height of absurdity in the illustrated reprint of Coleridge's *Raven*, which has been issued by Messrs. H. S. Nichols & Co. The poem, which consists of forty-four lines, is offered in a volume weighing 1 lb. 15½ oz.

—a result attained by large print, two prefaces, wide margins, heavy paper, blank leaves, and illustrations. The artist is Ella Hallward, whose drawings, though they have merit, are little enough suited to the nursery; and the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, who writes one of the prefaces, says that "as an humble kinsman of the wonderful man that wrote it [the poem], I enjoy at once a pleasure and a privilege in being permitted thus to associate myself with this beautiful volume."

It is a relief to turn to the genuine nursery entertainment provided by *The Cruikshank Fairy-Book* (Putnam's), which is just in time to take its chance in the busiest bookselling week of the year. This is a reprint of George Cruikshank's versions of "Puss in Boots," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Hop-o'-My Thumb," and "Cinderella," illustrated from his own plates. The plates have yielded very fair impressions upon the shining white paper employed.

At the end of the book are several interesting literary items. The first is Cruikshank's "Address to Little Boys and Girls." In this he tells, in the old-fashioned, fatherly way, how he came to love and draw the Fairies—

"In my childhood, and when a very little boy, I recollect that I used to be very much pleased and delighted with Fairy Tales; and it so happened that my nurse at that time was a young woman who used to tell a great many Fairy Tales; and many an evening have I sat by the fireside listening with wonder and delight to her stories about these wonderful little people, and I once asked her where the little Fairies lived. She told me that some of them had houses in the white places in the corners of the cellars, where these fungi were growing on the walls, and about which, in some places, were also large cobwebs; and whether they were spiders, or flies, or some other insects, or the force of my excited childish imagination, I know not, but I certainly did at the time fancy that I saw very, very tiny little people running in and out of these white houses; and I now believe that any talent or power that I may have in drawing a Fairy, or describing one, had its origin in the early impressions these little people made upon my mind at that early age."

IN addition to this address to children we have within the covers of this volume Cruikshank's address "To Parents and Guardians," in reply to the strictures passed by Charles Dickens, in *Good Words*, upon Cruikshank's alterations of the familiar text. Dickens was severe, too, on Cruikshank's introduction of his views on social and educational questions into these stories, and particularly his temperance doctrines. Cruikshank defends himself with doubtful success:

"He [Dickens] declares that whoever alters these Fairy Tales to suit his own opinions is guilty of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him. This is the opinion of Mr. Charles Dickens; but in my humble opinion, if Shakespeare thought proper to alter Italian tales, and even history, to suit his purpose, and if Sir Walter Scott used history also in the same way for his purpose, surely anyone may take the liberty of

altering a common Fairy Tale to suit his purpose, and convey his opinions; and most assuredly so, if that purpose be a good one."

BUT these addresses and arguments are beside the mark. No one will read them. For the purposes of children, Cruikshank's versions of the stories are good enough, and his pictures a continual delight. He had fun and quaintness and whimsicality, and he read the story before he illustrated it. Best of all, he was not a decorator.

OUR Paris correspondent writes under Monday's date:

"I come from Daudet's funeral. The crush was great, flowers and wreaths in excess, music mournful and sentimental, as befits a last farewell to *Le Petit Chose*. Here is a passage from Zola on Daudet's illness: 'It was impossible to dissimulate any longer the gravity of his state. Then my poor friend knew every torture. He whose need of air, of space, and light was so great, who was such a lover of life, condemned to eternal immobility! His mind was nearly ruined by despair. He even thought of a violent end, of evasion through the gates of death. The admirable devotion of his wife alone saved him. I remember one spring day going to take him to Keller, at the hydropathic establishment. We crossed the Tuileries gardens, he leaning on my arm. The buds were showing green on the branches. He contemplated this awakening of nature's forces, and comparing it with his own irremediable misery, tears obscured his vision.'"

THE Paris Municipality met on the day of Alphonse Daudet's funeral and decided to name a street after him.

THE *Standard's* Berlin correspondent states that a booklet, entitled *Consolation in Suffering: Fruits of the Reading of a Mourner*, translated from the English by von L., will appear in a few days, in two fine editions, at Darmstadt. I hear, he adds, that the anonymous authoress is the Queen's youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice. The work has a preface by a Hessian clergyman, "written near the place where the chivalrous Prince [Henry of Battenberg] spent the greater part of his youth." He writes that the "contents of the little book were collected and thought out in hours of the deepest sorrow, and touch upon all the questions that stir us when our dear ones die. What the sorrowing authoress experienced herself with consolation in suffering she now wishes to offer to others."

THE following extract from a letter purporting to come from the author of *The Beth Book* has been published this week: "We are all in fits of laughter here over that naughty letter to the *D. T.* I never wrote it at all. It was a practical joke."

A VERY intelligible complaint is uttered by a correspondent of the *Chronicle*. He writes: "On the strength of your review of Mr. Havelock Ellis's *Affirmations*, I purchased and read the book, and as far as the reading of it goes I quite endorse your judgment. But I should like to make a remark about the book considered as a purchase. I find that the area of margin

in each page is more than three times that of the printed portion; also that, compared with a hundred other *bond fide* octavo volumes, the paper is one-third thicker. As far, therefore, as these measurements may be taken as correct, the purchaser gets nearly four times the amount of blank paper for his money that he used to get. Is this to be the rule under the new six-shilling price? Is it not a rather questionable proceeding?"

THE Society of Authors, having finally shaken themselves free of the discount question, might meet to determine upon the right proportions of type and paper to be offered for six shillings.

IN the current number of *Scribner's* Mr. James Whitcomb Riley adds the following verses, inspired by an early portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, to the mass of Stevenson literature:

"A face of youth mature: a mouth of tender,  
Sad human sympathy yet something stoic  
In clasp of lip; wide eyes of calmest  
splendour,  
And brow serenely ample and heroic;—  
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal. . . .  
O visionary boy! what were you seeing,  
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real  
Ere yet one master-work of yours had being?  
Is it a foolish fancy that we humour—  
Investing darily with life and spirit  
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumour  
Of your great future spoke that men might  
hear it?—  
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,  
That you were listening, and the camera  
drew you  
Hearing the voices of your untold stories  
And all your lovely poems calling to you?"

It is a pretty poem, but we suspect that the answer to the question is No. R. L. S. was too humorous a man to entertain such thoughts at a photographer's.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Referring to an article on Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson in last week's *ACADEMY*, how is it that his fine story, *The Web of the Spider*, never seems to get justice done to it? It combines the adventure story and the detective story in a most effective setting of wild New Zealand scenery."

THE Art Union of London is to be congratulated on its choice of a subject for its presentation plate to the members for the current year. It is an etching (30 in. x 15 in.) by Leopold Flameng, of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, A.R.A.'s picture, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne." This work was, on the whole, the most admired and discussed picture in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition. In its translation from black and scarlet to black and white the picture has lost little of its impressiveness.

REFINEMENT in America progresses. According to the *Critic*, there came not long since from a Philadelphia college a letter signed by a woman who added to her name the legend "Chairlady of the Committee on ——" Perhaps she thought "chair-

woman" would look too much like "charwoman." As a rule, nowadays, it is the charwoman who insists upon being called a lady. What would be thought of a chairman who signed himself "Chairgentleman."

MR. JOHN B. LONG informs us that he is about to begin business as a publisher, under the name of John Long, with the following programme: "Fiction by popular authors; fiction by new writers of undoubted promise; works of travel; medical works; and poetry that may appeal to the public." All poetry comes, we imagine, under this heading. Why not make a departure and publish poetry that *will* appeal to the public?

MR. J. M. Barrie's next book will be a sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. It will be called *Celebrated Tommy*.

A NEW series of the *Indian Magazine and Review* will begin in January. Articles are contributed by Sir John Jardine, K.C.I.E., Mrs. Logan, Mrs. B. Batey, and Mr. Coldstream. A design for the wrapper has been supplied from the Lahore School of Art.

UNDER its new control *Cassell's Magazine* is making a braver show than once it did. The January number has a singularly interesting list of contributions: complete stories by Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Max Pemberton; a serial by Mr. Headon Hill; an illustrated article on tobogganing; a humorous paper by Mr. L. F. Austin; and other matters.

THE bookbindings by women which Mr. Karslake, of Charing Cross-road, is now introducing to book-buyers, have earned appreciation in high quarters. The Queen has just purchased two volumes: a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, bound in bevelled vellum, and *Italian Book Illustrations*, in Indian red morocco, and tooled in floriated gold from an old Italian design.

EARLY in 1898 Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish the complete correspondence between Burns and his well-known patroness, Mrs. Dunlop. The book—which is being prepared by Mr. William Wallace, editor of the last edition of Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*—will contain nearly forty letters by the poet which have not yet seen the light, and one hundred letters by Mrs. Dunlop. The volume, which is fully annotated, clears up a number of disputed points in connexion with Burns's life and works, makes clear his views on religion, and proves that his friends endeavoured—a fact which has hitherto been unsuspected—to secure for him a professorship in Edinburgh University.

MR. LEONARD HUXLEY, who is now engaged upon a *Life* of his father, contributes to the January number of the *Century* a chapter of familiar reminiscences, "Scenes from Huxley's Home Life." It is accompanied by a portrait of Prof. Huxley and his little grandson, from a photograph taken shortly before the former's death.

## REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

GEORGE ELIOT.—II.

TO arrive at the real greatness of a writer it is necessary to begin by shearing off what is spurious or defective. In George Eliot's case the process requires to be thorough and drastic. There is, indeed, a residuum of the most shining merit, but to exhibit its full beauty a large rubbish heap has to be cleared away.

Her initial error lay in misconceiving the essential difference between the philosopher and the novelist, in not recognising that while it is the function of the former to reason about life, it is the business of the latter to represent it. The philosophising is but the crude preparatory stage. No one can set the men and women of fancy to play out their lives in work and laughter, in love and hatred and tears, who has not mused long and deeply over the springs of human motive, the variation in character, the aims and ideals of humanity. For a novel is, or should be, a kind of microcosmos built up from the fruits of experience. It may be a sad little world or a merry one, since either aspect belongs to life; it may have any atmosphere the writer can produce—if only the reader be compelled to breathe it for the time being, so that he is carried out of his actual environment and lives among the creatures of imagination. This end can never be attained unless the author knows the human heart and is true to it. Genius may and often does take wing, carrying us on strange journeys, but at the bottom it will be found that it continues true to some aspect of nature. Truth constitutes the difference between great artists and those who may be called the jerry-builders of literature, those who produce showy, glittering novels as rapidly as a row of villas are run up in a London suburb.

Now if a man must be either a fool or a physician at forty, still more certain is it that he must be either a fool or a philosopher. He may be so (as Tristram Shandy was a logician) without knowing the rules; but that does not alter the fact. Renan, indeed, used to say that no man should write till he is forty, and it is worth noting that all the great novels were composed in or after middle-age, when wisdom grows mellow and the memories of early experience tender. No fault is to be found, then, with George Eliot for being a philosopher. What the reader objects to is the continual and unseasonable obtrusion of her philosophy. A stage-play would be insupportable if even a Wilhelm Meister were to discourse learnedly over every exit and entrance, to stop the action while he drew a moral or adorned the tale. The novel reader dislikes this as much as the playgoer. Let the characters only act and speak and he himself will supply the comment; for he, too, has lived and loved and suffered in some degree; he has amassed knowledge and experience of his own; something within him tells what

is faithful and what is unfaithful. I might further illustrate my meaning by an example drawn from poetry. Take a lyric verse; for instance:

"To sleep! to sleep!  
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day  
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.  
To sleep! to sleep!  
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be  
past;  
Sleep, happy soul, all life must sleep at last.  
To sleep! to sleep!"

There is the experience of a life-time, the philosophy of a sage behind these simple lines; but they themselves are philosophy blossomed into beauty and wisdom. I think George Eliot would have been a greater, a wiser, and more attractive writer if she had given us only her mind's blossom in the speech and action of her characters, and allowed life as reflected in her microcosmos to teach its own lessons and draw its own moral.

Her not doing so was partly due to temperament, partly to living under Carlyle's dominion, and yielding her susceptible nature to the influence of men of philosophic leanings such as George Henry Lewes and Herbert Spencer. But a weakness grounded on character does not come out in one form only. George Eliot's style suffered from the same causes. It is often, and especially in her later books, pompous and consequential, and produces an impression of straining and struggling. Not thus were the great masterpieces of fiction written—Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, and Scott, each, in his own way, shows mastery and ripeness. Men and women come at their bidding, play their parts, and disappear; but the magician who summoned them dwells aloof and detached, as one who has sounded the depths of life, and now, from some exterior standpoint, directs his mimic world with a smile half of irony, half of pity. So orderly is the procession, so laughing and natural the pageant, that the casual reader never thinks what has gone to the making of it—the close and vigorous thought, the long experience, the blood and tears. On the contrary, I am afraid he more often than not belongs to the barber's school of criticism.

"'He the best player!' cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. 'Why, I could act as well as he myself; I am sure if I had seen a ghost I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that same scene as you called it, between him and his mother, when you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother would have done exactly the same.'"

George Eliot fared none the worse in her day for her air of self-consequence. The public is slow to appreciate the simplicity of perfect art. It is more easily impressed by the pompous and obscure and pretentious. And this is no merely modern weakness. It has been inherent since the day when Naaman, the Syrian, said:

"Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

How would a fashionable doctor of to-day earn his living if he did not talk learnedly and shake his head and administer draughts and pills many a time when he knows the best medicine would be something to think about and something to do? Well does he know the advantages of Abana and Pharpar! And so it was rather than otherwise in favour of her popularity that George Eliot never attained that consummate simplicity of style which is born of ripe thought, and deep experience, and bears its apportioned load of laughter, of passion, or of memory, as lightly as the little brook carries a feather from the bird that has been bathing in it. But her fame has now to pay the penalty.

One cannot defend her style—we can only explain it as the result of temperament and influence combined. Thackeray, alone of her contemporaries, caught the accent of the masters, and she did not like Thackeray; least of all did she like *Henry Esmond*, the most admirably written of all his novels. On the other hand, the men whom she did like were no doubt very excellent teachers and moralists, but their style was not invented for the purpose of narration. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine any worse model for that purpose than Carlyle or Mr. Herbert Spencer. Even Mr. Ruskin's flowing and stately rhetoric is ill-adapted to the ends of the storyteller. And she was not like Tennyson, who could be keenly interested in all forms of research and hold familiar converse with the most diverse intellects, and yet maintain the independence of his own spirit and write his own language. To some extent this was perhaps due to her sex. A woman is more apt than a man to take a cue from her companions, and her language gradually became more technical as her friend and companion George Henry Lewes passed from novel-writing and *belles lettres* to his *Physiology of Common Life* and *History of Science*. Yet she knew very well what were the true objects of the novel. Her teaching, she said, was æsthetic, her way was "to urge the human sanctities through tragedy—through pity and terror as well as admiration and delight." On another occasion she declared that her object was to produce "gentle thoughts and tender remembrances." It scarcely requires saying that to excite pity and terror, to stir old memories, to appeal to the sense of beauty, it is necessary to employ a diction far other than would be appropriate for discussing the Nebular Hypothesis or the facts of physiology. Nevertheless, in picturing the life of *Middlemarch*, not only is the style ruined with pedantic phrases, but there are great patches fitter for an Encyclopædia than a tale.

Worse even than that is the deterioration in tone. The broad human sympathy of *Silas Marner*, the wise and tender humour of *Adam Bede*, the deep feeling of the *Mill on the Floss*, are replaced by a hard pedagogic smartness, and on every page the author poses as if she were the Sybil of Cumæ. At no time does George Eliot produce fun for fun's sake, as Dickens would on the slightest provocation, and as Shakespeare many a time did. Neither has she a keen eye for the oddities and whims of human character; but *Middlemarch* suffers

more than any of the rest from lack of humour. What would the creator of Jonathan Oldbuck or of Parson Adams or of My Uncle Toby or of Don Quixote not have made of Mr. Casaubon? And the Vincys and Brookes and Garths and Bulstrodes required the easy touch of a Thackeray rather than her sober dead-in-earnest pomp. *Middlemarch* always reminds me of a very desolate landscape seen in a bad light—a wind moaning amid bare tree-tops and tossing the lake into forbidding waves. At the best it is a wintry scene, but how much a little sunshine improves it! The water ripples and glitters and sparkles, the warm russet of the dead beech leaves glows under the soft-black stoles. It is not the scene, it is only the light that has changed. There is more sunshine in life than in George Eliot's novels.

Her own light began to fail at a very early period. Her day may be said to have lasted from 1856 to 1863—it was twilight only from then to her death. "I began it, (*Romola*), she says, "a young woman—I finished it an old woman." Her subsequent work is only that of one who is nursing the embers of a slowly dying fire. *Felix Holt*, with its revolting ground-plan and inferior execution, showed symptoms of decay that were further developed in *Middlemarch*, *Deronda*, and *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*.

Of her poetry it is sufficient to note that the student of her prose could have divined what it would be like. "All crudity of expression marks, I think," she wrote to a friend, "a deficiency in subtlety of thought as well as in breadth of moral and poetic feeling." This wise deliverance exactly defines her limitations. A rich style is produced only by a wide mental vision, a sense not only of immediate relations, but of those that are remote; carrying its message with perfect lucidity it will still suggest even more than it directly conveys. Such writing is so difficult of analysis that the critic has got into the way of describing its quality by the single word "charm." He means that it has a sub-colour, an undercurrent of meaning, a suggestion of emotion. Now, with many of the most admirable qualities, the style of George Eliot lacks this. To take an example, let the reader turn to the prison scene in *Adam Bede*. It is no casual incident, but the corner-stone of the novel. The whole story was suggested by it. And the description was long premeditated. Yet it would be superfluous to show that it is a failure. The pathos has no lasting effect; it has no sub-tint, no relief. Life itself is so grotesque a mixture of fun and irony; laughter and tears are so much intermingled that an unmitigated appeal to sentiment is felt to be as unnatural as mere buffoonery.

On the other hand, George Eliot does not seem to have quite appreciated that pathos in Hetty's fate which appeals most strongly to the modern mind. The girl is, as it were, whirled into a side pool, and the great river of life closes in and flows onward with nature's own disregard for the individual. Even Adam Bede, to whom she had appeared the one object worth living for, marries and forgets. And so the poor little

ego, whose mirror declared her the fairest of God's creatures, and whose beauty made her mistress of the strongest, is relentlessly cast aside. If George Eliot had endowed Hetty with just a trifle more brains, what would one not have given to get her theory of the universe after she had been thrust out of her Eden?

The same lack of sub-tint nullifies George Eliot's descriptions. As in novels of older date they remain those of a view-hunter pure and simple. They might be all cut out without injuring the story. But a finer, a more subtly and highly developed art, is not satisfied with this crude method. Lord Tennyson in verse, and R. L. Stevenson more than anyone else in prose, showed that without set description, as much as by the use of one imaginative phrase or sentence, it was possible so to blend the feeling of a scene and the feeling of the actor that one henceforth became inseparable from the other. I shall have further occasion to deal with this promising field of the future novelist; it is enough to note that with all her experience and observation George Eliot's description is never by any chance that of a poetess. It is brought in; it is not vital to the narrative.

One more addition must be made to this formidable, and yet not exhaustive, list of shortcomings ere we arrive at virtues that go far to atone for them. In the *Mill on the Floss* occurs the first instance of that unsoundness of judgment that was to be so pronounced in her subsequent work. Five out of its seven books are devoted to the purpose of producing an atmosphere, and the story only begins at the sixth. But the curious point is, that the cream of the work is all in this monstrously large introduction, and the episode of the heroine who "forgot herself in a boat"—that is to say, the long premeditated story with the subsequent drowning—is not worthy of criticism as literature. The error of judgment lay in not completing the catastrophe in the atmosphere so laboriously and successfully produced.

Beautifully, too, as Maggie Tulliver's rich, dreamy temperament is presented, George Eliot has not chosen her incidents very happily. Unless she deliberately intended to estrange sympathy, Maggie's forgetfulness, for instance, might have been suggested more felicitously than by her allowing Tom's rabbits to starve to death. This cruelty of neglect, however, appears to be part of a deliberate scheme. Maggie Tulliver's relations with Philip Wakem, her want of loyalty to Lucy, and her conduct with Stephen Guest, leave a bad taste in the mouth, a taste that should not have been there if George Eliot wished to enlist our sympathy. The issues are confused, and the difference between right and wrong is lost sight of.

My chief reason for insisting on these grave defects is to obtain solid footing for a great and hearty admiration of George Eliot's best work. It has been said that she and Sir Walter Scott are, after all is said and done, the greatest English novelists produced in the nineteenth century, and I am not inclined to dispute it. No doubt there are many who, taking too seriously

the flouting and sneering thrown at her these many years, will lift an astonished eyebrow at this opinion. But a candid examination of her best work will at least make it intelligible. For our purpose it will be necessary to put aside the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, which, though always promising and often powerful, still bear marks of having been written by a beginner, one who has not yet learned "the tools' true play." The essays and poems must also be dismissed as efforts in a direction where her genius did not lie. *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, *Daniel Deronda*, are to be struck out because composed when her powers had begun to decay. When that is done her reputation must rest on the four novels, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Romola*. The last-mentioned has the vigour and sanity of her early work; in some respects it is keener and more powerful; yet the cream of what she had to say is found in the three first. George Eliot's creative art is seen at its highest among the Poysers at the Hall Farm, in the meetings of the Tullivers, the Dodsons, and their clan, and in her delineations of Silas Marner, and the kindly inquisitive rustics among whom his fate was cast. And it is great, not because of striking and dramatic situations—the invention of situation is a different and inferior faculty—it is great because she displays insight into the motives of human action and imaginative skill to body forth no mere walking characteristics, but full many-sided human characters in their natural environment. And in doing so the artist forgets she is a philosopher. Here is no pose, no pedantry of phrase, no stilted and supercilious smartness, but a free, happy, spontaneous style, and a wide loving sympathy. It is rather sad to reflect how time affected her work. There are two spirits visibly engaged—one is kin to the muse that directed Jane Austen's pen and Scott's, the other is that of an affected schoolmistress: the former was dominant in those early days, the other lurked in the background; but, as feebleness and premature age came upon both mind and body, the influence of her chosen companions became too strong, and the Bad Angel gained the mastery. Had it been otherwise—but, then, it never is otherwise!—it might have been George Eliot's fate to pilot the way to that as yet undiscovered country of romance where richer harvests than have yet been yielded await the reaper. But this, and her pre-eminence among her contemporaries, and much else yet remaining to be said, will become more apparent from the sidelights cast from other reputations.

P.

#### ALPHONSE DAUDET.

GREATER writers have come and gone, but none whose death brings to us a more personal sense of commotion, a feeling of more absolute loss, than Daudet's. It is something of the affectionate spell Dickens cast over his generation, but its intensity of intimacy comes from the radiant reflection of Southern charm, the effervescent wit and



humour, the constant revelations of a delightful temperament set in perfumed and musical prose. Alphonse Daudet is dead, and the world is the poorer by a source of entertainment the less. His books were never masterpieces in the full sense of the word; never flawless works of wit. But how *lovable*, how gay, how caustic, how luminous, how full of the South world of ineffaceable charm! Where else may we hope to look for such delicacy and daintiness of pathos, of railery, of humour? So youthful and fresh, and sweet too, that it is with difficulty we have been able to conceive a Daudet worn by life, the soft and brilliant regard dulled by suffering and travail. It is the Daudet of the *Contes Choisis*, of the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, we find it hard to forget in all the brilliances of his remarkable Provençal beauty, with his Merovingian dusky mane and his exuberance, as seizing and unforgettable as the scents of Provençal hillsides.

No living French writer has penetrated so far, filled so many hearts, brightened so many homes, cast light and air and laughter into gloom, touched the source of tears, and made us all feel younger and fresher for an evening spent in his society. His big efforts generally missed fire, and *Jack* and *Le Nabab* fall far below their aim. His power is in his slighter efforts, and here his strength is the exceeding delicacy of his touch. Their charm is a surpassing fragility, a perfume almost evanescent, so subtle and faint that one hesitates to say precisely wherein is hidden the sting of remembrance. Who is to analyse such grace as his? such warmth that sheds its beneficent rays over his most poignant and ruthless dissection of human vanity and frailty? his bitterest probing of the sources of deception, disenchantment and suffering? A great master we cannot call him, for he was too imperfect an artisan, and not only did he sin by excess in all moods and views, and, as Flaubert told him, "used too much paper," but he continually sinned against taste, and against judgment and discretion. He spared neither friend nor foe when the spirit seized him to paint a living portrait, sometimes with cynical ferocity, the Duke of Morny, whose secretary he had been; sometimes with charming and sprightly mockery, as the good citizens of Tarascon. But the enchanter was ever sure of ready pardon, however he sinned. He had the art of sinning so gracefully. He had the gift of being dull with enthusiasm. He captivates in his prosiest moods, and you see him ever athwart his pages, with his effulgent gaze, his winning smile and his vivid gesticulation. The tale of his youth and early struggle has been told as only Daudet could tell it—first in *Le Petit Chose*, with its melancholy sweetness and delicious irony, and afterwards at length in *Trente ans de Paris*. Once fortune embraced him, his success was a stupendous one. Two other writers alone share such popularity as his, Zola and Georges Ohnet. But while Ohnet exclusively belongs to the illiterate multitude, Daudet was the beloved of all sorts and conditions of men. The implacable and fastidious artist read him with relish. Though a naturalist, even the austere M. Brunetière saluted him with the heavy

artillery of his praise. The politician, the Academician read him, not always with joy or approval, for Daudet, freelance and bohemian, had an exceedingly bitter pen at the service of both, his own particular delight lying in the remorseless exposure of humbugs, the largest elements of which for him were gathered under the dome of the Institute, and within the walls of the Chamber of Deputies. The woman of the world and the little bourgeois, the people, provincials, colonials, foreigners of every land, read Daudet, and his name has for long been a household word at home and abroad. While it is impossible to approve of satire so cruelly venomous as that which is the essence of *l'Immortel*, such genial railery as that which roused the ire of Tarascon, or fetched bloodthirsty warriors up from the south to morose and wicked Paris, armed with big sticks for the skull of their perfidious compatriot, fills the world with mild radiance and laughter. There is such a smiling kindness in it; it proceeds so blithely. This is in every probability the single portion of Daudet's large complex and unsatisfactory work that will pass into the classics or his land. To create a type is to stand the test of time. Tartarin is as finished a type as any literature possesses. The setting of the type, too, is as engaging as the central figure itself. The sleepy little town lives for ever a legend of elastic prowess that needs but a pen-prick for cautious effacement. We see with his clear and joyous vision a corner of France, which through him has become a lasting memory, and nevermore can we forget such pictures of living colour, touched with the bold, free, and vivid strokes of the born landscape painter, told with the rhythm of the perfect musician; the silent ponds of Provence, with their rose-hued flamingoes; the grand grey-blue river, quaint and dead old towns; a land perfumed with rose and lavender and wild woodland scents, and the thousand lovelinesses of shepherd life, with the sufferings of the minstrel and the luminous ferocity of summer in the south. Here is the Daudet who will live when *l'Immortel*, *Le Nabab*, *Jack*, or *Numa Roumestan* will be forgotten.

For his heavier books are but impassioned studies of the hour; evanescent phrases of modern Parisian life, caught sometimes heavily and bitterly on the wing, and worked deliberately into novels. He had the misfortune to believe in the note-book, and hence the ponderous exactitude of his descriptions. Provence, where he is merely the witching impressionist, he offers us with all the convincing precision of broad strokes. When he laughs he is sure to be right, and he has the virtue always of laughing in Provence. Sometimes, from force of mocking tenderness, he laughs with the tears not far from his eyelids, and this is an added charm. Elsewhere he is ruthlessly documentary, and like Zola, the Goncourts, and all of their school, piles detail upon detail, till the picture is covered or lost in verbiage. Of course, he saves himself continually on the point of creating a yawn or an impatient sigh, by his wit, his humour, his boundless pity for suffering, his poignancy and delicious sentimentality. The man himself is always so

charming that we cannot long remain in the sulks, and are forced to follow him. His love of women is so *naïve*, so weak, without any actual perversity; he so clings to them, and so infinitely prefers their weaknesses to those of his own sex. Whatever his faults as a man may have been—and he was far from being a saint—he had the merit of adoring his wife and leaning on her, like the middle-aged child he was, and appreciating, as few writers ever have done, by word spoken and written, his home-solitude peopled with kisses. And never was man more beloved of his friends than he. The fame of his winged word has travelled far. As a conversationalist he was more brilliant even than as a writer. He spoke as he wrote, with vibrant, vital eloquence, the words hurrying on a luminous wave, captivating like light and wine; full of every exquisite quality of wit and humour; variable, flexible, rainbow-hued; musical as wind and water. And equally magical was his sympathy. "We shall ever remember the master's gentleness," writes the brothers Paul and Victor Marpièrre, "his discreet tenderness, his heart that was open for all who knocked. This invalid was a curer of souls." This we may well believe. The essential note of his work is pity rather than satire. No one has felt the misery and suffering of tortured childhood, of isolated youth, of poverty, of blight, of sickness and despair more deeply, and it would be impossible to convey the great lesson of pain in more poignant pages than those in which he has painted the sufferings of Jack; of Rosalie, the betrayed wife of Numa Roumestan; of Felicie and the Nabab; of the mother of the *Évangéliste*; of so many men and women on whom the hand of Destiny has lain with such unjust force. In his graver moods, a kindly, genial, and generous creature—full of faults, it is true; not over discreet or wise; sometimes lacking in taste and in tact, but always sympathetic, by reason of his exuberant personality; who has given us many an exquisite page, many a delicate fancy, many a delicious hour in the dull, sad moments of life; whose irony, mournful and tender, has often proved a tonic in moods of lassitude and indifference; whose inextinguishable gaiety is ever a fountain of fairy force at which exhausted spirits may refresh themselves. A vigorous, a vital, and a subtle nature, the best of him was perhaps *lived*, not written. In this moment of mourning, it is not to the wife and the children so intensely loved by this intense nature that the thought flies, but to the forsaken "Mère Jacques," the big brother of *Le petit Chose*, from whom his "little things" of so many precious memories was taken so suddenly, without a farewell look, without a last bitter hand-clasp, without a last word of endearment or consolation. Such a brotherhood as that of the two Daudets was a divine tie, and the one that remains cannot ever say as Daudet himself said of his last moment with Goncourt, his brother of letters:

"Suddenly his hand, whose burning heat had cooled by degrees, was drawn hastily from mine, almost harshly. The last agony, it appears, has these spasmodic movements. For me it was like a precipitated departure, the



friend who is pressed by time, and who brusquely tears himself from your farewell."

There is a quality rare in modern French fiction which Daudet can claim: a reverence for and an understanding of purity. How many of the younger writers could paint us that delicate little picture of the enamoured shepherd, whose master's lovely young daughter shares his vigil beneath the stars:

"I felt something fresh and fine weigh lightly on my shoulders. It was her head, heavy with sleep, that rested against me with a pretty crush of ribbons, laces and wavy hair. She remained thus without stirring until the moment when the stars of heaven began to pale, effaced by mounting daylight. And I watched her sleeping, a little troubled in the depths of my being, but sacredly protected by the clear night which has ever filled me with beautiful thoughts. Around us the stars continued their silent course, docile like a big herd of cattle; and for a moment I imagined that one of the stars, the most beautiful and brilliant, having lost its way, had come and lain on my shoulder to sleep."

So much may we be thankful for to the Daudet who has thus enriched us with many a beautiful thought, beautifully expressed, that came to him, like the shepherd's stars, in the soft night hours of his wondrous Provence.

H. L.

## THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF HEINE.

### II.—HEINE: THE SINGER.

BOTH as a poet and as a man Heine's nature was dual; in his work as in his life we can hear the clash of opposing forces. He inspired the muse of the romantic school, growing rigid in the trammels of her own conventionality, with a new and magic life; yet standing as he did in the fierce dawn of realism, which flooded a new light over a world of things as they are, he withered her beautiful shadowy realms with his mockery. The subjectivity of every line of verse he ever wrote was revolutionary. No poet had before him struck the chords of natural egotism with so sure a hand. In his songs poetry welled up, against all the canons of romanticism, from the parched soil of actual life, and drew its inspiration from the moving present, not from the misty past. Yet his methods are still those of romanticism. He still sees nature—though his wonderful pictures of the North Sea seem to give this assertion the lie—through the coloured glasses of the romantic school. His glimpses of the Orient, for example, are romantic; his is the legendary Orient of the Crusades, not the Orient which Goethe had discovered for the West. In the whole succession of his poems we find the well-worn symbols of romanticism, the conventional tinsel of a love song, the lily fingers, the rosy cheek, the bleeding heart and kindred poetic properties, which date back to the

troubadours. Heine himself, later in life, acknowledged his dependence on the time-honoured romantic conventions; for in the introduction of a French translation of his *Book of Songs* he writes of "a far too big a dose of the roses, nightingale, and moon-beams *fricassée*."

Although his *Book of Songs* made him the patron saint of the new realistic school of "young Germany," one of his latest works, *Atta Troll*, was directed against "these cockchafers of the spring-time of nations." In its attack on poetry with a purpose, in its appeal for the liberation of song from the fetters of actuality, in its scorn for the lyric politician, *Atta Troll* is a sounding echo of romanticism. So again, in his bitter attack on "the Swabian poets," Heine turned and rent a school he himself had called into being. In many of his poems, it is true, this antagonism between the romantic and the real is conscious, almost coquettish, as when the poet gibes at his own lovelorn anguish with bitter mockery. But it is none the less genuine. According to a very straightforward and simple method of criticism, which obtains more especially in Germany: Heine feared the pain of his own heart; therefore he had no real feeling; therefore his pain was a deceit; therefore all his poetry is artificial. This process of reasoning is all very well, but for the fact that it takes no account of the artistic imaginative temperament. Heine possessed it, and by calling to his mind the memories of spent passion and scarred sorrow, his genius enabled him to strike a note which goes straight to the heart. For all his conventional apparatus, therefore, Heine as the singer of the bitter sweet of love can, whether he himself felt deeply or not, awake memories in every one of his readers. The common happenings of everyday life gain a new significance. The genius of the poet lights up a world to the beauty of which we are strangers and with which we are yet strangely familiar.

What is perhaps most remarkable in the lyrics of the *Book of Songs*, apart from their exquisite melodiousness, is the simplicity and spontaneity of their language—the language of the true Folk song, which has to-day led hundreds of peasants to sing the "Lorelei" who have, perhaps, never heard the name of Heine. Analysing the material of this wonderful song critically, it is threadbare enough. We have the beautiful maiden combing her conventionally golden hair with the inevitably golden comb, while the love-lorn youth drifts to destruction on the rocks at her feet. The story is as old as that of the Syrens. Yet these dry bones, revived by the breath of Heine's genius, are clothed in the romantic spirit of the Rhine. It is also, as are most of the best of Heine's verses, not to be translated from its mother tongue. Transplanted from its native atmosphere it becomes wooden. Take, for example, the wonderful picture of the Rhine in the gloaming with which the poem opens. Sir Theodore Martin, whose versions I have elected to follow—chiefly because he keeps most closely, at whatever cost, to the original, though often enough he plays the

cat and banjo with Heine's most tuneful metres—renders it after this fashion:

"I cannot tell what's coming o'er me  
That makes me so eerie and low,  
An old world legend before me  
Keeps rising, and will not go."

It sounds like a description of the premonitory symptoms of sea-sickness. Another translator, in a desperate endeavour to cling to the original, outrages his own mother-tongue:

"The air is fresh and it darkies,  
And smoothly flows the Rhine;  
The peak of the mountain sparkles  
In the fading sunset shine."

Happiest of the many attempts is, perhaps, that of Mr. Macmillan, who has chosen a soft kailyard dialect, which seems to suit the requirements of the folk-song:

"From the cool the gloamin' drops dimmer,  
And the Rhine slips softly by;  
The tops o' the mountains shimmer  
I' the lowe of the sunset sky."

Often in the rich mines of the *Book of Songs* we find rare gems of exquisite tenderness and purity and depth of feeling. In the sonnet dedicated to his mother Heine tells how he wandered far in the quest of love, and found only contempt or hate:

"And ever searched I after love; yes, ever  
Searched after love, and love discovered never,  
And so I homeward went with troubled thought,  
But thou wast there to welcome me again,  
And, ah, what in thy dear eyes floated then,  
That was the sweet love I so long had sought."

Or again:

"Thou art even as a flower is,  
So gentle and pure and fair,  
I gaze on thee and sadness  
Comes over my heart unaware."

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,  
My hands on thy head with a prayer,  
That God may keep thee, always, sweet,  
So gentle and pure and fair."

Side by side with this worship of the good and the beautiful we find verses of cynical coarseness and brutal directness. Very characteristic of many of Heine's poems is the abrupt transition from the dreams of a fantastic imagination to the incongruity of reality. In the "North Sea" there is a striking example. The poet is lying idly on board his boat gazing dreamily into the water. Through the depths he sees at length the mirage of a sunken town. The vision grows clearer. Grave men, with black mantles and long swords, cross the crowded market-place to sculptured town hall. Under the clipt yew trees are silk-robed girls and smiling gallants. The scene reopens the old wound in the poet's heart. In the old high-gabled house his mistress sits. He cries:

"I have found thee again and see again  
Thy sweet face,  
The bright, faithful eyes,  
That dear smile,  
And never again shall I forsake thee;  
And I am coming down to thee.  
And with arms outstretched  
I plunge down to thy heart."

At this point the poet swiftly abandons his earnest mood; adding, with a laugh:

"But just in the nick of time  
The skipper grabbed my foot  
And dragged me from the taffrail,  
And cried, laughing half angrily,  
'Doctor, what the devil's the matter?'"

Almost magic in its simplicity and directness is Heine's gift of describing the spirit of a scene by a few vague outlines. The beauties of nature are not only hinted but the significance of every scene is brought home. Consider that exquisite love-song:

"Oh, I would bear thee, my love, my bride,  
Afar on the wings of song,  
To a fairy spot on the Ganges' side:  
I have known and loved it long.  
'Tis a garden aflame with blossoms rare  
That sleeping in moonlight lies,  
The lotus flowers are awaiting thee there,  
A sister they dearly prize.  
There the violets twine and soft vows repeat  
And gaze on the stars above,  
The roses exhale in whispers sweet  
Old legends of souls that love."

But, as I have said, to attempt to translate Heine, as with Horace, usually spells failure. More especially is this the case when the poet sums up his whole philosophy of love in a few couplets of almost epigrammatic directness and terseness. Happy, however, for its daintiness is one of (I think) Miss Kroeker's translations:

"The Butterfly is in love with the Rose,  
And hovers around her all day;  
But a golden Sunbeam loves him again,  
And flutters around him all day.  
But tell me with whom the Rose is in love?  
That would I know soonest by far,  
Or is it the singing Nightingale?  
Or is it the Evening Star?  
I know not with whom the Rose is in love,  
But I love you all as you are—  
The Butterfly, Sunbeam, and Nightingale,  
The Rose and the Evening Star."

Sir Theodore does one of the most famous of Heine's lyrics into English in this wise:

"A young man loves a maiden;  
For somebody else she sighs;  
That somebody else loves another,  
And marries his winsome prize.

The maiden in mere vexation,  
Because of the loss she had had,  
Weds the first kind soul that offers,  
And makes the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old, story,  
But still it is always new,  
And when and wherever it happens,  
A heart is broken in two."

And, again:

"People have teased and vexed me,  
Worried me early and late:  
Some with the love they bore me,  
Other some with their hate.

They drugged my glass with poison,  
They poisoned the bread I ate:  
Some with the love they bore me,  
Other some with their hate."

This shall be the last quotation from the lyrics of Heine, from this poetry of such rare beauty and of such startling contrasts. What he himself said of the heart of one of his heroines seems to me to apply to his own poetry. "There are hearts in which jest and earnestness, wickedness and good-

ness, heat and cold are so strangely mingled that it becomes difficult to judge them. . . . Sometimes her heart was a frozen island of ice, from the glassy floor of which rose the most passionate glowing palm woods; sometimes, again, it was a glowing volcano of enthusiasm which is suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow." No; it is not easy to sit in judgment on such hearts, still less on such poetry! You cannot ticket and catalogue it according to the rules of literary entomology. It is still too full of life. Least of all can you "do it into English verse."

O. W.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

### VII.—A RAILWAY PORTER.

"Epsom train!" I gasped, as I plunged from the District station at Wimbledon into its neighbour of the South Western. "Have I time to get a ticket?" He was standing on guard at the doorway which led to the platform, and as he swung round at my voice he showed a genial face, and brought down his wooden leg with a crack on the asphalt.

"Plenty of time, Sir," he said pleasantly; "close on a howler. Next train 6.52."

"But what about the 5.48?" I asked.

He nodded towards a red light which was rapidly growing dimmer in the distance.

"That's the 5.48," he said.

I was annoyed. But I only remarked that it seemed inconvenient for the 5.48 out of Wimbledon to start before the 5.45 into Wimbledon had arrived. And he only raised his eyebrows and wagged his head, as though such a mischance were—in the language of the company's by-laws—the Act of God.

I walked once up the platform, and once down again, to recover my temper. And then I found him explaining to two ladies and one old gentleman the quickest route to Leatherhead, to Pinner, and to Latimer-road, and each inquiry was greeted by the same genial countenance and the same crack of the wooden leg upon the asphalt.

"I should think," I said, when the others had been pointed to their destinations, "that you have no leisure to read anything but the railway time-tables."

He leaned back against the doorpost and laughed, sticking out his wooden leg.

"Ah, that's all in the day's work, Sir," he said. "The comp'ny's treated me well enough since I lost my leg, fifteen years ago; and look here—if you was to ask me any train that came through here, Sundays or weekdays, I'd tell you—without thinking."

He had become very grave, and his finger was laid upon the lappel of my coat.

A murmur, a rattle, a roar; and a red tail-light receded with a *diminuendo* of sound.

"That train's going to Haslemere," he said.

"You know Haslemere?"

"Yes, I know the whole line."

"Haslemere has become quite a literary colony."

"Ah," he said.

"Prof. Tyndall lived there, I believe."

"Prof. Tyndall—yes, he was a infidel, wasn't he?"

"And Mr. Grant Allen has a house there—you know Grant Allen by name?"

He wrinkled his brows.

"I daresay I know the gentleman well enough. There's lots of gentlemen stop and talk—same as you—and ask me how I lost my leg, and so on—but, bless you, they don't tell me their names, and it ain't my place to ask."

"Ah, I thought you might have seen his name on the bookstall there. He writes books, you know."

"No, I don't remember the gentleman's name," he said.

"I suppose you have the free run of the bookstall?" I said.

"Oh, I go and have a look round now and then," he said, waving his arm. "There's always something fresh to look at. Beats me how they think of all the things they do. There's *Punch* now, and *Pick-me-Up*, and *Answers*, and *Sketch*; for pictures, now, you don't want nothing better than that."

"Well, what is your favourite reading?"

"My favourite reading? Well, I'm not what you might call a great reader. Beats me how people find time for reading all they do. Seems to me if you go and look at all them books on that bookstall, you'll wonder how anyone could find time to read 'em all. Now I'll just tell you; it's like this with me: I've got to stand here day in and day out, and tell people how the trains run—he had been telling them at intervals while he talked with me—and that's as much as one poor 'ed can carry. Now and then, I grant you, I go and look at the books—like the *Graphic* and *Tit-Bits*. And then I sees 'Horrible Murder' on one bill, and 'Awful Tragedy' on another. And it's just the same thing. So I tell you what I do. Last thing before the bookstall shuts that boy there brings me a *Evening News*."

"And you read that?"

"I don't read nothing here," he said, emphasising the locality with a tap of his wooden leg—"it's only looking. But I go home—I live just over there"—he jerked his jolly face over his shoulder—"and after I've fed the fowls, and had a wash, and a bit of supper, I just sits down and reads the paper. It mayn't be more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, because I'm generally a bit sleepy. But I've got to know what's going on. And"—again he placed a forefinger on the lappel of my coat—"I've got a son that plays in the Woolwich Arsenal." He stumped forward a few paces and looked up at the clock.

"Epsom, 6.52, is your train, Sir, isn't it? You've just ten minutes."

C. R.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

WITH Christmas at our doors the publishing season has slackened; and we do not select any books for special comment.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE PARALLEL HISTORY OF THE JEWISH MONARCHY, PRINTED IN THE TEXT OF THE REVISED VERSION, 1898. C. J. Clay & Sons. 2s.

THE ANGLICAN REVIVAL. By J. H. Overton, D.D. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS TEXT BOOK. Digby, Long & Co.  
 ABRAHAM AND HIS AGE. By George Henry Tomkins.  
 Eyre & Spottiswoode.  
 THE PROTESTANT FAITH; OR, SALVATION BY BELIEF. By  
 Dwight Hinckley Olmstead. Third edition. G. P.  
 Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d.  
 THE EXPOSITION. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll.  
 Fifth Series: Vol. VI. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.  
 THE IDEAL LIFE, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED ADDRESSES.  
 By Henry Drummond. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.  
 THE BIBLE: EVERLEY EDITION. Edited by J. W. Mackail.  
 Macmillan & Co. Vol. IV. 5s.  
 THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, 1898. Burns & Oates. 1s. 6d.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE STORY OF CANADA. By Howard Angus Kennedy.  
 Horace Marshall & Son.  
 HENRY WHITEHEAD: 1826-1890. By the Rev. H. D.  
 Rawnsley. James MacLehose & Sons.  
 THE OXFORD MANUALS OF ENGLISH HISTORY: No. IV.,  
 ENGLAND AND THE REFORMATION. By G. W. Powers, M.A.  
 TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Long-  
 mans, Green & Co.  
 THE CID CAMPEADOR, AND THE WANING OF THE CRESCENT  
 IN THE WEST. By H. Butler Clarke. G. P. Putnam's  
 Sons. 5s.  
 AMBROISE PARÉ AND HIS TIMES, 1510-1590. By Stephen  
 Paget. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d.  
 LIFE OF SIR JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER. By Lady Glover.  
 Smith, Elder & Co. 14s.

## POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

THE INNER LIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Ellen H. Ebbs.  
 Digby, Long & Co.  
 THE HABITANT, AND OTHER FRENCH CANADIAN POEMS.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.  
 WASHINGTON: A NATIONAL EPIC IN SIX CANTOS. By  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MR. NUTT AND THE "AUTHOR."

SIR,—As a general rule, the editor of a paper  
 prefers his own columns for any reply to  
 charges brought against his paper. The present  
 case, however, seems to invite a departure from  
 that rule.

It is now some four or five years since I  
 received a visit from Mr. Nutt, and discussed  
 with him many points connected with the  
 administration of literary property. I found  
 him, at the time, quite open to reason, and, as  
 I believed, ready to recognise the fact that the  
 Authors' Society has for its first and most  
 important duty the discovery and the publica-  
 tion of all the facts connected with this ad-  
 ministration. He seemed to me ready to aid  
 in this work, not to resent it, and to recognise  
 its importance to those who create and own  
 literary property. The favourable impression  
 thus left upon me, therefore, made it the more  
 amazing to read in your columns the letter of  
 last week signed by the name of Alfred Nutt.  
 It is the kind of letter to which we are quite  
 accustomed, but I did not expect, I confess, to  
 see it signed by Mr. Nutt. And I deeply  
 regret that he should have stooped to make  
 such an attack in such language.

Leaving his abuse aside—one need not stoop  
 with him—I ask your permission to state the  
 facts of the case.

Let me first assure your readers, most  
 seriously, that the figures published from time  
 to time by the Authors' Society are not inven-  
 tions. They are figures actually found in  
 printers' estimates and printers' bills, and in  
 publishers' accounts.

Some time ago one of the discontented  
 gentry who are always trying to attack these  
 figures adopted the ingenious method of adding  
 two sheets to the number given in the Society's  
 figures. He was thus enabled to prove them  
 quite wrong—even ridiculously wrong. Another  
 person adopted the method of publishing  
 figures of his own—which his own firm  
 contradicted the next day by a confidential  
 circular sent to the trade. Mr. Nutt has  
 adopted a method somewhat analogous.  
 He enlarges the average book. Thus he  
 lays it down as a rule that the average  
 six-shilling novel consists of 388 pages "at  
 least"—note carefully the words "at least"—  
 i.e., 24½ sheets of 16 pages each. If this is the  
 "least" number of sheets or pages possible, the  
 average book must be at least 450 pages, while a  
 long novel would perhaps run into 600 pages.  
 This assumption is one which few of your  
 readers are likely to question or to understand.  
 That it should have been advanced is amazing  
 from one point of view; intelligible from  
 another. It makes the figures which follow  
 possible, and it clearly proves our figures to be  
 quite wrong.

Let us, therefore, examine into this assump-  
 tion. We want to find the length of an average  
 six-shilling novel. I take down a few from  
 my shelves:—Rudyard Kipling, *The Light that  
 Failed*, 15½ sheets (248 pp.); Becke, *A First  
 Fleet Family*, 17 sheets (271 pp.); Jacob's  
*Many Cargoes*, 15½ sheets (247 pp.); Barrie,  
*A Window in Thrums*, 13½ sheets (217 pp.);  
 Anthony Hope, *Prisoner of Zenda*, 19½ sheets  
 (310 pp.) Where, now, is Mr. Nutt's "at  
 least"? Where are his 24½ sheets and 388  
 pages "at least"? Here are five most popular  
 works—calculate the average length for your-  
 self—I will give no more instances. As a  
 matter of fact, the six-shilling novel is becoming  
 shorter and not longer, and as an average  
 volume we assume that 17 sheets is fairly  
 representative. Even if we took 18 sheets or

19 sheets the result would be very little  
 different. But to take a book of 24½ sheets as  
 an average length, not to speak of a minimum  
 length, is perfectly monstrous.

Our average, however, is not taken from these  
 five books just quoted; it is the result of  
 comparison and experience. The Society's  
 secretary has arrived at the conclusion that such  
 a number of sheets—viz., 17—fairly represents  
 the average six-shilling novel in length. In  
 cases where it is longer it is generally found  
 that the type is larger, so that there must be a  
 corresponding reduction in the cost of composi-  
 tion. Thus the *Prisoner of Zenda* has 19½  
 sheets with 51,000 words; *Many Cargoes* takes  
 only 15½ sheets with 86,000 words. But I do  
 not suppose there was much difference in the  
 cost of production of either work.

Now for our figures. They are "publishers'  
 figures"—i.e., a writer with a single book would  
 probably have to pay more. We assume, then,  
 a book of 17 sheets, or 272 pages, the type to  
 be small pica, the number of words in a page  
 to be 282. We have, for the whole edition of  
 1,500 copies:

	£	s.	d.
Composition at £1 7s. 6d.			
per sheet ... ..	23	7	6
Printing at 17s. 6d. per sheet	14	17	6
Paper at £1 7s. per sheet...	22	19	0
Binding at 4d. per vol. ...	25	0	0
	86	4	0

Since these figures were collected paper has  
 gone down, so that we may reduce the charge  
 on paper very materially. Let the total stand,  
 however, so as to include corrections. The  
 charge for binding is that commonly made by  
 the binder when the publisher can order a large  
 quantity of cloth at once. In the *Author*,  
 however, the cost of production was set down  
 at £100, not £86. Why was this? Simply in  
 order to include the advertising. On this class  
 of book—viz., a book by a new hand whose work  
 no publisher would take unless the writer paid  
 for it in advance—£14 is much more than would  
 be generally spent on advertising. However,  
 Mr. Nutt's assertion, that no allowance is made  
 for advertising and corrections, is, you see,  
 without foundation. As for circularising, if  
 any, that would come out of the author's pre-  
 liminary advance of £110. He says further, that  
 review and presentation copies are not included.  
 He estimates the item at one hundred copies.  
 I do not. I estimate it, for such a book, at forty.  
 Further, he forgets the "overs." Now on an  
 edition of 1,500 there would probably be enough  
 "overs" to meet this demand. If, however, by  
 any amazing accident there were no "overs" we  
 should have to subtract this number from those  
 sold; but we should also subtract the same  
 number from the author's royalties, a fact which  
 seems to have escaped Mr. Nutt's penetration.  
 The reduction, indeed, makes matters much  
 worse for Mr. Nutt, because it deprives the  
 author of £5 10s. and the publisher of £1 10s.  
 After all, that is not much to make a fuss about,  
 is it?

Therefore all the facts advanced by the  
*Author* remain; viz.,

1. If 1,000 copies are sold the author makes a  
 profit of £2 10s. to the publisher's profit of £72.
2. If 1,500 copies are sold the author makes  
 £65, and the publisher more than £90.
3. And all this while the author has paid  
 £110 in advance, and the publisher has had no  
 risk whatever.

Your readers now understand that our figures  
 were not "based on the conviction that the  
 publisher was swindling the author." There is  
 nothing about swindling except in Mr. Nutt's  
 brain. It is called in my paper "a fancy  
 offer," which is a very good name for it. The  
 publisher had a perfect right to make any offer  
 he pleased, and the author to refuse it if he

pleased. All, so far, was fair and above board. I really do not know whether the author accepted the proposal or not—I hope not. The secretary knows, however, if the information were required. There is another point. Considering that the publisher would not take any portion of the risk I incline to the opinion that the sale of the work would be numbered by a very few, in which case the author would get nothing but the honour and glory which generally follow on the production of a work which can be published on no other terms. And so I dismiss Mr. Nutt.

I would advise other persons anxious to follow Mr. Nutt's admirable method of disproving our figures not to begin by saying that no one heeds the *Author*, and then to take a column and a quarter in order to prove that he himself pays very particular attention to what the *Author* says. It is a great pleasure to me, as the editor, to know that the paper is so carefully read.

WALTER BESANT.

### MR. WATSON'S POETRY.

SIR,—In the *ACADEMY*'s review of Mr. Watson's poetry it is stated that "from time to time he would write lyrics, and, of all singers most deliberate, will call himself 'a tarrying minstrel, who finds, not fashions his numbers'"; the implication being that there is something of arrogance in such a claim, since Mr. Watson is eminently a poet who laboriously "fashions his numbers," his great defect being a lack of spontaneity. I venture to submit that the context in which the phrase appears does not substantiate any such suggestion.

The passage occurs at the commencement of the "Hymn to the Sea," where we read as follows:

"Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;  
Grant an ethereal alms, out of the wealth of thy soul:  
Suffer a tarrying minstrel, who finds not fashions his numbers,—  
Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song,—  
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descendant,  
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell."

Here the thought surely is, that if the sea will give the poet but a small portion of its spirit there will be no need for him to fashion the song. The numbers are already provided, and only require to be "caged." It will be enough for him to capture them as they fall air-borne upon his ear, and to reproduce them though—it may be—faintly, as the shell reproduces the roar of the sea. He is content to be the vehicle; he makes no claim to be the fashioner or creator of the song.

A. E. THISELTON.

### AUSONIUS.

SIR,—I was far from forgetting the existence of Ausonius, the strange Christian poet of the "Rosæ," "Mosella," and "Cupido Crucifixus," with many other things—some exquisite, some infamous. I should have saved myself from Mr. Chambers's rather cruel suggestion had I used some such phrase as "There is no such person as Ausonius in this connexion,"

or "from a mythological point of view." I relied, perhaps, too much upon the reader's familiarity with M. de Heredia's context.

THE REVIEWER.

### A NEW SHAKESPEARE CRYPTOGRAM. WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAYS AN IRISHMAN?

SIR,—The cryptogram now put forward for the first time is to be found in a well-known passage from "Hamlet":

"*Hamlet*: Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,  
And much offence too, touching this vision here,—  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you. . . ."

The phrase, "by Saint Patrick!" has ever been a crux for the critics. "How," writes Warburton, "the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by Saint Patrick I know not. However, at that time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland." Warburton openly confesses his inability to solve the enigma, which later commentators have not attempted.

The incongruous oath, it should be noted, is used by Hamlet where he swears his friends to the most solemn secrecy; and hidden for ages in the text lies another secret—less awful, but none the less mysterious.

The keynote of our cryptogram is the Hibernian name, seemingly pitchforked into the play without object or meaning—

"(1) Patrick. . . ."

Our attention is again arrested by the word "Horatio," which has the same number of letters as "Patrick—the cabalistic seven—the final 'o' being punctuated by a comma—"o." Here we have a further clue, because "o" followed by a comma, and coming directly after the name Patrick, obviously suggests an Irish surname. We have now:

"(2) Patrick O'. . . ."

The end of the first line having been reached, we naturally turn to the second, or line 2. The mental process involved in this act naturally forces into our minds the idea of two, while before our eyes stands the word "too," which philologists tell us was originally equivalent in meaning to "two." We add this word to our line:

"(3) Patrick O'Too. . . ."

After this the solution of the cryptogram becomes slightly more difficult; its author probably thinking that he had at first made it too easy. The mind having been forced to dwell twice successively upon the numeral 2, frames for itself the equation, "2 + 2 = 4."

Having found the first letter of our surname at the end of a line, we now turn to the end of the third line of the quotation—"four" being still our predominant idea—where we find the fourth letter from the end, "l," which gives us:

"(4) Patrick O'Tool. . . ."

The imperfect spelling of the surname may be perfected by passing from "l" to the

next letter in the same line, still counting backwards:

"(5) Patrick O'Toole. . . ."

Lastly, between the final "o" in "Horatio" and the "too" which we have already commented upon, stands the remarkable word "offence," which easily turns into the designation "of Ennis," the birthplace of Patrick O'Toole:

"(6) Patrick O'Toole of Ennis."

So far the cryptogram is incomplete, but no doubt further elucidation awaits the investigation of the learned. Meanwhile, this Irish name hidden in so suggestive a context, this "ambiguous giving out to note," cannot have been purposeless. And, while the true name of him we call "Shakespeare" is yet a mystery, may we not ask—Is one name, greatest of all, to be added to those of Farquhar, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and other Irish dramatists? was "Shakespeare" the pseudonym of Patrick O'Toole?

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

Dublin: Dec. 9.

### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

SIR,—I desire to thank your reviewer for his very favourable notice of my book. Concerning that feature to which he takes serious exception you will, perhaps, kindly allow me to make an explanation. The charges brought by me against the late Sir John Skelton are certainly grave, and in some cases strongly put; but, as your reviewer apprehends, they were intended to appear during Sir John's lifetime. Had I known that he was to have no opportunity to reply, several of the expressions would have been softened, and the grounds of some of the charges made more plain. Two of those to which your reviewer objects may be specially mentioned.

After exposing a gross misrepresentation of Knox's conduct (p. 397), I put the question: "Has Mr. Skelton been drawing on a disordered imagination?" As he had himself spoken of Knox's "disordered imagination" (*Maitland of Lethington*, ii. 165), I was in this case merely retorting his own words—words which he had wilfully used towards one who could not possibly defend himself.

In connexion with the articles drawn up, and signed by several of the Lords, before the Riccio murder, Sir John says in his *Mary Stuart* (p. 78): "He [*i.e.*, Moray] now returned to make Darnley king; and that there might be no mistake, either then or afterwards, the shameful bargain was reduced to writing. These are the articles to which Moray set his hand." Then follows *within inverted commas* the summary which I have so severely denounced. In his *Maitland of Lethington* (ii. 164), the same summary is introduced in a very similar way—in words distinctly implying that he is proceeding to quote the articles themselves. Although the articles were carefully printed from the original by the Maitland Club in 1843, and again by Sir William Fraser in 1890, Sir John, who mentions no authority in his *Mary Stuart*, only refers in his *Lethington* to "Keith (iii. 261)." Keith merely gives them

in an abridged form; but even compared with that abridged form Sir John's presentation of the articles deserves emphatic condemnation. Without the slightest hint of having done so, he not only compresses the phraseology, but he omits a vital stipulation, and essentially alters the terms of what he retains. With his vital omission I have dealt on p. 385. His compression and alteration of the terms can best be shown by short parallel quotations.

KEITH.

"1. The said Earls, Lords, and complices, shall become, and by the tenor hereof becomes, true subjects and faithful servants to the noble and mighty Prince Henry, King of Scotland, husband to our Sovereign Lady; That they and theirs will take his part in all his causes and quarrels against whomsoever it be, to the uttermost of their power, and shall be friends to his friends, and enemies to his enemies, and therein neither spare their lands, lives, or estates.

2. The said Lords and their complices shall, at the first Parliament after their return grant, give, and ordain the Matrimonial Crown to the said noble Prince all the days of his life."

It was this glaring departure from his authority that I characterised as "an imperfect, a misleading, a dishonest summary!" Though in the circumstances, perhaps, I should not now say so, it still appears to me that this divergence cannot be regarded as accidental.

D. HAY FLEMING.

St. Andrews, Dec. 13.

## BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"More Tramps Abroad,"  
By Mark Twain.

It is recognised that in this book we have Mark Twain as traveller and thinker rather than as humorist. "The jester,"

says the *Daily Telegraph*,

"is almost completely merged in the traveller, and though now and again he points a witty moral to a sober tale, or 'rounds up' a page of statistics by a flash of humour in the true style of Artemus Ward, in the main he is serious, sometimes even sombre minded to a marked degree. . . . One jest he fires off on leaving, perhaps the last on hand. 'Two members of my family elected to go with me, also a carbuncle. The dictionary says a carbuncle is a kind of jewel. Humour is out of place in a dictionary'—and then for the remainder of the five hundred pages, saving for an occasional sprightly story or happy aside, we are as staid as the majority of travellers who do the round tour of the world in the least possible number of days and glory in that accomplishment."

This critic thinks that Mark Twain is least

SKELTON.

"The Earl of Moray shall become a true subject and faithful servant to the noble and mighty Prince Henry, King of Scotland—shall be the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies. He shall at the first Parliament after his return grant, give, and ordain the Matrimonial Crown to the said noble Prince all the days of his life."

pleasant when most political, as, for instance, when he writes:

"Rhodesia is a happy name for that land of piracy and pillage, and puts the right stain upon it."

Or when he says of Mr. Cecil Rhodes:

"I admire him, I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

To the *Daily Chronicle* the book suggests these interesting remarks:

"We accept Mark Twain as just the type of all the best American qualities of the best Americans on travel. He is always full of interest in everything he sees, and eager for information, which always appears to come quite new to him, no matter how familiar. He rushes from sight to sight, full of curiosity, and always in high spirits. He does not know the meaning of the words boredom and blasé. There is about him that country-cousin freshness which makes nice Americans the most delightful of companions. He likes 'culture,' but is not overcultured; and enjoys history, but does not know enough about it to make himself unpleasant. Above all, he is entirely frank about what he likes or dislikes, what he knows or has never heard of. He is quite free from the cant of secondhand criticism, and sees things for himself, no matter what the correct and recognised verdict on them may be. And is it not the perfect frankness of her opinions which makes the American girl so attractive?"

This critic then indulges in a column and a half of quotations, in the course of which he remarks:

"Perhaps the best is the 'Delicately Improper Tale,' which has no ending, and describes a young man in a very embarrassing situation as 'petting the horse a moment to secure its compassion and loyalty.' But, after all, the value of the book lies in what Mark Twain saw himself, and his own opinions on it all. His peculiar power of shrewd observation, and a wit which gains its effect by a kind of dry absurdity or exaggeration, is here seen at its best."

The *Scotsman's* critic agrees that humour is not the strong point of Mark Twain's latest book; but he likes the "informality" of the book, a quality which other critics have called disorder. And he likes the Pudd'nhead maxims, especially this one:

"To be good is noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler, and no trouble."

On the whole, the *Speaker's* remark—"not at his best"—is typical of the reviews of *More Tramps Abroad*. Not less so is this critic's remark that Mark Twain is "a jolly good fellow."

"Ballads of the Fleet," By  
Rennell Rodd.

THE Navy has found simultaneously two singers to give voice to its traditions and aspirations. We gathered the opinion of the critics last week on Mr. Henry Newbolt's *Admirals All*. The *Times*, after referring to Mr. Rodd's experience as a traveller and a diplomatist, says:

"The greater part of the book deals, in long Tennysonian ballad metre, with the exploits of the Elizabethan seamen, and especially of Drake, the poet's hero, whom he carries through many a thrilling adventure to the last moment when Elizabeth took his sword and when

She bared his blade, she rose a queen, a queen to mar or make—

'My little pirate, rise,' she cried, 'and be Sir Francis Drake.'

The ballads will naturally suggest comparisons, especially with Tennyson's 'Revenge,' the crown and flower of modern Elizabethan ballads, and with Mr. Kipling; but Mr. Rodd would be the last to desire to put himself into competition with either. Still he writes vigorously and well, as one who knows from experience, and not from books, of what fine stuff the English race is made, how it rises to meet danger, and how it loves the chances, the changes, and the terrors of the sea."

The *Westminster Gazette* makes this critical comparison:

"If only we could roll Mr. Kipling and Mr. Rennell Rodd into one, we should come very near the ideal ballad-writer. Mr. Rodd is as much too smooth with us as Mr. Kipling is too rough. The one carries us along on an easy stream, the other dashes us upon rocks and throws us bruised and beaten on the shore."

And this critic adds:

"Mr. Rodd's chief failing is a dangerous facility which carries him away from the matter in hand into pretty reveries and charming descriptions. You feel that he could go on for ever, often delighting you, and never falling below a certain standard of literary execution. But these very gifts are somewhat against the strong light and shade and stirring climax which the ballad requires. They also not infrequently prolong the poem to a length which exacts a good deal from the reader."

But he quotes, with enthusiasm, the following lines from the first of the poems, "Children of the Sea":

"'It was little enough like boyhood's dream—  
when the light on a sunset sail,  
To eyes that followed the outward-bound,  
was more than a fairy tale;

To crouch chilled through on the dripping  
planks and watch for the roving lights,  
When green seas break on the dripping prow  
through the endless wintry nights.

When the blast drives down from Bergen,  
and the cloud-banks blot the moon,  
And the evil sea is a churning race from the  
chalk cliffs to the dune.'

"This is good writing, and it matters not that Mr. Kipling has shown the way. In short, there is good writing everywhere throughout these poems."

The *Scotsman* says Mr. Rodd's poems "are all written with the same inspiring gallantry."

THIS historical romance comes in for high praise and acute criticism. *Literature* gives most of the first: "The most enthusiastic devotee of Scott can read *Lawrence Claverling* with enjoyment." But says this critic:

"Mr. Mason is, of course, not a Sir Walter. If he could produce some thirty stories as good as *Lawrence Claverling* he might claim a nearer comparison. We miss, too, the broad, clear touch; the machinery is a little too intricate; the sense of proportion not always exact, the characters—Herbert and his wife, for instance—sometimes lacking in individuality. But there are scenes of singular power. . . . The whole story is, it seems to us, conceived in the best vein of historical romance."

The *Spectator* thinks "the verdict of most readers will probably be that he got a great deal more than his deserts in winning the hand of so charming a lady as Mistress Dorothy Curwen."



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